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ECHOES

—ALONG THE—

ATHABASCA RIVER



A HISTORY OF
CHISHOLM, FAWCETT LAKE, FOREST VIEW, HONDO,
LAWRENCE LAKE, MOOSE PORTAGE, MOOSE RIVER,
OTTER CREEK, RANCH, SMITH, SMOKEY CREEK

ECHOES —ALONG THE— ATHABASCA RIVER

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Dedication

To the many people who travelled the rivers and trails on their way to the North and North-West, and to those who stopped to form our communities here, we dedicate this book as a memorial to their hard work, courage and endurance as they shaped their lives in a rugged and unrelenting land.

Foreword

Although the history of this area goes back to the 1700's when a North-West Company fort was situated where the Slave River flows into the Athabasca, most of our history takes place in the late 1800's and early 1900's up to the present day. Early history is concerned with the rivers and established trails, and the resultant settlement of the surrounding country.

Preface

Not long after Smith Half-Century Plus Club was formed, whispers about writing a Community history book started. The whispers became louder and definite plans began to take place. A book committee made up of club members was formed. It was felt that Chisholm should be included so three young ladies from there were asked to join the work committee. Their help has been invaluable.

From the beginning, work on the book has been total enjoyment. So many interesting, humorous and exciting tales of early experiences have been told. In editing the various stories, we have tried to retain the flavour of the story teller's style.

We are especially grateful to all the willing volunteers who have helped on the book. Besides writ-

Early Mirror Landing is reminiscent of a frontier town with its places of business, traders, travellers and usual hangers-on.

The times and the places have changed. The stories that are told, we hope, will reflect those changes that have taken place over the past ninety years.

ing their own stories, some have been helpful in making contacts and obtaining more stories and pictures for us or sending us addresses. To them, thank you.

Memories can be faulty so we apologize for imperfections in remembering incidents, spellings of names, dates, etc. If some families are omitted, we are sorry. There were quite a few we could not contact, while some did not respond.

We have wished that our book had been started earlier as many of our pioneers have passed on, and some of their stories would have been invaluable. As it is, we have tried to write something about everyone who was remembered.

Acknowledgements

We gratefully acknowledge all the help we have received from the following in completion of our book:

— New Horizons and Alberta Culture for their financial aid.

— Mary Raessler for suggesting the title of the book.

— To the many who spent hours editing, proofreading and typing: Sandy Attfield, Ruth Reay, Cheryl Drennon, Christine McConnell, Rose McClanaghan, Rose Hayes, Joyce Roth, Gemma Cere, Dawn Willis, Fae Roe, Mary Ann Urchyshyn, Sharon Pizzey, Joy Earl, Leigh Hendrigan, Verna Willis, Gene M. Earl, Arlene Olafson, Barbara Romaniuk, Liz Menard, Toni Pukanich, Anita Dutchak, Edie Vandervaate; all had a part in producing this record of the early days.

— Dale Holtslander, Hugh Patterson and Gene M. Earl who spent many hours on research. We are very much indebted to Dale for his invaluable research and for his article about the Lesser Slave River. His contributions have cut down on the committees work considerably.

— Oliver Olson who made up the many maps of school districts.

— Albert Briand, Reg Brazeau, Paul VanRompae, Brian Scratch and Velma Rochon; the artists who gave us some lovely and interesting pictures and sketches.

— The Committee members and workers: Oliver Olson, Arlene Olafson, Verna Willis, Gene M. Earl, Delphine Hayes, Rene Guenette, Mary Raessler, Wilson Wolstenholme, Joy Earl, Willis Yoder, Sharon Pizzey, Edie Vandervaate and Mary Ann Urchyshyn.

— The Provincial Archives, the Edmonton Journal, the Edmonton Bulletin, and the Athabasca Echo for the many news items and information.

— Al Granger of Friesen Publishers for his guidance and assistance in the preparation of our history book.

— A special thanks to our families for their patience and understanding since February of 1983, the beginning of this project — from the committee.

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Message From The Member of Parliament For Athabasca

It is with great pleasure and personal appreciation that I take this opportunity to commend the many people who have taken their time, talents, and personal experiences to pay tribute to the pioneers who have built the foundation and history of the community of Smith.

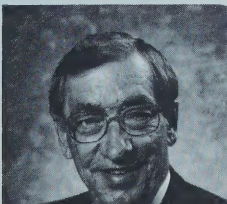
Smith, with its own unique history, its particular problems and the challenges it represents to people of courage and adventure, has played an important part in developing the multicultural fabric of Canadian society. It has contributed to the economic and cultural enrichment of our nation.

Pioneers were drawn here because of the wealth of the land which lies in the great Athabasca River, the rich forests, and plentiful wildlife. Even today logging, trapping, and ranching are still the life blood of this community.

Memories are still fresh with the risks and true pioneer spirit that brought our ancestors here across the vast spaces with dreams to create and build a new life and a new world. Through much adversity, backbreaking toil and heart-breaking setbacks these men and women pressed forth with hope and vision.

It is my hope that this book with its own unique history will inspire others to press on in adversity with courage as modern voyageurs in the development of this beautiful northland of Alberta.

I am indeed proud to represent the riding of Athabasca and the community of Smith in Parliament and to be a part of the challenges which lie ahead.



Warmest wishes,

Jack Shields

Jack Shields, M.P.
Athabasca

LEGISLATIVE



ASSEMBLY

ALBERTA

DEPUTY SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY

513 Legislature Building
Edmonton, Alberta
T5K 2B6

Dear Friends:

On behalf of the Government of Alberta I appreciate this opportunity to congratulate the Smith Historical Book members who have worked so diligently to reach this very successful conclusion.

It is evident that many voluntary hours of dedicated effort have gone into the research and assembling of this valuable publication. I am sure that all who have been associated with the project feel a tremendous sense of pride and satisfaction at this time.

May I add my personal congratulations to those of the Provincial Government and also wish you continued success as you distribute the finished product.

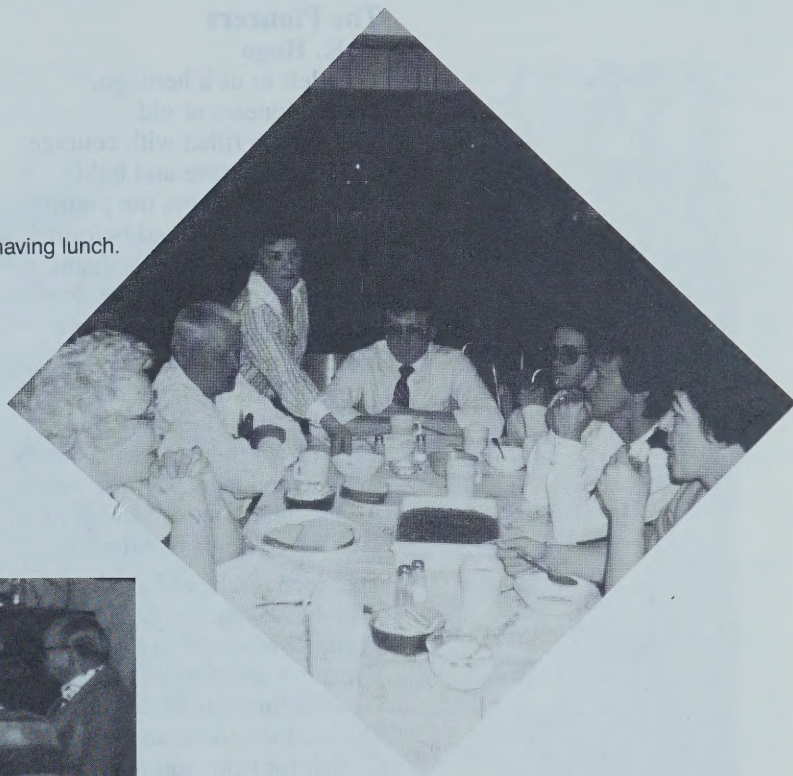
Yours very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Frank Appleby".

Frank Appleby,
Deputy Speaker,
M.L.A. - Athabasca.

History Book Committee

Al Granger, centre, and committee members having lunch.



Committee meeting.



Our typist — Sandy Attfield.



Back row, L to R: Oliver Olson, Rene Guenette, Arlene Olafson. Middle row: Joy Earl, Sharon Pizzey, Edie Vandervaate, Mary Anne Urchyshyn. Front row: Gene Earl, Verna Willis, Mary Raessler. Missing: Willis Yoder, Wilson Wolstenholme.

The Pioneers

by K. Hugo

They left to us a heritage,
Those pioneers of old.
The women filled with courage,
The men so brave and bold.
They walked across the prairies,
Where no one walked before.
And built their old sod shanties,
With moose hides for the door.
They lived on meal and jerky,
In homespun they were clad.
They cleared the land together,
The kids and Mom and Dad.
They raised their children wisely,
In the Good Book's chosen way.
And suffered untold hardships,
That we couldn't bear today.
That men might walk in honor,
With heads held proud and high.
Through wheatfields vast and endless,
Beneath Canadian skies.
Or walk through mighty forests,
To hunt the moose and deer.
Or fish for trout and pickerel,
In streams so cold and clear.
They gave their lives to hold it,
They fought with knife in hand.
To drive out the invaders,
Who came to take their land.
God Bless those old sod-busters,
Who came to settle here.
They built a glorious nation,
That all of us hold dear.

Early History



The Locality

The area covered by the residents involved in the history book stories is approximately 12,000 square miles (4,500 square kilometres) in size. It is rolling land made up of earth and stones carried and finally deposited by glaciers during the last ice age. Originally the land supported a mixture of boreal forest, i.e. forests of spruce, jackpine, poplar, aspen, willow and other forest growth suited to the soil of the region. Much of the area is muskeg.

The northern two thirds of the region is largely in the Green Area: that is, area which is under the control of the Alberta Government, Department of Environment and Natural Resources. The Green Area is closed to agricultural uses; timber and wild life habitat are protected.

White Area, or land suitable for agriculture, lies in the central part of the region, from north of Smith, southward through the Hondo area and on to the Jarvie area. Considerable amounts of Crown land remain in the northern portion of the White Area; while in the south, patent cleared lands predominate.

The focus of agricultural activities is on livestock, feed grains and forage production. Cereal grains are grown for cash crops, but climatic conditions are marginal for reliable production on an annual basis.

Crown lands (Green Area) sustain a wide range of resource uses including timber harvesting, some grazing area, some oil and gas development. Additionally, these lands provide recreation opportunities and contain a rich variety of wildlife habitat.

There are moose, white tail and mule deer, throughout the area. Isolated populations of elk are found north of Flatbush. Furbearing animals such as beaver, muskrat, squirrel and some lynx are located in various parts of the region. Ruffed and spruce grouse are plentiful.

There are colonies of great blue heron on Hubert Lake, Orloff Lake, the northeast point of Meyer Lake, and on Spruce Island Lake.

The main waterway through the area is the Athabasca River. The hamlet of Smith is situated on this river just east of the junction of Lesser Slave River with the Athabasca. The Athabasca River provided an important transportation route between Smith, Athabasca and points further north.

The entire area is dotted with lakes of various sizes; but Lawrence Lake, Long Island Lake and Fawcett Lake are among the largest. There are government campsites on these large lakes, as well as privately owned resorts at the east end of Fawcett Lake and on Long Island Lake.

The Athabasca River and its tributaries contain fish: walleye, pike, trout, grayling, goldeye, to men-

tion a few. The large lakes in the area provide fish for recreation fishing. There is some commercial fishing at Fawcett Lake.

Oil and natural gas are important resources in the area. This, together with the timber industry provide a source of income for many residents of the area — either as private enterprise entrepreneurs, or as employment opportunities for many men and women. Traplines in the area are also a source of extra income for many resident trappers.

The region is served by one railway, the former Northern Alberta Railway (N.A.R.), which was taken over by the Canadian National Railway (C.N.R.) in 1980. Passenger service was discontinued in the late 1960's.

The main access to the area is by Highway #2 and Highway #44. Highway #2 is a major, hardsurfaced transportation artery. There is also a well developed network of local secondary roads throughout the area.

(Background material from the Big Bend Sub Regional Plan, December, 1983).



Hondo Railroad station.



Olaf Finstead's store in Hondo — Emery Sands shop in foreground.



Ole Finstad's old store on left, his new store on right, Hondo.



Alexander's Service Station at Smith.



Smith, Alberta Transportation buildings.



Smith Hotel.



Aerial Photo of Federated Co-op Mill, Smith.



Evergreen Manor, Senior Citizens Housing Units.

The Native Indians of Northern Alberta

The Cree Indians are the dominant tribe of this area, although this was not always so. The Cree were closely related to the Ojibway and were as many. They occupied an immense area, east into Quebec as far as Lake Mistassini, and north to the coastline. By the 16th Century they were probably west of Lake Winnipeg. With the advent of firearms from the Hudson Bay, they spread northward and westwards and by the mid 1700's controlled northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan as far as Churchill River, all northern Alberta, the Peace River country and the Mackenzie River to the delta. They drove out or destroyed the Slave Indians of Lesser Slave Lake. The Slaves moved to the Great Slave Lake area. The Beaver Indians were driven out of the Athabasca valley to the Peace area. The Eastern Beaver joined the Cree for a few years, to trade at Chipewyan and never tried to regain their lost territories. The western Beaver moved further up the Peace and displaced the Sekane, from the mouth of the Smoky river, to Rocky Mountain canyon. They maintained their old customs for quite awhile.

The Indians of all tribes had generally the same habits and appearances. They were bronze-skinned with straight dark hair and brown eyes. Their early weapons and tools were of stone. Flint was the favorite stone for arrowheads and spears. Stones were used to fashion tomahawks and hammers. Arrowheads were shaped and fitted to willow or cherrywood shafts. Even after guns were introduced, Indians like to use bow and arrows for weapons because they were noiseless and gave them a chance to kill more game.

Most arrows were fashioned so that the arrowhead could be removed with the shafts and used

again. However, one type, the Folsom point, was more deadly because when the shaft was removed the point would stay deep in the body.

In this area meat was the main food. Although buffalo was mainly a prairie animal, some wandered as far north as Lesser Slave Lake. Pemmican, a mixture of dried buffalo meat, fat and saskatoon berries, could be kept for a long time. Buffalo skins were used for clothing, covers for Tepees and robes for blankets. Bones could be used for knives and other tools.

Hunting methods changed with the coming of the horse and guns. Their only domestic animal was the dog which was used, when they moved their camps, to carry loads of their possessions.

A nomadic way of life was usual for the Indians, as they tried to stay close to the animals they killed for food. They also moved because of possible enemy attack.

The white men came along and destroyed their food (buffalo) and uprooted them from their religion and freedom and way of life. They did not recognize many of their fine characteristics. The Indians were not happy on the reservations given to them after their treaties were signed.

Besides guns, two other things introduced by white men that helped to decimate the Indian population were liquor and smallpox epidemics. Devastations of this sort were reported in 1781 and 1838 particularly.

The Fur Traders

Fur trading was Canada's first main industry. Beginning early on in Eastern Canada, the trappers, hunters and explorers pressed ever further west — in search of the western Sea and also to set up more and more trading posts under the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies.

A fur-trading post was simple but strong in construction. They were usually built beside the streams and rivers that were the main highways of the country. The Hudson's Bay posts were usually square, while those of the North-West Company were rectangular. Both were surrounded by heavy log palisades, consisting of logs set side by side upright in a trench. These might be 10-15 feet high. Bastions, built along the walls and at the corners, provided a clear view in all directions in case of attack by Indians or other enemies.

Inside the walls were the chief trader's house, the trading store, and sleeping quarters for assistants. Sometimes there was an ice house for storing meat. The shacks had dirt floors, sod roofs and stone fireplaces built without mortar.



John Lahti's
Trappers Shack. by Holma.

Except for company rules, there were no laws which suited the traders. The fur traders liked their wild free life and wanted no part of farmers, settlers or the railway which they regarded as a threat to trapping and fur trading. They even spread stories about the dangerous severity of the climate and about the poor soil. For two hundred years this industry held chief priority in the country. Around 1869 the Government was beginning to have new views about the West being fit for farming, and bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, bringing a change in the operation of the Company and also in the fur trade. Eventually much of the land became settled — ever pushing the boundaries of farming districts further and further into the hinterland. The Forts either became the towns and cities of the future or disappeared altogether. Some places still have "Fort" attached to their name — i.e. Fort Smith, Fort Nelson, Fort St. John, Fort Assiniboine.

Routes to the North, and Means of Transportation

Various routes were used to reach the Peace country. One of these was by way of the Athabasca River. Explorers and fur traders followed the route by way of the waters of Northern Saskatchewan via Isle a la Crosse and Methy Portage to the Athabasca River. They travelled as far as the Lesser Slave River where the old Indian route took them via Lesser Slave River to the Peace River Country.

In 1798 David Thompson, the famous map-maker, took a different route to get there from the fort he established at Lac La Biche for the North West Company. He travelled to Fort Augustus which was across the Saskatchewan River from what is now the town of Fort Saskatchewan. He went overland from here through the present Westlock country to the Pembina River, continued down that River to the Athabasca to the Lesser Slave River which he pro-

ceeded up to Lesser Slave Lake. Here he took the position of the lake and then retraced his steps to Isle La Crosse.

Peter Fidler of the Hudson's Bay Company was sent to try to get a share of the fur trade in the Athabasca country. He established Greenwich House, a Hudson's Bay Company fort at Lac La Biche. He then followed down the La Biche River to the Athabasca, following it to the mouth of the Lesser Slave River. Here he found a North West Company post in operation. It is not certain who built the Hudson's Bay post across the Lesser Slave River or when but it is mentioned in relating to Mirror Landing. The Hudson's Bay Company did not find it profitable to build posts in the Peace River country and abandoned that part of the country for years.

The North West Company post was in existence in 1799 at Mirror Landing on Section 22-71-1W5.

Another way of reaching the Lesser Slave Lake was from Fort Edmonton overland to Fort Assiniboine and down the Athabasca to the Lesser Slave River and up it to the lake.

The most used route to the Peace Country became that from Athabasca Landing to Mirror Landing and up the Lesser Slave River to Lesser Slave Lake. The Klondike Gold Rush was probably responsible for the first great influx of people into the north although they did not all go this route. Indian canoes were followed by Hudson's Bay Company York boats and scows that were tracked up the river.

The Athabasca Trail

We might pause here to mention the famous Athabasca Trail. For many years there were many trails leading out of Edmonton in every direction. The police fortress was at Fort Saskatchewan reached by way of Belmont and Horse Hills. At Belmont another trail branched off. This, the Namao — Seepe of the Crees which headed north across the Sturgeon River was the Athabasca Trail. The trail had been used by Indians for hundreds of years, but it was the white man who cut the way through a hundred miles of virgin forest.

The white man moved freight along the trail, by packhorse, then two-wheeled carts, and later, in wagons. It was in 1883 that the beginnings of the trail was cut.

It had been a trail before the fur trade, was developed by fur traders and became a cart trail by 1879. By 1883 there was a bridge over the Sturgeon. When the bridge was swept away in a flood a scow moved goods across. Larger creeks like the Tawatinaw had bridges. The Redwater (Vermilion) was crossed by a ferry. By 1889, a second bridge was built

over the Sturgeon and one over the Redwater. Along the Athabasca Trail, stopping places were developed. Some of the names will be recognized by old timers. At Lily Lake was Bob Shaw's, later Widow St. Claire's past Whiskey Creek, Joe Patry's at Waugh, Halfway Lake and "Cap" Gullion's place, Egg Lakes, Strong Creek, Lewis's stopping place at Lewiston (now Perryvale), Billy Smith's at Meanook then Athabasca Landing.

Along this trail came explorers, bishops, traders, trappers, Klondikers, police and settlers by the thousands. Some famous "characters" who travelled along the 'Trail' were Baldy Red, a mountie, nicknamed "Coal-oil Johnny", Banjo Mike, Society Red, Alex Monkman, "Peace River Jim" Cornwall, Rutabegga Johnston, Liver Eating Johnson, Dakota Jim, Buckshot Ferguson, Staghound Jack, or Buckskin Annie.

The earliest means of land transportation was no doubt the dog team used by Indians and trappers on their traplines and in transporting their furs and supplies to the trading posts or towns.

"Alexander Desjarlais returns today to Athabasca Landing with his dog team of furs as he had a reserve bid there larger than any received here. Desjarlais's advent to Edmonton is notable in that it is the first dog train to be brought in direct from the north in three years. Ten years ago it was a very ordinary occurrence. Today almost a hundred people turned out on Jasper and Frost to view the dog train which was being photographed as a curiosity. Old fur traders think this marks an end to the picturesque dog train system of transportation here. The dog train of furs driven and owned by an individual Indian trapper may never again be seen on the streets of Edmonton. The frontier has moved one hundred miles north."

The Northern News 5 April 1907

Along the Athabasca Trail men went on foot, horseback with pack horses, then carts and later wagons as the trail opened up. On the river canoes changed to yolk boats, scows, then the steamboats and sternwheelers. As the roads improved cars began to appear in northern towns and the railroad took over the transporting of goods, sounding the death knell of river transport.

Athabasca Landing to Lesser Slave Lake

The Trail crossed the river at Athabasca Landing and wound its way through the bush on the north side of the river. In 1906 the Alberta Government installed a ferry at Athabasca Landing. Some roadwork was done between there and Slave Lake. There were the usual stopping places, Baptiste's, about ten miles north of Athabasca Landing, not far from Bald Hill. It was also called "Jackknife's Place". A stream had

carved a V shape on its way to the Athabasca River. The stopping place was on its banks. The barn straddled the creek and each morning Jackknife cleaned it by raking the soiled bedding to a trapdoor, where it dropped into the stream.

Other stopping places were Sawdy's and then Goodwin's at Tomato Creek and another at Moose Portage. The most important one was Mirror Landing.

The Challenge of Lesser Slave River

by Dale Holtslander

Lesser Slave Lake, known to the Cree Indians as A-yi-ti-i-noo Sa-ga-he-gun, which translates into English as "Foreign Indian," is the second largest body of water in Alberta. It extends nearly 65 miles from Slave Lake town on the eastern end, to Grouard on the west and is about 15 miles across at the widest point. Waters from the Swan, Driftpile and the Heart Rivers flow into it as do several smaller streams such as Assineau and Martin Creeks.

The only outlet from the lake is Lesser Slave River. Called by the Crees, Iyaghchi-Eennusepi, "The River of Strange People", it was known to the early explorers and voyageurs as the "Little Slave", or just the "Little" river, in contrast to the Athabasca, which was the "Big" river. Before emptying into the Athabasca near Smith, it is joined by the Ottauwau and Salteaux Rivers from the south and by the Driftwood and Moose rivers from the north. In spite of this extra water flowing into it, the Lesser Slave remains a small stream averaging only about a hundred feet in width. For the first 30 miles or so it moves in a tortuous and winding course through flat flood lands. A heavy growth of willows and poplars leaning inward from the banks gives the river an even narrower appearance. The current here is so slow the water appears to be not moving at all.

However, upon reaching the junction with the Saulteaux the flow of the river changes appreciably. It now becomes an almost uninterrupted series of rapids. The river is shallow. Some places the water is only a few inches deep as it rushes over the gravel bars and through a rock-studded channel. Just before entering the Athabasca the Slave becomes calmer and widens out as if inviting the boatmen to enter.

By the late 19th century, the Hudson's Bay Co., from its base at Fort Edmonton, had established trading posts in the north at about one hundred mile intervals. These included ones at Athabasca Landing, Sawridge (now Slave Lake) and at Lesser Slave Post (now Grouard). This chain was extended by posts at Peace River Crossing, Dunvegan and Fort St. John.

This route became the main thoroughfare to the

Peace River area. Trappers and traders brought their furs to Fort Edmonton over this waterway but they invariably cursed those 15 to 20 miles of rapids on the lower Lesser Slave River. In particular, the Hudson's Bay Co. tracked York boats upstream from Athabasca Landing to the mouth of the Lesser Slave River. Getting these boats up the rapids to the Saulteaux was a back-breaking and almost impossible task — especially in a season of low water.

This situation was eased when the Revillon Brothers trading company built a warehouse at the mouth of the Lesser Slave River at a place eventually called Mirror Landing. Then, a man by the name of Joe Norris built at the mouth of the Saulteaux; this settlement later being called by the phonetic name of Soto Landing. A wagon road was cut through the bush between these two landings. Now, instead of fighting the rapids to get their boats up to calmer water, the freighters could move their supplies by team and wagon. This part of the route was known as "the portage." The rutted trail made by the wagons is still visible among the trees.

In the late nineteenth century the Hudson's Bay Co. began to experiment with steam boats on the Athabasca River. They built and operated the Grahame and the Athabasca River but these boats were unable to ascend the Lesser Slave River and were confined to working that part of the Athabasca from Athabasca Landing downstream to Grand Rapids and upstream to the Revillon warehouse. Taking advantage of seasonal high water at Grand Rapid, they were later taken down the Athabasca River to Fort McMurray. From there they were used for some time on the run to Fort Fitzgerald.

In the summer of 1904 there arrived in Edmonton from Rat Portage (later Kenora), Ontario, a young man named Charles A. Barber. His mission was to build a stern-wheeler steamboat that could cruise from Athabasca Landing to the west end of Lesser Slave Lake. With horses and wagons he hauled the big steam boiler and other necessary hardware parts over the 100 mile trail to Athabasca Landing. With carpenters and boat builders, he set to work to build a luxury paddle wheel-driven riverboat. It was 120 feet in length and 26 feet across the beam. It had state-rooms for 35 passengers with additional room for 50 tons of freight. The big steam engine, besides providing power to drive the paddle wheels, also supplied power to run a generator which, in turn, operated electric lights for the boat. A large and powerful searchlight was mounted on the prow to illuminate the river ahead so that the boat could travel at night. Captain Barber would call his boat the Midnight Sun and it would become the most famous boat to travel the waters of the Athabasca river.

But the same problem that confounded the Hudson's Bay Company's Grahame also plagued the Midnight Sun. It could not traverse the Lesser Slave River rapids, and like the Hudson's Bay boats before it, Barber's Mississippi river-type boat was confined to the Athabasca.

In 1905, with hundreds of settlers trying to make their way to the Peace River country, Barber decided to expand his operations. To obtain sufficient capital he sold a part interest in the Midnight Sun to James K. Cornwall, who had a chain of trading posts in the north. These two men organized the Northern Transportation Company and Barber drew up plans for the second boat to operate between Soto Landing and Grouard.

Cornwall, however, did not remain for long in the boat business, as reported in the Edmonton Journal, Jan. 19, 1906:

"Mr. J. H. Wood, of Athabasca Landing is in the city, a guest at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Wood is extensively engaged in the transportation business on the Athabasca River. Last year he bought out J. K. Cornwall's interest in the Athabasca steamboat "Midnight Sun" and will be operating the steamer this coming summer himself.

A steamer will be put on the lake this summer, Mr. Wood states. It will be built at Athabasca Landing this winter. Captain Barber, of Rat Portage, is the builder and will navigate the steamer. It will be a side-wheeler of 75 foot keel and 20 foot beam. There is no steamer on the lake at present. Captain Barber figures he can run from the head of the lake, a distance of 125 miles. The steamer on the Athabasca will thus connect with the lake steamer by a 20 mile portage over the Lesser Slave river rapids. The steamboat accommodation on the lake and river will make possible a popular summer excursion trip for the man who would get near the heart of the nation.

The government should open a road over the portage of 18 miles, the traders say, and travel to the north would thereby be greatly facilitated."

Captain Barber called his new boat the Northern Light and it was a different design altogether than the Midnight Sun. Where the Sun was driven by a paddle wheel mounted at the stern, the Light had two paddle wheels, one on either side. Each was driven by a separate engine.

Barber never gave up on his dream that a steamboat could operate from Athabasca Landing straight through to Grouard. Like the Midnight Sun, the Northern Light was unable to navigate the rapids on the Lesser Slave River. "Well," thought Barber, "if a boat cannot be built to fit the river, perhaps the river can be changed to fit the boat." The Edmonton Journal of Feb. 6, 1907, told how he went about it:

Word has come from Ottawa that Captain Barber who built the Northern Light at Athabasca Landing last spring to navigate Lesser Slave Lake has been successful in getting an appropriation of \$15,000. with which to build wing dams on the Lesser Slave River to make it navigable for steamboats. The Lesser Slave River connects Lesser Slave Lake with the Athabasca River and is one section of a continuous waterway from Athabasca Landing to the upper end of Lesser Slave Lake; the highway of the fur trade in the north west. However, the twenty-two miles of rapids in the Lesser Slave River have been a serious handicap in transportation of freight making it impossible to navigate the river with power boats. The nature of the river is such that wing dams can be built quite easily in every one of the rapids.

All the materials needed, such as timber and stone is right at hand in large quantities. The successful carrying out of this project will be of incalculable benefit to the Peace River country as it will not only greatly facilitate the transfer of freight to the trading posts but will also make it much easier for the vast army of settlers which will soon be moving that way. Much is due to Captain Barber for his enterprise and perseverance since the success of this project is attributable to him. It is almost entirely through his efforts that the department has been interested and induced to furnish the necessary funds.

With the building of wing dams which will make the river navigable for its entire length in any stage of water, he will not have to confine his operations to Lesser Slave Lake alone but will be able to run the full distance from Athabasca Landing to Shaw's Point at the upper end of the Lesser Slave Lake, a distance of 210 miles.

It requires no vivid imagination to see how much of an improvement this will be over the present method of transportation, that of tracking York boats upstream and drifting back with the current. It is to be hoped that the early summer of 1907 will see that work completed so that those who trek to the Peace River country may ride with Captain Barber in comfort on the Northern Light.

This report appeared to be the first firm commitment to alter the channel and the flow of the Lesser Slave River. In the annual reports of the RNWMP, Supt. W. H. Routledge in 1907, and Supt. C. Constantine in 1908 each painted a glowing picture of the benefits that would come of the installation of wing dams and the dredging of the channel of the river. The work was begun in 1907 as indicated in a report of the Department of Public Works:

In order to effectively render navigable for small draft vessels, work was done on the Lesser Slave River rapids, confining the water to one channel,

thus insuring greater efficiency. All the timber required for the dams was cut and skidded along the river banks where the dams were to be built. Quantities of stone were piled up at available points to be used for ballast, riprap, etc.

The style adopted in the construction of the dams has been mostly round timber cribwork six to ten feet in width and one to four feet in height, drift-bolted, with ties generally six feet apart. Piles were driven along under the dams where required to insure the stability of the work.

Twenty-six dams were built, varying in length from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet. Material cut and delivered and everything in good working order.

The amount expended to March 31st, 1908 is \$34,998.66.

So Captain Barber was able to have more than twice the amount of the original \$15,000 spent to give him clear passage for the Northern Light. In 1910, he moved his family and the headquarters of Northern Transportation Company to the mouth of the Lesser Slave and expanded his operations into the lumber business. A large mill was set up near the location of the Revillon warehouse and the sawn lumber was moved out to Athabasca Landing and the outside by barges and the Midnight Sun. A year earlier, the telegraph line had reached the Revillon site and the new town of Mirror Landing came into being. This community grew into a fair-sized place in the next few years, but with the coming of the railway, just as quickly, disappeared.

Construction of the wing dams alone could not make the Lesser Slave River navigable to the Northern Light. The channel was just not deep enough. For this reason more funds were expended to dredge and deepen the stream. The Edmonton Bulletin explained on Nov. 1, 1910:

Dredging operations on the Lesser Slave River, which have been going on all summer are now completed and as a result the Northern Transportation Company's boats can now run from Athabasca Landing to the head of Lesser Slave Lake. A channel three feet deep has been dredged the entire length of the river and all rock and other obstacles which previously made the stream practically impassable have been removed. The seven men who were employed on the dredge returned to the city last Saturday.

In spite of all the adversities, Captain Barber refused to believe a properly-built boat could not navigate the Lesser Slave river so he set about to build a third steamboat. This one he called Northland Call and with it he finally achieved his long-dreamed of goal—a continuous passage from Athabasca landing to Grouard. Under the dateline of Grouard, the Bulletin told it thusly on Sept. 26, 1910:

The Northland Call of the Northern Transportation company's fleet of steamers arrived here this morning with passengers and mail. She is the first steamer to make the through trip from Athabasca Landing to the west end of Lesser Slave Lake, having navigated the Athabasca River from the Landing to Mirror Landing seventy miles up the river, proceeding up the Little Slave River through the previously unnavigable rapids to the east end of Lesser Slave Lake and thence across the hundred miles of the lake. The event is being celebrated here today.

This trip was made possible by the excellent stage of water in the rivers and also by the construction by the Dominion public works department of wing dams in the Little Slave River. These dams were built at a cost of \$35,000 by Engineer Darling, under the supervision of Engineer Malhoit of Calgary, chief engineer for the Dominion Public Works Department in Alberta.

The effect of the dams which, as the term by which they are described suggests, are simply wings built out from the banks towards the centre of the river, is to raise the level of the water in the channel and reduce the speed of the current.

The Northland Call is not a large steamer. She is about 40 feet long and 8 feet beam. She is equipped with a powerful engine. She was built last year by Captain Barber of the Midnight Sun, at Athabasca Landing.

It is not known how many trips the Call made through the rapids but with the railway pushing northward from Edmonton, the days of the steamboats were nearly over.

When the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway edged towards the Peace River country, it bypassed both Sawridge and Grouard. Mirror Landing became a supply point for the railway during construction but the railway built its divisional point across the river at Smith. Some of Mirror Landing's businesses moved across the river and others simply moved away and Mirror Landing passed into oblivion. The railway laid its tracks along the south shore of Lesser Slave Lake. So close to the lake was it, in fact, that in times of high water the roadbed was actually in the lake. These periods of high water came at unpredictable intervals.

One of the worst was in 1920. The previous winter was one of record snowfall some of which remained on the ground well into May. The Swan, Driftpile and Heart Rivers poured great volumes of water into the lake which rose so high that the water backed up into these streams. As a result, petitions were signed and calls went out for the deepening of the Lesser Slave River to enable it to carry off any excess water from the lake. They also asked for the

removal of the wing dams that Captain Barber was instrumental in having built ten years earlier. Without maintenance, with natural erosion and with the pressure of ice going out each year, it would seem reasonable that not much would have remained of the dams. The government did nothing. The rivers slowed, the lake level returned to normal and the farmers counted their losses — a sequence that was to be repeated many times over the years to come.

When oil was discovered near the east of the lake in the mid-1960s, it brought boom conditions to Slave Lake town. As it grew from a small village to a town of over 3,000 in just a few years, the threat of flooding remains. A rise of only a couple of feet in the lake level would put flood waters into the town.

Will a proposed by-pass canal solve the problem? Suffice to say there will again, sometime in the future, be other winters with snow fall comparable to 1920 and the resulting losses in flooding could very well be much greater than the cost of remedial action.

Mirror Landing, Port Cornwall and Smith

Mirror Landing was located along the flat on the left bank of the Lesser Slave River just above its mouth. The Hudson's Bay Company's landing was across the river, in the other angle between the Lesser Slave and Athabasca rivers.

Around the early part of this century the gamblers and ladies of easy virtue were established at Mirror Landing. Gamblers had a successful business; stakes were high and even though ordinary individuals had no chance of winning, they patronized the games. The Mounties were kept busy because of the many fights that took place.

Bootleggers did a roaring business and used ingenious means to get their liquor in. While construction of the railway bridge took place all winter and into the summer, law-breakers found conditions favorable to their trade.

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS
Peace River, Alberta
Electional District and Province

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT - 1-1-1913
OFFICE REOPENED - 1-1-1913

CHANGES IN NAME

NAME OF POSTMASTER	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF RESIGNATION	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
G. B. Barber	1-10-1913	12-1-1915		Resignation
J. B. Barber	1-1-1916	1-1-1918		Death
Wm. J. Barber	1-1-1918	5-6-23		Death
Harold J. Barber	1-1-23	1-4-24		Death
Wm. James Barber	1-4-24	1-4-26		Death
David Albert Barber	1-4-26	1-4-28		Death
John Edward Barber	1-4-28	1-4-30		Death
John Edward Barber	1-1-30			Death

U.S. 39-7,500-15-1-80

Document.

Mirror Landing was a busy place with several small stores, many livery stables, restaurants and pool rooms.

It is interesting to note that in 1913 a petition to organize the town of Port Cornwall was presented to the government. This was to be across the Slave from

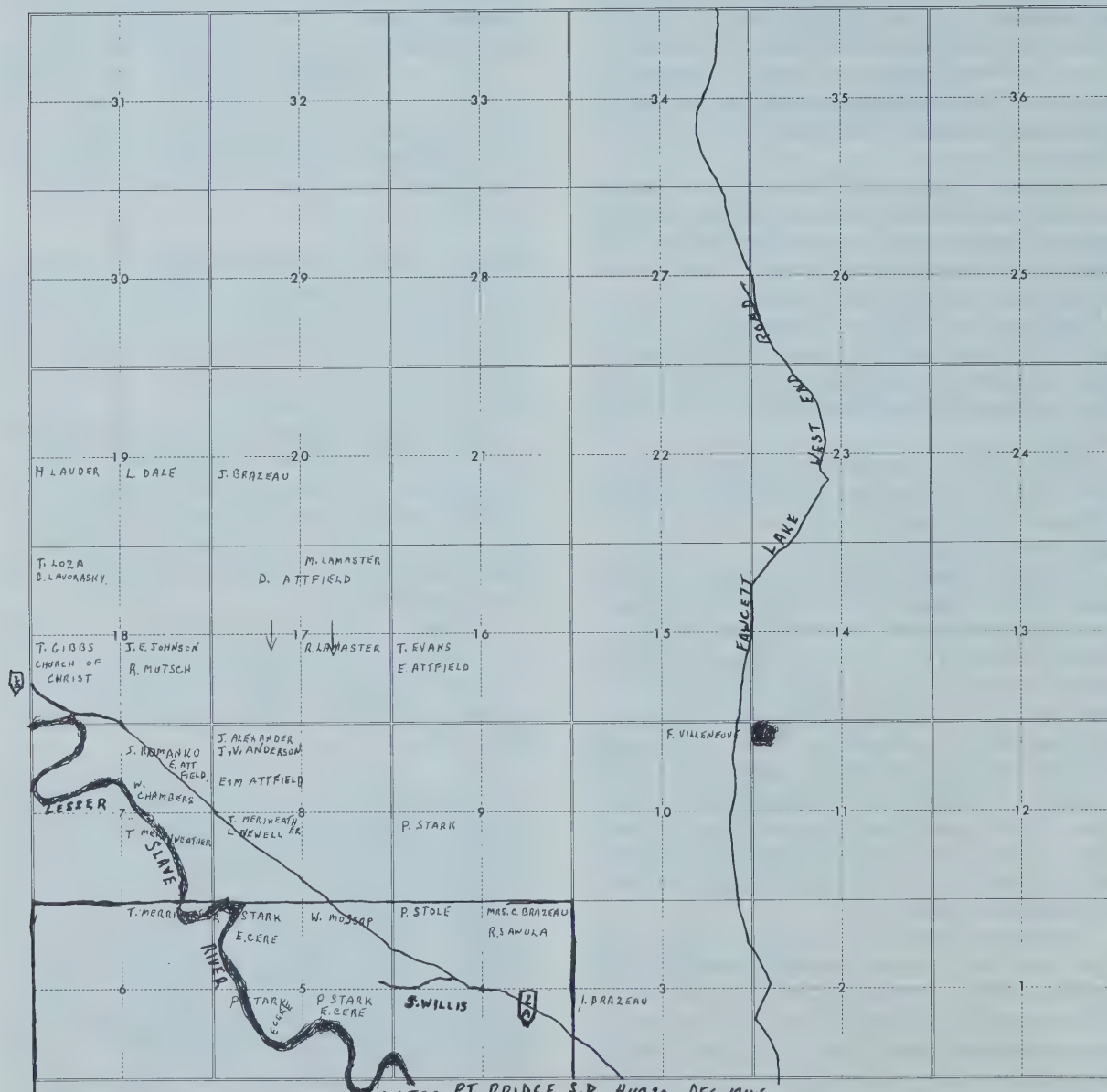
the then village of Mirror Landing. The following reprints of documents will explain what occurred.

Port Cornwall 1913-1917

Notice is hereby given in accordance with the provisions of the Village Act, in that behalf, that, by order of the Minister of Municipal Affairs, the fol-

Tp. 72 Rge. 1 West of 5 Mer.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch



PT. MIRROR LANDING S.D. 1919
LATER PT. BRIDGE S.D. #4930 DEC. 1945

lowing area, namely the north half of section 22 in Township 71, Range 1, west of the fifth Meridian has been erected Village under the name of Port Cornwall of the province of Alberta.

Dated at Edmonton this 27th day of October 1913.

(From the Alberta Gazette 1913 page 924)

Port Cornwall — 20 Nov. 13 — The following is the result of a vote for the first village council. M. J. Cochlin, 25 votes, C. D. A. Barber, 22, C. H. Hult 21, A. Desmarais 19, L. E. Rall 17 and W. J. Reid 17.

The first three were declared elected. Cochlin and Hult are merchants. Barber is manager of the Northern Transportation Company. The election was held Monday from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. in Culley's pool room.

26 Apr. 14 — Port Cornwall has made rapid strides towards becoming a town of some importance in the last year. At that time it was known as Mirror Landing and comprised the Northern Transportation Company's store and warehouse. Now there are approximately 40 places of business, the most recent being Galbraith and O'Leary's flour and feed store, Appleton's two-storey general store, Thompson Realty, MacKenzie and Roberts general store and Cap't Barber's boat building plant. Money is being raised for the building of a Methodist church and parsonage. Arrangements are being made for the building of a new school as the present quarters are already inadequate.

Tenders are being called for sidewalks on the principal streets. Street lights are already installed. The present population is about 300.

Public notice is hereby given in accordance with the provisions of the Village Act in that behalf, that by order of the Minister of Municipal Affairs, the Village of Port Cornwall has been disorganized. The lands formerly included within the boundaries of the said village having been added to the Large Local Improvement District 729.

Dated at Edmonton this 11th day of September 1917.

(From the Alberta Gazette 1917 Page 614.)

With the coming of the railroad a settlement sprang up on the south bank of the Athabasca across from Mirror Landing. It was a divisional point and was named Smith after Rathbone Smith, a chief engineer with the railroad. Now freight and passengers could travel by railroad to Slave Lake and farther as steel was laid. There was no need for freighters any more, thus no need for the boarding houses, livery stables, etc. The Post Office was moved to Smith but its name, Mirror Landing was kept until 1956 when it was changed to Smith as there was too much confusion with the post office and

railroad station having different names. Now it is difficult to find where Mirror Landing was located. Old-timers know and say that hollows in the ground are where there were basements under the buildings.

News Items, re: Mirror Landing

The following news items from various newspapers tell something of the life of the early settlers of Mirror Landing — Smith.

Mr. J. A. Wood of Athabasca Landing is in the city, a guest at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Wood is extensively engaged in transport work on the Athabasca River. This year he bought out J. K. Cornwall's interest in the Athabasca steamboat, Midnight Sun and will operate the steamer this coming summer himself. The Midnight Sun runs from Athabasca Landing to Grande Rapids, a distance of 165 miles downstream from Athabasca Landing and from the Landing to the mouth of the Lesser Slave River, 75 miles upstream. The freight at the latter place is transferred to small boats for the trading posts on the lake.

A steamer will be put on the Lesser Slave Lake this coming summer, Mr. Wood states. It will be built at Athabasca Landing this winter. Captain Barber of Rat Portage is the builder and will navigate the steamer. It will be a side wheeler of 75 foot keel and 16 foot beam. There is no steamer on the lake at present. Captain Barber figures he can run from the head of the rapids on Lesser Slave River to the head of the lake, a distance of 125 miles. The steamer on the Athabasca will thus connect with the lake steamer by a 20 mile portage over the Lesser Slave River rapids. The steamboat accommodation on the lake and river will make possible a popular summer excursion trip for the man who would get near the heart of the nation.

The government should open a road over the portage of 18 miles, the traders say, and travel to the north would thereby be greatly facilitated.

Edmonton Journal 19 January 1906

The steamers are busy bringing passengers and freight down the Athabasca to Fort McMurray and up the Lesser Slave River. On the latter route the Northern Light, Captain Barber's new boat is running, and in high water is able to make the trip to Lesser Slave Lake and on to the head of the large inland body of water a distance of 200 miles, in from three to four days.

Among recent passengers on the Northern Light were Jean Revellon and W. W. Short manager of the northern trading company of Revellon Brothers. They will make a tour of inspection of all the company posts in the Peace River district. They are going as far as Fort Graham on the Findlay River in British

Columbia but they expect to be able to return about the time the steamboat makes its last trip before the lake freezes over. The Midnight Sun, J. S. Ward's owner, has returned from a successful run down to Fort McMurray with 32 passengers and freight for the north trading posts. She brought back 33 passengers from the north.

Settlers are beginning to note the fertility of the land in the vicinity of Athabasca. There are many squatters and the crops of the established farmers are equal to anything seen in any part of Alberta; wheat and oats showing an average height of 45 to 48 inches and being well headed out. There is a petition to the Interior Department to survey the lands and throw them open to homesteading, being only 90-98 miles from Edmonton.

The government will place a ferry on the Athabasca at the Landing. John Fraser is building the ferry. He will also open up a wagon road to Lesser Slave Lake on the north side of the river. There is now a sub-agency of the Edmonton Land Office at the Landing which is aiding settlement of the region. There is considerable building activity at the Landing. There are some energetic Americans dwelling among us and these are men who are always doing things.

Our citizens are now agitating for a twice a week mail service. The stage runs twice a week leaving Edmonton on Tuesday and Friday of each week at 8 A.M. Mail could be carried on both trips and should be carried. A petition has been sent to the Department for this service.

The fare by stage is now \$8.00 for the one way trip. It takes two days to cover the 98 miles. The Athabasca Landing stage line is kept busy arranging passengers and small freight to the Landing. A. B. Hunter of the line reports business as good.

Edmonton Journal 16 July 1906

Steamboat Tariff

by A. C. C. McDonald R.N.W.M.P. Report 1 October 1913

According to tariff rates from Edmonton to Mirror Landing it cost \$8.00 per person with the mail stage from Edmonton to Athabasca, then \$6.00 per person by sternwheeler from Athabasca to the mouth of the Lesser Slave River (Mirror Landing). Freight tariff was \$1.00 per Cwt from Edmonton to Athabasca and .80¢ per Cwt from Athabasca to Mirror Landing by boat.

Athabasca Landing — Felix Dumont, who acted as guide for axmen Messrs. Loucks and Armstrong, who started from here by wagon and pack train, to cut a road from here on the south side of the river to the mouth of the Lesser Slave River, have returned.

They report they were eight days cutting a road to the mouth of the river by way of Baptist Lake. The country was pretty clear of timber. They had some chopping and bridging to do but got through with wagon and team alright. Messrs. Loucks and Armstrong went on to Peace River and are the first to go by wagon over this road to the mouth of the river. The guide gave the distance as about 56 miles or about one and a half days travel by wagon. He says when the road is widened and improved it could be done in one day.

Edmonton Journal 8 October 1906

Mr. L. Malholte, resident engineer of the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, stationed in Calgary leaves today in the company of Mr. James R. Cornwall for the Little Slave River. Mr. Malholte goes up to inspect proposed improvement of navigation on the Little Slave. It is understood the Department of Public Works proposes spending a sufficient amount of money to make this portion of the Little Slave navigable. Heretofore, there has been a break in the path of navigation between Athabasca Landing and Lesser Slave Lake caused by rapids and gravel on the lower portion of the Little Slave River. When this is removed, it will bring Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River country two weeks nearer Edmonton and ensure safety and dispatch of transportation to the north and greatly assist the development of which Mr. Cornwall says the half has not yet been told.

6 March 1907

Mr. Mahort, government engineer stated that settlers were moving into the district rapidly. All the vegetable supplies, necessary for the dam construction camp, were procured in the neighbourhood. The crops were very good and had not suffered from the recent frost. The weather was fine and only one morning did it drop to freezing. The oats were particularly fine; Mr. Donaldson, a farmer near the dam construction having several fields that were quite exceptional.

Edmonton Journal 21 October 1907

On the Athabasca the large steamer Midnight Sun has been connecting with trips of the Northern Light since July and we are getting quite good service right along. A portage of 20 miles divides the two landing stages. This is easily crossed as it is in good travelling order. The freight is towed up the rapids of the Little Slave River in scows which takes two days. The Athabasca River is now so low that the big steamer cannot make her moorings at the warehouse and has to unload passengers some distance down. This makes travelling much slower to the place as all passengers have to wait on the Northern Light at the head of the rapids for the freight before the steamer can leave for Lesser Slave Lake Settlement. The

journey from Edmonton to this place should not be longer than a week. Annual report of Superintendent C. Constantine, RNWMP.

Sessional paper 28 Page 27 31 October 1907

Athabasca Landing — 1 Mar 09 — Miss Norris of Soto Landing returned from Edmonton on Monday. While there she sold her pet moose for \$100.00 and soon after the sale she received an offer of twice that amount.

Northern News

Lesser Slave Lake Post — 15 Apr 09 — Mr. P. Tompkins of the land office here just got back from a trip to Moose River. His team broke through the ice on the Little Slave River and, we understand, he had an early and unexpected bath.

Northern News

After an absence from the country for two years, E. H. Gilroy of Star City, Sask. returned Saturday last. Mr. Gilroy has engaged with the Northern Transportation company for the season and will be employed at Mirror Landing.

Edmonton Bulletin — 19 Apr. 09.

Mirror Landing — 2 Dec 09 — The Northern Transportation Company's energetic agent, Mr. E. G. Gilroy is fitting up a comfortable house and stable accommodation for travellers this winter.

This is in keeping with the general prosperity of the community. Five new buildings have been added to the settlement within the last two months.

Mirror Landing — 2 Dec 09 — The Public Works improvements on the Lesser Slave River at this point are progressing favorably.

Mr. Reid, who is in charge of the work, has a considerable gang of men employed building new wing dams and repairing old ones. Fur prospects are good in this section this winter. Considerable good fur has already been taken by the different trappers. Moose are plentiful and wolf signs are showing up. A pack of sixteen of these animals crossed the river above here this week.

Mirror Landing — 23 Dec 09 — Mr. James Norris of Salteaux Landing accompanied by Miss Norris has gone to Edmonton to spend Christmas with friends.

The winter freighters and other travellers from the north and west are beginning to move. Forty two teams passed through here in the last five days en-route to Athabasca Landing and other points. Roads are now reported to be in very good condition.

Mr. James Atkinson and family of this place have left to spend Christmas with friends at Athabasca Landing. Rumor has it that there is a movement on foot among the young folks of this place for a series of social events during the winter. Having a good skating rink and other facilities for amusement, we

expect there will be some good times at Mirror Landing.

Mirror Landing — 13 Jan 10 — A birthday party and dance in honor of the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Atkinson was held at the home of Mr. W. Marcus last week. About thirty persons were present and a most enjoyable time was had by everyone.

Mr. Hugh J. Reid, in charge of Public Works improvement on the Lesser Slave River near this place is making splendid headway with his work. The weather for the last month has been all that could be desired for outside work.

Athabasca Landing — 10 Mar 10 — Mr. Paul Stark of the Lesser Slave River was a visitor to the Landing this week.

Mirror Landing — While proceeding upstream yesterday on the Athabasca River, one of Allie Brecks teams broke through the ice near Moose Portage. The team was taken out safely, but the load is still in the river.

Mr. Breck is travelling into the Peace River where he has a large farm, a considerable quantity of farm machinery together with a years supplies. The present weather conditions will in a few days render the ice unsafe to travel on for this season, which is exceptionally early.

Edmonton Journal 15 March 1910

Athabasca Landing — The warm weather has tied up the freighters in the North country pretty hard. The large Grande Prairie party being led by Mr. Rae are hung up at Sturgeon Lake west of Lesser Slave Lake. The Simonette river over which they were to drive for some distance is open and the ice broken up. Mr. Breck's outfit is also stranded. The boiler of the steam engine got as far as the west end of Lesser Slave Lake. The rest of his supplies are at Mirror Landing except for the load that went through the ice at Moose Portage, which consisted of heavy wheels and castings. His men succeeded in fishing these out and they are presently cached on the bank of the river near that point. The other unfortunates among those who came out for supplies are strung out along the route from here to Peace River Crossing a distance of 400 miles or so. The ice on the Athabasca is worn thin and there are many holes which make travel unsafe and slow.

Edmonton Journal 21 March 1910

Athabasca Landing — The Peace River broke up from the mouth of the Smoky to the Peace River Crossing on the morning of the 21st, the earliest of which any record can be found. The weather has been even warmer in the upper country than at Athabasca Landing. They were plowing at Spirit River on March 18.

A lot of those settlers, who went in late in Febru-

ary or early March to the Grande Prairie, are still hung up on the Sturgeon Trail at the crossing of the Simonette river and the Big Smoky River and the so called Grande Prairie townsite, an outfit of machinery was caught on this side of the Big Smoky where it will have to stay until next winter. The Lesser Slave River is broken up and is running. The outlook is for the breakup of the Athabasca any time now as the water is rising fast. Everything points to a season a month ahead of the earliest known here. There has been no snow on the upper prairie country for three weeks.

Edmonton Journal 28 March 1910

Athabasca Landing — Captain Barber left last night with his new boat the “Northland Call” for upstream. He has a large quantity of freight on this trial trip. The “Northland Call” is built with a view to carrying heavy loads in shallow water. She draws about two feet and during seasons when the water is low especially on the Little Slave River, she will be able to navigate when and where other boats would not be able to run. Captain Barber will make his first trip up, on which passengers will be carried toward the middle of May when the ice will be clear from the lake.

Edmonton Journal 22 April 1910

Athabasca Landing — Mr. R. B. Smith, engineer in charge of the government dredge at Little River, arrived here from Edmonton on the stage Wednesday night. Mr. Smith is on his way to Little River to continue the work of constructing wing dams on Little River. He leaves as soon as possible. The government dredge which is used in connection with the work is being launched and will be used by Mr. Smith for taking his party and supplies to Little River.

Edmonton Journal 28 April 1910

It is reported that the steamer Northern Light which runs on Lesser Slave Lake and which has been frozen in the lake during the winter has sunk into nine feet of water. There is still ice on the lake which makes the work of getting the steamer out very difficult.

Edmonton Journal 28 April 1910

26 May 10 — The steamer “Northland Call” left here today on its maiden voyage with a heavy load of passengers and freight bound for Mirror Landing. Among the passengers were Bishop and Mrs. Hulmes, Mr. James K. Cornwall, Fred Gagnon and Mrs. Robert Potts.

The “Northland Call” of the Northern Transportation Company’s fleet of steamers arrived at Grouard this morning with passengers and mail. She is the first steamer to make the through trip from Athabasca Landing to the west end of Lesser Slave

Lake, having navigated the Athabasca River from the Landing to Mirror Landing 70 miles up the river, then proceeding up the Little Slave River through the previously unnavigable rapids and thence across the hundred miles of lake. The event is being celebrated today. The “Northland Call” is not a large steamer. She is about 40 feet long with an 8 foot beam. She is equipped with a powerful engine. She was built last year by Capt. Barber of the “Midnight Sun” in Athabasca Landing.

Edmonton Bulletin 26 Sep. 1910

Mirror Landing — 28 Jan 11 — Mr. Gilroy returned from Peace River Crossing to Mirror Landing on Friday.

Joe Seber will soon be leaving on a trip to Athabasca Landing.

Cap’t. D. A. Barber, of the Northern Transportation Company; who has been up the river as far as Mirror Landing on a business trip making arrangements to have the steamer “Northern Light” launched and ready for the season’s run, returned today accompanied by Mr. G. Gilroy, who, for the past two years has been in charge of the Northern Transportation company’s store and stopping place at Mirror Landing. Mr. Gilroy is being transferred from that place to Athabasca Landing where he will be freight agent for the company during the coming season.

Mr. Chas. Hutton, formerly of Peace River Crossing where he was in charge of Revellon Brothers trading post at that place is now in charge of Northern Transportation company’s stores in Mirror Landing in place of Mr. Gilroy.

Edmonton Journal 24 Apr. 1911

The Northern Transportation Company’s sawmill is almost ready for operation. The bunk and cook shacks are now in use and soon after Christmas, the mill will be in running order. Mr. L. R. Morton, the mill foreman, proposes giving an opening dance in the new quarters.

The organization of the “Saturday Evening Club” took place at the home of Mrs. S. C. Barber last week. 16 members were enrolled and the first of a series was held at the home of Mrs. J. A. Hackett on December 9th. Pedro is the usual game played and useful prizes will be awarded at the end of the season.

Athabasca Northern News 23 Dec. 1911

4 May 12 — Mr. William Arneault, manager of Northern Transportation’s feed stables left here a few days ago for Sawridge where he informed friends he intended to be married. He arrived back today but without a bride. Evidently not a leap year proposal.

Mirror Landing — 4 May 12 — Mr. William MacKenzie, the mail man between here and Tomato Creek is to be congratulated for his perseverance in

bringing in the mail so faithfully once a week over such bad roads.

It is feared that Mr. Chippman, engineer for the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia railway survey has been drowned. He was in Mirror Landing a week ago but left for a camp a distance of about 20 miles up the Athabasca river on Monday, March 8th. Two of his men arriving here yesterday reported that he had not reached camp. Mr. Myers, assistant engineer, left immediately for Athabasca Landing to report his chief's disappearance.

Mr. Donaldson of Moose River is away on vacation to Sawridge. It is understood he will return again before the spring rains begin.

The ice in the Athabasca and Slave rivers is moving out rapidly. Piles of lumber on the river bank are ready to load on the first steamer arriving from Athabasca Landing.

Athabasca Northern News 4 May 1912

Mr. William Lyman has severed his connection with the Northern Transportation company and, accompanied by Mrs. Lyman, left Mirror Landing today for Athabasca Landing enroute to Vancouver.

Capt. Barber, H. G. Barber and Roy Hackett left by automobile this morning after spending Christmas at their homes here.

Paul Stark, of Mirror Landing, who has been ill for three or four weeks is getting along nicely.

Northern News — 19 Oct. 1912

Santa Claus visited Mirror Landing on Christmas eve at the home of Mrs. S. A. Barber where a large tree was provided laden with gifts for one and all, followed by a dance and refreshments.

Northern News — 30 Dec. 1912

Messrs Cornwall and Gauthier have bought the machinery and boiler for a complete sawmill excluding planers, etc. which they will commence to build at Mirror Landing on the first of April. They are present engaged in clearing the site and expect to have the plant in operation about May 20. A heavy supply of logs and other timber has been taken out to the river during the winter under the direction of Mr. Gauthier and the whole output will be towed to Athabasca Landing in scows and shipped over the Canadian National Railway. The firm has a contract to cut lumber for the E.D. and B.C. known locally as the McArthur road and will have a busy season commencing immediately the river is clear of ice.

20 March 1913

Athabasca — July 10/13 — Cap't. Barber arrived in town today from Mirror Landing accompanied by Mrs. Barber. They are guests at the home of Cap't Barber's mother. Mrs. Barber will visit Edmonton before returning to Mirror Landing. Cap't Barber is presently building another steamer at Mirror Land-

ing. It is about the size of the Northland Call and it is expected it will be finished in time to make two or three round trips this season. Cap't Barber says the great increase in freight shipments makes the new boat necessary.

The Athabasca Times

24 July 13 — An incident on an upriver trip of the "Northland Echo" which involves the mysterious disappearance of a passenger has just been made public. On the night of 11 July 13 a number of men employed by one of the E.D. and B.C. grading crews were on their way back from a short holiday in Athabasca Landing. On board was a man named "Doherty" and he and some of his companions were having a good time as a final windup to their outing before docking at Mirror Landing. Somewhere in the vicinity of Moose Portage, Doherty was missed by his chums and a search of the steamer failed to disclose his whereabouts. A search and inquiries up and down the river has failed to locate him. There is fear he may have fallen overboard and been drowned in the swift waters. It is not known where Doherty came from.

Athabasca Northern News

The body of James Doherty, the man who fell off the steamer "Northern Call" on the night of July 16th was found lying on the river bank on this side of Moose Portage last week. The matter was reported to the Mounted Police and Corporal Parsons was sent to investigate. He secured the body and brought it to Athabasca Landing by steamer on Monday night. It has been identified by Capt. Barber as that of Doherty and identification was supported by papers found in his pocket. Nothing is known of Doherty's origin except that he was working on one of the E.D. and B.C. camps. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition and was buried at Athabasca Landing.

Mirror Landing 2 Aug 13 — The body of James Doherty, the man who fell off the Northland Echo on the night of 11 Jul 13 was found lying on the bank of the river on the Moose Portage side last week. The body was taken by Cpl. Pearson of the Mounted Police to Athabasca. The body was identified by Cap't Barber as being that of Doherty and this was confirmed by papers found in the pockets of the deceased. Nothing is known of Doherty except that he was employed by the ED & BC construction camp west of here. The body, which was in an advanced state of decomposition was interred at Athabasca.

Athabasca Times 28 Aug. 1913

Mirror Landing is increasing in size as well and will be an important point this winter as this will be the end of steel on the E.D. and B.C. when, if not all, the most of the freight for the north and north-west

We the undersigned citizens of Mirror Landing, North half of section Twenty-two, Township seventy-one, range one west of the fifth meridian, humbly petition The Honourable Minister of Municipalities, of the Province of Alberta, to incorporate the said hamlet of Mirror Landing as a village under the village ordinance, the said village to be named Port Cornwall.

Trusting you will give this petition your favourable consideration at your earliest opportunity.

[illegible]

Westlock: — A fatal accident occurred on Tuesday, five miles south of Smith, resulting in the death of Robert, the 12 year old son of Henry Willis. The boy, along with some other children, was sliding down a steep embankment on skis when he fell on a sharp snag which penetrated his side. Death resulted before medical aid could reach him. The funeral was conducted by the Reverend Mr. McLean of Westlock in the presence of the immediate neighbours of the family.

The petition of the undersigned sheweth:

(1) That your petitioners are desirous that you should authorize the Council of the village to incur a debt on behalf of the village to an amount not exceeding three thousand dollars (\$3000.00) to be used for the grading of streets, erecting of sidewalks, purchase of water tank and fire apparatus, and street lights; in accordance with the resolution of the Council passed on the sixth day of April, 1914.

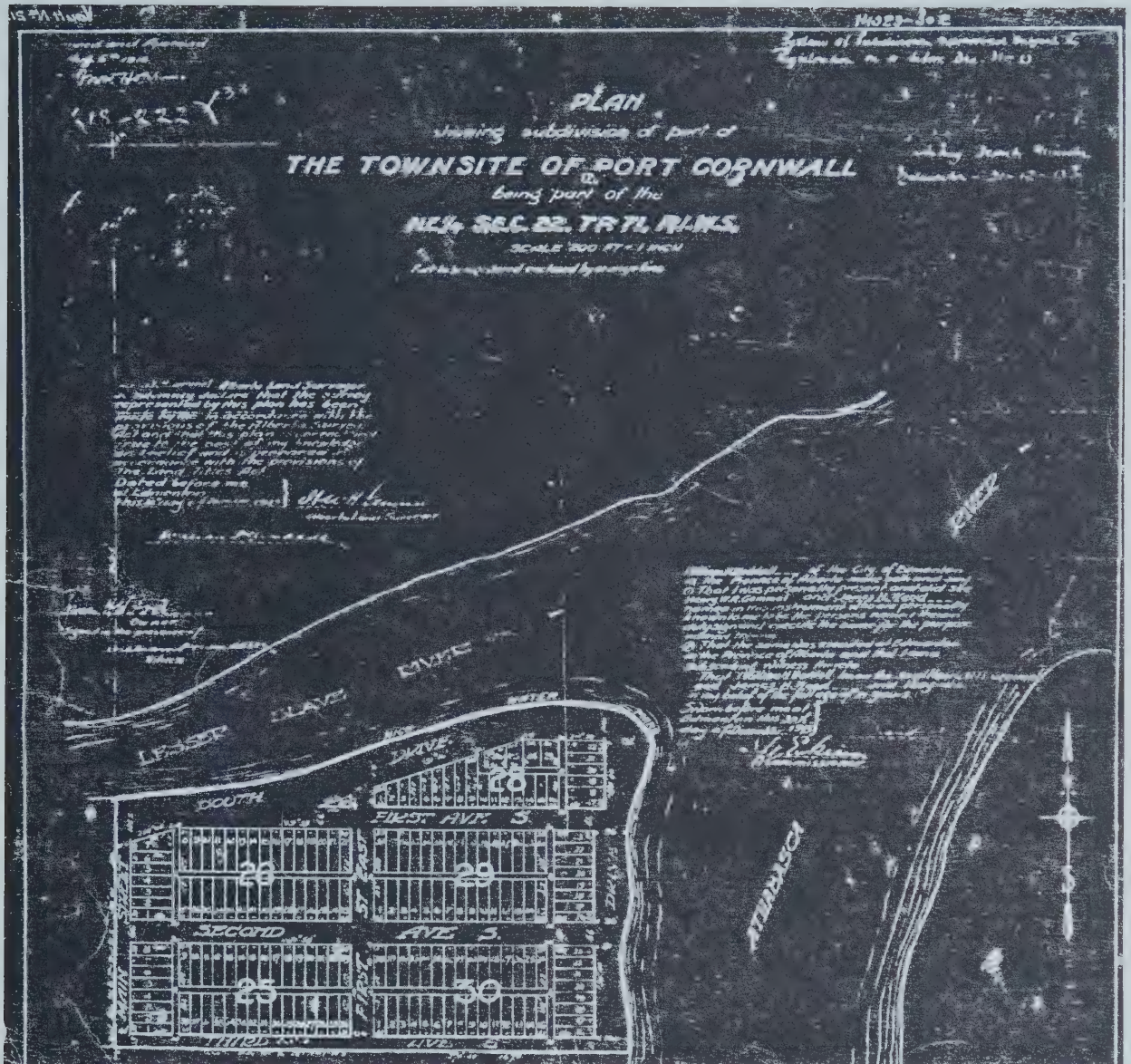
(2) That your petitioners constitute a majority of the electors of the village who are at the date of the petition resident within the village or within two miles of the boundaries thereof.

H. J. Locklin
C. H. Kist
C. W. A. Parker
Edwin Appleton
J. Mearns
Eidras Viers
J. Robertson
Guesnick & Leonard
N. D. Leary
W. Thompson
A. B. Cote
Leon Diamond
Jas. Nolan

Document.



Marcella and Grant Knapp's house at old Mirror Landing overlooking Slave River, 1919.



Document.



Northern Call on Lesser Slave River. Photo Courtesy of Sam Mutch.



Junction of Athabasca and Lesser Slave Rivers. Dom. Govt. Telegraph Office in background, 1930.

Alfred Desmarais,
AP Lavallee
Mrs. Annetta Cocklin.
J.M. Barber
J.D. Moir
J. J. Jones

I, Edwin E. Appleton, of Port Cornwall, do solemnly declare,-

"(1) That I am one of the petitioners above named;

"(2) That the said petitioners constitute a majority of the number of electors of the said village who are at the date of the said petition resident within the village or within two miles of the boundaries thereof;

"(3) That I was personally present and did see each of such persons sign the said petition;

"(4) That, M.J. Cocklin was the first of such petitioners to sign same;

"(5) That each of such petitioners signed the said petition within thirty days after the date upon which the said first petitioner signed same;

" And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act.

" Declared before me at Port Cornwall,
 In the Province of Alberta,
 this 25th day of April 1914.

Edwin E. Appleton

A Justice of the Peace in and for Alberta.

Alfred Desmarais J.P.

Document.

Edmonton, January, 6th, 1916.

IES.

Sir:-

Re Village of Port Cornwall.

In October, 1913, a Village was established known as the Village of Port Cornwall. It appears that this Village has practically ceased to exist, that is, most of the people who were living there, including the Secretary-Treasurer, have left. As we were referred to you by the late Secretary-Treasurer, J.A. Thompson, as the one member of the last Council of the Village of Port Cornwall that had remained in the vicinity of the Village, I would be glad if you would give me any information at your disposal as to the whereabouts of the books and records of the Village, and as to whether there are any outstanding liabilities against the Village. We wish to get this information so that the outstanding business, if any, may be wound up and the Village disorganized.

J.P.

Your obedient servant,

DEPUTY MINISTER.

C. D. A. Barber, Esq.,

MIRROR LANDING.

Published at
 222 McDermot Ave.
 Winnipeg, Man.



Publishers of Authorized
 Municipal Books and
 Forms for all Western
 Provinces

Official Organ of all Municipal Unions, Urban and Rural, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta;
 Manitoba Good Roads Association and Western Canada Firemen's Association.

Oct. 30th. '17.

Mr. John Perrie,

Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs,

Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Mr. Perrie:-

Why do you

print Port Cornwall among the list of Alberta Villages? This is what we get back on the outside of a returned envelope, "No Sec.-Treas here just a deserted place on the river bank nor town".

Yours Faithfully,

H. Moulton, Editor

W.M.N.



Document.



The undersigned hereby orders, under the

authority vested in him by Section 12 of the Village Act, that the Village of Port Cornwall be disorganized, and the lands that were within the boundaries of the said Village be added to Large Local Improvement District No. 729, and made subject to taxation under the provisions of the Local Improvement Act for the current year,

The undersigned also hereby orders that the arrears of Village taxes, if any, outstanding against the lands in the Village from assessments levied by the Village shall remain a charge against the lands and be payable as taxes due Large Local Improvement District No. 729, in the same way as if they had been levied under the provisions of the Local Improvement Act.

Dated at Edmonton this Eleventh day of September, 1917.

Ed. Wilfrid Gariepy
 MINISTER OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

Carmangay, Alta. March 15, 1915

Deputy Minister,
Dep't. of Municipal Affairs,
Edmonton, Alta.

8134

Dear Sir,-

Several letters from your Department have just reached me here.

The Village of Port Cornwall has been without a Secty-treas. for sometime, no new one being appointed as my successor. I believe you will find notification of my resignation on your files. Mr. Cochlin, the Reeve, moved to Grouard, Mr. Hult to Sucker Creek and C.D.A. Barber is still at Port Cornwall. All records are with him owing to Mr. Cochlin's absence.

No debentures were issued and no taxes collected, although notices were sent out. By this, I mean to say a very small amount of taxes. Possibly not twenty dollars all told. If you wish to know the exact amount, it can be ascertained from C.D.A. Barber. No new elections have been held. A great many of the residents have moved to other points. Mr. Barber will no doubt be pleased to supply you with any information possible.

Yours truly,

J. Thompson

Document.

From the Diary of A. St. Cyr, D.L.S.

Monday, April 11th, 1904 — Arrived at Athabasca Landing tonight.

Tuesday — Took supplies to Baptiste Lake.

Wednesday — Hauling on ice of Athabasca River.

Thursday — Arrived at Moose Portage.

Friday — Preparing for overland trip to Lesser Slave Lake. Men cutting wagon road along left bank of Athabasca River.

Saturday — Moving along left bank of Athabasca River.

Monday, April 18th, 1904 — Part of men are working on road. Rest, with horses have gone back to Baptiste Lake to bring up supplies left behind.

Tuesday — Moving camp outfit along Athabasca River.

Wednesday — Arrived at the junction of the Lesser Slave with the Athabasca River.

Thursday — Travelled all day in a northwesterly direction. Camped on a pine ridge close to the Lesser Slave River.

Edmonton Journal 24 February 1922

Friday — Road now following along the left bank of the Lesser Slave River. Timber not quite as thick as that which we have passed through.

Saturday — Reached Moose Creek (Moose River?) and camped on the north side. Next day some of the men went back for the balance of our outfit which was left across the stream. Just a short time later the ice went out.

Monday, April 25th, 1904 — Adjusting loads and preparing outfit. Shoeing horses.

Tuesday — Travelled along the left bank of the Lesser Slave River. Crossed a muskeg two miles wide. Had to send men back for supplies which had to be left behind when we entered muskeg.

Wednesday — Moved outfit to end of road after which we crossed another big muskeg. Camped in a marsh beside the Lesser Slave River.

Thursday — Sent Smith to Lylick's stopping place with message to Bredin and Cornwall to forward oats to end of Lesser Slave Lake.

Friday — Rained all day.

Saturday — Travelled all day over a swampy road. Had to build a raft in order to cross a branch of the Lesser Slave River.

Monday, May 2nd, 1904 — Moved ahead all day. In the afternoon it began to rain so we stopped at 4:30 p.m.

Tuesday — Travelled through large hay flats along the Lesser Slave River. Camped at Tom Lylick's stopping place.

(From Provincial Archives Records. 79-27 Vol. 442 — #3644 and 3646)

The R.C.M.P.

Before 1905 Alberta had been made up of Athabasca and Alberta with the Athabasca River as border. Athabasca was Indian territory until 1899 when it was officially surrendered to Canada. No liquor was allowed into the District of Athabasca or the North West Territories; Athabasca Landing and Lac La Biche could legally have liquor. The free flow of liquor was also illegal in Soto Landing, Mirror Landing, Sawridge and Lesser Slave Lake.

The North West Mounted Police were supposed to enforce the liquor laws and this job they hated. It became a battle of wits between bootlegger and police. Liquor was brought in concealed under a variety of disguises.

Baldy Red offered some nuns a ride on his rig, made comfortable seats of his whiskey cases, and covered them carefully with blankets and cushions. Then he rode into Athabasca Landing and on to Mirror Landing right past the police.

Coal Oil Johnny was a Mountie who investigated coal oil barrels being hauled. Sometimes these bar-

rels contained whiskey instead of coal oil. He heard that Sad Sam had three loads of coal oil coming and it was rumoured that there were some whiskey barrels mixed in with them. When he examined the three loads there was no whiskey. The next day he learned that while he was examining the load, a team carrying the whiskey had slipped past the stopping place by a short detour.

Whiskey was brought in, inside an upright piano, which had the works removed, in frozen pork carcasses and sleighs with false floors in the box.

In one instance a fallen tree was floated down river with whiskey kegs attached, past the Mounties check point to be picked up by boat further on.

The Mounties had headquarters at Fort Saskatchewan and they often patrolled the Athabasca Landing Trail on their long patrols. They patrolled clear up into the Arctic. Sometimes they returned along it with a murderer, a weentigo, or an insane trapper.

By 1893 the North West Mounted Police had a detachment at Athabasca Landing, with outposts at Grand Rapids and Lesser Slave Lake (Grouard).

Sergeant Anderson was one of the most famous policemen ever to be stationed in the Peace River country.

R.C.M.P. Report 1892

The first mention of the R.C.M.P. at Athabasca Landing.

Patrols spent upwards of two months in the Athabasca Landing district. This was for the purpose of preventing liquor from being taken into prohibited districts. I have to state that from information gathered from Sergeant Hetherington who was in charge of the patrol, and also from other sources, it is of first importance, in order to enable the police to exercise a proper supervision over the liquor traffic that Athabasca Landing should be brought within the prohibited district, so that no liquor could go through without a permit, and also to enable police to search all freight leaving the Landing for up or down river. At the present they cannot do so, as the Landing is, so I am advised, outside the district of Athabasca and as matters now stand, the freight must be inside the boundary before police can legally search for, seize and destroy the liquor not under permit, nor arrest the offenders.

As a matter of fact it is difficult to look after the freight, especially of small traders, when once it has left the Landing. These, I am informed are the chief offenders, and ship their goods in small boats.

If, however, my suggestion of bringing Athabasca Landing within the prohibited district is found to be impractical, I can recommend that a small steam launch be provided to convey the police

up and down the Athabasca River to assist them in carrying out the duties required of them in a more effective manner than they are able to do under existing circumstances.

RCMP Major Griesbach 30 November 1892

RE: William Mortimer Gardiner

The following is taken from records on file at the Provincial Archives. It is a summary of numerous letter exchanges between the years 1913 and 1916. After a number of letters exchanged between Gardiner and the Attorney-Generals Department, to have him sworn in, Gardiner was finally appointed a Justice of the Peace at Port Cornwall (Mirror Landing) on October 1st, 1913.

On October 10th, 1914, Mr. Gus Meehan of Smith, was fined \$2.50 made up of \$1.00 court costs and .50 summons. Meehan was found guilty of frequenting a "house of ill-fame". At the same time Mr. Frankie Dyer was fined \$25.00, plus \$2.50 costs for "keeping a house of ill-fame".

Most of the offenses shown on Gardiner's records were for such things as "being drunk and disorderly" and trafficking in wild game. That is, selling moose meat.

From this point on our friend Gardiner seems to be in trouble himself. On February 26th, 1915 it is reported "Mr. William Gardiner left Edmonton on the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia railway for Sawridge and Round Lake. There are only three houses left in Mirror Landing where Mr. Gardiner has been living. They do not speak very well of Mr. Gardiner there as a J. P. One of these being Chas. Peterson who was fined by Mr. Gardiner so he would not have a very good word for him, anyway".

In January of 1916 Gardiner disappeared from Smith and the Attorney-General is checking all jails in the west in case he is locked up some place. He is wanted for theft of \$572.00 he collected in fines but failed to turn over to the department. He is reported to have been seen in Spokane but there does not appear to be any record of his apprehension.

Government and Law by Wilson Wolstenholme

In the early days, the Hudson's Bay Company post managers ruled and made what laws there were, usually in the company's favor.

After the establishment of the Royal North West Mounted Police, they were responsible for enforcing the laws of the land. It was a form of benevolent dictatorship and the law was bent in many cases and sometimes ignored, as in enforcement of game laws. Many were the roasts of beef (deer or moose) fed to a visiting law man or ranger who took over game law enforcement.

During the 1930's, the police issued relief payments as social assistance was then called.

They say Canadians are the most regulated people in the world today, but it wasn't always so.

The Territorial Legislature, which sat in Regina until the formation of the Province of Alberta in 1905, was a hit and miss affair. After 1905, representation grew better or worse until, in the opinion of many we have the burdensome civil service today, where about half of the people pay taxes to support the government with all its agencies.

Huge areas of the province were formed into Improvement Districts, as this area is. Compared to Municipalities and counties, our taxes have remained a fraction of theirs.

Chisholm — an introduction

Chisholm is located 188 km north of Edmonton, 9 km west of highway 44, 104 km north of Westlock; 60 km south of Slave Lake. The hamlet is on the eastern edge of a channel which trends in a north-south direction along the Athabasca River, in the Green Area (crown land). Until the fall of 1981, residents had to lease their properties from the government, (Land Tenure Act)

The population of Chisholm has been steadily declining for the past 25 years, from 225 in 1956 to 64 in 1980.

The economic base of Chisholm is the timber industry. A sawmill and planer mill provide virtually all employment opportunities in the hamlet. The sawmill is owned and operated by Wayne Urchyshyn. Rough sawn lumber from the mill is planed by CANFOR's planer and the finished lumber products are shipped by truck, and, to a lesser extent, by rail to Edmonton and beyond.

Gravel extractions and hauling also generates employment for Chisholm residents. The largest deposit is about 5km south of the hamlet. Two local trucking companies (Ron Giselbrecht Trucking and John

Pukanich Trucking) haul gravel primarily for local farmers, oil companies and the government.

Oil and gas exploration is active in the area but does not provide any direct employment for residents.

Chisholm is situated within Improvement District 17 (east) which has its administrative offices in Slave Lake and Westlock. A five member elected Advisory Council gives advice and makes recommendations to the Minister of Alberta Municipal Affairs, who makes the final decisions.

Each household in Chisholm provides its own water supply and sewage disposal. A community well was installed in 1981.

Fire protection services consists of a water truck owned by CANFOR, which the residents have access to when needed. Power is supplied by TransAlta Utilities and Alberta Government Telephones provide telephone service. The present landfill site is located about 3km east of Chisholm.

School children are bussed to Fawcett for grades one through nine and high school students travel to Westlock.

No health care facilities exist in Chisholm. Ambulance service is available from Smith and Westlock. The Athabasca Health Unit is responsible for provision of public health inspection and community health nursing care.

The Slave Lake detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is responsible for patrolling Chisholm.

Chisholm offers its residents (and area residents) permanent and temporary work opportunities in the timber industry. However, Chisholm's reliance on this single industry implies a high degree of job uncertainty for the community. The feasibility of commuting to outside employment is limited but does exist and Chisholm's viability as a permanent residential community may continue even if the present economic base was to be withdrawn.

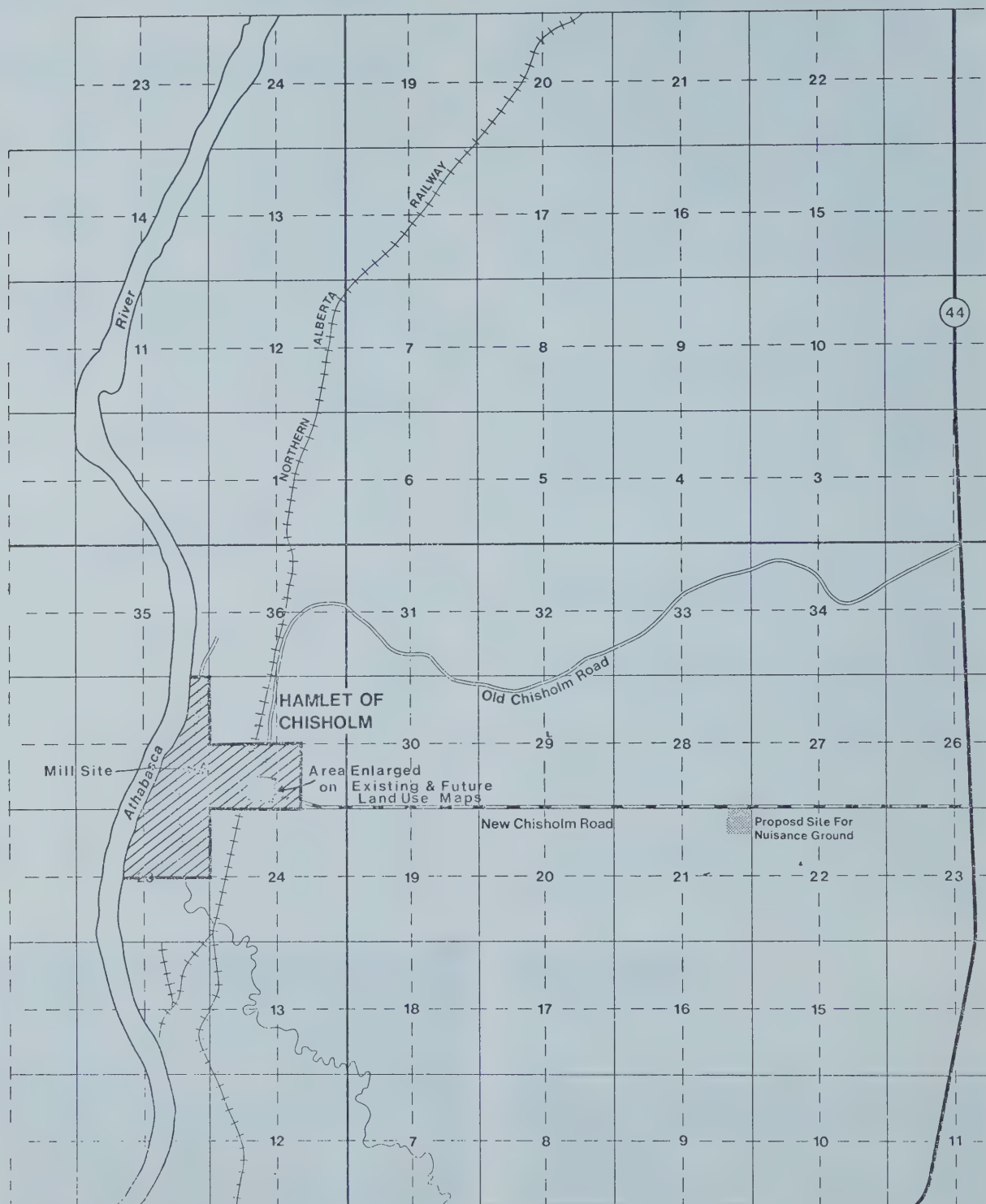


Some Chisholm buildings and lumber.



An aerial view of Chisholm.

Boundary of Chisholm



Our Log Cabin Home

by Margaret Roy

I often think of the many years,
That I have spent with you.
Out in our northern cabin,
Out where the wild rose grew.
Those years we spent in our cabin,
Were the happiest years of all;
With a coal oil lamp, and old woodstove,
And moose meat in the fall.
The wind blew cold, in the wintertime,
Around our cabin door.
And the snow blew through the open cracks,
Across our cabin floor.
We didn't have many comforts,
In our cabin home, that's true.
But, the happiest years in my life was spent,
In this cabin home with you.

Spring is here

by Gene M. Earl

A bubbling stream, a leaping fish,
A fresh green shoot, a robin's trill,
A partridge drumming on a log,
And spring is here!
A bluebird flitting over yon,
A chipmunk chattering at the dog,
Blackbirds trilling in far birch,
And spring is here!
A crocus nods a purple head,
A crow caws loudly in the dell,
A fleecy cloud floats o'er the blue,
And spring is here!
A shower now and sunshine then
Boys trudging through mud puddles, when,
A newborn calf kicks heels in air
And spring is here!
A plough turns furrows in the land,
Mom's garden seeds are in that can,
House cleaning days are here again
And spring is here!

Agriculture



Homestead Regulations

With the exception of a very limited amount, chiefly the C.P.R. grants and later on, the School Sections, all land in western Canada was disposed of by the Crown in the form of homesteads. The survey crews came ahead and sub-divided the land into blocks six miles square. Horizontally these blocks were known as Townships and vertically as Ranges but for general purposes a six mile by six mile block was called a "Township". Each township was surveyed into thirty six sections and each section sub-divided into quarters. Each quarter section was supposed to contain one hundred and sixty acres but certain conditions such as correction lines could alter the exact area but it was usually within an acre or so. Road allowances were surveyed one mile apart running north and south and two miles apart running east and west. By this means, every quarter section would have a road allowance on at least one side.

When western settlement first got under way all land was held in trust and administered by the Dominion Land's Office. The rules for applying for a homestead were quite simple. You were supposed to be at least eighteen years of age although it is doubtful if anyone was ever asked to prove it and some as young as sixteen were said to have filed claims. Either a single man or woman could homestead but in the case of a married couple only the "head of the household" could file. Later this rule was changed and anyone could get a homestead. One could try any number of consecutive claims until one was "proved up" or a title granted. After that, no more. It cost ten dollars for a filing fee and one was obliged to build a "habitable" house on the claim. Much latitude was given in the strict definition of the term and homes varied all the way from caves in the side of a hill to sod houses, log cabins to fairly modern frame homes. Some even built their homes on their claims of field stone or brick! You were asked to live on your homestead for six months of each year for the first three years and to have cultivated thirty acres of land. Again the powers that be were inclined to be somewhat lenient in enforcing the terms. An extension of time away from home to earn needed funds was usually granted, and the thirty acres was quite often reduced when taking into consideration the tree cover to be cleared off before breaking could take place. A minimum of three years and a maximum of five years was imposed as the time required, before applying to obtain a deed or title to the land. Again, the time limit was often extended if the homestead inspector believed there was a good reason for extension. There was a saying among prospective homesteaders that they would bet the government ten dollars against a hundred and sixty acres of land, that

he wouldn't starve in the three to five years it took him to win title to his land. Oh yes, there was one thing more. Before you got the title to your land you had to become a British subject, then the equivalent of today's Canadian citizenship. This was a real bit of genius on the part of those who drafted the rules and something today's nationalists might take into consideration when worrying about foreign ownership of land. In 1930 when the Federal government transferred the natural resources to the provinces, Alberta took over the homestead administration. Rules were changed moderately but in the main remained much the same. Most of the good land having already been taken up, the provincial government later removed the right to homestead altogether and replaced it with a system of lessee under which a rental system of payment of a percentage of the crop was paid. After a certain length of time the lessee could apply to buy the land for a nominal price.

Homesteads

Mr. Doran, the Provincial Land agent in Athabasca, informed Mr. and Mrs. C. Olson that theirs was the last homestead issued as such in the province of Alberta. From now on, all lands would be acquired by agricultural lease.

Growth and Development of Agriculture by Wilson Wolstenholme

Farming in Smith and surrounding districts was a hit and miss affair in the early years.

Cattle were kept for milk, which was the source of butter, cheese and ice cream when ice was available. What wasn't used in the home was fed to the pigs. Meat was used mostly in the cooler months, as beef put down in brine was not very good. Surplus cattle were sold, if possible, shipped by rail after the railway came through, then later by truck. It was a long way to Grosmont and Curtis' truck. Most of the lumber mills and bush camps in the area were also supplied with meat by local homesteaders.

Pigs were also a small source of income and as with cattle, what wasn't used at home was disposed of elsewhere.

Only a few farmers had sheep as they were a bit of a headache unless good fences were used. Coyotes killed quite a few. One homesteader was said to have lost around 50 sheep in one night to wolves. Only a few were actually eaten.

Goats were not very popular but the McLaughlin's, of the Ranch area, shipped goat's milk during World War II.

Everyone but the bachelors had chickens, and many a chicken lost its head and was put into the oven after company showed up for dinner.

The first big attempt to raise cattle on a large scale met with disaster (the start of an enterprise which gave the Ranch district its name — later homesteaded by O. Hayes Sr.). The story varies in the telling, but supposedly, three car loads of cattle were unloaded from the train at Hondo and wintered around the Ranch district. It was a hard winter (1919-1920) and the next fall, with the increase, if any, only one carload was left to take back to Edmonton.

Jack Hayes, a brother to Orval Hayes, and John Bloom, raised cattle fairly successfully with their headquarters where the Moose River joins Lesser Slave River. They summered their cattle east of Fawcett Lake and sometimes barged them the length of the lake to winter north of their home ranch.

In later years, cattle have been the mainstay of farmers, starting with small herds that were milked by hand. As the hands got tired, the calves did the milking and cow-calf operations were more popular. Today, some of the finest calves in the province are shipped from this area. Most herds consist of 25 to 200 wet cows.

Dairy farming has been fairly successful but it is a hard way to earn a dollar and bulk milk has not been shipped from here. Cream which brought less than a dollar for a five gallon can, now with quota restrictions and lack of train or truck transportation, is now about \$45.00 per five gallon can, with the subsidy.

Breeds of cattle have varied over the years from Holstein and Shorthorn through Hereford and Angus, to the exotic breed, with Charolais the dominant of the imports.

There is one large egg producer who supplies eggs, not only for local use, but hundreds of dozens are shipped out.

Nearly every other farmer had a blacksmith's forge and anvil but gradually they left the work to the more professional people, like Joe Hugo, Jake Freisen and later, Buster Overacker. Now, to get a plough shear sharpened, you have to go to Clyde.

Too little has been said about the part women played in the early years. The men got away from home to work or just to visit and help a neighbor, but the women stayed home doing chores and looking after the children.

The washing was done on a washboard, if they had one and probably with homemade soap. Many mothers had to saw and split their own firewood.

There was no candy or luxuries for the women and children, but the men always had their tobacco and too often, spent much needed money on liquor. A page could be written about the homebrew that would have made good paint remover.

My Garden

by K. Hugo

If I weren't quite so busy,
There's one thing I would do.
I'd plant a perfect garden,
With blooms of every hue.
Where birds might stop to visit
And make themselves at home.
A place of wondrous beauty,
Where I'd never be alone.

Vines in wild profusion
Would climb a trellis there.
Roses bright and beautiful
Would bloom in colors rare.
Peonies and daffodils
Would fill me with delight.
Babies breath and mignonette
Would shed perfume at night.

Baby faced wee pansies
Would border all the beds.
And asters and petunias
Would gleam in pinks and reds.
Phlox and bachelor buttons
And giant daisies too,
Would grow in stately splendor
In yellow, mauve and blue.

I'd also plant a birch tree.
So lovely straight and tall,
And oriental roses
Would climb along the wall.
So many things I'd plant there.
Watching as they grew.
Then I would have a perfect place
That I could share with you.

Farming



Dick Riggins, Johnny Goodwin, Joe and Jack Holden with hand feed thresher.

Hondo, Alberta, February 6th, 1940

Alexander Young, Esq.,
Hondo, Alta.

Dear Sir & Wife : -

In the matter of the cultivation of the N.W. 1/4, Sec. 13, Twp. 70, R. 11, W-5th M, beg to say that I am prepared to lease this land to you on the following terms.

Tenant to furnish all seed and make delivery of my share of the threshed crop to the elevator at the time as stipulated by me.

Tenant to take two-thirds (2/3) of the grain crop and one half of the hay crop of which last, my share is to be stacked on the place in a well built hay corral.

Owner reserves the ice house for use as a dwelling if necessary or as a storage room if he resides off the place.

Owner also reserves trapping area to himself or to such persons as he may designate to trap on shares for him.

Wood piled at the house must be paid for if used by tenant but tenant is under no obligation to purchase if he does not wish to use same.

All wild hay to go to tenant.

Term of lease - three years.

If you can meet these terms I will send out lease forms from Edmonton.

Very truly yours,

J W Haggin

Document.



Threshing at Goodwins.



Bill Holden 1926 or '27.



Mr. Holden Sr. with his sheep.



Bill and Joe Holden, 1934. Breaking land on Bill's place.



Raking hay at Wes Earl's hay flat.



Syd Owens with his new sulky for harrowing.



Aaron Chapman breaking land at hay flat for Wes Earl.



Aaron Chapman's hog, weighed 825 pounds when dressed.



Harvesting at C. Olson's farm, Otter Creek.



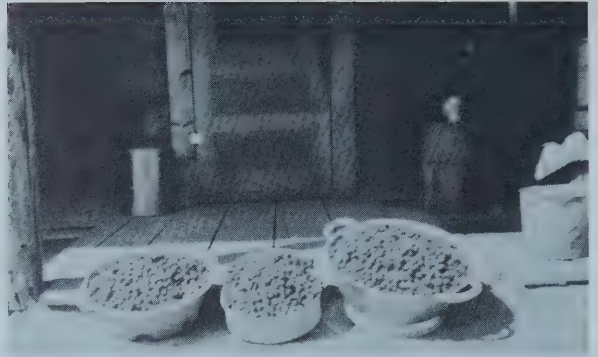
Wood sawing, a neighbourhood affair at Smoky Creek.



Stooking at C. Olson's farm.



Grandpa and Joe Holden.



Carrie Earl's strawberries, 1941.



McCumsey's first garden, 1932.



Threshing at Clarence Earl's, 1940's.



Old threshing machine.



Homemade haystacker made by Aaron Chapman and Wes Earl.



Wes Earl on tractor with homemade hay sweep.



Bucking wood on the Passmore farm, 1934.



Mrs. Beecroft with eagle she killed with a stick, and Fay Willis.

The Berry Pickers Itch

by K. Hugo

You have heard of many ailments
 But there's one you will agree,
 Has the darndest complications
 That any one could see.
 It's a sort of wild impatience
 To be off and on the go,
 And you'll pick those pesky berries
 Till your back is in a bow.
 You'll be crawling thru' the grasses
 Till your hands and knees are sore,
 And as long as you can find 'em
 You'll keep picking more and more.
 The search for ripened berries
 Is an annual affair,
 And the shelves of jams and jellies
 Are a sight beyond compare.
 Many feuds are started
 When the berry race begins,
 But when the Itch is over
 There are lot's of sheepish grins.

The Depression Years

by Verna Willis

I came to Smith with my family in 1931. The Great Depression had set in, and on top of that, we had had several years of drought on the prairie. This necessitated a move, and the beginning of a new life from a well established farm in southern Alberta to a raw homestead in north central Alberta. I mention this because each one compounded the hardships of the other.

It was difficult for me to keep the hardships of the depression separate from the hardships of our homesteading days.

I was too young to realize what was happening internationally while we lived on the prairie. However, I do remember my mother shipping cream to Hanna when the price of a five gallon can barely or didn't, pay the freight on it. Along with this was the fact that because of the drought there was no grain to sell, no grass or hay for the livestock and no vegetables for the table.

In 1931, the United Farmers of Alberta, the government of the time, under the leadership of Premier Brownlee, provided free freight giving the farmers of the dried out areas an opportunity to re-settle in "greener pastures."

I would soon see signs of the depression on arriving in Smith, when the first way freight arrived with several dozen "hobos" aboard. When the next freight arrived from a different direction, the same scene was repeated. Although they were called hobos, they were actually desperate men trying to find a job the only way they knew how.

The fact that as many men were coming from their destination because there was no work there, did not deter them. They not only travelled from one end of Alberta to the other, but from one end of Canada to the other.

Wages were low and many a man was thankful to work for his board and room.

From here on I can tell you how the Depression affected me.

The Depression meant that my father could no longer drive his car or use his tractor. We could no longer read or work by the light of a gas lamp, and had to rely solely on the cheaper to use, coal oil lamps.

It meant tanning our moose and deer hides, to make our moccasins, mitts and gloves.

It meant using flour, sugar and salt bags for as many uses as possible. Then it meant patching our clothing until every last bit of wear was extracted from them. When the bed sheets began to show wear in the centre, they were cut in half lengthwise and the sides were turned in and sewn together, so that the

thin area was on the outer sides of the sheet. When they were beyond repair, the ends were cut off and hemmed for dish towels.

When the bags were opened up, the string that they were sewn with was rolled into balls. We used the finest of this string to darn cotton stockings.

Many people made their own soap. Some mastered the art quite well, using tallow and lye mainly. However if you didn't use quite enough lye, you ended up with a very poor quality soap that wouldn't make suds.

My mother-in-law taught me how to make lye out of wood ashes. An old, leaky enamelled pan worked very well to put the ashes into. We would set the pan into, or over another container, and pour hot water over the ashes. You would stir the ashes occasionally, and by the time the water had dripped through into the catch basin you had a fairly strong lye solution. We used this for scrubbing wooden floors, and also added a bit to the wash water as a softener.

I remember some of our neighbors making their own coffee substitute with roasted wheat or barley and chicory.

My uncle, Roy Benson, from Munson, had some of his wheat ground for us. He brought up a truck load of flour, "shorts, which were coarse flakes, of the outer covering of the wheat kernel, and bran, which was a finer product. Nothing went to waste. Although I can't recall using the shorts for our use, we would mix it with milk, lard renderings, etc. and bake it in large pans for food for our sleigh dogs. Some went to baby pigs and so on. We made our own breakfast cereal from hand picked, ground wheat, with some flax and rye kernels added, when we could get them.

I remember my mother trying to make syrup from sugar beets. We had a bin full of beets in the cellar. Every morning, we brought up a huge pan full and washed and peeled them. Mom would slice them on her sour kraut cutter until she had a copper wash boiler at least half full. The sliced beets were covered with hot water and left on the back of the stove, simmering, until after lunch. The liquid was strained off and poured into a large kettle. This liquid boiled away most of the afternoon until we had about two cups of syrup. We, as children didn't care for it, and she eventually gave it up, much to our liking. The rest of the sugar beets, plus the slices from each day's attempt, went to the cows each night as a supplement.

Not all of Mom's endeavors failed, however, for, the next summer the same copper boiler was put to use again for making cheese. A full boiler of milk produced an average of a five pound block of hard cheese. She had a lard press, borrowed from the

Holdens, that worked wonderfully well for pressing out the whey. She had great success from this undertaking and sold cheese to others as well.

She also tried making soda crackers, bologna and sausages from recipes taken from the Home Loving Hearts page in the Winnipeg Free Press. These pages consisted of letters, hints and recipes sent in by readers, and contained a wealth of information on how to make do with whatever you had. For instance, did you know that you could substitute snow for eggs in a cake batter? I am sure we tried it, I cannot recall the results.

We found it very hard the first winter on the homestead, as we had no milk, cream, butter, or eggs. We tried spreading lard on our bread, but even with salt on it, it just wasn't right. My aunt sent us a four pound jam tin full of butter at Christmas time; what a treat! In later years, Mom would pack away extra butter in the fall to help through most of the winter. She would also pack eggs in a large crock, covered with a solution made up of a substance called 'Water Glass' (silica gel) diluted with enough water to cover the eggs.

We couldn't afford tooth paste, so we used salt or baking soda. I can remember my sister, Jean, and I cleaning our teeth with charcoal when there was a dance coming up. It was not too abrasive and left our teeth really white.

Jack Holden picked some spruce gum for us, and we thought it was a pretty good substitute for gum. However, when we tried gathering it ourselves, we found we had a lot to learn. If you tried to chew some that hadn't aged enough, you had gum stuck in every possible niche it could get into.

Sometimes during the 30's, the Government furnished seed grain for the farmers. This was to be paid for when they threshed their crop in the fall. Another time they shipped in baled hay in box cars, to be divided amongst those who needed it. I am not sure what method they used to determine who got it and how much. I remember my father had the job of doling it out. I believe every bale had to be weighed.

They also had a shipment in Hondo, and Ted Nyhus took care of the distribution there. To the best of my knowledge, the hay was free.

I remember my mother repairing binder canvases on her Singer treadle sewing machine, and Dad repairing harnesses with rivets and waxed thread.

I also remember watching Mr. Dupont making rope from binder twine.

Relief in 1930 **by Mildred Owens**

During the 1930's, there was a form of welfare, called relief. A single person could get \$3.00 a month, and a family, no matter how large, got \$8.00 per month. This scarcely supplied the flour.

Some were issued one outfit of clothing; goodness only know's what they were to do when it was time to wash them; I guess that's when the birthday suits came out.

However, this relief was issued in the form of a voucher by an R.C.M.P. who came to Hondo each month. He had a time and place for people to meet him, to see if they could collect their measley allowance for the next month. The R.C.M.P. would scowl at them as if the money was coming out of his own pocket. I guess he thought he would try to discourage them so they wouldn't ask for their voucher. One elderly lady was refused when she asked for hers, so she went out the door and came in again; the second time she got it.

I guess if their belts weren't cinched up to the last hole, they were not considered in need of help. (I can just feel the back of my neck getting hot everytime I think of it.)

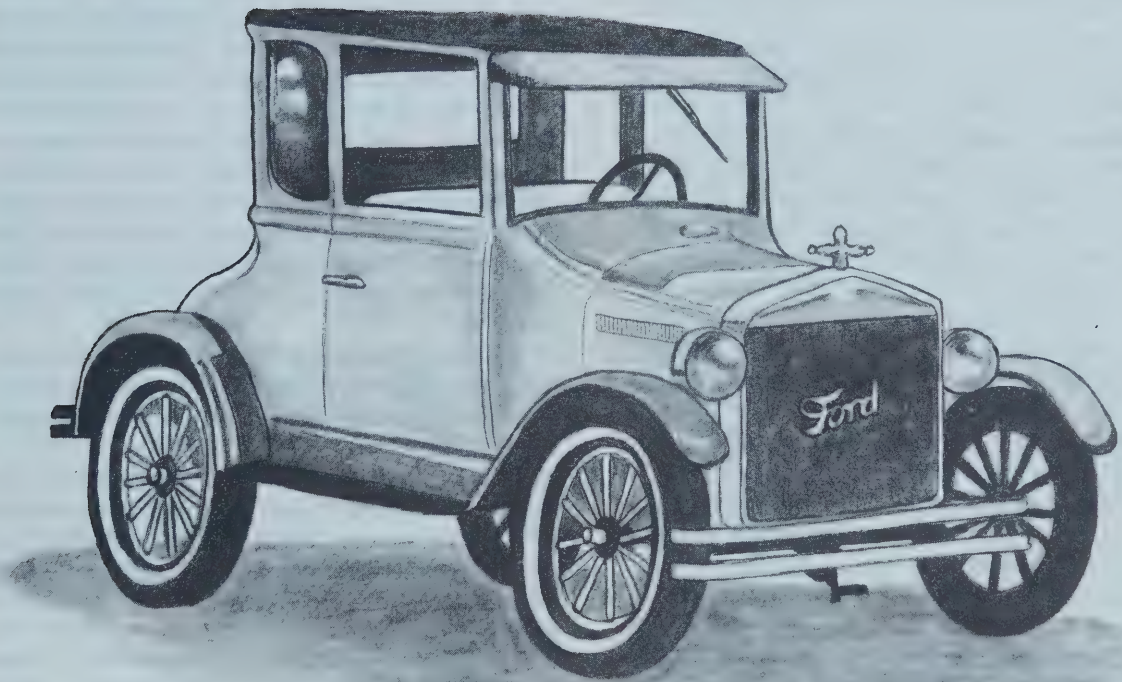
The Bennet Government's .05¢ bonus on grain could have been in affect in some places, however there was no grain here at that time, so no one collected.

Syd Owens and Clarence Topley bought barley from a farmer at Fawcett for .11¢ a bushel.

The Waterlily **by K. Hugo**

Velvet petals soft and smooth,
Ruffled at the edges.
You float in beauty on the pool,
Amid the reeds and sedges.
You scorn the flitting dragonfly,
To dream your life away.
Aloof alone and lovely,
These restful summer days.

Communication and Transportation



The Telegraph Line

By 1909, the telegraph line was built as far as Athabasca Landing and followed the old trail on the north side of the river. It was extended on up to Mirror Landing.

Archie McLean lived in Mirror Landing and operated the government telegraph station until it was closed in the 1930's.

Mr. Charley Schurter of Slave Lake was one of the men in the crew who in April 1909 was destined to lay a federal government telegraph line north to the Peace River country. Mr. Schurter came all the way from Bruce County, Ontario to build this line from Edmonton northward. When he reached Athabasca there were only 500 people there then. He had to report to the North West Mounted Police who firmly told him to telegraph his mother saying that he was crossing the Athabasca to head north into unknown territory. He was told to have a gun, a medical kit and plenty of supplies with him.

Charlie says that it took two years to build the line.

The following news items tell about the people who were concerned with the telegraph line and problems that occurred.

Athabasca Landing — 13 May 09 — Mr. Chas. J. Schurter of Qu'Appell, Sask. registered at the Grand Union hotel here. Mr. Schurter has been placed in charge of the telegraph office at Mirror Landing which is the present terminus of the Peace river telegraph line.

On the first of this month the telegraph office was opened at Mirror Landing. This is the first station to be opened on the Athabasca Landing. — Grouard Line.

Edmonton Bulletin — 14 Sept. 09 On Saturday last, Sup't. Geo. E. McLeod returned to the village (Athabasca L.) with his men. Work on the telegraph line was stopped a few miles west of Mirror Landing owing to the appropriations having been exhausted. Mr. McLeod will be stationed at Mirror Landing for the winter in charge of the office there and will superintend further extensions from that office. He left this week for Edmonton and will immediately move his family to his new station.

Edmonton Bulletin 23 Sept. 09 Mr. George McLeod of Mirror Landing, who has been spending a few days preparing for his summer's work of building the government telegraph line north from Mirror Landing, left for that place today with supplies and men.

Edmonton Journal 28 April 1910 Mirror Landing — During the high winds last Saturday, fire swept the Little Slave River district, doing much damage to timber, hay and buildings. The government telegraph

station was destroyed and Miss McLeod, the agent, with her mother and sisters barely had time to escape to an open space, from the flames for safety. The first intimation of trouble was the falling of a burning tree on their house. There was not an instant to save anything, only getting out with the clothes on their backs. The house with everything they had was destroyed along with the office, stable and outbuildings. The loss is being felt as they are a long way from where necessary bedding and clothing can be secured quickly. Northern Transportation do have a warehouse here, which escaped the flames, in which they took temporary shelter. Mr. McLeod was absent, having charge of the construction gang on the south side of the Lesser Slave River where the line is being extended to Peace River Crossing.

The Edmonton Journal 16 June 1910 The telegraph line has been out of service between here and Athabasca Landing. Heavy winds have blown trees across the line causing much damage.

28 Jan. 1911 The government telegraph line between here and Athabasca Landing has been down for four or five days. Mr. Jones, the operator at this point is rapidly acquiring the art of pole climbing.

Athabasca Northern News — 4 May 1912 Mr. Joseph Bouchard, of Sawridge, who was foreman of the road repairs in the vicinity of Mirror Landing reports that the storm of last Friday has again blocked the road that had just been put in fair condition. The government telegraph line was demolished. Louis Daigneau had three cows and falling timber killed two of them.

Northern News — 12 Dec. 1912 The government telegraph office is permanently located here once more under the able management of M. O. Rumble, of Erie, Pennsylvania.

Northern News — 30 Dec. 1912 Dale Hotslander's article "The Challenge of Lesser Slave River" tells the story of the river and the difficulties that the steamers incurred in their attempts to make the route from Athabasca Landing to Grouard — a steamer route entirely.

The Railway

Jim Cornwall wanted to build a railway from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing so he formed the Athabasca Railway Company. The actual railway was built by the Canadian Northern Railway line which started regular passenger service to Athabasca Landing in September, 1912. Scores of settlers were going to the Peace River country and the steamers did a good business. Athabasca Landing grew into a busy town.

However, other railways were being built. The Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia (nick-

named the Exceedingly Dangerous and Badly Constructed Railroad) headed for Peace River. The other railroad was the Alberta and Great Waterways through the muskegs north to Fort McMurray and Waterways.

In his article "Early Railroading in Northern Alberta", J. W. Judge told of his experiences in the building of the railway. Between 1912-1916 and 1919-1922.

J. W. Judge, a former Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs for the Alberta Government, worked on the Edmonton Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway as transit man on location, resident engineer, construction and maintenance engineer and assistant superintendent.

Mr. Judge relates some of the interesting details about the work as it progressed from Edmonton to Morinville to the Westlock area and on through a relatively uninhabited area towards Smith.

During the winter of 1913-14 the track pushed forward to Smith which was named after the chief engineer, Rathbone Smith. The first divisional point was established here. A temporary bridge was built and tracklaying continued on towards Sawridge on Lesser Slave Lake.

A gravel pit was opened at Chisholm named after tie contractor Tom Chisholm. Judge tells that a lot of these crews were boomers who had followed construction work all over North America. They were well able to cope with all aspects of construction but were not able to withstand prosperity. As soon as they got a few hundred dollars, they had to spend it.

In the spring of 1914, the Pembina and Athabasca Rivers rose and endangered the steel bridge which was not yet completed. A large crane of the Dominion Bridge Company was hooked onto the extreme end of the centre span to stiffen it. No damage to the bridge occurred.

As the crews progressed on to the Peace country they were to endure bitter cold, lack of feed for horses and finding shelter at night for their families. Between Smith and Sawridge were low lying muskeg country. However, good stands of spruce and tamarac provided a large portion of the railway ties cut in this area.

When the bridge was completed, construction crews brought in supplies for the camps west of Sawridge as well as carloads of settlers effects. All through the winter of 1914-15 supplies were freighted through before spring break-up.

The Smith Railway Station

The Smith Railway Station served the people of Smith from the time it was built around 1914 until 1983.



Smith Station.

After the introduction of diesel engines in the fifties, there became no need for the water tower, round house and coal dock. These disappeared over the years. In time the need for the station itself became obsolete and it was closed in August, 1981. The passenger train service was finished by 1974.

In 1979 the Historic Sites Board, advisors on Historic Resources to Minister responsible for Culture, Mary J. LeMessurier, met to discuss amongst other historic points, the N.A.R. Station at Smith.

The citizens of Smith could have made presentation to the Board to keep the station house at Smith intact. However, Canadian National Railways, which had taken over Northern Alberta Railways in 1980, required that the building be moved. The difficulty of moving such a building coupled with the fact that the community could ill afford the required renovations and upkeep, made such a project unprofitable.

So it was that in the fall of 1983 the Smith Station was torn down.

Railroads by Fred Hajek

Prior to and shortly after the arrival of the railroad the present site of Smith was named Mirror Landing and renamed Smith by the railroad in honor of, or after, one railroad building engineer, Rathbone Smith. The Post Office still went under the name Mirror Landing, during my stay. The original site of Mirror Landing was located on the North side of the Athabasca River a couple of hundred yards West of the junction of the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Rivers. At this point cargo from the bigger river steamers, operating between Athabasca and Mirror Landing, was transferred to smaller river craft and or portaged to Sawridge at the eastern end of Lesser

Slave Lake to vessels operating on this lake, for furtherance to Peace River and other points north and west. The arrival of the ED and BC into Smith and finally to Sawridge, circa 1914, spelled the death knell of river traffic. However, a Dominion Government Telegraph office was maintained till sometime in the 1940's. Archie McLean was the telegrapher in charge, whose duties included maintenance and repair of the one string telegraph line for a considerable distance. He also acted as magistrate. Shortly after my arrival in Smith he introduced me to my first moose hunt and we were highly successful in replenishing our larders for both mine and his families. I believe he was transferred later, along with his family, to Green Lake, Saskatchewan.

Most of the night operators during my time as agent were young chaps that were laid off the main lines, including the odd married man of middle age and also the odd real old time boomer. Most just stayed around long enough to establish enough seniority to bid on agencies or positions in larger centres, especially the young ones. The weather index was the controlling factor relating to the genuine boomers. Once they had acquired a modest pay poke, they established a respectful distance between them and the frigid elements.

Frequently, in emergency cases, nurses, doctors, and officers of the law would be transported by track motor trip (speeder trip) to and from where required, when train service was not readily available. All such trips had to be authorized by the head office Edmonton, with full explanation for such necessity and of course by telegraph. Usually no problem in so far as the APP (Alberta Provincial Police), RCMP or Provincial Public Health nurses were concerned as they issued transportation warrants to cover the trips. There were instances when things got real tacky and involved, in cases of emergencies, of accidents or

sickness to residents occurring after hours or nights, or when the Government officials could not be located or contacted. Often immediate action was the only priority and someone had to do it on the spot.

As railroaders we encountered various traumatic cases of accidents and or sickness occurring in sawmills, lumber camps and of course railroad, etc., The public health nurses had to confront, attend to, or attempt to relieve the patient's suffering. This meant transportation usually to Edmonton, to receive medical attention. This could become quite involved in cases of indigents without funds for transportation or hospitalization.

One such last minute emergency comes to mind during nurse Drummond-Hay's tenure. Just a few minutes prior to the arrival of the Edmonton bound passenger train, a young chap probably in his early twenties, enroute by foot between Slave Lake and Smith, in mid-winter, was found on the trail by either or both the Roe and Loza boys. The young chap was found with his lower limbs, hands and feet badly frozen. They brought him, strapped in a dogsled. His condition was such that the nurse could only medicate him and get him hospitalized, so he was brought, still strapped in the sled, to the depot. Being quite an elderly lady, Miss Hay was highly agitated and unsure of the next move as she didn't have the where-withall or warrant for his transportation. So I just punched out a one-way ticket to Edmonton and with the help of the traincrew loaded him into a baggage car. I assisted the nurse in compiling telegrams notifying the various health and medical departments, to arrange ambulance and hospitalization. Due to Government departmental musical chairs syndrome, my application for reimbursement of the expenses involved, never was resolved.

From our position as railroaders we also saw how the onslaught of the depression of the 1930's, had a serious impact on the economy, of both Canada and the U.S.A., resulting in high unemployment. This produced another flow of humanity, hordes of people, from the early teens to past middle age, in the search of employment; going from city to town, from one end of the country to the other. Their mode of transportation was mostly by riding the freight trains, or by shank's mare. They would hop off the freights on entering the yards at Smith and proceed to the river bank or patches of trees to prepare some food and to bed down for the night. Others would scout the town and the surrounding territory for a handout or chores to do in exchange for food. There was no welfare or relief provided by the governments of the day, for single males. The odd soup kitchens in some larger towns or cities, operated by charitable groups, was the only other option.



Smith Station.



Joe and John Hugo with Lloyd McConnell — 1947.



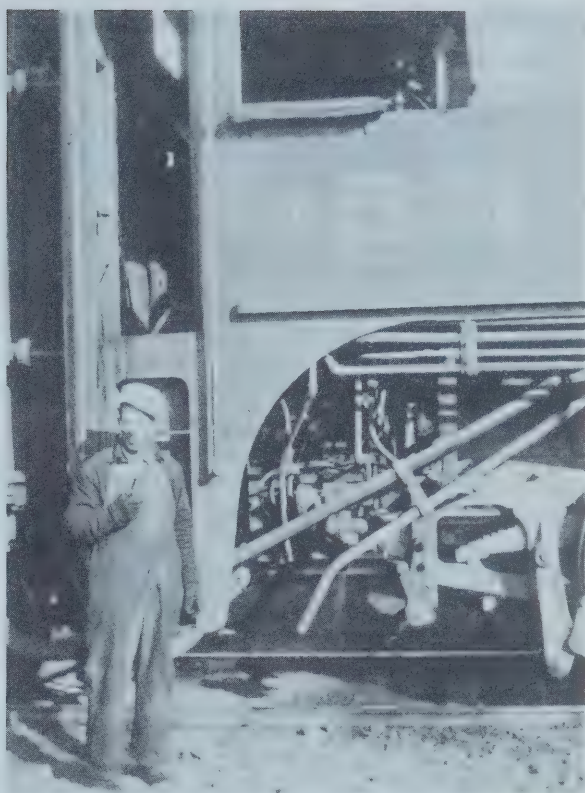
Smith railroad water tank and steam locomotive.



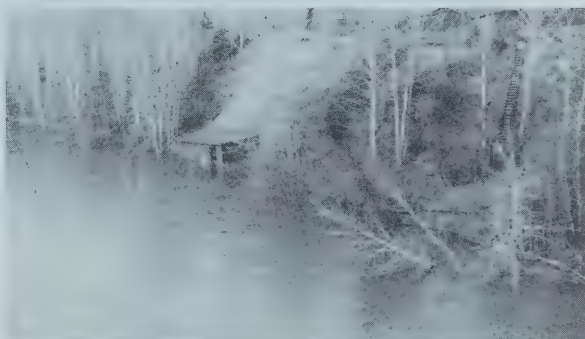
Cecilia Racine and Irene Olson.



Coal dock at Smith, 1956.



Joe Racine, 1948.



Pumphouse, 1948.



Railroad pumphouse, under flood water.

S.W. 1/4 Sec. 23-1P. 11-11-W. 2-1M.

Official Townsite of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Ry.



TIME TABLE NO. 2, JANUARY 15, 1931

Westbound Trains Inferior Direction				Miles from N.A.R. Junction	Telegraph Office	SLAVE LAKE SUBDIVISION	STATIONS	Telegraph Cuts	Eastbound Trains Superior Direction			
Car Capacity Passing Trains	First Class	2nd Class	Per. Mon. Wed. Fri.						First Class	2nd Class	Per. Tue. Thur. Sat.	
223	123.10	130.5	DN	Smith	CWYK	SM	A 2.05					
57	123.28	137.5		Deerline	5.0		f 1.46					
	123.38	141.2		Sprufield	3.7		s 1.35					
55	123.48	142.9		Saulteaux	2.7		f 1.27					
60	124.04	150.5		Oreola	6.0		f 1.08					
		155.6			8.1							
					1.9	W						
62	124.23	157.5		Mitauk			124.48					
54	124.36	162.5		Slave Lake	5.0		124.36					
15	124.55	169.4		Wagner			124.17					
	s 1.03	172.6		Capital Spur	3.2		124.09					
					2.5							
38	s 1.09	174.9		Widewater			124.03					
	s 1.15	176.7		Canyon Creek	1.5		123.57					
					4.3		123.46					
41	f 1.26	180.9		Assinieu								
		190.5			9.6	W						
50	s 1.54	191.2	D	Kiwanis	0.7	C KU	123.18					
					7.7							
58	s 2.15	198.9		Pease	5.6		122.58					
57	s 2.30	204.5		Driftville	6.5		122.44					
56	s 2.48	211.1		Indiana	1.1		122.27					
					7.1							
55	f 3.10	218.2		Arcadia	1.6		122.07					
		219.8			7.3	W						
35	s 3.34	227.0	D	Enilda	9.3	NA	121.43					
					7.3							
46	s 3.54	234.3	D	High Prairie	8.4	GH	121.24					
45	f 4.10	239.7		Aggie	6.5		121.10					
		246.5			0.5	W						
40	f 4.35	247.8		Kenzie	7.3		120.47					
					7.8							
41	s 4.57	255.0		Kathleen	6.6		120.27					
353	A 5.15	262.2	DN	McLennan	CWK	KN	120.10					
Tues. Thur. Sat. 1				*No Passing Track Mountain Time				Mon. Wed. Fri. 2				

Freight trains must not exceed a speed of one mile in three minutes between McLennan and Smith.

All Eastbound freight trains approaching Smith will come to a full stop at the stopboard near the West Yard Limit board, proceeding thereafter very carefully into Smith yards, depending to find main line occupied. This stopboard displays two yellow lights at night.

Freight trains must not exceed a speed of one mile in three minutes between McLennan and Smith.

All Eastbound freight trains approaching Smith will come to a full stop at the stopboard near the West Yard Limit board, proceeding thereafter very carefully into Smith yards, expecting to find main line occupied. This stopboard displays two yellow lights at night.

Document.

TIME TABLE NO. 2, JANUARY 15, 1931

Westbound Trains Inferior Direction										Eastbound Trains Superior Direction									
Car Capacity Passing Trains	Third Class	Third Class	Third Class	Third Class	First Class	Miles from N.A.R. Junction	Telegraph Office	EDMONTON SUBDIVISION	Telegraph Cuts	First Class	Third Class	Third Class	Third Class	Third Class					
	C'ches Wed. Fri.	C'ches Thurs. Sat.	Mixed Thurs. Thurs.	Mixed Thurs. Thurs.	Pgr. Mon. Wed.					C'ches Wed. Fri.	C'ches Thurs. Sat.	Mixed Wed. Wed.	Mixed Wed. Wed.	C'ches Wed. Fri.	C'ches Thurs. Thurs.				
STATIONS																			
15.00	9.50	9.30			15.00	4.9		Edmonton (C.N.R.)		A 9.15	14.35		14.15	8.45					
					15.05	3.4		121st Street		9.10	14.30		14.10	8.45					
	15.15	10.05	9.45		15.15	0.7		West Junction		9.00	14.20		14.00	8.35					
	15.20	10.10	9.50		15.20	0.0		N.A.R. Jet.		8.55	14.15		13.55	8.30					
		10.00			15.30	0.7	DN	Dunvegan Yards CWYK NY		8.45	13.55								
35		10.17			15.39	0.4		Campbell		8.35	13.40								
					15.44	0.5													
38					15.51	14.3	D	Carbondale YR BN		8.03	13.00	12.40							
					15.57	14.4		(Jct. Lac La Biche Sub.)											
		11.25			16.00	15.4		Cardiff		7.54		12.25							
57		11.40			16.07	20.9	D	Merville		7.46		12.10							
					16.12			Crossing C.N.R. Interlocked											
					16.17	21.6		Siding											
		12.30			16.22	28.4		Meays		7.22		11.20							
		12.42			16.28	39.4		Alameda		7.16		11.08							
		13.05			16.32	35.2	D	Bully RWY BU		7.03		10.46							
					16.37	41.0	D	(Jct. Barhead Sub.)											
					16.42	42.2		Picardville		6.28									
		13.02			16.47	42.2	D	Westlock		6.15									
		13.07			16.52	43.2		Wye		6.10									
					16.57	43.2		Wye											
42		13.37			17.04	41.0	D	Picardville		6.28									
50		13.48			17.14	42.2	D	Westlock		6.15									
52		14.11			17.21	42.2	D	Jarvis		6.08									
54		14.23			17.33	42.2	D	Fawcett		4.48									
56		14.47			17.57	42.2	D	Kilgus		4.33									
50		15.05			18.07	42.2	D	Flatbush		4.15									
55		15.26			18.18	42.2	D	Tieland		4.02									
					18.24	42.2													
57		15.51			18.29	42.2	D	Chisholm		3.20									
64		16.27			18.36	42.2	D	Havada		2.49									
223		16.50			18.39	42.2	DN	Smith CWYK SM		2.25									
*No Passing Track Mountain Time																			
Mon. Wed. Fri. 2																			

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS—Trains using Canadian National Ry. tracks between R.M. Junction and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic.

Trains operating over Canadian National Ry. tracks between R.M. Junction and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic.

Trains operating over Canadian National Ry. tracks between R.M. Junction and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic and L.M. Depot at Edmonton must be operated by Canadian National Ry. Traffic.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.—DURING WINTER MONTHS, THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE OBSERVED:
1. FREIGHT TRAINS MUST NOT EXCEED A SPEED OF ONE MILE IN THREE MINUTES BETWEEN TARDY AND SMITH.
2. FREIGHT TRAINS MUST NOT EXCEED A SPEED OF ONE MILE IN THREE MINUTES BETWEEN TARDY AND SMITH.
3. FREIGHT TRAINS MUST NOT EXCEED A SPEED OF ONE MILE IN THREE MINUTES BETWEEN TARDY AND SMITH.

Document.

Communications

by E. Vandervaat, thanks to A.G.T. Singing Wires, Mrs. B. Crick, N. Moskalyk

In 1914, when Northern Alberta Railways came through Chisholm, the telegraph lines were installed also. This was the only means of sending or receiving a message quickly. Most everyone had access to the telegraph service for an emergency. The N.A.R. used the telegraph to find out the location of trains and for ordering groceries.

When the post office opened in 1923, this meant another means of communication, even though it could take days or even weeks to get a letter.

In 1935, the need of quick and sure communication prompted the expanding lumber business to have a telephone installed in their office. This phone was tied into the telegraph lines and was powered by batteries. It could be used by anyone, but mainly for an emergency. Nurse Evans used this phone, especially when sending a patient into an Edmonton hospital. She could phone ahead to let the doctor know what the problem was. For some men, the phone was the only way to find out whether or not he was a new father.

In 1966, Alberta Government Telephones installed telephones into most of the homes in our hamlet. With modern technology, we have come a long way from the battery operated telephones to sophisticated equipment of today.

Most offices are incomplete without a teletype. With this machine, you can send a message around the world in minutes, no matter what time of day or night or its destination.

Highways to Smith and on

The following letters would indicate the difficulty of making the decision as to the advisability of building a highway on either the north or south side of the Athabasca River to go west and north of Athabasca to the Peace River Country.

To Mr. John Fielders,
Athabasca Landing.

Dear Sir:

I beg to say that I have been carrying the mail from Athabasca Landing and Peace River Crossing for the last four years and, having made a number of trips on both sides of the Athabasca River from the Landing to Moose Portage, and being thoroughly acquainted with both sides of the river, I would strongly recommend you opening your road on the north side of the river as I consider it far superior to the south side in every way. I might also state that I have now come down on the south side over the

present road and consider it utterly impossible to ever make a good wagon road that way as there are too many muskegs and hills to contend with, while the north side is high and dry all the way and trust you may have your road opened on that side without further delay as I am now obliged to leave part of my mail (10) bags at the Landing. I have had great difficulty in getting over this part of the road on my present trip down taking three days from Moose Portage to the Landing.

18 Nov. 06

Believe me, Sir,

Yours truly,

Sgd. William Marcus,

From Alberta Provincial Archives.

From original on file.

Memo. to Mr. Fielders —

I have just had an interview with Mr. Revillon of Revillon Bros., and Mr. C. B. Major of Baptiste Lake, who came through from the Lesser Slave over what is termed the south or west road between Moose Portage and Baptiste Lake. They claim they came through from Moose Portage to Baptiste Lake in ten hours with pack horses and that it is by far the best country to build a trail through, that a new survey party passing through there this season misses the muskegs which the old trail aimed to follow, and that there is simply no comparison between the two routes.

I am inclined to think from the geographical position that the road south and west of Athabasca between Baptiste Lake and Moose Portage is the correct route and that a careful exploration of this will have to be made before we undertake to spend money upon the north and west side of the Athabasca north of the Landing.

This matter is now mentioned for your consideration and I hope in viewing the matter, or if you should look over the trails later on, you will have only in sight the best interests of all concerned rather than the fact that the road happens to be in one constituency or another.

23 Oct. 06

Deputy Minister

From Alberta Provincial Archives.

From original on file.

A Highway To The North

At first the people who came west and north from Athabasca followed the extended Landing Trail north of the Athabasca river to Mirror Landing.

About 1906 the government hired surveyors to cut a road from Athabasca to Mirror Landing on the south side of the river, a distance of around fifty-six miles.

Around 1918 when the government cut a new trail through from Athabasca Landing on the south side of the river, a ferry was installed across the Athabasca at Mirror Landing — about 300 yards downstream. (the first ferry crossing).

Around 1930-31 a highway was built along this route but there wasn't gravelling done until the Alcan highway work was in progress. Many of the men who worked on this road in the early thirties brought their families and then stayed to homestead.

The Alcan Highway

As early as 1905 it was decided upon by the government to build a road leading north from Fort St. John. It wasn't until forty years later, during World War II that the idea was again taken up. There was now machinery capable of making such a road and the money to do it with. Hundreds of men were sent to build the Alaska Highway. Because of the convoys of American soldiers and construction crews going through from Edmonton to Athabasca, to Smith, to Slave Lake many road improvements were made and in 1944 a bridge was built across the river at Smith. This bridge still exists.

In 1948, Highway 44 was built between Westlock and Smith creating an alternate route. With the oil boom in the Lesser Slave Lake area and further north, a better road was necessary. Highway 44 was improved and a new No. 2 section was built crossing the river at Hondo and extended to Slave Lake instead of following the old No. 2 that curved along the Lesser Slave River from Smith to Slave Lake.

Highway 44 joining No. 2 north is now a well paved and extremely busy highway serving the whole north country.



Army Convoy going to Alaska.

Highway Buildings



Muddy highway #2.



A common occurrence.



Building grade for No. 2 Highway. Steve Chandler on High seat driving at least eight horses. Tony Zamiski driving three mules on push cart. Joe Atkinson on the pullcart. Dick Ross with big hat. Barney Cornwell on left. Ed Morton, road foreman in middle.

History of the Railway in Chisholm Thanks to Pat Brown, Otto Michetti, Nich Moskalyk, Mike Smerchinski, Allan Wahlstrom.

The first tie contractors arrived in the Chisholm area in the winter of 1912-13 to prepare for the coming of the railroad. These tie camps supplied hand hewed ties for building the railway line, and eventually developed into sawmill camps.

The Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway line was built through Chisholm in the fall of 1913, reaching the south bank of the Athabasca River at Smith on November 13, 1913. The first train trav-

elled through in January, 1914. The coming of the railway played a great part in our history, as the train was the only sure means of transportation and enabled many people to come to this area. Later, the tie camps grew into thriving lumber businesses, which offered employment for the many people who came to our area by train, along with their belongings. For many years there after, the people depended on the train for their food supplies, household goods and the lumber company shipped their products by rail.

In 1929, the railway was renamed the Northern Alberta Railways Company when four small lines were incorporated.



Hand pump car, Section men, 1933. Mike Chipinuik, John Moskalyk, Nick Moskalyk, Mike Moskalyk.

The section foremen who have worked and resided in Chisholm since the 1920's to date are: Bob Baker, Bill Borty, Mike Hotra (Spurfield), Paul Kisilewich, Peter Fedyna, Adolf Hoffman, Mike Biollo, Bill Woodley, Joe Melzer and Clarence Berlin.

In the early 1930's, Karl Nelson was the section foreman at Tieland. This post was later eliminated.

Pete Duduk was a permanent employee in Chisholm for section boss Bill Borty in the 1930's. In 1936, he married Jenny, who was a housekeeper for

the Borty family. They lived and worked here for a number of years before moving to Edmonton.

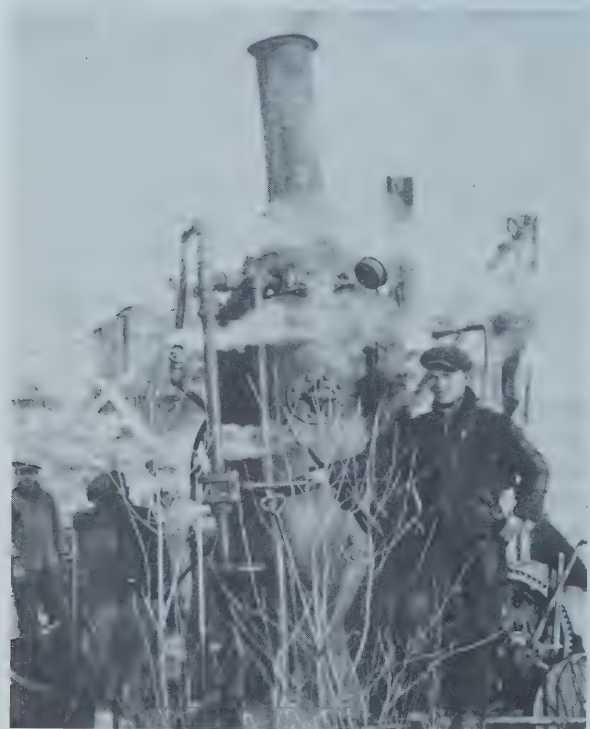
Some of the Northern Alberta Railways employees in Chisholm were: Steve Yamkovy, Pete Semenchuk, Nick Kisilewich, Steve Iwaskow, O. Bordigon, Frank Hauck, Herman Mueller, Frank Kochan, Walter Kochan, Herman Hoffman, Orest Ulrich.

Some of the roadmasters covering our area were Bill Ellstock, Pete Semenchuk, Otto Michetti, and Fred Kulynych.

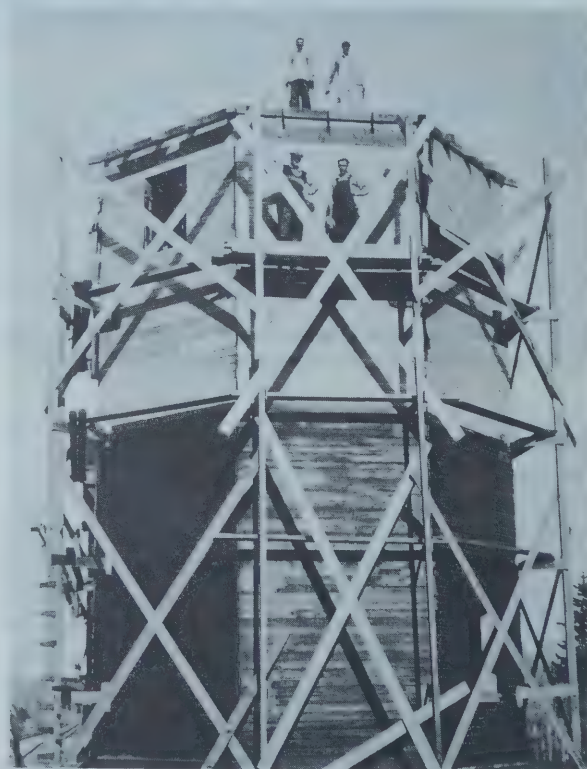
For the past few years, the number of railway employees have been reduced and men from nearby districts have been in charge of the section crew. Joe Melzer and Clarence Berlin, both of Flatbush, have been the last two section foremen in Chisholm. As of January, 1984, these duties were also eliminated and the Flatbush crew are now maintaining the Chisholm railway line.

Station and Agents: submitted by Pat Brown

The station was moved to Chisholm in 1943. Dick R. Nevill became the first station agent until 1946, followed by A. Roy Ellstock. In 1952, Barney H. Crawford took over the agent duties until September, 1953. Then Pat T. Brown was the agent until March, 1962. Jack McIver arrived in 1962 and remained until the closing of the station in 1965 or 1966.



Pile driver hoist engineer, Nick Moskalyk.



New Water Tank, Chisholm 1933.



Land Pile Driver, 1933.



Joe Olurtowich, Otto Michetti, and wife, 1934.



N.A.R. engine 1932.



July, 1981 Chisholm train de-railment.

My Days with the N.A.R by Peter Rosychuk

I commenced duties as agent-telegrapher at Smith N.A.R. station on March 18th, 1958 and held this position until July, 1968.

During this period of ten years there were a lot of changes made in the railway industry. There was an extensive programme of upgrading the roadbed and laying heavier rails, also the phasing out of the telegraph communications systems. The complete change over from steam locomotives to diesel units took place at this time.

During the first summer of diesel power operations the company management ordered a sort of a test train. This train was consolidated at Smith terminal bound for Edmonton. It consisted of four diesel units, 155 freight cars, and a caboose. This was the longest train moved by the N.A.R. from terminal to terminal, successfully, at that time.

The terminal staff at Smith were elated that we were able to have participated in this achievement.

The change to diesel power eliminated the use of the coal dock tower, and the steam locomotive round

house and shops. These structures which were old landmarks in the community were unfortunately town down. The railway stock-yards were likewise dismantled because livestock shipments were few and far between.

The change from steam to diesel power also had an adverse effect on the hamlet's economy because of a drastic reduction in the railway terminal staff. For example, the locomotive roundhouse staff was reduced from twelve to only two employees; station staff reduced from seven to three; the coal dock and water tower's staff was eliminated; even the track maintenance staff was reduced. This meant quite a payroll loss to the hamlet of Smith. However, these inevitable changes had to be implemented.

I can recall the N.A.R. terminal at Smith as being a very busy little terminal. On occasions this railway yard was crammed to full capacity with three to four hundred cars. This would result with very little or no room left for yard switching and to reconsolidate trains.

On several occasions the railway yard at Smith was filled to capacity and the incoming train crew from Edmonton would be ordered to set out their entire train at Hondo and come into the Smith yard with the engine and caboose only. While the incoming train from the west, McLennan, would be ordered to set out the train at Decrene siding until such time that a required number of cars were moved out of the terminal to allow these trains from each direction to proceed into the Smith yard.

During my course of duty with the N.A.R. at Smith I had the opportunity to work with some very fine, devoted and efficient N.A.R. employees. Employees were from various departments, like Charley Passmore our chief locomotive foreman; and some of his roundhouse staff, Bill Brown, Mert Simpson, and Jack Reykdal and others. In the track maintenance, there was Peter Kotch, yard and track foreman; John Nasuszny and Peter Martin. In the station staff there were Glen Peterson, Corky Watson, Reg Brazeau, Howard Brazeau, Lawrence Guenette and Jim Ramsay. All of these capable men have devoted many years service to the N.A.R. at Smith. It was a pleasure to work with all of them.

Smith and Chisholm by Dick MacNaughton

The building of the Alaska Highway created tremendous activity on the Northern Alberta Railways, and in the month of May 1942, Lorraine and I moved to Smith. I became the Telegraph Operator working at night, the Agent Fred Hajek working during the day. For a considerable time, we covered each twenty-



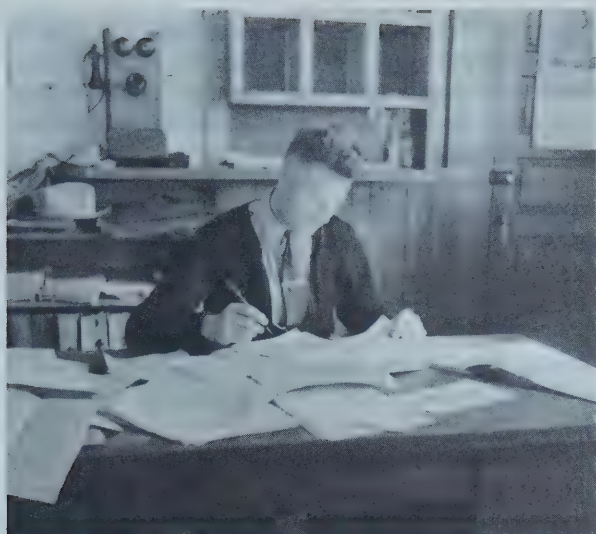
Lorraine and Dick Macnaughton and Baby Donald.

ty-four hour day, moving traffic in and out of Smith, by the use of train orders transmitted by telegraph. Other railway employees at the time were, Assistant Agent Lawrence Sigurdson, Locomotive Foreman George Bisson, night Locomotive Foreman Charlie Passmore. George Bisson, retired during the year and his position was filled by Charlie Passmore, with Jack Darvill filling Charlie Passmore's position.

The Post Office was Mirror Landing, retaining its name from the pre-railway days. During our time at Smith the Highway Bridge was being built across the Athabasca River.

In February 1943 our son Donald was born. In May of that year we moved to Chisholm to open the Railway Agency. Chisholm Mills was the only industry and employed many employees who were later supplemented by Prisoners of War. Ted Davis was Postmaster and also managed the Company Store. Teddy Wyatt carried the mail from the Post Office to the Railway Station, meeting the Passenger train which ran every day in both directions between Edmonton and Dawson Creek, B.C. Teddy Wyatt wrote poetry in his spare time and I had the honour of being his critic.

During this period, 1943-1946, we remember Mr. Beard and the following families; Taylor's, Mattie's, Gillis's, Foster's and Drinkwater's. The Steve Pukanich family and the Christianson family were our closest neighbours.



Dick (Neville) Macnaughton. Station Agent at Chisholm.

In June 1946 we moved to McLennan, taking over the Railway Agency there. We were replaced in Chisholm by Roy and Nurine Ellstock.

Since that time we have lived in McLennan, Brownvale, Pouce Coupe, B.C., and Edmonton. Our daughter, Linda, was born in McLennan, in August 1947. During 1956 we moved to Edmonton where I became a Train Dispatcher, working as such until 1974. Lorraine taught school for the Edmonton Public School Board from 1958 until 1979. During this time she was Principal of an Edmonton School for five years and up to the time of her retirement.

Our son, Donald and daughter, Linda, are both married and live in St. Albert. Don and his wife, Maureen have two children, Kristy and Kirk. Linda and her husband, Neil, have five children, Mitchel, Toby, Marcie, Ian and Nathan.

1984 Derailment

On May 8, 1984, at approximately 12:30 P.M., there was a train derailment in Chisholm, just north of the public railway crossing. The front section of the southbound train separated from the derailed cars, which came to an abrupt halt, piling up on the west side of the track. Sixteen cars were involved; eight loaded with zinc, five with lead concentrate, one loaded grain car, one empty tanker, and one empty flat car. The speeder shed and the tool shed beside the track were demolished.

A small grass fire had started as a result of the crash, but was quickly distinguished by local residents.

The cause of the derailment is unknown as yet. A temporary railway track was completed by the next evening.



Derailment at Chisholm, May 8, 1984.



Derailment in Chisholm on May 8, 1984.



Train Derailment, May 1984. Chisholm.

At this time (May 16, 1984) the clean up crew is in the process of salvaging as much of the cargo as possible, with the use of a small crane. Larger cranes will be brought in to load the damaged cars.

It is expected that it will take several days to clean up the derailment site. However, regular train service has already been restored.

Communication — Transportation

by Fred Hajek

When I arrived in Smith practically all the activity was channeled or centered through the railroad, i.e. all transportation or communication in or out. What is now highway No. 2 was only a turkey trail, corduroyed, mostly very badly rutted during best of conditions, and impassable during wet spells. It was completely snowbound during most winters. Communication to or from outside was by telegraph only, there being no phone to Edmonton, Athabasca or the Peace River block. Morse code telegraphy took top priority. It was essential in the handling of train movements, car orders, ordering of goods by merchants, news bulletins, election returns, fire, flood, weather conditions and emergency situations such as sickness, accident or crime and whatever. The railway provided a local telephone linkup to the various section foreman's bunkhouses, sawmills, fish plants and any other patrons along its right of way, connected to my office in Smith, but only audible up to about 60 miles in each direction depending on degree in weather and line conditions.

In the 1930's I witnessed the exodus from the drought stricken and dust blown areas of the south. They came on hayracks, wagons, trucks, autos, Benet buggys, horseback and what not, loaded down with household chattels and poultry, and trailing or driving livestock, farm implements, etc; all in the search for greener pastures. This trickle began in the early 1930's, increasing to quite a steady flow for several years. All headed for the Promised Land then being so widely lauded and advertised by the prowess and success of one, Herman Trelle of Wembley in the Grande Prairie area. Mr. Trelle was the world's reigning Wheat King. This parade, for which I had a ringside seat from my office windows, drifted down the main street of Smith, crossed the railway tracks at the west end of the station platform and proceeded between the tracks down the road leading to the original ferry landing, to cross the Athabasca on the way to the Peace River country.

In fact all the traffic coming or going had to take this route be it salesmen, peddlers, tourists or locals. However, the Athabasca River was an obstacle in spring and fall that brought the road traffic to a halt. The weakening of the ice in the spring, and build up of an ice flow in the fall, halted ferry operation, and crossings were impossible until such time as the river cleared of ice in the spring or the ice was thick enough to sustain the weight in the fall. Many, not knowing of this condition, were stranded for days and even weeks. The only other alternative was to ship by rail freight to or from Slave Lake. The railway assigned a dozen or so flat cars for this purpose

for motorists or travelers, Freight charges for a single auto was in the twenty dollar range, while two loaded on the same car around twenty six dollars. Others who were short on cash, or had livestock, machinery and other chattels, found it too expensive and had a real problem. They just had to wait it out and camp out until conditions were favorable to cross. But for many in those days, time was not the problem, only the lack of money was.

Rural Telephones and Electric Power

by Willis Yoder

Telephones

When we moved to Smith in 1946 we had to travel approximately 25 miles (to Grosmont) to make a long distance phone call. We could send telegrams from the railroad station in Smith. There were no rural telephones.

A telegraph line ran north from Athabasca, through the bush at many places. Later a line was built to follow along the road. This happened to go past our place on old No. 2 highway. I would tell my wife, Florence, "Some day that will be our telephone line." I once inquired if there were any plans to dismantle the line and was told by the telephone company authorities, "Maybe, sometime." I asked that, in such an event, they would be sure and let me know the reason.

The lack of rural telephone lines for communication resulted in extra driving. I ran my car many hundreds of miles for the simple reason that there were no telephones. At such times I would often remind Florence that "some day" we would have telephones. One day I was on my way to Athabasca when about ten miles down the road — sure enough — a work crew was tearing the telegraph line down. I groaned. I also stopped and talked to them. After a while they obliged me **most kindly** and said they would stop the demolition for a little while.

When I got home I put more miles on the car to see if I could stir enough interest in our community to buy the telegraph line and poles in our area. There was keen interest. After meetings in the neighborhood it was decided to try to go ahead and form the Smith Rural Mutual Telephone Company. We were able to buy the remainder of the line for \$1.00!!! In the process of time the Mutual was organized. It was necessary to buy some more wire for the second wire. We were able to buy another section of line in the Kinuso area for another \$1.00!!! It cost us more than \$2.00, however, to take the Kinuso line down and haul the material to Smith. It certainly meant alot of co-operation. We fixed a spool to fit on Irvin Walterhouse's John Deere tractor, transported the

necessary equipment to Kinuso and hauled the line to Smith.

Eventually we had a two wire telephone line ready to hook up to 15 rural households; all 15 **on one line**. How did we do it? That's what we wondered. Let me illustrate. It seemed about the only rule we had was, "Talk until you're through." I don't think it made any hard feelings but it was inconvenient some times. I remember I had a plane ticket to fly to Kansas and had a chance to ride with a friend to Edmonton. However, it was necessary to make a phone call before I left. The line was busy. I waited approximately half an hour and then finally left. When I came home two weeks later I asked Florence, "I wonder if they are still talking?" Sure enough the same two were talking. I said, "They must have been talking for two weeks." I'm sure no one monopolized the phone just because they had control but because we didn't really think what the word "mutual" meant. The children would come home from school and, like they do sometimes today, go to the phone and call their schoolmates for a while or maybe work some arithmetic lessons together. Now we are all very thankful for our children, but it is another example of how the line could be tied up. In spite of it all there seemed to have been no hard feelings because the line was busy a good share of the time. We were still talking to each other. Finally, however, a meeting was called to discuss the issue. We came to the following conclusion. If John and Joe were talking when Jim wanted to call Jill, Jim would ask if the line was busy; although he knew it was. If John and Joe had talked for five minutes they would hang up. If some one else wanted the line, the same process was repeated. Thus no one needed to wait more than five minutes to use the phone and as long as no one asked if the line was busy John and Joe could talk on and on.

The following were the rings we gave ourselves:

1. Buddy Junk (now Buddy Jordon) — two longs
2. Willis Yoder — two longs and one short
3. William Petrovich — three longs
4. Paul Dupont — three longs and one short
5. Charles Passmore — three longs and two shorts
6. Vernon Walterhouse — four longs
7. Irvin Walterhouse — four longs and one short
8. Wilson Wolstenholme — one long and one short
9. Lloyd McConnell — three shorts and one long
10. Raymond McMillan — four shorts and one long
11. Carl Hall — two shorts and two longs
12. Lauchline Milne — two shorts and three longs
13. Orval Hayes, Sr. — no one remembers
14. John Reay was hooked up a little later
15. Also later, Buddy Junk took a second phone.

Alberta Government Telephones (A.G.T.) had a phone installed in the hotel lobby. We could go there to make long distance calls. Sometimes we would need to wait a while for our turn. That way we had an opportunity to visit with each other. Later, A.G.T. had an operator in Smith and our line was connected to theirs, making it possible for us to phone long distance. Elizabeth Barthel (known as Betty to us locally) was the operator. She did an excellent job and deserves our thanks for her kind cooperation. We, on our rural line, arranged with Betty that if any long distance calls came in to our rural, she would say, "Long distance please," and whoever was talking would hang up. That way we had excellent long distance service also. A.G.T. said our rural was one of the better lines for clarity of sound. They attributed it to having a larger size wire. The telegraph wire was a larger size than the regular telephone wire.

When we were still a separate rural, we had an emergency ring in case of accident, fire, etc. It was one very long ring. We all knew what it meant. Everybody would go to the phone and listen for the message and so know in what way they could help. I guess the secret of success for mutual was to know what "mutual" and "co-operation" meant and the willingness to put it into practice.

It was in 1957 that our mutual started and the year of 1965-66 that A.G.T. installed the underground line. I, personally, feel we usually have excellent service with A.G.T. even if, at times, it could maybe be better.

Electric Power

On our farm we had a 32 volt light plant with batteries. Both were beyond repair and due for a change. We had four options:

1. When the plant runs its last, go back to candles, coal oil lights, gas lights, lanterns, etc.
2. Buy a new plant and batteries.
3. Buy a 110 volt plant which would mean it would have to run continuously for light, fridge, deep freeze, etc.
4. See if it would be possible to have electric power come in to our area.

We didn't want to settle for point one. Point two would be expensive, although I had a 32 volt welder which was in good working order. Point three seemed unwise. We, as a family, decided point four was worth a try.

It was decided to go to Edmonton and talk to Mr. J. G. MacGregor at the Alberta Power Commission. When I got to Mr. MacGregor's office and told him what I wanted he said, "This is very interesting. We were just trying to decide if it would be possible to supply power for the Smith rural area when you walked in the door." He said that according to statis-

tics, when power comes to an area, eventually 80 percent of the rural people sign up for power. I finally asked what it would cost. He said it would be a minimum of \$1 665.00. Now, growing pains come with change and I felt as if I had just experienced one — and a very sharp pain it was. I don't remember if my mouth opened and I held my stomach or not. After he said that it could be spread over a period of 25 years at three and one half percent interest my stomach slowly began to function again. Mr. MacGregor said I should go home and arrange for a meeting and they would come and explain it to the community. It was at the point in the meeting when the \$1,665.00 figure was stated that the whole community had some electric growing pains. It was decided the community wasn't ready for power.

Later another meeting was called. We were told that if two people would sign for power they would bring it to our district. Four people were ready to sign: Charles Passmore, John Reay, Don McCumsey (William Petrovich was living on Don's Place), and myself, Willis Yoder.

We applied to form a Rural Electrification Association Limited (R.E.A.L.) on June 25, 1957 and we received our certificate of incorporation on July 2 that year. However, it wasn't until February 1959 that we could actually sign the contracts. In November or December of that year we were at last hooked up to the power.

The first R.E.A.L. board of directors were Art Lindberg, Carl Hall, Ernest Heinz, Art Dixon, Howard King, and Willis Yoder. Art Dixon was the first chairman and I was the first secretary-treasurer. If my count is correct, all but two of the 132 rural residents now have electricity.

Post Office — Chisholm Mills

According to the records we received from Canada Post, our first Post Office was originally opened in the first month of 1923. It was in the same building as the company store and office, owned by Chisholm Sawmills Limited.

Later in 1952, a building was constructed for the Post Office near the office of Swanson Lumber Company. In the early 1960's, this structure burned down, therefore making it necessary to put the Post Office back in the company office.

After a short time, the Post Office was included with the store premises and run by the manager of the store. It was around 1970 that the store and Post Office were moved across to the east side of the railway tracks. However, after a few years, the store changed management and the Post Office was again moved to a little dwelling near the town site, where it is today (1984).



Two Englishmen who helped Mr. Stiles string power line poles.

In the early 1920's, the mail was dispatched via Northern Alberta Railway and picked up at the station by an employee of Chisholm Sawmill Limited. This type of service was extended right up to the 1960's. Since then, the Post Office issued mail contracts to the people that honoured them. We have daily mail service which is due mainly to the companies that are here.

Since 1965, the mail has been delivered by truck to the mail box on highway #44. It is then picked up daily by the mail contractor.

Some of the people who hauled the mail were: Teddy Wyatt, Steve, Frank and George Pukanich, William Cunningham, and Michael Romaniuk.



Tom Matty, Don Johnson, George Foster.



Ted Davis at bat.

The following list includes the Post Masters who served our community from 1923 to 1984 inclusive:

1923-1926	J. A. Collins
1926-1933	Edmund J. Kelly
1933-1934	Thos. S. Suiter
1934-1952	Thomas R. Matty
1952-1956	Edward L. Davis
1956-1965	Helen Cunningham
1965-1967	Jessie Harris
1967-1983	Michael Romaniuk
1983-	Barbara Romaniuk

The occasional help, for and in between official postmasters, included Elsie Ellstock, Elsie Altman, Miss Richardson, Sharon Pizzey, Jean MacDonald and Edie Vandervaate.

Miscellaneous Post Offices Photos



Dave Lee's farm in town, old post office in front, 1938.

Hondo *Peace River, Alta*

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT 15 November 1930		OFFICE CLOSED	
OFFICE RE-OPENED			
FORMER NAME		DATE OF CHANGE	
CHANGES IN NAME			
NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEATH
<i>Mr. Edward J. Landon</i>		<i>19-1-79</i>	<i>15-11-38</i>
<i>Mrs. Isobel Margaret Willis</i>		<i>29-4-31</i>	<i>1-11-37</i>
CAUSE OF VACANCY		DATE OF CHANGE	

Document.

Ranch *Atlatashke, Alta*

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT 12-7-1935		OFFICE CLOSED 11-9-1956	
OFFICE RE-OPENED			
FORMER NAME		DATE OF CHANGE	
CHANGES IN NAME			
NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEATH
<i>Orval Hayes OAS</i>		<i>12-7-1935</i>	<i>10-7-1956</i>
CAUSE OF VACANCY		DATE OF CHANGE	
		<i>Closed</i>	

Document.



The present Smith Post Office.

Moose Portage
(NAME OF OFFICE)
OFFICE RE-OPENED: 13-6-1928
OFFICE CLOSED: 30-7-50
ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE: # 94331

CHANGES IN NAME

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
John Vincent Ogan			10-6-28	1-2-32	Resignation
James Hutchings			13-7-32	7-44	Resignation
Mrs. Elsie Macdonald			29-7-44	actg.	
Mrs. Elsie Macdonald			17-11-45	3-9-46	Resignation
James Hutchings			12-10-45	22-9-46	Death
Charles Martin Tate			5-10-46	actg.	
Mrs. Sarah Martin Tate			31-10-46	5-7-47	Resignation
Mrs. Emma Schneider			16-7-47	actg.	
			30-10-50	22-9-51	Res. Closed 30-7-50

P. 28-1500-51-10

Spurfield
(NAME OF OFFICE)
OFFICE RE-OPENED: 13-6-1926
OFFICE CLOSED: 1-9-1946
ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE: # 95001

CHANGES IN NAME

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Johnathan Field			18-6-26	12-9-46	Resignation
Thomas J. Gaudin			28-7-46	actg.	
Robert Wright Playgill			4-6-46	actg.	
Robert Wright Playgill			23-11-46	12-5-48	Resignation
Ralph J. Gaudin			1-6-48	actg.	
Ralph J. Gaudin			7-7-48	3-8-49	Res.
James William Boyle			16-2-48	actg.	
Ralph J. Gaudin			16-10-48	actg.	
John J. Gaudin			25-1-49	actg.	
John J. Gaudin			3-5-49	1-5-51	Resignation
John J. Gaudin			2-5-51	actg.	
John J. Gaudin			17-8-56	31-8-56	Resignation (Res. about 1946)

P. 28-1500-51-10

Smith
(NAME OF OFFICE)
OFFICE RE-OPENED: 1-1-1973
OFFICE CLOSED: 23-4-1985
ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE: # 94331

CHANGES IN NAME

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Ed. A. Barker			1-10-1973	24-11-74	Resignation
Frank Rogers			20-10-75	31-12-75	actg.
W. J. Williams			1-7-76	10-12-76	actg.
W. J. Williams			17-1-77	5-6-78	actg.
W. J. Williams			10-1-78	1-4-79	actg.
W. J. Williams			15-1-79	1-4-80	actg.
W. J. Williams			22-1-80	27-1-81	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-81	27-1-82	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-82	27-1-83	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-83	27-1-84	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-84	27-1-85	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-85	27-1-86	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-86	27-1-87	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-87	27-1-88	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-88	27-1-89	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-89	27-1-90	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-90	27-1-91	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-91	27-1-92	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-92	27-1-93	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-93	27-1-94	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-94	27-1-95	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-95	27-1-96	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-96	27-1-97	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-97	27-1-98	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-98	27-1-99	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-1-99	27-2-00	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-00	27-2-01	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-01	27-2-02	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-02	27-2-03	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-03	27-2-04	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-04	27-2-05	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-05	27-2-06	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-06	27-2-07	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-07	27-2-08	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-08	27-2-09	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-09	27-2-10	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-10	27-2-11	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-11	27-2-12	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-12	27-2-13	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-13	27-2-14	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-14	27-2-15	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-15	27-2-16	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-16	27-2-17	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-17	27-2-18	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-18	27-2-19	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-19	27-2-20	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-20	27-2-21	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-21	27-2-22	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-22	27-2-23	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-23	27-2-24	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-24	27-2-25	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-25	27-2-26	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-26	27-2-27	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-27	27-2-28	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-28	27-2-29	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-29	27-2-30	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-2-30	27-3-01	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-01	27-3-02	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-02	27-3-03	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-03	27-3-04	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-04	27-3-05	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-05	27-3-06	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-06	27-3-07	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-07	27-3-08	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-08	27-3-09	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-09	27-3-10	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-10	27-3-11	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-11	27-3-12	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-12	27-3-13	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-13	27-3-14	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-14	27-3-15	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-15	27-3-16	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-16	27-3-17	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-17	27-3-18	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-18	27-3-19	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-19	27-3-20	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-20	27-3-21	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-21	27-3-22	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-22	27-3-23	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-23	27-3-24	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-24	27-3-25	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-25	27-3-26	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-26	27-3-27	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-27	27-3-28	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-28	27-3-29	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-29	27-3-30	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-3-30	27-4-01	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-01	27-4-02	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-02	27-4-03	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-03	27-4-04	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-04	27-4-05	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-05	27-4-06	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-06	27-4-07	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-07	27-4-08	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-08	27-4-09	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-09	27-4-10	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-10	27-4-11	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-11	27-4-12	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-12	27-4-13	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-13	27-4-14	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-14	27-4-15	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-15	27-4-16	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-16	27-4-17	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-17	27-4-18	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-18	27-4-19	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-19	27-4-20	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-20	27-4-21	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-21	27-4-22	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-22	27-4-23	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-23	27-4-24	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-24	27-4-25	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-25	27-4-26	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-26	27-4-27	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-27	27-4-28	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-28	27-4-29	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-29	27-4-30	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-4-30	27-5-01	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-01	27-5-02	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-02	27-5-03	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-03	27-5-04	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-04	27-5-05	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-05	27-5-06	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-06	27-5-07	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-07	27-5-08	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-08	27-5-09	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-09	27-5-10	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-10	27-5-11	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-11	27-5-12	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-12	27-5-13	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-13	27-5-14	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-14	27-5-15	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-15	27-5-16	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-16	27-5-17	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-17	27-5-18	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-18	27-5-19	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-19	27-5-20	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-20	27-5-21	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-21	27-5-22	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-22	27-5-23	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-23	27-5-24	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-24	27-5-25	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-25	27-5-26	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-26	27-5-27	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-27	27-5-28	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-28	27-5-29	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-29	27-5-30	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-5-30	27-6-01	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-01	27-6-02	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-02	27-6-03	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-03	27-6-04	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-04	27-6-05	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-05	27-6-06	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-06	27-6-07	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-07	27-6-08	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-08	27-6-09	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-09	27-6-10	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-10	27-6-11	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-11	27-6-12	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-12	27-6-13	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-13	27-6-14	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-14	27-6-15	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-15	27-6-16	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-16	27-6-17	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-17	27-6-18	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-18	27-6-19	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-19	27-6-20	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-20	27-6-21	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-21	27-6-22	actg.
W. J. Williams			27-6-22	27-6-23	actg.
W. J. Williams</					

Industry and Businesses



CAMP LOG, CHISHOLM SAWMILLS, 1945

Industry

by Fred Hajek

In the late 1920's and early 1930's there was much activity in the lumber business with bush camps in evidence everywhere. Logging trains were operating between Wagner and Chisholm, and there were heavy shipments of lumber from Spurfield, Chisholm and other points. Spring log drives down the Macleod, and the Athabasca Rivers, to Chisholm Sawmills plant at Chisholm was an annual event. A box factory and a drying kiln was another feature of that operation. Also, tie camps were going strong turning out railway ties. Commercial fishing on Lesser Slave Lake and Fawcett Lake was in full swing with iced carloads of fresh fish being shipped regularly by express to eastern markets in Chicago, New York and other centers. From many of the outlying lakes, bush pilots were used to collect the fish. Soon however fish stocks in many lakes were depleted, and commercial fishing was either entirely prohibited or limited by quotas. It is said that the extensive mink farming, that sprang up after the culmination of commercial fishing, was responsible for the final depletion of fish stocks in Lesser Slave Lake.

I must not forget to mention Bill Freeman and his wife who operated a trading post and a store at Fawcett Lake. He was a fisherman, trapper and fur shipper. He brought in many a load of fish, to be expressed to Edmonton.

Another activity occurring in the early 1930's was the arrival from Eastern Canada of two oil drilling rigs with headquarters in Toronto. The first was Athadome, consisting of half a dozen or so carlots unloaded at Smith, and transported by scow operated by Joe Vallie and my brother Emil, down the Athabasca to the drill site, about half way between Smith and Athabasca. The chief driller or superintendent of operations, told me he was on that 1920 flight and had sunk the first oilwell at Fort Norman. Crudome, another oil drilling outfit, arrived soon after, and set up close to or adjacent to Athadome. For a while there was much activity in transporting supplies, parts and even telegraphic inquiries for reports on progress from their headquarters. Many a time an important message or telegram would be delivered, boat or scow being the only means of delivery, at the special messenger charge of \$25.00 per trip. After great expectations of a strike which didn't materialize, the operations were abandoned.

On my arrival in Smith there was little or no farming in the immediate vicinity. The terrain consisted mostly of sand ridges with jackpine growth, muskeg or swamps. In the outlying sections there were some settlers or farmers. Some that come to mind are the Holdens, Orval and Jack Hayes, Bill

Petrovich, Bert Small and Charlie Passmore who also was the night locomotive foreman at Smith. In the Moose Portage district there were the Guenettes, Malones, MacPhersons and others. However in the early and mid 30's there was an influx of settlers from the dried out areas of southern Alberta, who were settled under a Government plan under a relief carlot movement. I recollect on one occasion when a shipment of over a dozen carlots arrived for unloading at Smith, along with their families, on one train. For many it was rough sledding, but they initiated a new trend and changed the profile of the social and economic features of the area. I will leave the details of this transformation to the descendants of this experience.

Chisholm Sawmills Limited Swanson Lumber Company Ltd.

Early Lumbering — In 1912, Mr. Tom Chisholm, believed to be a member of the Klondike goldrush, became a tie contractor for the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railways. He started a tie camp west of the Athabasca River, to make ties for the coming railroad. These ties were hand hewed until the late 1920's.

The first sawmills, powered by steam tractors, were no more than a circular saw, where logs were pushed on or rolled past. Better looking ties were produced and side lumber was made. Each tie weighed approximately 150 pounds. These ties were loaded in box cars by hand, and men were paid ¼¢ per tie. A good loader made \$1.00 a day.



River drive on the Athabasca, 1937.

Eventually, short logs were hauled to bigger mills by horse drawn sleds and then trucks. About 1915, the sawmill was built in Chisholm and produced approximately 60,000 board feet per shift, working two shifts a day. Logs were floated down the Athabasca River, most of them coming from the Freeman River bush camps. These logs were caught

Alberta, and as authorized by the Honourable the Minister of the Interior on the

5th July, 1917

, that is to say,

120

cubic feet of water during each year to be diverted

at rates of flow not in excess of the following, viz.: Limitation: Quantity to be diverted from reservoir not to exceed 2 ad.ft. in any one week.

At flood stage

cubic feet per second

at such rates as

At high water stage

cubic feet per second

are necessary for

At low water stage

cubic feet per second

lumbering purposes.

And to take and keep possession of the said quantity of water for and during the period during which this license may be in force under the provisions of the Irrigation Act.

But this license shall be subject to the following conditions, viz.:

(1) That the stages of flood, high water and low water respectively in the said

Chisholm creek

shall be determined in accordance with rules and regulations now or hereafter made and prescribed under and by virtue of the authority of the Irrigation Act.

(2) That this license shall be subject to forfeiture under and as provided by the Irrigation Act.

(3) That this license can only be assigned or transferred with the approval of the Minister of the Interior, and by using the form printed on the back hereof, and that such transfer must be recorded in the Office of the Commissioner of Irrigation and Chief Engineer, in the city of Calgary, in the province of Alberta, and the old license surrendered for cancellation, before a new license will be issued in the name of the transferee.

(4) That the rates of diversion may be increased or diminished in the discretion of the Minister of the Interior to insure an adequate appropriation of the waters in compliance with the requirements of the Irrigation Act, and the regulations made thereunder from time to time.

Dated at Ottawa, this *twentieth*
day of *April*

one thousand nine hundred and *twenty*

Witness my hand and seal of the Department of the Interior

Arthur Meighen
Minister of the Interior

Document.

by a wing boom and directed to a jack ladder which dropped them, end first, into the pond below the mill. Another long jack ladder then took them from the pond up to the sawmill.

In 1917, Charlie Crick was the river boss, in charge of the river from the Pembina outlet to Chisholm. Mr. MacNutt was also a river foreman.

A water license was issued to the Chisholm Lumber Company in 1917, for use in the boilers of the sawmill and as a storage for logs. The first planer mill was built about 1920.

During the early years of lumbering, horses were shipped into Chisholm by train for the lumber company. They were used for hauling lumber from the mill to the yard, hauling sawdust away from the mill in a shuttle wagon, and many other jobs. Feeding and caring for these horses became the job of the barn boss. Some of these men were Bill Davies, Charlie Evans, Mike Gedora and Alex Sutherland. One fellow whom everyone called "Old Shorty", had a knack with horses. He would let them out of the barn for water, then would call each one back by name, for their oats and hay.

In the year 1925 or near, Mr. Frank McMillan,

740155
8227

Form No. 11 A

WATER LICENSE FOR DOMESTIC, MUNICIPAL OR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES



LICENSE

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

License No. _____ in the Athabasca river Drainage Basin

License No. **2** on Chisholm creek

First Issued **April 20th, 1920.**

Know all men by these presents, that by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Irrigation Act, I **the Honourable Arthur Meighen,**

Minister of the Interior of Canada, do hereby grant unto

the Chisholm Lumber Company,

its **successors**

and assigns, the right to use and construct and maintain in the

Chisholm creek on the southeast quarter of

section twenty-six (26), township sixty-eight (68),

range two (2), west of the fifth (5th) meridian,

for use in the boilers of

the sawmill and for other purposes

as a storage for logs.

Document.



Box factory crew in Chisholm, 1934. Ida Zucht, Gaston Rochon, Helen Paul, Amy Dahlback, Isobel Cousineau, Mina Rochon, Eddy Borty.



Chisholm Box Factory, 1934.

manager of the Royal Bank in Edmonton, acquired the Chisholm Lumber Company. He was then president; Mr. Charlie O. Beard was the manager in Chisholm; Mr. Tom Wilson was the logging manager (1930-1937); Mr. Charles Kostuk was the shipper. Sam Howey and Gunnar Wahlstrom were logging managers in the Slave Lake area.

In 1932, a box factory was built and in 1933, Mr. Tom Matty arrived to manage it. About 15 to 20 men and women worked here, making butter boxes, egg cases, poultry boxes, shooks and grain doors. Some of the foremen in the box factory were Joe Cousineau, Dave Anderson, and Charlie Abrams and some men who worked here were Romeo Jolicouer, Albert Briand, Jim Gleeson, Kenneth Worthing and Len Gagnon. Over the years, many women worked here also and a few of them were Jane Marsh, Virginia Ulm, Steffa Baumberger, Nora Gladeau, Melvina and Louise Paish, Izobel Cousineau, Bella and Toots Cartwright, Pauline and Olga Luklan, Doris Jolicouer, Myrtle Worthing, Florence Gardener, the Rochon girls and the Dahlback girls. The box factory closed down about 1943 or 1944.

The company had a store and office in one building for many years and often the same person managed both at one time. Some of these people who worked in one or the other were Mr. MacFarlane, Charlie Kelly, Les Mondae, Ted Davies, Tom Matty, Mr. Johnston, Dick Woolford, Ron Whitby, Julie Bater, and Mike Romaniuk.

The lumber company also managed a large cookhouse for many years. Some of the people who worked here at one time or another were George Harper, Frank Benton, Art Scheffler, Bubs Strand, Lil Strand, and Mrs. Neuman. The cooks had flunkies and bullcooks to help them and just a few of them were Frenchie Marque, Olie Lundquist, Grant Knapps.

A laundry house was also started, as there were many single men in the area. They were charged 25¢ a week for a limited list of dirty clothes. Some of the



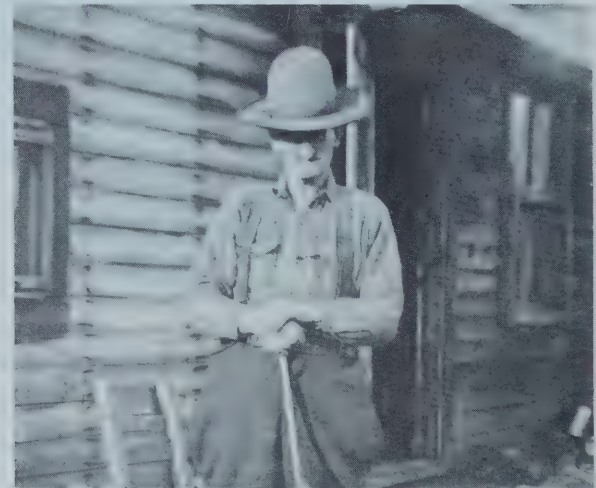
Cookhouse 1934.



Chisholm cookhouse staff. 1946 — ?, Art Scheffler, J. Davis.

women who worked in the laundry were Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Starchuk, Mrs. McDonald, Doreen Pizzey, Mrs. Christensen, Marie Ward and Betty Patterson.

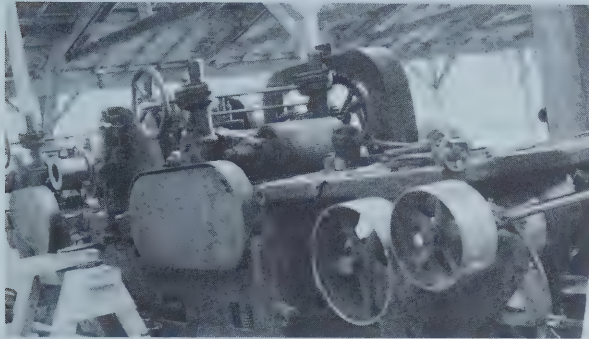
Howard Sill was the company night watchman in the 1940's. He guarded the company property by walking the circle and punching time clocks at desig-



Howard Sill — night watchman late 40's.

nated stations with a key on the hour. On his rounds, he carried a coal oil lantern and a gun on his hip. Mr. Sill was always on the alert for thieves in the night who came by train.

1935 was the year of the big flood. As a result of very high flood water, 3,000,000 board feet in logs went down river, ending up at Fort Chip.



The planer mill in Chisholm.

The year 1937 saw the end of the steam powered sawmill and the river drive. (This old sawmill was torn down about 1945.) Small sawmills brought rough lumber to the planer mill in Chisholm. There was one or two small diesel sawmills (the first of this kind) just a few miles east of Chisholm. The first planer mill burnt down in April, 1938 and was promptly rebuilt. A new Dry Kiln was added about 1939. Until 1959-60, the mill and the dry kiln were all steam operated and the fuel was the shavings. Then a large diesel unit was installed to supply power to the planer mill.

In 1941, Mr. Frank McMillan sold his lumber company to Swan Swanson, who founded Swanson Lumber Company in 1907. Mr. Swanson was born in Sweden and immigrated to the United States at an early age. He worked in Minnesota in winter months and then, following railroad construction, found himself in Canada. In 1907, at Edmonton, he obtained a sub-contract from a tie contractor west of Edmonton, to make work for himself and friends. He had one hard winter but the next year, he acquired a partner, Ollie Hanson, and they took on a contract for 30,000 ties at 29¢ per tie. His career and future was established and Swanson Lumber Company came into being. His tie business thrived, soon expanding to include lumber also. In 1923, he moved from Wildwood into Edmonton where another lumbering operation was started. It moved again to Granada, west of Edmonton in 1932. In early 1941, his business expanded to include a new undeveloped area in Clearwater, B.C. and Chisholm Saw Mills Ltd.

Mr. McMillan managed the company until 1946 when Swanson Lumber Company Limited was acquired by a group in Edmonton, headed by Francis Winspear. Bob Swawnsen, son of Swan, managed the company until 1951, when the Swanson family started a new company "Clearwater Timber Products Ltd." In 1966, Swan Swanson passed away.

Following is a list of employees (Frank McMillan owned the business from 1925 to 1941) and approximate dates of employment:

Chisholm Saw Mills Ltd.

President	— 1925-1946 — Frank McMillan (In Edmonton)
Manager	— 1928-1944 — C. O. Beard (In Chisholm) — 1944-1946 — Tom Matty (In Chisholm)
Shipper	— 1935-1940 — C. Kostuk (In Chisholm) — 1940-1945 — D. B. Taylor (In Chisholm) — 1945-1952 — Slim Pearson (In Chisholm)

Swanson Lumber Company Limited

President	— 1946-1951 — Bob Swanson (In Edmonton) — 1951-1970 — Alex J. Hamilton (In Edmonton) — 1970-1982 — Fred N. Pinnell (In Edmonton)
Manager	— 1946-1952 — Tom R. Matty (In Chisholm)
Plant Superintendent	— 1952-1958 — Slim Pearson (In Chisholm) — 1958-1971 — Pete Sokalski (In Chisholm) — 1971-1984 — Gerhard Schwarz (In Chisholm)

George Foster was the yard foreman from 1946 to 1954. Tom Matty was transferred to the Edmonton office in 1952, until he retired in 1969. Since 1952, Alan Wahlstrom has been the production manager in Edmonton.

In the 1950's, Jippo and contractor mills grew and prospered, bringing their rough lumber to the planer. There were independent contractors: Vanderwells, Stanley Kasawski and Fred Urchyshyn. Several of these mill sites, Camp 7 and 8, and the Fawcett Lake site, belonged to Swanson Lumber Company.

In 1950, there was a nine day railroad strike which affected the mill at Fawcett Lake. This was the first time lumber was hauled by truck to Chisholm, as before all lumber went by flat car. (Alan Wahlstrom was one of the truck drivers). The Fawcett Lake mill worked during summer months only and during winter months, the logging crew filled the frozen lake with trees. This mill closed down in the fall of 1948.

In 1963, Swanson's planer mill burnt down; a new one was built and completed by 1964. This mill had power supplied by Calgary Power. The dry kiln was torn down a year after the mill burnt.

In the fall of 1967, Fred Urchyshyn set up a

sawmill in Chisholm, near the site where the planer had been. The trees are hauled in by log trucks from timber berths across the river during winter months; they also bring in timber from some distant berths in the Slave Lake Forest district.

The Chisholm division of Swanson Lumber Company, one of four, have shipped 30 million board feet per year, until 1968, when a big forest fire raced through 40 miles of timber, destroying 400 million board feet. Since then, the average product amounts to 14 million board feet per year.

In 1969, Swanson Lumber Company sold out to Koppers Company, Incorporated of Pittsburgh, United States. Alan Wahlstrom was the production manager and Fred Pinnell was the president until 1981. Then, Koppers sold out to the present owner, CANFOR. Mr. Wahlstrom is now relocated in Grande Prairie and Fred Pinnell manages a division of CANFOR at Boise, Idaho. Gerhard Schwarz is the manager in Chisholm and Larry Booth is the foreman.

We would like to thank Alan Wahlstrom, Fred Pinnell and Gerhard Schwarz who contributed to the contents of this story. Tom Matty, Pete Sokalski, D. Florence, the Wakal brothers and others too numerous to mention have donated much information and pictures to this project.

NAME <i>Robert Peter</i>		DATE <i>1946</i>	
ADDRESS <i>Chisholm</i>		TELEPHONE NO. <i>1227124</i>	
EMPLOYER <i>Chisholm Saw Mills Limited</i>		DATE OF NOTICE <i>27 Mar 1946</i>	
REASON FOR NOTICE <i>Returning to Farm</i>		DATE OF NOTICE <i>27 Mar 1946</i>	
SIGNATURE OF PARTY <i>Peter Sokalski</i>		SIGNATURE OF PARTY <i>Chisholm Saw Mills Ltd</i>	
DATE <i>4/3/46</i>		DATE <i>4/3/46</i>	

NOTICE OF AT LEAST 7 CALENDAR DAYS DURATION MUST BE GIVEN
UN AVIS D'AU MOINS SEPT JOURS DE CALENDRIER DOIT ÊTRE DONNÉ

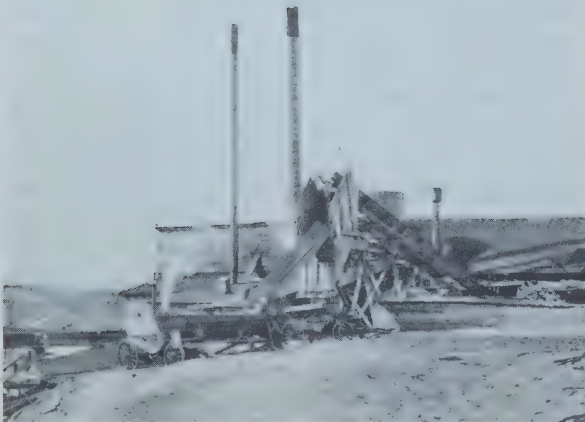
Document.



Early mode of transportation for hauling away the junk and wood from the mill.



Document.



Sawmill Chisholm 1930's.



Diesel mill east of Chisholm.



Diesel Mill 1937 east of Chisholm.



Logs on Freeman river bank. Dumped in high-water in June to come down to Chisholm. 1936-7.



First planer mill in Chisholm.



Tom Wolfinger, river boss in motor boat, pulling the Wannigan (cookhouse on water, for loggers) Athabasca River 1930's.



Two boxcar loads of horses to do winter skidding (rented from farmers) each fall.



Planer mill burning at Chisholm, 1938.



Logs hauled to banks of Freeman River.



Rebuilding Planer (Chisholm).



Eddie Whitely, ?, Tom Mathews, Jiggs and Dave Cartwright, Jim McCullough, George Cartwright, Sam Howie, ?, Tom Wolfinger.



Box Factory gang: Jane Marsh, Florence Gardener, Amy Dahlback, Nora Gagnon, Mina Rochon, Joe Cousineau and Ed Anderson.



Pile driver at work on the Athabasca River just down from the Chisholm sawmill.



Frank Piper at Dry Kiln, Chisholm.



Jack-ladder from river to pond, 30's.



Chisholm Mills 1950's.



Dry kiln in operation (Chisholm).



Chisholm green chain.



Empty log pond below sawmill in Chisholm.



Log pond 1934.



Log pond and sawmill with jackladder (Chisholm).



Dave Wakal, 1934, in sawmill.



Saw mill in Chisholm.



A load of lumber being hauled away from green chain (Chisholm).



Cookhouse crew 1952-53. Left to Right: Ole, Rosie McMillan, Dan McMillan, Karla Schwarz, Art and Irene Scheffler, ?.



Fred Oulette.



Store, cookhouse, bunkhouses of planer mill camp, Chisholm.



Ken Richardson on the job with team and load of lumber. Frank Hornby on the pile, 1934.

CHISHOLM SAW MILLS LIMITED

No. 3905

MILL OFFICE

CHISHOLM, ALTA. Aug 15 1935

IN
ACCOUNT
WITH

A. Briand

MONTH OF

July

19

\$..... Per 46 77

DEDUCTIONS

Misc

Board

Cash

P. R. Fare

Balance Due 46 77

PAYABLE AT BANK OF NOV. SCOT. LTD.
EDMONTON, ALTA.

FOR

Forty six

77 DOLLARS

C. O. Briand

SUPT.

J. Matty

ACCT

Document.



Charlie Beard, Superintendent, hauling rough lumber from mill to Chisholm.



About 150 rows of dry piled lumber, Chisholm.



Lumberyard, Chisholm.



Store and Post office (Chisholm).



Chisholm lumberyard.



Chisholm employees (dump wagon on left).



Lumber trucks coming in from Camp 7. Ray Laws, Bill Clark 1956-57.



Urchyshyn bush sawmill across the Athabasca.



Log trucks in Chisholm.



First Ross Carrier (late 40's, Chisholm).



Unloading trucks in yard.



Urchyshyn Sawmill.



Canfor Planer mill.

Fawcett Lake

by E. G. (Gunnar) Wahlstrom

In 1941, Highway 2 followed a winding route

from Athabasca to Smith, where it crossed the Athabasca River, on to Slave Lake over 30 small bridges and long sections of corduroy, and then on to the Peace River country. It was the only road into that part of the province at that time and gravel was almost unknown. The river was crossed by ferry in summer and over the ice in winter. During the spring break-up and fall freeze up, when the river was too high for the ferry to operate, and during very wet periods, vehicles had to be loaded on flat cars and shipped between Smith and Slave Lake.

It was in 1941 that Chisholm Sawmills Limited built a road to a site on the west shore of Fawcett Lake (formerly known as Moose Lake) from a point on Highway 2, a mile or two west of the Athabasca River. At that time, many horses were still used and



we can well recall the stacks of hay being “attacked” by the rabbits that were extremely numerous at that time. Work on construction of a sawmill and camp at Fawcett Lake commenced.

A logging camp was built near Peter Lake and trees hauled to Fawcett Lake where they were dumped on the ice and enclosed by a long boom. After the ice cleared, the trees were formed into rafts and towed to the sawmill using a small tug boat, the “Edith”, powered by a diesel engine from a TD 9 cat. At the sawmill, the trees passed up a jack ladder and were cut into log lengths before entering the mill proper.

The sawmill commenced operation in 1942. Power was provided by three traction boilers, with dutch ovens, using sawdust for fuel, and driving a large stationary engine and also some smaller engines. The blacksmith built his own small steam engine to power the equipment in the blacksmith shop. In 1944, the large stationary steam engine was replaced by two diesel units.



Tug boat on Fawcett Lake with floating camp in background.

Summer logging was carried out for a number of years around Fawcett Lake, a floating camp being constructed to accommodate the crew. In 1946, a logging camp was also built at Howard Lake. Logging there was limited to the winter months and the trees hauled to Fawcett Lake.

In 1947, Swanson Lumber Company Limited took over the operations having absorbed Chisholm Sawmills Limited.

Lumber from the sawmill at Fawcett Lake was hauled to Smith where a home built crane, powered by a D4 Caterpillar, would lift an entire truck load of lumber and deposit it on a flat car for shipment to Chisholm. On the numerous occasions when the ferry was unable to operate, the lumber had to be stacked at the sawmill and later re-loaded for trucking to Smith.

An interesting part of Fawcett Lake history was the establishment of a Prisoner of War camp. The first



A raft of logs at Fawcett Lake sawmill.

group of German prisoners arrived in December 1943. They were a splendid group of men, all highly trained tradesmen, from the crews of two submarines, the U27 and the U39. Being navy men, a favorite pastime was building boats and on a fine Sunday in summer, the lake would be the scene of a great variety of different craft from small dugouts to fine sailboats. A small detachment of Canadian soldiers provided security. The last group of prisoners left the camp in 1946. After being returned to Germany for discharge, several of the former prisoners returned to take up residence in Canada.



Fawcett Lake sawmill and camp.

A unique feature of life at Fawcett Lake was the formation of a local school district. Crerar School District No. 4934 was formed on May 30th, 1946. After this the school operated for several years from early summer until late fall. A camp residence was converted into a school house. The furniture was home made. The first year there were 35 pupils in attendance, many of whom had never attended school before. The first teacher, Vera Spence, remained for three years. It speaks well for the basic education provided; at least one pupil later obtained his doctorate at the University of Alberta.

The camp at Fawcett Lake continued to operate for ten years. After the sawmill on the lake was closed down, a portable sawmill was used. This was

moved from site to site and logging limited to the immediate area.

Fawcett Lake Mill

by Jim Drinkwater

The summer of 1941, Van Varner and Charlie McDonald cruised the timber around Fawcett Lake for Chisholm Mills. It was decided to build a mill on the west end of the lake.



Fawcett Lake Camp, 1942.

In October, Van Varner with Harry McKinnon operating the bulldozer, pushed the crookedest road in Alberta through to Fawcett Lake and on to Peter Lake. Logging took place that winter. Logs were put on the ice of Fawcett Lake, to be towed to the mill in the spring. It was a "long" logging operation because trees were hauled to the lake in full length.

In March 1942, Len Severied, with a crew of men, started building the mill and several other buildings. The cook house was the first to be built. Dave Lee was the first cook; he was also Post Master in Smith.



George Foster.

The mill started sawing lumber in June, 1942, hauling lumber to Smith by truck. There, it was loaded on flat cars and shipped to Chisholm.

A camp on floats was built at the east end of Fawcett Lake and logging continued all summer under the supervision of Albert Casavant. One thing I remember well happened when Duncan Roberts and George Roe were on the tow boat. They hooked onto a tow of logs at 9:00 P.M. at the east end of the lake and started, so they thought, for the west end. But out came the crib board and the cards. When midnight dinner hour came, they went to cut their tow loose to go back for dinner and they found they'd never untied the tow from shore. A couple of red faces went into dinner that night.



Boom of logs at mill, Fawcett Lake.

I remember another time when Roy Racher was walking from the logging camp at Peter Lake to Fawcett Lake mill site. Roy came across an old mother bear and her cubs that were on the opposite side of the road. He didn't wish to tangle with the mother bear so Roy climbed a tree. The bear tried to climb up the tree after him but the tree was too small. After spending two hours at the tree, the bear left and Roy was finally able to continue on his way to the camp site. Mr. Beard had Bill Roe find and shoot the bear. Roy eventually quit working in the bush and became Assistant Agent in Smith for the Northern Alberta Railways.

Romance blossomed that first year at Fawcett Lake. From spring until fall, there were five weddings: George Budesheim and Mary Benton; George Foster and Clara Sinclair; Carl Herman and Edna Goetz; Irvin Rafus and Margaret Hayes; Jim Drinkwater and Ruth Helmer.

Logging and sawing continued and in the fall of 1943, German prisoners were brought in to log at the east end of Fawcett Lake during the summer and at



Cooks Mary Budeshiem and Ruth Helmer (Drinkwater), 1942.

the west end during the winter, until 1946. Then they were returned to Lethbridge when our own men returned from overseas.

In 1946, Chisholm Mills was sold to Swanson Lumber Company, operating until 1949.

Spurfield Sawmill



Spurfield.



Floyd Dumont and Cameron — Spurfield (1938).



Spurfield.

The Appleby Sawmills by Frank Appleby

In the spring of 1949 my partner Ralph Noddings and myself, moved our portable sawmill into the Turnback Lake area, the location was about 14 miles south of Smith on Highway 2 and about two and a half miles west of the highway. We had to build three miles of summer road. We hired a D6 cat to clear the right-of-way, cut down hills and do some fills. Then we hired a grader from Stelter's mill, at Lawrence Lake, to build the grade. The total cost of the three miles of road was \$1200.00.

Hector O'Neil was our millwright and sawyer. He had his brother Artie and some other men from Moose Portage working on the crew.

Later on in the season Hector and some of the crew had to leave to return to another job. William

Nipshank sawed the rest of the season. His brother Jeremy did our falling and George Weinrich skidded logs with horses. We were sawing on contract from Imperial Lumber in Athabasca. We received \$28.00 per thousand for rough lumber delivered in Athabasca. Out of this we also paid Workers' Compensation dues of \$1.60 per thousand.

It was a fairly wet summer, but in spite of the difficulties involved we sawed over 500,000 feet on a head saw rig between May and October. This cleared the limit and we moved back to Calling Lake for the winter.

Then in 1950, I took over the mill myself and purchased a timber limit between Highway 44 and Chisholm. I operated for two years selling much of my production to Reinhart Stelter who by then was operating out of Smith. Rupert Noddings contracted planing and hauling. Over the two year period we produced about three million board feet of lumber. Ernie Croswell of Hondo was one of our crew and he supplied horses to skid in the mill yard. All logs were skidded to the mill in tree lengths. Skidding in the bush was done by a Cletrac 40 cat and a D4. From bush to mill the logs were skidded by winch truck.

We had some tough financial times and were fortunate that many local business men were very co-operative in keeping us afloat. These included the Finstads who kept stores at Hondo, storekeepers Duncan and Vallie at Smith, also Joe Hugo Sr. who had the garage and welding shop in Smith.

Many local farmers supplied us with feed for the horses, and farm produce. These included, Yoders, Holdens, Wolstenholmes, Hayes and several others.

I often reflect on that period of my life and one of the outstanding memories is the spirit of trust, co-operation and desire to help others that was a way of life. Also following along with this attitude was a spirit of friendship that has continued throughout the years.

Family Story — Andrew B. Ellefson by Roland Ellefson

Andrew Benhard Ellefson was born in North Dakota and came to Alberta in 1912. Having acquired a threshing machine and steam engine, from a brother who was killed by lightning, he shipped them up by flatcar to the Smoky Lake-Mundare area and took on threshing of grain that the farmers had stacked earlier in the fall. To further augment his income, he bought a small sawmill and using the steamer for power, he custom sawed logs that were hauled and decked by the farmers in the winter.

Soon he was joined by Irma Messenger. They were married and began farming at Duhamel, Alber-



Irma and Andrew Ellefson about 1930.

ta. From then on, whether Irma was doing farm chores, cooking for a sawmill crew or raising a family, she worked diligently to maintain a successful partnership, until her death in 1963. Their three children Beatrice, Roland and Myron were often also involved in this partnership.

Farming operations were moved to Radway, Alberta in 1935 and to Driftpile in the early 1950's. Logging and sawmilling was moved to Bondiss, Alberta when Andrew obtained his own timber berth in the 1930's. From here, it was moved to Lawrence Lake in the early 1940's, to Otter Creek in 1951 and finally to Calling Lake in 1955. The sawmill operation was sold to Federated Co-operatives in 1965.

The Ellefson's first involvement in the Smith area began about 1940 when they obtained a timber berth,



Custom sawing for farmers.

north of Lawrence Lake. A hand-cut winter access road through grassy draws and swampland proved to be too rough for the trucks to travel over so Steffeir Bros. cat was hired to drag a large log along the tracks to smooth them out. Although this helped it was still necessary to maintain the tracks by hand during the winter with a grub hoe.

Even the main haul-roads out of the area posed problems. Highway 2 from Athabasca to Smith was a dirt road and there were no snow-plows at work during the winter. When the snow became deep and you had to pull off the track when meeting another vehicle, a good deal of shovelling was often required, to get back on track. During the first several years after set-up, ice ridges, made by the truck and logging sleigh combination, used by Steffer Lumber to haul rough lumber to Athabasca, rendered the tracks treacherous to stay on the highway were common and after heavy winds it took hours and a lot of shovel work to get only a few miles. In the summer after rains, the Lawrence Lake and Fish Creek hills became very difficult if not virtually impassable.

For the first winter, power for the sawmill was supplied by two gas farm tractors, but steam took over from there. The rear wheels of steam traction engines (steamers) were removed and the firebox set on a cement pad, to make stationary power units. Sometimes, two engines were coupled together, to supply power to the sawmill's main drive shaft. With a ready supply of firewood and slabs, steam was an economical source of power, but water problems in winter, the ever present fire hazard from smokestack sparks, and the need to have an experienced fireman were definite handicaps. When a fire destroyed the main mill in the 40's, diesel power began its take over.

Logging operations at first were relatively simple. Trees were felled and bucked up with crosscut and/or swede saws. They were skidded with horses to skidways, where they were loaded by hand on tr

sloops and hauled into the mill with a small TD9 cat. Power saws that began to show up about 1947, were over a hundred pounds in weight, and as they required two men for operation they were only practical in large timber. Tree length logging began about this time and skid trucks replaced the sloop and cat as a means of getting the timber to the mill.

As long as the mill was powered by steam, the sawmill was essentially a more stationary set up after diesel emerged as an alternate power source, a semi-portable mill on wooden skids was built to simplify and speed up moves. This unit was even used during one summer a fully portable unit moving about the bush from one skid area to the next, leaving piles of sawdust and slabs at each stop. An improved semi-portable mill was later welded together from steel parts and this frame became the core of all improvements later made. By the time the sawmill moved to Calling Lake, conveyors had replaced the blowers and belts used to remove the sawdust, slabs and edgings. A self styled lumber sorter had been built and a start made on putting in an electric and air set works for the carriage. A fork lift had also replaced the truck and lumber piler and to some extent the horse and skidder at the mill skidway.

During the summer of 1954, it became evident that there was not enough timber left on the berth at Otter Creek, to last for the next winter, so a road to get logs from a berth across the Athabasca River was undertaken. When a satisfactory approach to the mill's side of the river was located, it was discovered that it had been used by earlier settlers and a section of a draw it entered into, contained half rotted corduroy. When it proved difficult to work with a small cat, it was loaded with self propagating ditching dynamite. When this charge was fired the whirling sticks of corduroy rose high in the air like a multitude of pinwheels, before rattling back to earth.

In order to make an approach on the far side of the river, it was necessary to float down an abandoned



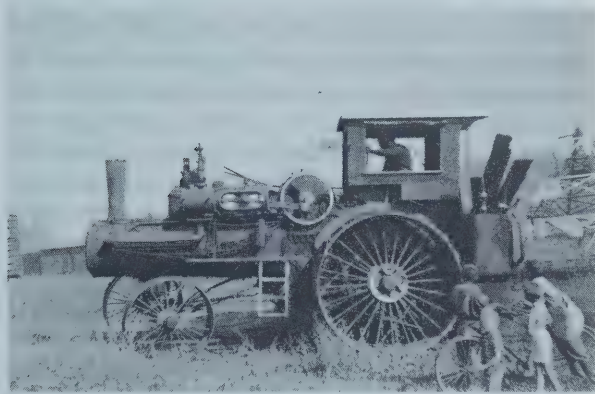
Portable mill in bush at Lawrence Lake.



Cat, truck and grader arriving at Smith.

ferry from Flatbush. Assisted by a small outboard powered boat, the ferry was used to get a TD9 cat and dozer over the river and back. On the far side two approaches were made. A long and less steep one, to get up from the river valley and a short "chute type" over the bank road to get down. It was so steep that during the winter's ice, loads of sawdust were dumped near the top to help make it less hazardous.

During part of the winter of 1954, trees were skidded by truck over the river on an ice bridge and workmen often rode to work and back with the skid truck drivers. On one occasion, some of the logging crew started to walk back to camp in the evening and were just across the river when the loaded log truck arrived. Away from the trucks noise, they could hear the ice bridge making ominous cracking noises as the load came across, and from that time on a number of them refused to ride across the river on the loaded trucks and others rode only standing on the running board, or with their truck door open when crossing.



Steamer off ramp at Athabasca, (ferry cable tower shown behind).



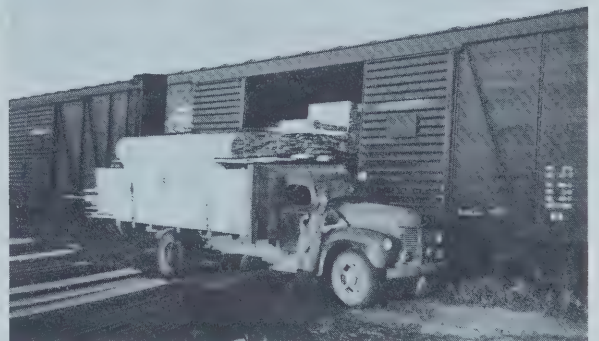
Dry-piled lumber at Lawrence Lake Main mill site.



A load of logs at Bondiss.



Sawmill at Otter Creek about 1953.



Loading lumber at Smith.



Mill site at Lawrence Lake.



Lawrence Lake (winter site) Cookhouse on left. Ellefson's second home in bush.



Ellefson's main mill at Lawrence Lake.

Lumber Camp Road Construction with a Small Cat, 1940

by Roland Ellefson

The first summer after moving to Lawrence Lake, Ellefson Lumber bought a small TD9 cat and began the construction of a summer access road from Highway 2 to their millsite, a distance of about five miles. Trees on the roadway were felled with high stumps and the bucked portions of the trees skidded with horses into the bush. Smaller brush was cut and grubbed with axes and piled and burned. The remaining stumps were pulled with the cat and again skidded into the bush with the ever present horses.

The cat had no bulldozer so sharp gullies were filled by horses and scrapers. Culverts were made of log and/or rough sawn lumber. Finally the grade was put in using the cat, and a small leaning-wheel grader. When the grader was elevating dirt onto the roadway and a rock or large root was encountered, the rear wheels lifted off the ground and shearing sideways along the slanted blade, the grader whipped sideways and unless the operator was hanging on

firmly, he was deposited into the nearby brush. This was really humorous for the cat operator but after several such incidents the graderman refused to operate the grader unless the two men took turns at it. This arrangement soon produced more cautious cat operators and the grading proceeded on to completion.

The final grade was a narrow highly crowned roadway with narrow but steep ditches. During the winter, or in summer when it was dry, it was quite passable but many times, drivers walked in after a rainstorm.

Have Mill — Will Travel

by Roland A. Ellefson

About 1948, the main part of the berth at Lawrence Lake was cleaned up and only outlying areas were left. A portable mill on skids had been constructed and it was decided to try this out in the summer and fall, on a fully portable operation.

A pulley was purchased for the TD9 and the mill was pulled from one skid area to the next right in the bush. When each site was reached, the mill was levelled up with blocks and the cat belted up to the saw mandrel. A portable skidway, also on skids and moveable with the cat, was pulled up alongside the mill and two short rails used to connect it to the mill rollway. Horses skidded the logs up ramps at each end of this portable skidway and they were rolled down to the canter. The skidway contained a fence on one side but nothing on the mill side. The horses were usually cautious and stayed to the fence side, but on one occasion one fell between the mill and the front end of the skidway. Fortunately no damage or injury occurred.

The canter and sawyer performed on this mill the same as any other but the tailsawyer had a more difficult task. He carried slabs from the saw over the track and built himself a pile so he could walk out and up the pile as sawing proceeded, sometimes developing a pile where he had to walk out twenty or thirty feet and up about seven to nine feet. It was in his interest to carefully pile the slabs so that they would be compact and occupy as small a space as possible. He piled the planks, boards and cants (boards with bark at the edges) on a truck parked behind the mill. From there they were hauled to the main millsite where the planer crew edged the cants and dry piled and/or planed the lumber.

The tail sawing job fell to Charlie Karpiuk, a well built, husky young farmer's sons from Radway. Despite this rigorous activity, he still found energy to wrestle with two younger members of the crew, on the sawdust pile when the mill was stopped for one reason or another. A model T Ford fender was care-

fully adjusted under the mill, so that sawdust driven by the teeth of the headsaw hit it at just the right angle, to be propelled into a pile well out from the mill. Much of the sawdust was projected from under the mill in this manner and it was the responsibility of all the crew, other than the sawyer, who was also the millwright, to shovel out any sawdust from under the mill and spread the main pile before sitting down to rest, when the mill was shut down to file the saw or for repairs.

By the time sawdust and slabs had heavily encroached on the mill it was moved to a new skid area and the whole process started all over.

Steaming On In by Roland Ellefson

When Andrew Ellefson moved to Lawrence Lake he was in need of more steam power for his sawmill, so he purchased an old steamer from somewhere in central Alberta, and shipped it by flat car to Athabasca. When it arrived, he was unable to be there, so unloading onto the loading ramp and driving it out to Lawrence Lake fell to Gilbert Rogne and "Slim" (Roland) Ellefson, two novices with steamers.

Arranging a truckload of firewood and a team and waterwagon to accompany them on the trip, they fired up the steamer early one morning and the trip was under way.

Unlike a normal roadworthy vehicle, the steamer had no transmission, no clutch and no brakes. Reversing the motion of the steamer was done simply, or by an amateur, not so simply, by reversing the rotation of the engine. Cushioning starts required a careful and experienced operator on the throttle. Steering was done by a chain and shaft method, that pivoted the front axle and required considerable spinning of the "steering wheel" before the machine responded.

After about two hours of cautiously inching forward and back and a lot of sweat, with one of the would-be operators handling the steering and the other the propulsion, they finally got the steamer safely off the flat car and on to the ground. With relief they headed down the street towards the town's main intersection, near the Union Hotel. At the time there was a centre post in the middle of the intersection that also served as either a cenotaph or a signpost. As it neared the centrepost, the steamer veered towards it and seemed to pick up speed. The operators stumbled and fell over each other as they clawed frantically at the controls. At the last second, it swerved back and to the disappointment of a group of onlookers, who had gathered to watch proceedings, it merely grazed the centre post, as it lunged by.

The steamer proceeded a little more carefully down the street but by the time it had reached the open highway, the crew had regained confidence and they soon pushed the steamer up to its breath-taking top speed of four to five miles an hour. From here on, to the camp at Lawrence Lake, there were no more problems and the crew pushed on steadily, stopping only to load up firewood or water.

Logging



Micheal Scott with pike pole, hewed ties in Slave River.



Roughing it.



Marcella Knapp ringing dinner bell.



Spurfield cookhouse. Mrs. Eva Paul and Janet Jolliffe (1957).



Spurfield. Oliver Kiddo — blacksmith, 1957. Jim Nolan — bullcook.



Bill Rempel.



Bob Patterson, Lawrence Ellefson Camp.



Paul Dupont, bucking logs for Rempel Bros. at Meyer Lakes, 1946.



Jim Earl at camp.



Truckload of logs for Federated Co-op.



Sawmill, Chain Lake.



Loading logs.



Loading lumber on railroad cars in 1945.



Tom McCumsey and Len Rempel camp, 1952.

Alberta Stake and Lath

In the fall of 1979, after selling the resort, Frank Brown wanted to try something different. He heard that the C.N.I.B. was selling their lathe machinery. He planned to set up a small cottage industry in his own yard, and purchased their equipment.

After several weeks of market survey he found that the demands were greater than such a small industry could produce. At this point he met with Butch Graling who suggested that the business be set up in Smith and that he had an appropriate building which was situated on the former Stelter-Co-op-Ziedler mill site. This had been their truck garage. This location would provide easy access to raw materials and transportation of the same.

At this point Brown and Graling became partners and after three months of wrangling with banks, provincial and federal government, final approval was given to proceed with the business.

During this three months period several very competent people were contacted as possible employees. Smith, being a very lumber oriented community, and due to the fact that the majority of people commuting to Slave Lake to work, Alberta Stake and Lath was able to pick the "cream of the crop". In the

first few months they employed eight people and primarily produced Lath and survey stakes.

During this time a favorable demand for snow fence weaving machine became evident. Frank and Raymond Elgert travelled to Los Angeles, California, in June 1980, and purchased the only snow fence weaving machine available in North America. This investment proved to be a godsend for the company because in late 1981, stake and lath sales declined considerably while snow fence sales increased. In December 1981, the economy and high interest rates forced the company to lay off all but one employee.

During the next six months times were tough. Then things started improving by finding markets further afield, for business. This included Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and B.C. With the expanded market the tough times were survived.

In the spring of 1983, the company expanded to include another product line which was building studs. In 1984, another product line was again added, this being, wholesaling rough lumber purchased from local mills. The partners along with the help of efficient and hardworking staff are looking forward to a successful future.

Description and History of DS1 Smith Ranger District

1. History

(a) List of Personnel

Date	District	District Ranger
Prior to 1964	12	H. Kostyk
	31	C. Berlin
1964-1966	12	H. Kostyk
	31	G. Sloan
1966-1980	DS1	B. Sloan
1980	DS1	R. Petite

2. Location and type of Headquarters

(a) Headquarters located in hamlet of Smith — office, garage, cache combination and heliport. Four houses opposite Ranger Station Administration Site plus one house used as a bunkhouse.

(b) Hamlets or Communities in the District — Gros-mont, Island Lake, Hondo, Flatbush, Chisholm

3. Size of District

(a) Approximately 84 miles (135 km) long, 33 miles (53 km) wide:

(b) 2,772 square miles.

4. Fire Control

(a) Average yearly number of fires in last five years — Mancaused — 9, Lightning — 7. Average acreage in last five years — Mancaused — 497.40, Lightning — 205.35.

(b) Approximately 488 fire permits issued per year.

(c) One five man initial action crew for six months.

(d) Three Towers — Meridian, Chisholm, Vega (administered by Whitecourt Forest)

5. Timber Management

(a) Annual Allowable Cut:

1. Quota S5 51,621 m³ (12.1 MMfbm) coniferous, S7/S01 4,695 m³ (1.3 MMfbm) coniferous.

2. FMA Weldwood S5 deciduous.

3. MTU — S7/S01 LTP draw.

(b) Average Number of Permits Issued 1982/83: LTP — 39, TM66 — 177.

(c) Number of Mills: Planer Mill — 1 — Canfor at Chisholm, Sawmills — 1 — Canfor at Chisholm, Private Mills, Alberta Stake and Lath, Smith, Lsd 13-23-71-1-W5; Bowzaylo, Tom, Box 751 Athabasca, NW 25-64-24-W4; Bryan Philip, Vega, NE 7-63-3-W5; Gilmour, Alex, Flatbush, SE 3-65-26-W4; Houle, Armand, Flatbush, SW 14-64-1-W5; Jolliffe, Cecil, Smith, SW 30-69-26-W4; Klassen, Jake, Smith, NE 30-71-24-W4; Koehler, Ed, Box 478, Athabasca, NW 4-68-24-W4; Kuffa, Albert, Athabasca, SW 15-68-24-W4; Smith, Ray, Flatbush, SW 36-63-26-W4; Urchyshyn, Chisholm, SW 25-68-2-W5; Céré, Edgar, Smith, NW 5-72-1-W5; Waschuk, Tom, Athabasca, SW 29-69-23-W4; Willard, Francis, Smith, No fixed location; Weinrich, George, Hondo, SW 33-60-26-W4;

(d) Silviculture:

Reforestation program has increased considerably since Zeidler Forest Industries have taken over Federated Co-op, AFS is responsible for reforestation on Zeidler licences in DS1. — Plant — Approximately 1002.9 acres per year. — Seed — Approximately 813.6 acres per year. — Scarify — Approximately 1024-8 acres per yer.

(e) Recreation in the District:

1 — West Fawcett Lake Recreation Area, 1 — Lawrence Lake Recreation Area, 1 — Chain Lakes Recreation Area, 1 — Hunters Training Camp — Narrow Lakes, 1 — Cadet Camp — Narrow Lakes, 1 — Provincial Park — Cross Lake, 1 — Recreation Lease — Fawcett Lake (East) Fawcett Lake Resorts, 1 — Recreation Lease — Municipal Affairs Smith (Smith Recreation Board), 1 — Teen Time Camp — Elbow Lake, 1 — Junior Warden Camp — Long Lake, 1 — Junior Warden Camp — Long Lake. Numerous picnic and camping areas on lakes throughout the district.

6. Land Use

(a) Grazing — 28 leases total 1982/83, — 7 permits total 1982/83, — Black Bear Grazing Reserve — (white zone), — 5 Range Improvement Programs

(b) Oil Exploration:

1. Oil and Gas Fields — Marten Hills, Smith Field, Meyer Field, Crooked Field, Chisholm Field, Big

Bend Field, Steele Field, Bolloque Field, Big Coulee Field.

2. Approximately 13 seismic programs yearly.

3. 16 wellsites averaged three years

4. six pipelines averaged three years

(c) Mining: — one gold claim staked (Chisholm Area), — some coal exploration being done.

(d) Other: — Total of 28 sand and gravel licences and leases up to April, 1983.

7. Roads

Meridian Tower Road, (DOH responsibility), West Fawcett Lake Road (DOH responsibility), Fawcett Lake to Amoco Marten Hills Road (Zeidler responsibility)

8. Present Staff:

R. Petite — Forest Officer V, P. Hendrigan — Forest Officer III, M. Cowan — Forest Officer II, W. Cole — Forest Officer II, G. Rempel — Clerk III, M. Kylo — Clerk I-II, W. Rempel — Patrolman, J. McConnell — Recreation Caretaker/Forest Guardian, E. Allard — Recreation Caretaker, Five man Initial Attack Crew.

9. Work Load

Fire Control — 20%, Timber Management — 35%, Land Use — 35% Administration — 10%.

Other Forestry personnel that worked in Smith:

Joe Magrath, Chas. Whyte, Scott Mayston, Larry Warren, Stan Olzsowlka, Gordie Jordan, Maurice Mitchell, Dan Slaut.



Clarence Berlin at Wabasca (1961).

Archie Craddock

as told by Irene Lauder

Mr. Archie Craddock was the fire ranger who often stopped overnight at our home on his way through. This was about 1921-22. He used to tell my brother and myself bear stories. He said that they would come at night and lick his toes while he slept.

I suspect he knew we waited eagerly for his return with more stories.



Smith Forestry Office.



John Holden and his horses; this was his way of travel the first 15 years for the Forestry.

Mr. Craddock travelled with a team of horses and wagon, with a canvas cover over his food and bedding in the back of his wagon. A few years later my sister, Florence, and brother, Wally, remember when Mr. Craddock went back in the woods from our homestead on horse back, leading a pack horse.

Forestry

by Clarence Berlin

Through District #31, which was comprised of the Moose Portage, Fawcett Lake area as a Timber

Management Unit, the marking of timber was introduced into the Slave Lake Management Division.

Lumber companies at that time consisted of R. Stelter (the largest one) who had from four to six mill contracts. Imperial had a mill east of Moose Portage.

Cameron crawl tower was constructed in 1960, on the old Geodetic Site along the Moose Portage road, to overlook the Athabasca River valley.

Chisholm Store

In 1923, when the Crick family came to Chisholm, there was a store of sorts here. As Mrs. Crick remembers, you could trade or barter one item for another (example: one dozen eggs for a sack of flour or sugar). The store was operated by the lumber company, Chisholm Saw Mills Limited, and attended to by an employee of the company.



Germans who worked in Chisholm in 1950's.

This store burnt down in 1936, but they managed to save the warehouse. Before long, it was rebuilt and back in business. The people living here at the time all patronized the company store, with the employees



Swanson's store and office in late 1960's (Chisholm).

store bill being deducted from their check. Almost everyone ran a tab at the store, as cash was scarce. Some families found they were in the red after two full weeks of work, which brings to mind that old song "I Owe My Soul to the Company Store".

Swanson Lumber Company sold the store to Mike Romanuik about 1969-70. This is when the contents were moved to the east side of the track into Swanson's unused cookhouse (previously the school house). The old building was demolished and burnt.

In March of 1976, Mike sold the store to Jo LeBlanc of Chisholm. Jo ran the store for just over a year, then closed it down due to lack of customers. Since then, there has been no store in Chisholm.

LaFrance and Son Store Limited by Leonard LaFrance

This story starts in July 31, 1955 when my Father, W. P. LaFrance, bought Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's store, garage, and British American bulk sales. Upon opening, Dad could not agree with British American over the price of gas, so he gave up their service and changed the gas pumps over to Esso. The building had a small store, approximately 16 by 24 feet long and two garage bays with an oil ramp.

In 1956 he enlarged the store, leaving one garage bay, giving him a store 32 by 24 feet with a basement 16 by 40 feet. This building was heated by an old coal stoker furnace which I had to clean and fill every morning and night (with alot of hand and foot persuasion).

At this point, Dad would close the store on Sunday and just hire a pump man to serve gas and fix tires. One gentleman Dad hired was Mel Cole.

One warm and balmy Sunday, Mel was in a very good mood when a large car, driven by a dude from Edmonton, stopped for gas. As Mel was filling up his



LaFrance Store in Smith.

car the gentleman said (quote) “Man, this has got to be the xxxxxx of the world”. My good friend Mel, without batting an eye said “Yep, and a lot of turds go through here every year too”. The people reading this story who knew Mel Cole know this is true.

I started working for Dad the spring of 1962. Those must have been trying years for Dad. He changed the name of the business from W. P. LaFrance to W. P. LaFrance and Son. Between my brother Lloyd, and I, he always had one son working.

In 1968, we expanded the store premises again as business was increasing. This time we built a new part south of the existing building and closed out the final bay in the garage. We sold the pumps and all the garage equipment to George and Betty Barthel, who built a new garage down the street.

The same year, Dad decided I was ready to manage the business so he could take a long deserved rest. After raising six kids, I guess he earned it.

At this time, we changed the name of the store to LaFrance and Son Store Limited. I managed the store for four years before buying it.

Now, another small story comes to mind. In 1968, when I agreed to manage the business, Dad agreed to come every summer for a couple of weeks to look after it while I went on holidays. Well, the

first time he came was in 1970, when my wife Linda and I and our children, Leah and Maurice; Linda's Uncle and Aunt, Leo and Viny Sloan and their two children, went to Alaska.

The day we left was really hot. Waving goodbye, I was away on a well deserved trip. When we left Smith you could see big thunder heads building up out west, but we kept on going. On the other side of Slave Lake, the skies opened up and we had the worst rain storm I can ever remember. The rain came down so hard we had to park the vehicles because you couldn't see. After the storm, we proceeded North. Phoning back (but not to Dad) the morning after the storm, we found out Dad had a foot of water in the basement. The furnaces and footwear were floating around. It took him a week to clean it up. The roof also leaked. Dad tried to get ahold of me, but the northern pull would not permit this. That was the first and last time he ever came back to help me. We've never been flooded since (Thanks Dad).

Buying the store in 1972 has been a real experience for me. Linda, our family and I have really enjoyed living in a community the size of Smith. I have talked to lots of Store Merchants all over the country and the people of Smith rate along with the best.

Truck Drivers

by K. Hugo

When the wind blows wild round the scalehouse
door.

And the snowflakes thickly fly.
The night seems long and somehow sad
As the hours tick slowly by.
For the trucks run slow in the windy dark
And the drifts mount one by one.
While the diesels smoke in wild protest
As they make the same old run.
The logs ride high on the creaking deck,
And the driver softly swears.
At the winds wild song, as he drives along,
And the snow swirls through the air.
The sky is dark, and the roads are rough
And the world seems far away.
The engine moans and the cheaters groan
As dawn fortells the day.
From the first dim light through the darkest night
They drag the heavy loads.
With stubborn will, they climb the hills
And follow the endless roads.



Churches



I Thank Thee

by K. Hugo

The day is clear,
The sun is bright.
My heart is gay and wild.
Life holds much,
For such as I,
For I am natures child.
I love the grass
So thick and green.
I love the fragrant flowers.
Thank You God,
For giving me
The sundrenched daylight hours.
The fields, the streams,
The mountains high,
The air so pure and bracing.
The puppies clumsy
In their play
Through flowered meadows chasing
For fields of grain,
And gardens lush.
My Mothers tender giving.
Thank You God,
For everything
that makes my life worth living.

The Catholic Church at Smith

"OSAWAKEYSIS" was his name!

So the Indians had named him for his red hair and beard! Red Fox was a very appropriate name for Father Petour, O.M.I. besides his outward appearance, he shared the swiftness of the fox and was a true fore-runner of the Gospel in this vast district of Slave Lake. Some kind of globetrotter apostle, he would visit on foot all his mission-posts from Grouard to Mirror Landing and then to many other stations. He never tired, true to his acquired new name of Red Fox, to bring the blessings of his ministry every year, season or month, to his scattered flock.

On December 31, 1920 — as appears from the first register of St. James Church — Father Edward Petour writes: "His Excellency Bishop Emile Grouard, O.M.I., Apostolic Vicar of Athabasca, granted me permission to purchase a plot of land and building at Mirror Landing. His Grace counts on the generosity of the faithful to establish this Mission as an outpost of Sawridge and waits for the name of a benefactor to give it a titular saint". It was not long before one was found: James Cornwall, Manager of the Northern Transportation Company. Consequently, the new Parish received the name of "Saint James".



Old log part is first Smith Catholic Church, 1920's.

The next step was to build a church-house. For the task Providence had provided a carpenter from England: Joseph Holden, pioneer of the district, who with the help of his sons John, William, Joseph and Richard, erected the log church still standing today, by the old graveyard. One can read over the front door: "1921".

The humble structure was to serve for Church services and lodging for the visiting priest and as camping place for occasional travellers on their way to Grouard. The most illustrious transient happened to be Bishop Grouard, who more than once, climbed the ladder into the attic, to find a few hours of rest before continuing on to the west end of Lesser Slave Lake.

May 2, 1922 marked the blessing of the log-church by Father Edward Petour himself.

The march of progress turned another page in



Father Geguere in background, Bishop Legare with Nipshank children.

April 1933 when two acres on NE¼-23-71-W5 were transferred to the Vicariate Apostolic of Grouard, for a new church site, by Father Jacques Huguerre, O.M.I. who from his residence of Slave Lake, would cover Smith, Moose Portage, Moose Lake, Hondo and other posts on the west side.

Then followed other itinerant men of God: Fathers Kinderwater, Wagner and Proulx, all Oblate priests, who laboured to keep the flame of faith alive among the pioneers.

By July 1954, a new and beautiful church with a slender steeple replaced the old one, now too small to accommodate the larger community. The builder, Brother Allie, O.M.I. with the local help, completed the job in record time.



Smith Catholic Church, 1956.

After thirty-six years of existence, St. James Parish was to become of age and be privileged to be shepherded by a resident pastor. Notwithstanding the generous and constant endeavors of the previous missionaries, much was to be organized in order to become a self-supported unit. Again divine Providence did not fail to answer the wishes of the population who hoped for a great organizer, a skillful mixer and above all a man of great faith. This ideal apostle came from Valleyview but with the experience of the great north. Besides he was a polyglot fluent in Latin, Greek, French, German, Slavy and Cree. His name was Marcel Jal, O.M.I. and the first time people met

him, they knew they would not be disappointed in their expectations.

In fact, the new appointee tackled his tasks with his proverbial energy. First, through his know how, he obtained two church-bells from Mr. N. Crump, President of the C.P.R., one for Smith, the other for Hondo. (The latter went to Calling Lake as Hondo church never materialized.) Bishop Routhier, O.M.I., presided over the blessing of the local bell in a colorful celebration on the 7th of April, 1957.

The same year the innovative pastor founded St. James Ladies Altar Society and later organized the Catholic Men's Club. A parish hall would be carved out, so to say, from the old church and named "Club House". Many activities mushroomed, all directed toward the rejuvenation of this christian community: Parish retreats, liturgical innovations, musical group, choir, first communions and confirmations complimented with lovely banquets at the Club House. The few photos supplied give a faint idea of some of the happenings under the constant impulse of the creative "cure".



Father Jal.

In July 1959, Father Jal took a leave of absence for a well deserved rest visiting his family in Belgium. For a period of eighteen months Father Giguere, O.M.I. substituted.

On his return, Father Jal found something to do with his capital of energies replenished: a new burden was added to his responsibility, the care of the mission of Calling Lake, at one hundred miles away. Fortunately three and a half years later, Father Fournier, O.M.I. would take charge of this distant post.

Amidst all this flurry of occupations, Father Jal found time to build a church at Spurfield where many catholics worked at the sawmill.



Present Catholic Church.

Around July 1964 Father Jal received a new assignment for Faust. Amidst their regrets, the parishioners expressed their gratitude in a very tangible manner.

Father Eugene Fournier, O.M.I. took over keeping charge of St. Leo's church of Calling Lake.

March 2, 1966 will be remembered by all as a very sad date: the beautiful church, so well decorated through great efforts, became the victim of fire. If there had been a fire-hall at the time, the building could have been saved. However, gratitude must be expressed to all who came to the rescue.

Another transfer occurred on April 6; Father Fournier exchanged station with Father Nicolas Roue, O.M.I. from Sturgeon Lake. The construction of a new church and rectory occupied Nicolas for his short stint of four months.

During the construction, the Anglican community graciously provided the use of their lovely church for the Catholic Faithful.

Unexpectedly tragedy struck on the 18th of May: Emery Swan, age 14, and Gabriel Beaver, age 13, drowned in a slough not far from the railroad. Then July 9, an old timer, Moses Villeneuve, left us for a better world.

When Father Roue officiated at these two funerals,

als, little did he suspect they would be his last functions at Smith and that he would be stationed at **Fox Lake**.

So ends the historic period of the Spirit of the **Red Fox**!

On September 6, the same year, Father Giguere resurfaced and is still in charge to-day, treading the footprints of his deserving predecessors.

N.B. As a post-scriptum and matter of interest here are three extracts of the Church register.

1st Baptism: The 21st of April, 1921, we baptized Leo Willard Joseph Vincent, born Feb 25, son of Leo Vincent and Lulubelle Manchester. God-Father: Horace de Villers.

Signed: E. Petour, O.M.I.

1st Marriage: The 16th of August 1922, we received the consent of Charles Lennie, son of William and Bella Fraser: and of Philomene Giroux, daughter of Louis and Helene Hamelin.

Signed: E. Petour, O.M.I.

1st Funeral: March 22, 1926: Eva Farral Vincent, age 6. Richard Vincent, age 3.

Witnesses: Georges Bisson, A. T. Elliott.



Altar's Ladies Society, Catholic 1958.



Left to Right: Nettie Colwell, Dorothy Cook, Leona Pollard, Sophie Stelter, Mrs. MacLeod at Farewell tea for Sophie Stelter.



Float at Smith Fair, 1982.

The Anglican Church of Smith, Hondo and Moose Portage

In the book "Register of Service", I can find nothing that indicates services being held in Mirror Landing, other than by most of the missionaries, bishops and ministers who passed through there on their travels between Athabasca Landing, Slave Lake and Peace River.

After the bridge was built and the railway crossed the Athabasca River, a Canon White, stationed in High Prairie, sometimes held services in the railway station at Smith.



Smith Anglican Church.

In 1929, a Reverend Professor Kenneth Naylor and Selwyn Willis held services in Moose Portage, Smith and along the highway to High Prairie.

In 1932, Rev. Reginald J. Pierce was put in charge of the mission of Slave Lake which included, Hondo, Moose Portage and Faust.

Also, at that time, Miss Lucy Drummond-Hay, combined missionary work with nursing, and lived in Hondo until 1947; she retired at age 81.

The first minister stationed at Smith was Rev. J. R. Price, in 1931-32. He also ministered at Hondo and Moose Portage.

There was no church, until 1937, in either place, services were held in the school or private houses. In the case of Moose Portage services were held in the club house until the church was built in 1937.

The church at Hondo was built in 1955.

Ministers resident in Smith were: A. F. LeDieu — 1933-34-35; W. R. Cravan — 1934 (3 weeks); Cyrus Lang — 1936-37-38; Charles G. Kehler — 1938-39; A. Lord — 1940; D. H. Pinkerton — 1941; Maurice J. Walsh — 1942-43-44; Grant E. Dale — 1943-46; Cuthbert W. Thomas — 1947; J. C. M.



Rev. Lang, Anglican Minister, with Glen, Wes and Gene Earl, 1938.

Clarke — 1948; A. Ross Sage 1949; J. Humphreys — 1950; J. K. Sandwick — 1951-52; D. B. Brown — 1953; Allan Bush — 1954; D. H. Pinkerton — 1954-55; C. Babcock — 1956; J. G. Gibbons — 1957; D. H. Pinkerton — 1958.

Some of these were not ordained ministers, but students. In the early years the Anglican Church was the only Protestant Church in the area, people of other denominations attended, making the congregations quite large. In 1946, the Mennonite Church came into being, and later other churches were established, and the members of the Anglican Church dwindled to a very few.

In 1959-60-61, Rev. E. Blackstock resided in Slave Lake and ministered to Slave Lake, Kinuso, Canyon Creek, Hondo and Smith. The church at Moose Portage was sold and moved in 1964.

Dawson Beaver followed Reverend Blackstock from 1962 to 1970. Rev. Chas R. Walters in 1971-72 and Reginald Ding in 1973-74. In September of 1975 Rev. Young came and stayed until he retired in 1982. That fall Rev. Alex Smith came and is still ministering to the area.

Churches by Lou Newell

About 1936, someone from England had passed through Smith at one time and had a soft spot for the town. They donated a sum of money if the people in the town would build a church. Then men of the town gathered together and built the church of logs and lumber. They named the church the "Church of the Good Shepherd". After the church was completed, they had a banquet and dance. My mother became the organist and we boys of the town, in winter, built the fires in the puffing billy before church on Sundays.

Churches

by Esther Dixon

We did some logging on our farm making lumber. Some of which we trucked to town and built a little Kingdom Hall with whole hearted participation from other members of the congregation. The family was known for their activities as Jehovah's Witnesses visiting people of the district in their homes.



The Youth of the Congregation of Jehovah's Witnesses of Smith, 1952-53.

Smith Evangelical Church

Much prayer and praise saw the beginning of Smith Evangelical Church. Prayer meetings were held at Emil and Florence Newman's home in Hondo during the month of July and in August of 1975 the first baptismal service was held with five being baptized, across the road from Newman's in a small pond. On September 7, 1975 the group of Pastor and Mrs. Lievers, and Neil, Emil and Florence Newman, Scott and Sharilyn Mayston and Wanda, and Dorothy Johnston, Kathy, Dale, Dwayne, and Mark Johnston, moved into the Hondo Anglican Church. By November 16, 1975 another move was in order because of cold weather, so the group moved into the sickroom of the Smith Elementary School. With a growing number of people attending, the Church group moved into the gymnasium. Pastor Edward Lievers from Flatbush, officiated at each worship service. Mrs. Florence Newman played the piano and Mr. and Mrs. Lievers played guitar as we sang those wonderful hymns giving praise, honour, and glory to our Heavenly Father. We met in different believers homes for Thursday night prayer and Bible study. In August 12, 1978 we moved to the Anglican Church in Smith for our services.

Our church was named by Mrs. Sharilyn Mayston, as Evangel which means "to witness!" This has been, and still is top priority among us. We, as a



Evangelical Church at Smith, 1980.

result, have had several outreach programs, many held in the legion hall, Smith school and Hondo Hall. The Sneed Family singers, the Believer's Quartet, the Gspelaires from California, the Gladtones, Bible School Singing Groups, and many missionaries have come and gone over the years. We also have had native evangelists from Saskatchewan come to preach revival services. Films were held at regular intervals for two years. These services were always well attended; our best response being to the Gspelaires. The legion hall was so full, people were standing in between the doors in the hall.

We had our first Sunday School picnic at Gary and Sylvia Johnston's home, out on the old Gordon Kylo place. We've had a picnic every year since in different places, some being the Hondo Hall, Barry and Sharon Malone's farm, Ted and Ellen Barnett's, Deep Creek, Chisholm campsite, Garry Brown's and Gordon and Cindy Sundby's. Our first baptismal service as mentioned saw five believer's baptized. Many more baptismal services have been held over the years. We baptize by complete water immersion (Mark 1:1-11) identifying with the baptism of Jesus Christ our Lord. In the winter we used a homemade wooden tank, setting it up in Ted Barnett's big porch. In the summer we used Newman's pond, West end Fawcett Lake, East end Fawcett Lake, and some believer's from here were baptized at Baptiste Lake. A total number of fifty-seven believer's have been baptized thus far.

In May of 1980 we held a walk-a-thon to collect money in order to build our new Church building. We started our walk at Malcolme Liever's home and finished at Smith at Pastor Liever's home, a total of thirty miles. We had forty walkers with eight finishing. These being Dorothy Johnston, Cynthia Barnett, Edwina Barnett, Angelina and Lucy Van Boxel, Dale and Dwayne Johnston and Garry Brown, others made it anywhere from two to twenty nine miles. Everyone did a terrific job. From that walk-a-thon we collected approximately twelve thousand dollars. Construction started immediately after and we

moved into our new church building on February 1, 1981. We had a missionary from Africa, Ronald Lepka speak that day. What a blessing it was!

The first function we had in the building was a going away gathering for Emil and Florence Newman in October of 1980 and then a hallowe'en fun time for the kids on October 31, 1980. Although the building didn't even have windows at the time, we all enjoyed the fellowship of love among us and didn't mind a bit. The work on the church building continued during the week and by May 17, 1981 we had our official opening. We had a full house that day with well over two hundred in attendance. We had three services, with dinner and supper in between. The ribbon cutting was performed by Reverend Albin Likness, representative of the Apostolic Fellowship in Canada and by Pastor Edward Lievers. A special thanks is due to the hard work of many for finishing the church building, a very special thanks to Pastor Lievers and Dennis Johnston who hardly ever missed a working day to do some work on it.

We had to bid farewell to Pastor and Mrs. Ed Lievers in July of 1981, on their move to Hanna, Alberta. In October of 1981 we welcomed Pastor Gordon Wilson and his wife Jeanne and two sons, Timothy and Peter. They took up residence in Melvin Cole Senior's home in Smith. We enjoyed their ministry very much, but in October of 1982 Gordon moved his family to Whitecourt, Alberta to help out Jeanne's dad, Pastor Carpenter. In 1983 our present pastor and his wife, Malcolme and Pat Lievers, took over the ministry along with their two children Michele and Cory.

We have had over one hundred attend our church over the years with a present attendance of fifty.

Our in-church ministries over the years have included men and ladies Bible studies, junior groups of the Buddy Club and Christian Crusaders, teen groups, Teen Challenge ministering in a variety of ways such as roller skating, swimming in Athabasca pool, skidoing, bowling in Westlock, singing and Bible study. We also have an active Sunday school where the children are taught God's absolutes in living. At Christmas we give out chocolates from home to home, singing and praying together and some years we give out hampers to needy families in our area. In the church we have had a variety of functions, an Easter tea, several suppers and fun time get togethers. At Christmas we also hold a Christmas Supper, Concert and later on go caroling around the town on a hayrack. We thoroughly enjoy these activities praying as we do to win lost souls for Jesus.

We are a happy mixture of many born-again believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. We come from different backgrounds some being Catholic, An-

glican, Alliance, Mennonite, United Church, Baptist, Apostolic, Pentecostal, and many non-believers. We have in common the born-again experience of John 3:3 and share in our commitment to the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. We are anticipating a great harvest of souls for our Lord Jesus Christ.

Pastor Malcolme Lievers and Pat
Stanley and Lucille Malone
Ken and Mary Willits
Gary and Sylvia Johnston
Dennis and Dorothy Johnston
Barry and Sharon Malone
Bruce and Anita Payea

Gordon and Cindy Sundby
Ken and Monica La Fleur
Ted and Ellen Barnett
Robert and Laura Malone
Ernie and Emma Malone
Mrs. Ebba Malone
Garry and Anna Brown

Bethany Mennonite Church History by Joyce Roth

Bethany Mennonite Church of Smith was founded on October 5, 1947 at the time of their first baptismal service. The nine applicants who were baptized at that time were Eric and Mae Elgert and daughter Norma, Mrs. Anita Elgert and her children David and Joyce, Mrs. Carrie Earl and son James, and Joyce Yoder. These nine along with Aaron and Mary Showalter, a Mennonite couple from Virginia who had moved into the community several weeks earlier, and Pastor Willis Yoder with his wife Florence who had laid the groundwork for this occasion, became the charter members of the congregation. This local congregation became a member of the Northwest Conference of the Mennonite Church. Bethany was chosen as the name for the church. The town of Bethany was a place where Jesus had loved to go, where He had some very dear friends, who were glad to serve Him and were eager to sit at His feet and be taught by Him.

To get to the very beginnings of this church, we must go back to those who had the vision of spreading the gospel and to those who were praying for a spiritual leader. Among the members of the Northwest Conference were those who had the vision opening up new work in northern Alberta. Willis and Florence Yoder, who before that time had sensed that God was calling them to serve somewhere in mission work, were ready to go. In July of 1946, they were commissioned by their conference to go north. In the Smith community was a small group who had been praying that someone would come and hold church services.

Willis along with three other men from that conference, Lindford Hackman, Clarence Ramer, and



Sunday of Levi Smoker's ordination. Congregation with visitors at Mennonite Church, 1977.

Paul Voegtlin, had made an initial trip in the early spring of that year to investigate possible locations. With sights set toward the Peace River area or Yellowknife, Willis's Model A ford took them as far as Fort St. John, B.C. on that trip. Smith was one of the places where they stopped along the way and they made note of this small community.

Smith then was the first stop for Willis and Florence when they left their home at Carstairs, Alberta, in mid-July on their first trip north. Contacts in the community indicated that this is where they should stay. It was here they soon found the four people who had been meeting together to read and study the Bible and who had been praying. The four were Mrs. Anita Elgert, Mrs. Ruth Wall, Mrs. Carrie Earl and Aaron Chapman.

Willis and Florence took to the communities' roads that first visit to Smith and passing by the Albert Ramsey home in the Ranch district saw a number of children playing in the yard; the possible beginnings of a Sunday School. That Sunday a service was held in the Ranch school house. The Yoders stayed in the community the following week and had church in the school again the next Sunday.



Willis Yoder, ready to go to church.

Word of the services in the Ranch school house soon reached the Otter Creek Smoky Creek communities and one Sunday Aaron Chapman came with a load of neighbors. They asked the Yoders to come to their area, too, and so services were begun in those districts, at first in various homes and later in the Otter Creek school. For the next five months, Willis and Florence made the 600 miles round trip to Smith from their home at Carstairs every weekend. In December of 1946 they moved to the area with their three children and bought a farm where they lived, worked, and served the church.

At various times during those first years, services were held in a number of communities: Otter Creek, Smoky Creek, Ranch, Moose Portage, Hondo, Forest View, Chisholm, Grosmont, as well as at lumber camps. Often there were services at three different places on Sunday and several evening Bible studies during the week.

Getting to church was not always easy. When roads were passable the few vehicles available were loaded, often two deep. When the cars couldn't get through, the preacher had other means of travel he pressed into service: a team and wagon, his tractor, a saddle horse, and even a snowplane, though that was short lived as it proved to be unsatisfactory. But it was seldom that the snow got too deep for the saddle horse to make the eleven mile trip to Otter Creek.



W. Yoder's snowplane.

Summer Bible Schools have been an important annual activity since the beginning. Willis and Florence conducted the first one in the Ranch school house during the first week they spent in the community. Schools have been held every year except one since then. The use of the school for this activity has been greatly appreciated. In the first years most of the teachers were volunteers from sister congregations in the district conference. Now most of them are from the local congregation. Then the schools were held half days for two weeks, some-

times at two places concurrently; Smith in the morning and Chisholm in the afternoon. Now it is held all day for one week; Chisholm students travelling to Smith. Then, nearly all rural children were provided with transportation putting to use vehicles belonging to visiting teachers, members of the congregation and some community volunteers. Cars were packed to overflowing and pick-up trucks were loaded in the cabs and in the back. Drivers remember the rains that seemed to be part of Bible School, making dirt roads a real challenge. Lyle Roth and Sterling Roth recall the day they were both driving in the Moose Portage area when on the way home they both got stuck. Sterling started what he supposed would be a long walk out when over the first hill a most welcome sight met his eyes — Lyle putting on chains. In recent years many parents have been bringing their own children.

Other ministries to children besides the weekly Sunday School include a children's Bible Club (1972-'73) and 1973-'74 school years) and teaching Bible classes in the public school (1982-'83 and 1983-'84 terms). The latter was by invitation of the local school authorities, in school time allocated for religious instruction. The earlier Bible Club was initiated by Mrs. Mae Seim who was teaching in the school then and was held in the basement of her home with 40-50 children attending.

As well as short term volunteers who came to assist in work like Bible Schools there have also been numerous families who moved into the community from other mennonite churches in Alberta and beyond. They made important contributions to the growth of the church along with those from the local community who became a part of the congregation. In December 1947 Paul and Doris Burkholder came from Tofield. Their son Timothy born the following year was the first new baby in the congregation. Willis and Florence were glad to have help in the work of the newly organized church. The first officers could now be elected. Paul Burkholder became Sunday School superintendent and secretary, Aaron and Mary Showalter served as teachers of the adult's and children's classes. James Earl was treasurer and Florence Yoder continued as song leader. In December 1949 Jake and Wilma Friesen moved from Duchess with their first son. Jake was later ordained deacon in the congregation.

On September 26, 1951 the congregation moved from Otter Creek to Smoky Creek school house for Sunday services as it was more centrally located, and the teacherage was available for Sunday School classes. In 1954 the school house and the acreage on which it is located were purchased by the congregation.

The fall of 1953 brought sorrow into the experience of the church and more specifically the Yoder family when Willis and Florence's oldest son, Valarian passed away. This was the first death in the congregation.

In 1955 Sterling and Priscilla Roth with three children came from Oregon to a farm in the Otter Creek area. In 1956 Howard and Jane King also from Oregon settled in the Forest View district. They very capably assumed many responsibilities in the church in that community as well as sharing in other congregational work. By that time services were being held Sunday morning and evening in the church at Smoky Creek, and in the afternoons in the little church at Forest View. Weekly Bible study and prayer meeting was held Friday evenings, often in the homes.

In 1965 Cornelius (Corny) and Lois Siemens with their two youngest daughters moved to Smith from Sundre, Alberta. Corny, an ordained deacon, was invited to serve in that capacity in the Bethany congregation, filling the vacancy left by Jake Friesen who moved back to Duchess that same year.

Numerous single individuals also came and added their talents to the work of the church. In 1956 Bessie Reist from near Didsbury, Alberta married James Earl in a ceremony in her home community. Theirs was the first wedding in the congregation. From 1954-'57 Albert Guengrich of High River, Alberta worked at the Yoder home, taking charge of many of the farm chores and thus freeing the pastor to spend more time in church work. In 1958 Lyle Roth, who had moved from Oregon in 1955, married Joyce Yoder — the first wedding in the Bethany church building. Leila Porter was the first of several women who came as domestic help in the Yoder household and contributed in various ways in the church work as well. She gave leadership in organizing the ladies sewing circle.

The first sewing circle was held in August of 1948. For many years meetings were held in the homes of members one afternoon each month. Now they are held in the church for the whole day. Their activities include a variety of service projects, many in some form of sewing or needlework, as well as a Bible study period each time. In recent years they have also done some catering in the community. Their organization is now called Women's Missionary and Service Commission (W.M.S.C.) although the old name frequently gets used.

Youth activities have been an important part in the life of the congregation. During the 1950's and early '60's they gathered at irregular intervals, usually at the homes of various adults in the congregation who planned an evening of recreation for them. Quite

regularly they planted and cared for a patch of potatoes in the summer time to raise money for missions. Sometimes Sunday afternoons were spent distributing Christian literature door to door, or, just before Summer Bible School, canvassing in the community for Bible School students. By the late 1960's and early '70's when the size of the congregation had dwindled to its lowest numbers the youth activities slowed to a halt because there were very few young people. Then in 1975 Ed and Marion Yoder revived youth work by planning monthly activity evenings including young people from the congregation as well as from the rest of the community. Now in 1984 there are two groups, one for junior and one for senior youth. Some form of recreation in the community is regular fare as well as a short Bible lesson. Occasionally they make use of facilities in neighboring towns for such things as bowling, roller skating, and skiing. An extended camping trip, though rare, rates as a major event.

A major change for the congregation occurred in September, 1976 when Levi and Wilma Smoker with their children moved to the community; Levi having been invited by the congregation to serve as co-pastor with Willis. As such, they gave leadership to the congregation for the next year. The congregation purchased a mobile home for the pastor's residence which was set up on land owned by Ed Yoder — the former Vernon Walterhouse farmstead. In the late 1950's when the size of the congregation was at its peak a building fund had been started which, though it continued to grow, had not been used because of subsequent decline in membership. That fund was now available to finance the major part of this purchase.

In the fall of 1977 Levi Smoker was ordained as pastor for the congregation. Willis Yoder's responsibility shifted to assistant pastor, after having served as pastor for 30 years. Special services on Sunday, August 7, highlighted this event with the ordination and installation services for the Smokers in the morning followed by a fellowship dinner. The evening service celebrated the 30 year history of the congregation and gave special recognition to the contribution of Willis and Florence Yoder.

In the early past of 1977 the interior of the church building was re-decorated. The log walls were covered with wall paneling, to the regret of occasional visitors who nostalgically remembered the rustic appearance of the logs, but to the delight of the local members, especially the women who cleaned them. Carpeting also was laid on the floor.

In June 1978 a four room construction trailer was purchased and set up adjacent to the existing building to provide space for Sunday school classrooms. In

December of that year some used church pews were purchased to replace the old benches.

The size of the congregation has not increased to great numbers and our past is not the history of a perfect record. We've had our casualties but we've also had our successes. There have been some 80 members since the beginning. Some have left the fellowship of the church, some are active in other denominations, and some have moved to other areas and are still with the Mennonite church. The congregation's membership now stands at 22 with Sunday morning attendance averaging between 35 and 40. In addition to members and the young children of those families, the life of the congregation has been enriched by Christians of other denominations who, over the years, have chosen to worship with us and to participate in the work of the church. We are grateful for their contribution.

We have endeavored to be faithful disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, to live daily according to the Word of God and to teach its truths, to serve our fellowman, both physically and spiritually, locally and world-wide. At the present time regular services are held Sunday morning and evening and Thursday evenings. Through these and a variety of other activities both as a group and individually we desire to fill a place in our community and to touch some at their point of need.

History of the Churches

by Barb Romaniuk

The churches and services in Chisholm consisted of the following faiths; Nazarene, Anglican, Roman Catholic and the Mennonite.

As far back as I can remember, there were always Sunday School and Church Services in our community. Of these, the Nazarene Church was the most



Edith Piper, Chisholm Sunday School.

active and the majority of the children attended these services and in particular, our Sunday School.

Most of the Services of the early 1930's were held in peoples homes or the old school house.

Edith Piper, a talented musician was one of the women responsible for getting the people together and also holding Bible Services. Miss Piper later married Sidney Eggleston, a mill worker here. Together, they were both active within our church.

It was then that a house was renovated inside, with new pews, pulpit and railings, and pictures hung on the walls. The exterior was painted with a lot of help from the townspeople. This church turned out to be one of the nicest in this particular area.

Edith Eggleston had been stricken with Polio, leaving her crippled, but never to a disadvantage as she was always there every Sunday. For transportation, (due to lack of cars) a special two-wheeled cart was built for her and was pulled by a German Shepherd dog. In winter months, a sleigh was used. The town children would gather at her home and run along side her cart all the way to church. Somehow, it seemed like Sunday School wasn't the same without her, as she was admired by everyone.

Today, Edith Eggleston lives in Red Deer, Alberta.



Chisholm Sunday School class and Edith Eggleston, Vera McRoberts, Samuel Eggleston, Hazel Dunford.

Miss Lawrence and Miss Hadley were here after this for several years. They too, both resided here beside our Nazarene Church and held Services every Sunday. They spent a lot of time visiting the many families that lived here.

About 1948, a Reverend Merve Paul from High River arrived. He held Sunday School in the morning and Church Services Sunday evening. Many of the local women assisted with the children and the teachings of the Bible. Flossie Paish never missed a Sunday as she was our organist for years in our little



Sunday School (Chisholm). Back: Velma and Naida Rochon, Mrs. Paish, Mrs. Christensen, Barb Pukanich, ? Iwaskow. Front: Carmen Christensen, Ruth Crick, Pat Casavant, Beth Winteringham, Lawrence Rochon, Dennis Casavant.



Preacher Paul and wife.

white church. Also, Velma Rochon was a great help in organizing the Sunday School with the many children that attended. Ethel Christensen and Dorothy Matty also assisted with the Church then.

Reverend A. Goudy, with the Standard Church, came to Chisholm about 1955 and also resided here, so therefore had two services weekly. He left Chisholm for awhile and upon returning, brought back Reverend Parks. Again, our Church was active with the towns people assisting. The Walter Johnston family and Mrs. Paish were a big help then as well.

In 1956, Reverend W. Yoder, a Mennonite Minister who lived in Smith, then commuted to Chisholm to hold services on Sunday and also Wednesday evenings for four years.



Miss Lawrence and Miss Hadley.

Reverend W. Yoder resides in Smith as yet and upon talking to him, states that the four years he spent in Chisholm were very enjoyable and include many rewarding memories.

Our Anglican Services started in the year 1936 with a Minister by the name of Reverend John Ford. The services were held in the school where many of the local children were baptized.

In the year 1943, Reverend Cyrus Lang, from Athabasca held services here.

Then in 1950, Reverend Charles Preston carried services here. It is the Provincial Archives of Alberta whom we should thank for this information on the Anglican Services held here. Also, on their books was quoted and recorded by Reverend Preston a thank you to Mrs. Flossie Paish for her attendance and hospitality.



Mr. Johnson, Mrs. F. Paish, Mrs. Johnson.



Church at Chisholm.

During 1956 to 1960, Father Morisette from Westlock held Mass here twice a month. He often stopped at the homes of Eugene Prefontains, Len Stiles, Mike Franchuk, and Donat Marcoux, to name a few. Several children were baptized in the Roman Catholic faith while Father Morisette was here.

This includes my memories of the Churches in Chisholm.

Anglican Church by Mary and Guy Raessler

Church was held in the log school house. The minister came from Smith or Athabasca. In the summer months, we had student ministers; they would walk, ride horseback, drive buggy or a dilapidated car. Sometimes they would come by train and the people would give them overnight lodging. One of these students was best man at the wedding of Lucy Beecroft and Alex Young; he went on to become our Bishop. Mr. Olaf Finstead donated a piece of land to build a church, in the early 1950's. A missionary minister, Dr. David Pinkerton, came to the district and he, with Bob Beecroft, started to work on the church. They recruited volunteer labor and the first service was a Christmas Eve Candle Mass in 1953. The church was named after Dr. Pinkerton, "St. Davids." There are no services held in this building now (1984) and it is still unfinished.

Sunday School by Janet Jolliffe

Uncle Ernie Croswell felt a calling to teach the Bible so about 1970-71, he started a Bible class for the children and adults in Hondo. He held this class in the same little log church that Reverend Parks had built in 1949. Uncle Ernie travelled from Westlock every Sunday to teach this class. Aunt Teany and Linda Jolliffe helped him in his works. They had Bible verse hunts, sang chorus and held Christmas programs. The Jolliffe twins, Larry and Garry,

played their guitars for some of the sing-a-longs, and thoroughly enjoyed it, though they might have been off-key most of the time. Uncle Ernie also played a guitar and sang hymns. We never had a large congregation but all who attended took pleasure in it.

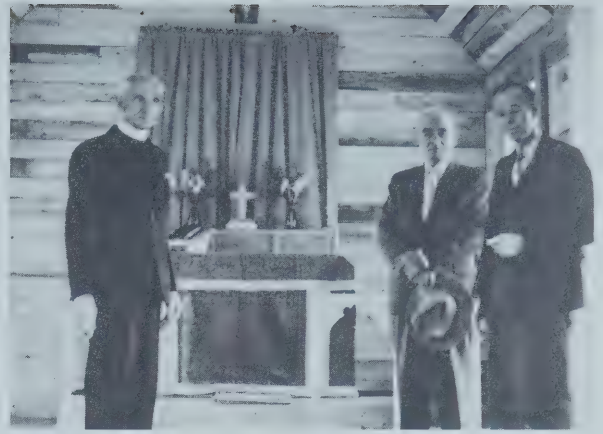
Uncle Ernie finally had to give up his Bible class in 1982. The little log building was pretty cold winter months, with no electricity or gas heating. Also, the long drive was getting to be too much for him. We thank him for the teachings and pleasure he has brought us.

Sunday School Caravan as told by Mary Raessler

Sunday School Caravans, established in 1920 by Miss Eva Hasell and financed chiefly through her efforts, were invited to the Diocese in the summer of 1930. The Sunday school was taken by post one step closer to the children on isolated homesteads. Miss Eva Hasell and her assistant Miss Iris Sayle, through their house to house visits, added a large number of new correspondents to the Sunday school roll. Equally important was the work these women did in making contact with the childrens parents; often traveling on roads that were mere trails and getting stuck; calling on a farmer to pull the van out and set them merrily on their way.



Miss Sayle and Miss Hasell.



Reverend Dr. Pinkerton, Mr. Martin and Bob Beecroft in Hondo Church.



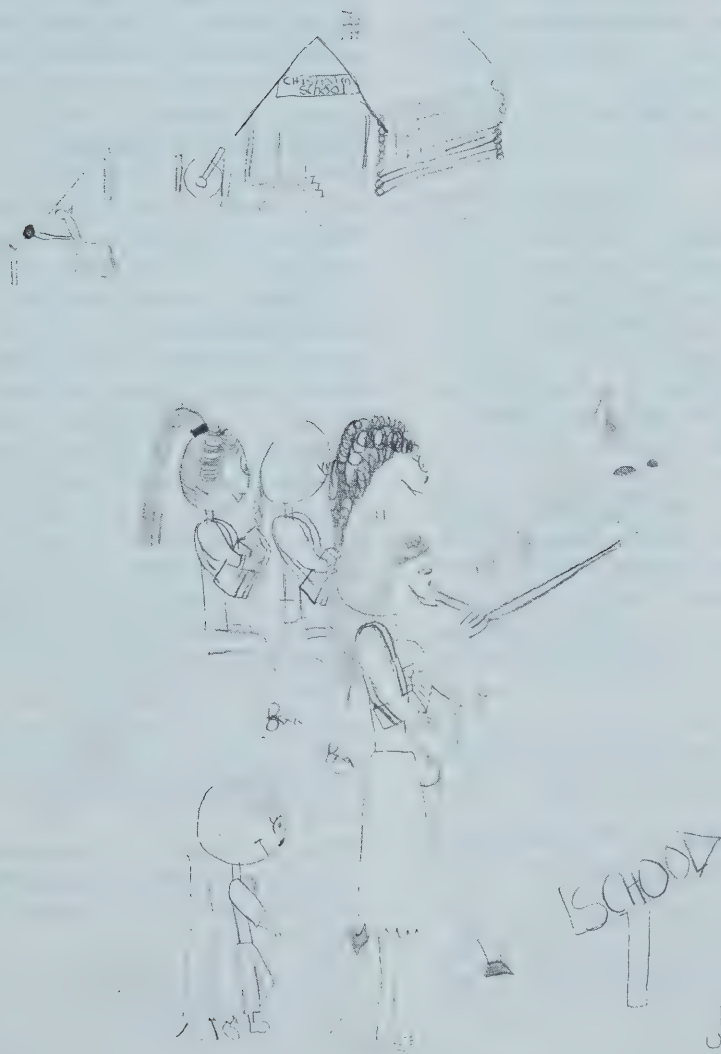
St. Nicholas Sunday School van operated by Miss Sayle and Miss Hasell.



Sunday School van pulled out of mud hole in Hondo district, 1930's.



Schools



School Districts (1)

Lands included in the formation of the **original** school districts is shown as follows. In many cases the area was increased or in some cases deleted by changes in boundaries. These changes are not shown here.

Smith: Sections 8-17-20-21-S½ of 28 and 29 — Part of 7-18-19-30 in Township 71 — Ranges 26 West of the fourth meridian. Sections 11-12-13-14-23-24-25-S½ 36 — part of 15 and 22 east of the Athabasca River in Tp. 71, Rg. 1 W5Mer. Organized 21 Mar. 1919.

W. C. Richards of Athabasca was appointed official trustee on 16 July 19. R. J. Gaunt, Inspector of Schools was appointed official trustee 17 Sept. 19. P. A. Beveridge of Peace River was appointed official trustee 17 May 20. L. B. Yule of Peace River appointed official trustee 26 Feb. 23.

On 15 March 23 a special head tax of \$4.00 on every adult resident was levied to assist school finances.

Sunshine Valley #3109 — Officially organized 10 March 14. A petition to organize a school district was signed on 17 Oct. 13 by Wallace Morgan, W. O. McAboy and H. H. Reamer. They sent in three choices of a school name. (1) Green Valley, (2) Sunny Vale and (3) Sunshine Valley.

Lands included in the district were: Sections 26-27-36 north and west of the Athabasca River in Township 71 Rg. 26, W4M.

Sections 1-2-3-10-11-12-13-14-15-S½s of 22-23-24 in Tp. 72 Rg. 26 W4M. Sections 7-18-S½ 19-SW¼ 20-W½ 17. Part of sections 6 and the W½ section 8 North of the Athabasca River in Tp. 72-Rg. 25-W4M. Senior Trustee was J. Hess of Moose Portage. The school house was to be built on the SE¼ of S.14-Tp. 72-Rg. 26 W4M adjoining the Anglican Church property.

M. M. O'Brien of the Department of Education was appointed official trustee 6 Jan. 22. L. B. Yule of Peace River was appointed official trustee 22 May 23.

Chisholm #632 — Organized on April the 18th, 1934 with the following lands assigned to it:

Sections 18-19-30 and 31 in township 68, Range 1 West of the 5th Meridian. Sections 13-24-25 and 36. Parts of sections 14-23-26 and 35 east of the Athabasca river in township 68, range 2 west of the 5th meridian.

Official trustee was H. B. Trout, of Barrhead, Alberta.

Mirror Landing #3793 — Organized 21 March 19 with the following lands assigned to it: Sections 16-19-20-21-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-parts of sections 15 and 22 west of the Athabasca River in

Tp. 71-Rg. 1-W5M. Sections 4-5 and 6 in Tp. 72-Rg. 1-W5M.

Was declared a "Village" school district on organization.

No school house was ever built and school taxes were directed to Smith school district. The school district was "disorganized" and cancelled 19 June 33.

Moose River #4366 — Organized on 16 Oct. 28 and had the following lands assigned to it: Sections 23-24-25-26-27-33-34-35-36 — Parts of sections 13-14-21-22 and 28 north of the Lesser Slave River in Tp. 72-Rg. 3-W5M. Sections 1-2-3 and 4 in Tp. 73-Rg. 2-W5M.

Hugh McFarland was the senior trustee.

Crerar #4934 — Organized on May 30th, 1946 with the following lands assigned to it:

Sections 19-20-21 and 22 — West half of sections 23 and 26. Sections 27-28-29-30-31-32-33 and 34. West half of 35 in Township 72, Range 1 West of the 5th Meridian.

Sections 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17 and 18 in Township 73 Range 1, West of the 5th Meridian.

Official Trustee was W. E. Hodgson, of Athabasca, Alberta.

Forest View #4624 — Organized on 5 Oct. 33 with the following lands assigned to it: Sections 31-32-33-34 in Tp. 69-Rg. 26-W4M. Sections 3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-15-16-17-18 South halves of sections 19-20-21 and 22 in Tp. 70-Rg. 26-W4M. School was built on SW 9-70-26-4. School building was sold 17 March 54. (Doesn't say to whom.)

Otter Creek #4871 — Organized 19 Apr. 40. It included the following lands: Sections 31-32-33-34-Tp. 71-Rg. 25-W4M. Part of section 36 south of the Athabasca river in township 71, Range 26, west of the 4th meridian. Sections 3-4-5-9-10-15 — parts of sections 6-8-16 and 22 east and south of the Athabasca river in Tp. 72-Rg. 25-W4M.

The school house was built on SW¼ 4-72-25-W4M.

W. E. Hodgson of Athabasca was appointed official trustee 8 Sept. 43. School building was sold 2 Oct. 54 to the local Mennonite Church.

Hondo #4435 — Organized on 14 Aug. 29 and assigned the following lands: Sections 13-24-25-36 — parts of sections 14-23-26 and 35 in Tp. 70-Rg. Rg. 26-W4M. Sections 13-14-15-22-23-24-25-26-35-36 and parts of sections 16-21-27-28 and 34 east of the Athabasca River in Tp. 70-Rg. 1-W5M. Parts of sections 2 and 3 east of the Athabasca River in Tp. 71-Rg. 1W5M.

Senior Trustee was G. F. Hawes of Mirror Landing.

Declared a "Village" school district 10 Dec. 30.

\$4.00 per adult "poll tax" levied 27 Mar. 31.

Original school site was SE¼ 23-70-1-W5M.

This school building was sold 27 Nov. 58. (Note: Buyers name not given)

Ranch #4708 — On 10 Oct. 35 the following ratepayers met to petition to have a school built in their area: O. Hayes, Wm. Frazer, E. Scratch, B. Ramsay, A. Marr, T. Zamiski, L. Milne, S. Chandler, H. Smith and B. Russell. The name "Ranch" was proposed to co-incide with the name of the local post office. Their petition was accepted and the school was organized on 7 Dec. 35 with the following lands assigned to it: Sections 18 and 19 in Tp. 70-Rg. 25-W4M. Sections 13-14-23-24-25-26-27-28-33-34-35-NE¼ 15-N½ and SE¼ 22-E¼ of 29 and 32-W½ in Tp. 70-Rg. 26-W4M. S½ 6 in Tp. 71-Rg. 25-W4M and the south half of 1 and 2 in Tp. 71-Rg. 26-W4M.

The first board of trustees consisted of William Frazer, B. Russell and Orval Hayes.

Smoky Creek #4636 — This school district was organized on 20 June 34 with the following lands: Sections 2-3-4-5-9-10-11-14-15-16-20-21-22-23-N½ and SE¼ of 8 and 17. Parts of 26-27 and 35 south of the Athabasca River in Tp. 71-Rg. 26-W4M.

School was built on the NE¼ of 16-71-26-4.

A special grant of \$150.00 was awarded this school district on 7 July 37. A "Poll tax" of \$4.00 per adult was levied 31 July 40.

A teacher, Laura J. Adams, resigned her position 7 May 38.

School Districts (4)

The following school districts were created by the Department of Education for administration purposes only. No school houses were ever built on these and the children were taken by bus to the Smith centralized school.

Bridge #4930 — 6 Dec. 45; **Crerar #4934** — 30 May 46; **Deep Creek #4959** — 28 July 49; **Portage Trail #4977** — 22 Sept. 50 and **Mountbatten #4988** — 30 July 51.

There seems to be some indication that a school of sorts was once in operation at Port Cornwall (Mirror Landing) but there is no record of such a school having been authorized by either the Northwest Territories Council nor the Alberta Department of Education. Perhaps this school (reported in a news item in the Athabasca Times of April 26th, 1914) may have been privately financed or perhaps under the auspices of the church.

When the Social Credit government of Alberta began shortly after they came to power to create the large school divisions, the one-room schools re-

ferred to here were gradually phased out over the years. A large centralized school was constructed in Smith and placed under the jurisdiction of the Athabasca School Division.

Chisholm School History

During the years 1929-1931, Miss Edith Piper taught school lessons in her home to the few children in the community.

On April 18, 1934, the Chisholm School District #4632 was established. The first school house was built with volunteers from the community. On May 15, 1934 the first teacher, Mrs. E. Major taught 21 students their A.B.C.'s. These first students were:

Grade I — Bouchard, John	Grade II Dunford, Ivan
Grade I — Bouchard, Roland	Grade II Rochon, Cora
Grade I — Crick, Marie	Grade III Crick, Viola
Grade I — Crick, Velta	Grade III Luklan, Olga
Grade I — Dunford, Kenneth	Grade III McGee, Robert
Grade I — McGee, Donald	Grade IV Rochon, Edna
Grade I — Nahajoski, Walter	Grade V Gagnon, Victoria
Grade I — Rochon, Edmon	Grade V Horton, Daisy
Grade I — Rochon, Real	Grade VI Luklan, Pauline
Grade II Crick, Charlie	Grade VII Gagnon, Tony
Grade II Dunford, Hazel	

Mrs. E. Major taught grades one through eight until November 4th, 1940, when our school was enlarged. A Miss Adeline Gander was employed to teach grades four to eight.

Following is a list of teachers who worked all or part of the school year ending:

1934-41	Mrs. Ethel Major	1955-56	Henry Roth
1940-41	Adeline Gander	1955-58	Luella Wilson
1941	Donald Johnstone	1956	Walter Goss
1942-43	Margaret McKim	1957-58	Ann Stiles
1943	Yvonne Poirier	1959-62	Beatrice Litke
1946	Sadie Kerr	1959	Thelma Schwarz
1946	Richard Boswell	1960	Shirley Pukanich
1948-52	Claud Reid	1961-64	Thelma Schwarz
1952	Rhoda Corrigan	1961	Ann Stiles
1953	Rhoda Ristock (Corrigan)	1962	Mr. J. Khullar
1953-54	Julian Zilinski	1962	Mrs. P. Khullar
1954	Ann Stiles		

The School staff taught up to grades eight only; then in 1943, they included grade nine students. The teachers had the chore of supervising at least four grades each, sometimes more.

In 1962 and 1963, only grades one through six were taught here and grades seven and eight were bused to Flatbush for one or two years. In 1964, all the students were transported by bus to Fawcett. And now, in 1983, the children, from kindergarten up to grade nine, go to Fawcett and the high school students are bussed into Westlock.

On October 1, 1960, our School District was included in the Westlock School Division #37 (Sub-division #1). On August 31, 1963 we were trans-

ferred to Northland School Division #61 (Subdivision #2) for eleven years, and in 1974 we were again transferred back to Westlock School Division #37, where we are today.

Following is a list containing the number of students enrolled into Chisholm School each year:

Year **Number of Students**

1934	21
1935	37
1936	34
1937	32
1938	37
1939	41
1940	43
1941	53
1942	56
1943	63
1944	35
1945	38
1946	37
1947	43
1948	48
1949	44

Year **Number of Students**

1951	54
1952	58
1953	56
1954	51
1955	61
1956	70
1957	66
1958	71
1959	63
1960	62
1961	58
1962	40
1963	16
1964	14



Division I. Chisholm, 1942.

Chisholm S.D. No. *4432*
of the Province of Alberta, Department of Education

PUPIL'S NAME	1	2	ATTENDANCE—DAYS PRESENT AT SCHOOL					
			Jan	Feb	March	April	May	June
Pochoy, Pearl	8	1	—	19	21	16	18	22
Ward, Irene	14	VI	—	19	22	12	20	22
Cy B, Patrick	10	II	—	—	11	16	20	18
Cy B, Lionel	8	I	—	—	11	16	18	16.5
Cy B, Nora	7	I	—	—	20	16	20	22

Document.

Chisholm S.D. No. *4432*
of the Province of Alberta, Grades *1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8*

PUPIL'S NAME	1	2	ATTENDANCE—DAYS PRESENT AT SCHOOL					
			Mar.	April	May	June	July	Total
Christensen, Sh. B.	8	20	16	20	17	2		75
Pukarsch, Frank	20	16	20	20	2			78
" " " " " "	21	15.5	19	20	2			77.5
Pukarsch, Mary	7							7
Borstad, Ray	8	21	16	20	20	2		79
Lusachew, Rudolph	13	16	20	20	2			71
Pukarsch, Bertha	21	15	20	20	2			78
" " " " " "	20.5	16	20	18	2			76.5
Lusachew, B. and	21	16	20	19	2			78
Christensen, Ernest	6.11	15	16	20	20	2		73
Lusachew, Walter	18	15.5	20	20	2			75.5

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E.—See sections 9 and 10 on inside page front cover for instructions re calculation of average attendance and percentage of attendance for the term. In making calculations teachers are requested to use decimal, and not vulgar, fractions.

SUMMARY OF ATTENDANCE

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	Total
Total aggregate attendance each month					209	409.5	617.5
No. of teaching days school was open each month					21	22	43
Average attendance of pupils for each month					19.5	19.5	
No. of pupils in actual attendance during each month					8	21	
Percentage of attendance of pupils for each month					97.5%	92.5%	

Percentage of attendance for the term 95.19%

Average attendance for the term 18.71

TEACHER'S DECLARATION

I, Echel Major, holding a valid Second class certificate from the Department of Education for the Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare:

(1) That I have taught and conducted the school in the Chisholm

School District No. 4632 of the Province of Alberta, in accordance with the requirements of The School Act and the regulations of the Department of Education from May 15 1934, to June 29 1934, being a period of 33 legally authorized teaching days during the school term ending June 30th, 1934.

(2) That the register of the said school has been faithfully and impartially kept;

(3) That the Text-books used in the said school were those authorized by the Department of Education and none other;

(4) That my agreement with the Board of Trustees of the said District is in accordance with the provisions of The School Act and that I am not under any contract or understanding whereby my position or duties of agreement is to be made of no effect;

(5) That all my salary has been paid up to and including the last day of the said term, except the amount of \$ which was due on that date;

(6) That the abstract from the school register and summary of attendance given in this return are correct.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of The Canada Evidence Act.

Declared before me at Chisholm this 29 day of June 1934.
E. Major Teacher.
J. S. Suter A Commissioner of the Province of Alberta.

Address for mailing Government Cheque:

Treasurer's P.O. Address Chisholm, Alta. Teacher's P.O. Address Chisholm, Alberta

NOTE—The following space is for use in the department. No writing or marking of any kind to be made thereon.

33	DAYS AT \$	90.4	29	70
33		20.5	6	60
DEDUCTED FOR BOND PREMIUM \$				
DEDUCTED FOR OFFICIALS/SUPPLIES \$ 6 60				



B.—Complete and correct information should be given in these declarations in order to facilitate payment of Government Grant.

June 30th, 1936

PUPIL'S NAME		Grade	ATTENDANCE—DAYS PRESENT AT SCHOOL						
			Jan	Feb	March	April	May	June	Total
Abrams, June	1	VI	-	19.5	16.5	16	19.5	21	92.5
Boachard, Johnny	1	I	-	15	19	7	-	-	41
Bouchard, Roland	1	I	-	17	22	7	-	-	46
Bryan, Della	1	I	-	-	-	9	11	22	42
Bryan, Donald	10	II	-	-	-	9	20	21	50
Bryan, Lottie	1	IV	-	-	-	9	15	22	49
Bryan, Mary	7	I	-	-	-	6.5	16	22	44.5
Crick, Charlie	12	IV	-	-	-	8.5	20	22	50.5
Crick, Marie	10	II	-	-	-	9	20	22	51
Crick, Velta	7	II	-	-	-	9	20	19.5	48.5
Crick, Viola	14	VI	-	-	-	8.5	20	22	50.5
Dunford, Eunice	7	I	-	17.5	15	16	20	21.5	90
Dunford, Hazel	10	IV	-	19	17	16	19	22	93
Dunford, Ivan	12	IV	-	20	22	16	20	22	100
Dunford, Kenneth	9	II	-	18	20	10	22	22	90
Elgert, David	10	IV	-	20	19.5	16	19	22	90.5
Elgert, Edward	9	II	-	20	19.5	16	20	21	96.5
Gagnon, Victoria	14	VI	-	18.5	22	16	20	22	98.5
Gale, Wilfred	7	I	-	19	7	-	-	-	26
Luklon, Olga	13	VI	-	17	17	13	17.5	21	85.5
Luklon, Stella	11	IV	-	17.5	17	16	19	20	89.5
Major, Audrey	6	II	-	20	13	14	20	22	89
McGee, Donald	9	II	-	19	20	16	20	20.5	95.5
McGee, Robert	11	VI	-	20	19	16	20	22	97
Nahajoski, Walter	9	I	-	17.5	21	12	-	-	50.5
Provost, Albert	12	I	-	13	16	7	-	-	36
Rochon, Cora	12	IV	-	19	21	16	18	22	96
Rochon, Edmon	9	I	-	20	21	16	18	22	97
Rochon, Edna	13	VI	-	45	24.5	-	-	-	-
Aggregate Attendance Carried Forward			36.5	34.5	32.5	45.7	142.5	199.5	

Half-day attendance must be entered on each and not counted as whole days.

*In this column the total accurate attendance of each pupil during the term must be filled in and care taken to see that the

Abstract from School Register for Term Ending

July 10th, 1936.

PUPIL'S NAME		Grade	ATTENDANCE—DAYS PRESENT AT SCHOOL				
			Mar.	April	May	June	July
Agnes Lye	1	I	20	10	19	18.5	2
Amoshow Rooban			19.5	16	19	18	2
Pakenich Eddie			21	16	20	20	2
Chick Evelyn			7				
Bucraft Beverly	6	I	21	16	17	19	2
Christensen Frances			21	16	17	19	2
Harvau Florence			11				
Amoshow Victoria			21	15	20	20	2
Paish Eugene			16	14.5	17	8	0
Pakenich Barbara			21	16	20	20	2
Rochon Naida			21	16	20	20	2
Walker Martha			20	15	20	17	2
Puck Ralph			4	5			
Bucraft Lana	15	I	21	16	17	19	2
Evans Lillian			21	14.5	26	19	0
Agnes Lye			21	12.5	20	20	2
" Lina			21	13	20	19	2
Glenn Kathleen			21	12.5	17	18	2
Santhier Raymond	12	I	20	13	15	17	2
Amoshow Francis			14	15.5			
Amoshow Nadie			18.5	15	19	20	2
Starr Marie			19	16	19	17	2
Walker Jimmie			21	16	20	19	2
" Marion			21	15	19	17	2
Amoshow Barry			16	12			
Aggregate Attendance Carried Forward							

Document.



Chisholm School, 1941. 1st row: ?, Ernie Christensen, Jack Rochon. 2nd row: Vurle Finstad, ?, Henry Christensen, ?. 3rd row: Alice Rasmussen, Jean Lobb, Alice Nadeau, Mary Bietka. 4th row: Audrey Major, ?, ?, ?, Annie Starr, Florence Paish, lone Finstad, Mr. Johnson.

Document.



Mrs. Ann Stiles.



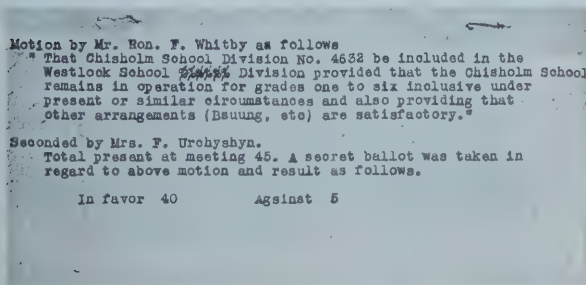
School, 1944 (Chisholm).



Chisholm schools, 1952.



Junior classroom, Chisholm about 1957.



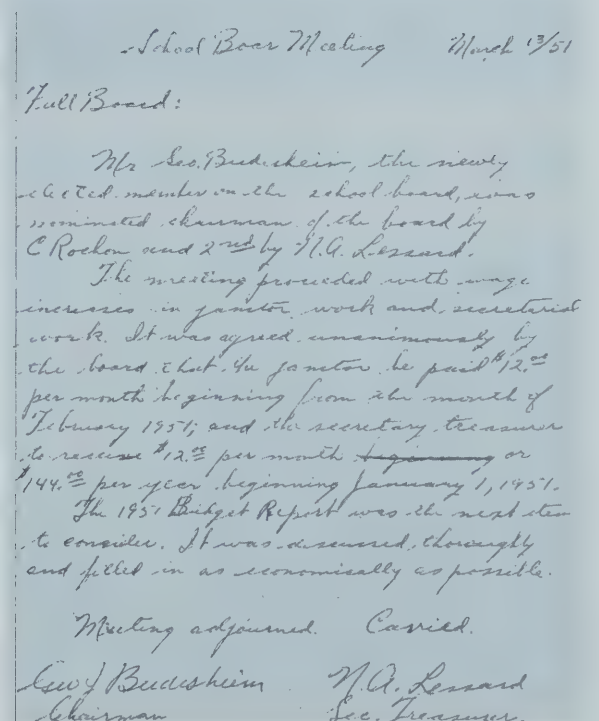
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Mrs. Wilson with grades 1-4, 1953.



Division II Girls, 1942, Chisholm.



Document.

A special meeting was held on September 2, 1935, in the Hondo School Room with forty-three people in attendance. This meeting was called by the rate payers of Cheskolm to discuss further the joining of the Westlock School Division and the bussing of High School children.

The chairman, Mr. Sokalski, called the meeting to order and asked for nominations for a chairman for this special meeting. Nominations were as follows:

O. Christensen nominated by G. Schwarz
- seconded by R. Whithy.
Mrs. Lither moved nominations cease
seconded by Mrs. A. Ward. Carried.
Mrs. Lither was nominated for secretary by G. Schwarz, seconded by Mrs. Brancink. It was moved by R. & Whithy and seconded by Mrs. Gidwong that nominations cease. Carried.

O. Christensen and Mrs. Lither were then nominated for the evening.

Discussion followed. Mr. Johnston asked for the figures, one of the new school. Mr. Brown gave the cost as \$8, when this figure was taken from a statement issued by the contractor.

Mr. Johnston made a motion that Cheskolm be made an separate district, seconded by Mr. C. Creek. Discussion began took place following



Document.

which the chairman asked how the people wished to vote, i.e. by show of hands or secret ballot.

Mrs. C. Creek moved that we vote by a show of hands, seconded by Mrs. Whithy. Carried.

A vote was then taken and the motion to remain an separate district was defeated with only four people in favor.

It was moved by G. Lubanich and seconded by H. Brand that the School Board act on the motion from the previous meeting, which stated that Cheskolm be excluded in the Westlock School Division. Carried.

A motion to adjourn was made by G. Lubanich and seconded by G. Schwarz.

Mrs. B. Lither (sec.)



Document.

Minutes of Meeting held on March 8, 1935
at 8:00 P.M.

Present: - George J. Berdeshian, Chairman
Mrs. H. A. Gillies, Justice
Mr. Wm. Cunningham
Mrs. J. Baker, Sec. Treas.

The Secretary welcomed Mrs. Gillies to the meeting in that it was the first since she became a Justice.

The minutes of the last two meetings were read and on motion of Mr. Cunningham, seconded by Mr. Berdeshian they were adopted as read.

The Secretary advised the Board that she had received instructions not to prepare the budget for the coming year, so at this meeting on which the Budget would normally be completed, this could be left over until the April meeting.

There was then considerable discussion on the possibility of having playground equipment erected and well necessary repairs to the schools and fences during the coming year done by community efforts. It was decided a date should be set on which the Justices and Teachers go over what repairs were most necessary and improvements which could be made and a plan framed with which to carry it out.

Moved by Mrs. Gillies that the one from Johnson Lumber Co. Ltd. for \$50.00 be paid. Seconded by Mr. Cunningham. Motion carried at 11:00.

Document.

Forestview S.D. No. 4624

by Mrs. Emily Sveen

In the early 1930's the need for school in the district east of Hondo became pressing. Some children lived eight or nine miles from the hamlet and roads were nearly impassable except by horseback most of the time.

William Pizzezy, Charles Severied and Mr. Berg formed the first school board and stirred up interest among the other settlers, and the Department of Education. After many stormy debates and a Government Grant, a site was selected; the land donated by Mr. Severied. He also owned a small sawmill and it was decided to haul out logs and build from rough lumber. A homemade shingle mill produced shingles for siding as well as a roof. Great hopes were enter-



Forest View School.

tained for growth in the community, so finish and quality in the building were sacrificed for size. The floor was one ply, handplaned, and frost adorned the cracks in it during most of the first winters.

The heating system consisted of a heater made from a forty-five gallon oil drum set in the center of the huge single room. Someone was always kept busy stuffing it with fuel which was the slabs from the lumber and shingles, plus logs, donated, hauled, and sawed by the settlers. All the work, both initial building and upkeep, was free. Many names were suggested and "Forest View" was chosen by popular vote. It was opened in September 1935, with Miss Dorothy Spence of Athabasca its first teacher. Just nineteen years old, and her first school, she deserves a great deal of credit for her success with a difficult task. The seventeen pupils ranged in age from six years to seventeen. The grades were from one to nine. Some had never attended school and others had not for four or five years. Miss Spence boarded with a family one and a half miles away and braved all kinds of weather to keep her school open. It was a cold winter, with deep snow, and snow plows or bulldozers in rural communities were unknown then.



Pat Beecroft, Mary Weinrich, Joan and Thelma Beecroft, Barbara Weinrich, Ada Drader, Myrva Crowell, Fern Miller, Phylis Drader, and Elsie Bintz, Forestview school.

Besides her regular duties, Miss Spence produced a successful Christmas concert after many hours of thought, planning, and downright hard work. The "hall" was packed!

The building was not lined up inside or a second floor laid for several years, when it was partitioned off to provide a cloak room and living quarters for the teacher, still leaving the school room plenty large enough for the class which did not grow in accordance with the builders' hopes.

Settlers moved out rather than in and in time the school was no longer central. Consolidation was becoming popular and the time came when the remaining settlers bowed to progress and reluctantly gave up plans to move the old school or rebuild farther south. The children were taken by bus to Hondo and two years later to Smith, with the senior high students taken to Athabasca.



Forestview school closed and students were driven to Hondo. Nurse Drummond Hay on wagon seat, Lucy Young standing beside Charlie Coy (bus driver) who is holding Gary Davies.



Ann Martin, teacher at Forest View in the 1940's.

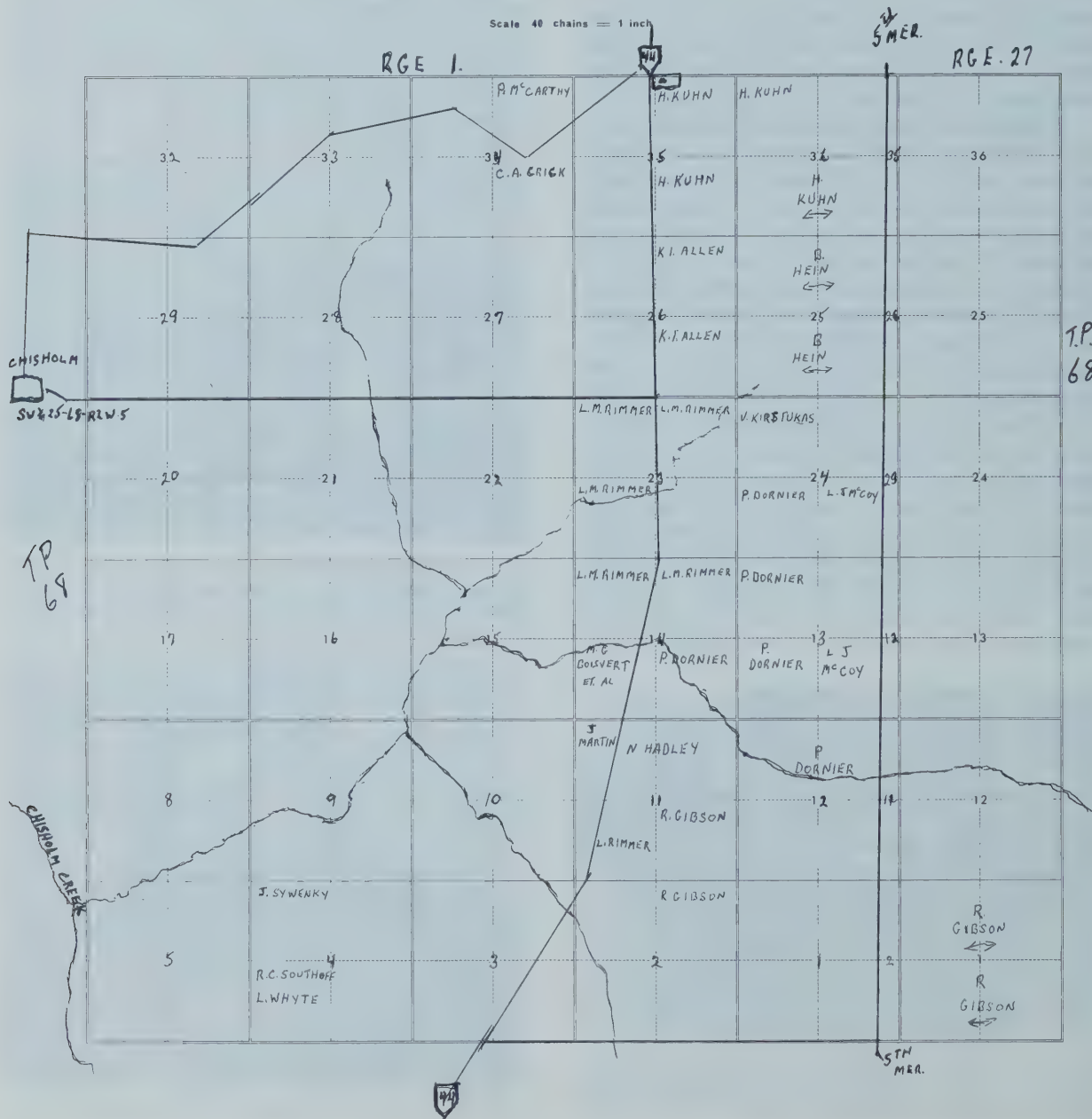
The building was sold to the Ladies' Club of the community for a hall but by that time the old spruce shingles were leaking and spoiling the floor. The cost of repairs was formidable so it was resold to Frank Young, who dismantled it for the lumber it still contained.

Nothing is left now but a rumpled spot in a small grass grown clearing and many memories — "Teacher" sitting on a block of firewood warming

her back while preparing or correcting a lesson, noisy youngsters, shielding heat-flushed faces with one hand and toasting frozen sandwiches on willow sticks before the open door on the old barrel heater with flames roaring up the stove pipe and sparks flying! Many Christmas concerts, dances, and parties (shaved wax and cornstarch helped to smooth the floor) were held as the building served as a community hall and church, as well as a school.

Tp. 68 Rge. 24-48 / West of 5 Mer.

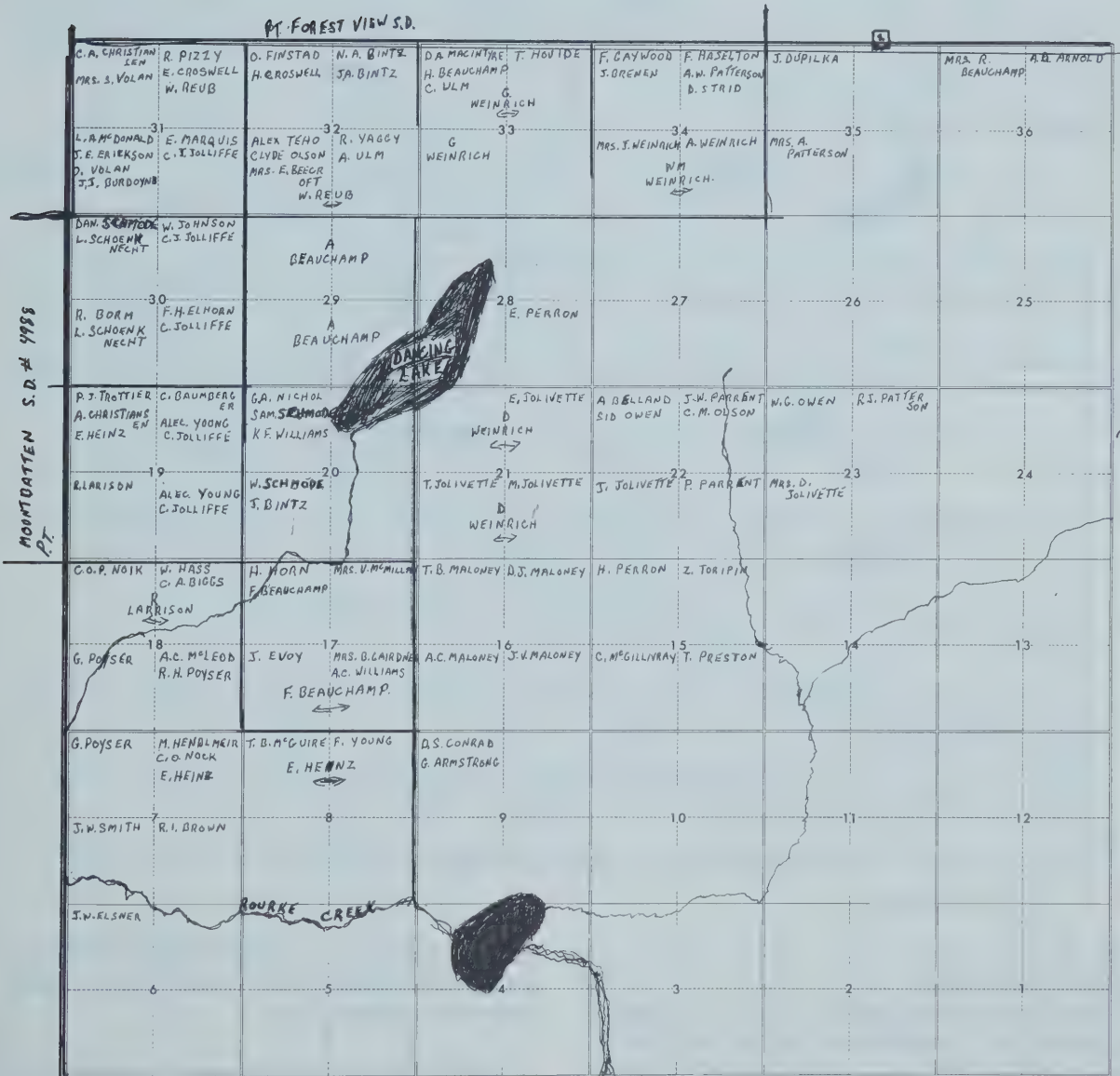
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Tp. 69 Rge. 26 West of 4 Mer.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch

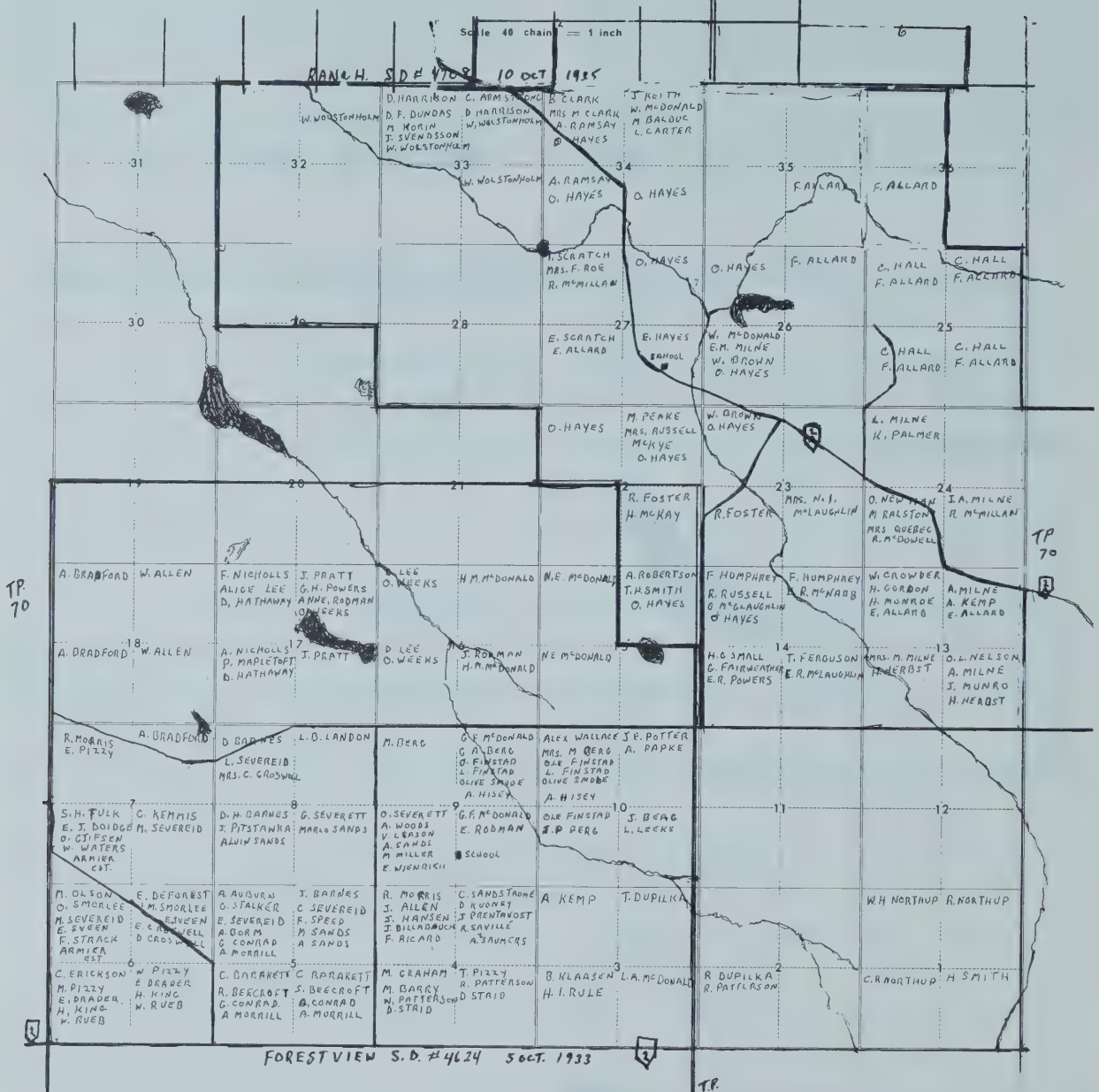
PT. FOREST VIEW S.D.



RGE 26

TP. 69

Tp. 70 Rge. 26 West of 4 Mer.



School by Mary Gaywood

That first fall, Mary moved to Hondo and rented the back of Ole Finstead's store so the girls could attend school. There was a school at Forest View where they lived but no teacher was available that term. The next spring, a teacher, Mrs. Ann Worthing, came and the family moved back to the shack at Forest View. Mrs. Worthing taught for one year, then Ann Martin taught for two years. There was a succession of teachers before the family came here and

quite a few as the years went on. Some were Dorothy Spence, Mr. Roberts, Miss Moody, Betty Boulton, Doris Pole and Mrs. Cole.

After a few years, teachers were impossible to get at Forest View School so the parents decided to van the children to Hondo. Mrs. Emmy Sveen had a team of horses and a covered wagon which served as a school van. Mary served as second driver; she drove when Emmy was sick. This arrangement lasted only one term, then a teacher was back at Forest View.

Hondo School District



MOOSE RIVER SCHOOL DISTRICT # 4485			
RECEIPTS			
(since Dec 31st 1931)			
1.-Nov 10, 1931	Grant for Oct-31 days-Nov-30 days	\$114.40	
	Dec-3 days		
2.-Jan 13, 1932	E. Worthing School Tax	14.40	
3.- " " "	R.F. Willis " "	11.50	
4.- " " "	Jerome Gladu " "	11.40	
5.-Feb 11, 1932	Presumably proceeds from Imp. Bank	137.85	
	loan of \$175.00		
6.-Mar 29 " "	Grant for Sand's lease	4.40	
7.- " 30 " "	Northern Alberta Railways School Tax	171.45	
8.-May 9 " "	Grant for term ending Dec 31st, 1931	103.05	
9.- " " "	Grant for April 18ss \$15.00 advanced	38.30	
	for term ending Dec 31st, 1931		
10.- " 17 " "	Grant for 21 days in March	54.40	
11.-June 11 " "	Stanley Fishko's School Tax	12.00	
12.- " 22 " "	Carl & Otto Baumbarger's School Taxes	39.50	
	arrears and current		
13.- " 29 " "	Grant for 20-1/2 days in April and	97.50	
	17 days in May		
14.-Aug 21 " "	Andre Bolanzuk's School Tax (Poll Tax)	4.00	
15.-Sept 15 " "	Grant for term ending June 30th, 1932	101.07	
Total Receipts accounted for to:		\$ 950.42	
include Sept 15, 1932			
16.-Oct 15, 1932	Balance (cash on hand) on Dec 31/31	154.24	
	as indicated by audit of March,		
Total amount which has been available		\$1104.66	
to defray expenditures of this S.D.			
from Dec 31st, 1931 to Sept 15th,			
1932.			

Document.

School

Walter and Irene O'Neil by Lois (O'Neil) Shannon

The first school that the children attended was called the "Club House" and was about one and one half miles from our place. About 1937, a school was built on part of the O'Neil farm and an Anglican Church was built there also. The minister used to come out from Smith one or two Sundays a month. One Sunday morning we heard a big racket and looked out just in time to see a team and buggy with no driver, go tearing through the yard. Dad rushed out and into the yard came the new Anglican minister. Before he even introduced himself to Dad, he said, "If the Bishop thinks I'm going to play nursemaid to a pair of Bloody Ole Broncos, he's crazy," and then told Dad that he was Reverend Keiller. The minister usually had Sunday dinner at our place after church. I can remember on some Sundays I would stay home and help Dorothy prepare the dinner while the rest of the family went to church.

The Xmas Concerts at the school, box socials and the July 1st picnics were always exciting times that the whole community turned out for and everyone really enjoyed them and the dances that followed.



Moose Portage, floating bridge to school, 1931.

Moose River School by Wilma Loseth (Roe)

Finally the school got started with lumber from the government, logs the men cut and much hard work from the men and boys in the district. I think school finally started in the spring of 1931. My brother George, seven years old and I, eleven, were beginners, but most of the other children like my brother Jerry and sisters Florence and Lizzie, had some schooling in the States. Let's see if I can remember all the children who started with me or went when I did, which included four summers (24 months).

Mildred Hayes
Mary Loza
Baron Bradford
Sandy Petrovich
Lillian Olson
Gerald Bradford
Tom Bradford
Philip Bradford
Mary Bradford
Arlene Olson
Jerry Roe
Irene Knapp
Wilma Roe
Irene Olson

Florence Knapp
George Roe
Alice Knapp
Wallace Knapp
Albert Knapp
Lizzie or Elizabeth Roe
Joe Knapp
Katherine Hayes
Helen Loza
Dorothy Petrovich
Margaret or Maggie Hayes
Alberta Roe
Paul Petrovich
Mary Mutch

We only went to school for six months in the summer as most of us did not have enough warm clothing to go in the winter. I think I may have missed some of the children but can't place them at the moment.

Moose River School by Kathryn Hugo

The Moose River school, situated about ten miles northwest of Smith, was in operation from 1930 to about 1942. Prior to this time, students in search of knowledge trudged some three miles over frozen river and muskeg to Spurfield. With the coming of spring break-up, their studies were, of necessity, ended for another term. In 1930, residents of the Moose River district, pooled their resources and built

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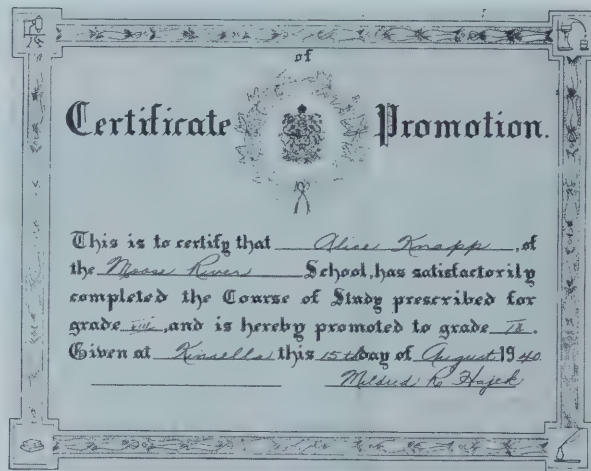
J. B. Anderson, teacher at Moose River School, 1937.

the winter of 1938-39 Miss Katheryn Hayes (now Mrs. Hugo) daily transported the four school-age Lennie children from Spurfield to Moose River, their own school being temporarily closed for lack of pupils. The van may have been a bit slow, but we would venture to guess that it was cosier and more reliable than many later models.

Mr. Peacock was followed in turn by Miss M. Harvey, Miss M. Hajeck, Miss J. Anderson, and Miss L. Scott, who still has vivid recollections of her tenure at Moose River.

A real problem existed in the selection of a teacher during the thirties. In 1935, following the receipt of a large number of applications, the Moose River School Board was faced with the task of selecting one

application. Just how should this be done? The four trustees read the letters. These contained handwritten applications, copies of several recommendations, as well as copies of inspector's reports. Each member picked an application. Now how should just one be chosen? In true sporting fashion the four applications were placed under a blanket. An outsider was asked to pull one. It gave satisfaction to Mr. Jack Hayes that the application of Laura Scott, his choice, had been drawn.



Document.

Schools

Clarence and Ruby Olson 1930-1955 by Irene (Olson) O'Neil

There were quite a few children in the Moose River district and no school. Bill Petrovich, Dad and other men of the neighborhood got together, got out logs and built the Moose River School. It was about one and one half miles east of the Moose River bridge. Our first school teacher was Mr. Lawrence Peacock, a young red headed fellow who certainly deserved much credit for putting up with so many inconveniences and hardships. There was no place for him to live that first year so he had one little corner of the school room for his living quarters. The second year he came back with a wife, Kathleen, and they lived in a little house on the John Bloom place. He had to walk about two and one half miles to school. My sisters and I had a four and one half mile hike to school. The school term began April 1st through to November 1st as the winters were too severe for kids to walk such distances to school. So when most kids were enjoying summer activities like swimming and fishing we sat in a hot, dusty school room, slapping off the mosquitoes and bulldogs and trying to absorb some of what our poor teacher was



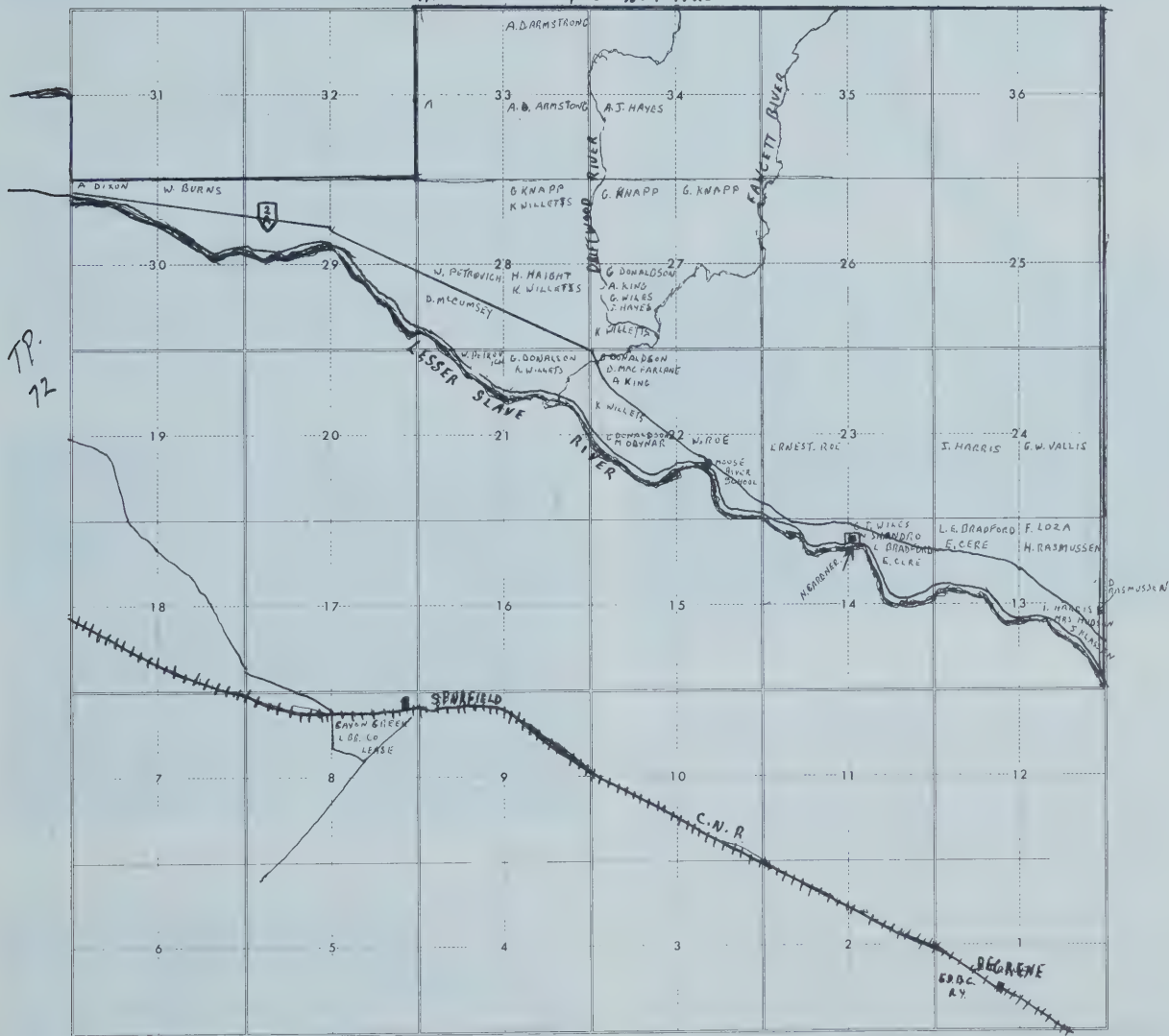
Mrs. K. Hugo and her school bus (Moose River school from Spurfield) 1938-39.

Miss May Harvey, who later married Reg Fields from Spurfield.

Tp. 72 Rge. 2. West of 5 Mer.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch

MOOSE RIVER SD. # 4966 Nov. 1928



RG E. 2.

Mountbatten School District

Tp. 69 Rge. 27 1 West of 5 Mer.



Schools by Lester Bolen

By 1940 we were thinking of a school for Otter Creek. Ranch district had a new school and Smoky Creek was planning one. We had lots of families by now: Clarence Olson and family with four children, Henry Reason and wife, Ethel, and their four children. Ewald Elgert and family came in 1941.

For the school, I donated three acres in the north-west corner of my property. Everyone in the district helped to build the school, getting out logs and peeling them, but the two men who did most of the work were John Johnson and Clarence Olson. I made two trips to Athabasca, 60 miles each way; one trip for bricks and cement, and one trip for lumber. Clarence Olson made the shingles for the school, too.



Otter Creek school children, 1951.

When it was all done, it was the best built, best looking school in the whole country.

The first teacher we had was Mrs. Ewald Elgert in 1942. Their homestead was half a mile north of the school. My wife, Anne was secretary; I was one of the Trustees; and Bill, our oldest boy, was janitor. In 1944 Mrs. Elgert gave up teaching to be at home. We had a student teacher from Athabasca (I can't remember her name). She only taught a couple of months. It was hard to get teachers during the war time.



Otter Creek school children on a picnic, 1950.



Otter Creek School.

Ranch S.D. No. 4708

by Mrs. Edith McConnell

The Ranch school had its beginning in the years of 1935-36. The people of the district obtained permission from the Board of Education to build.

The land was donated by Mr. O. Hayes. The neighbors all volunteered help and tools.

Logs were cut and hauled for the walls. Two men who had taken homesteads here (Emil Antonson and Joe Swanson), were hired to erect the walls. These logs were tongued and grooved, moss was tamped along the length of the logs, then the next log set down, and so on. Corners were dovetailed. The roof was of the cottage style and shingled. The floor and ceiling were of boards. The people of the community all helped with construction. They were: W. Brown, L. Milne, J. Munroe, O. Hayes, C. Hall, E. Scratch, J. Colwell, A. Marr, Wm. Fraser, F. McConnell, B. Ramsey, T. Zamiski.



Ranch School.

All desks and furniture were hand made. Some made their own or had others do it for them. For heating purposes, a barrel type wood heater stood at the back of the room. Wood was donated by members of the district. A well was dug some distance from the school. (Jim Colwell and Joe Swanson worked at this.)

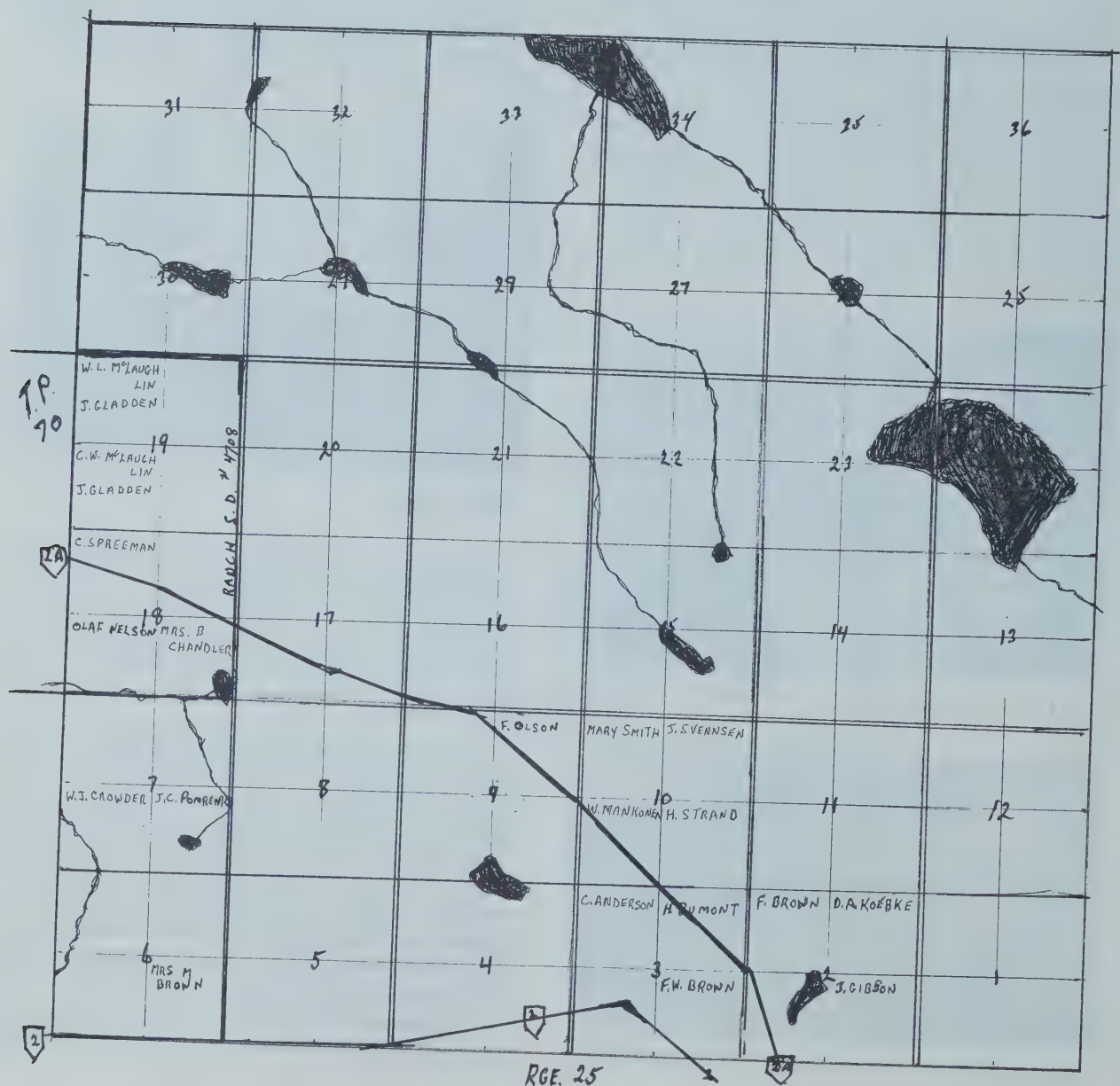
The school opened for classes in April of 1937. The first school board consisted of E. Scratch, O. Hayes and Bill Fraser. Jim Colwell was secretary. The first teacher was Miss Salamandyk, with a class of ten pupils. These were Ethel and Norman Milne, Robert Brown, Edith and Bernice Hayes, Ruth and Alberna Scratch, Mary and Peter Fraser, and Viola Quebec. All these started in Grade 1 with the exception of three. Norman Milne and Alvina Scratch had correspondence lessons and were in Grade III when school opened. Viola Quebec was in Grade 7 or 8 prior to moving here. Miss Salamandyk taught

through the summer until Mr. Woyowitka (1938-39) came in the fall and taught for one term. J. A. Roberts (1939-40) taught next. Mr. O'Grady (1940-41) was next for two months, then Mrs. Bea Dobson taught the remainder of the year. Mrs. Anderson (1941-42) taught one year. A Miss Frances Wilson taught the following year. After that came Emily Jones (1943-44) and the last to teach at Ranch was Mrs. E. M. McEvony (1944-45).

At this time consolidation of schools began and children were taken by bus to Smith in the fall of

1945. Ranch school closed and stood idle for a few years. In the late 1940's or 1950 the Ranch District Community Society was formed. They bought the school and it was used for dances, bingos, and meeting places, etc., until the year 1964. The Society was dissolved and all moneys on hand were donated to the Crippled Children's Fund. The land went back to the original owner and the school building still on its original site.

T.P. 70 RGE 25 W-4 MER.





Ruth and Alverna Scratch, Norman Milne, Bernice Hayes, Mary and Donny Fraser, Bob Brown, Ethel Milne, Pete Fraser, Edith Hayes, Verda Ramsay, Russell Scratch, Mona Ramsay. 1938. Ranch School.



Mr. Johnson, school bus driver.

Smith School History as related by Hazel McCumsey in 1957

Smith children started going to school 36 years ago in 1921. It was held in a building owned by Mr. Newell Sr. and was situated in almost the same spot as that occupied now by the planer. The first teacher was a Miss Green. Two of our citizens who attended that school are Mr. Jim Brazeau, one of our present bus drivers, and Mr. Bill Mullins. There are probably others that I haven't heard mentioned.

In 1923 a log building owned by Mr. Bill Burns, a coal man for the railroad, and situated here on our present school grounds was bought, and used as a school room.

About this time, Mr. Yule school inspector in charge of all the schools from Grande Prairie to Lac La Biche, came to Smith, and called a public school meeting. This meeting was very similar to school meetings held now. Three men attended. The late Mr. Archie Vallie, Mr. George Bisson, and Mr. Bert

The classification of pupils at Smith S.D. # 3792 during January 1938

<i>Grade I</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>1 boy</i>	
<i>Grade II</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>2 boys</i>	<i>1 girl</i>
<i>Grade III</i>	<i>-</i>		<i>2 girls</i>
<i>Grade IV</i>	<i>-</i>		<i>4 girls</i>
<i>Grade V</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>1 boy</i>	<i>3 girls</i>
<i>Grade VI</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>2 boys</i>	<i>2 girls</i>
<i>Grade VII</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>4 boys</i>	<i>2 girls</i>
<i>Grade VIII</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>1 boy</i>	<i>1 girl</i>
<i>Grade IX</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>1 boy</i>	<i>2 girls</i>
<i>Grade X</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>2 boys</i>	<i>1 girl</i>
<i>Total</i>		<i>14 boys</i>	<i>18 girls</i>

Small. Mr. Yule called them the school Board. They held this position for a number of years.

In 1925 they needed a larger school, and bought another log building from Mr. Fred McDonald. The small building was then used as a teacherage. Mrs. Cole, a few years ago, when she taught in Smith, lived in that teacherage. At present it is owned by Mr. Jack Hayes, who rents it out as a small dwelling.

In a few years this school proved too small, and a frame addition was added, making a large single room. This was used till 1944 when the Athabasca School Division took over what is now sub. division 4. It had nine school districts operating. Now there are several more districts but only two schools in operation, Smith and Hondo. Mr. Guy McCumsey was the first Divisional trustee for this district.

That same year a new one-room school was built. This was more modern with large windows for better lighting.

In 1945 the school population had out-grown this room also, and another room was added. About this time Ranch school was closed and the children



Group of Smith School children.

bussed into Smith. Laurence Lake school was moved in, in 1950, and used to hold another class.

In 1955 another one-room building was built, and one class used it for two years. This room was finished so that it could be renovated into a home economics and shop building at a later date. In May 1955 a centralized School Board was formed.

In 1956 the present new addition was started, and in September 1957 was put to use, holding 3 classrooms at the present time. This gathering is the first to be held in the new gymnasium.

During the last few years, other country schools were closed and the pupils brought to Smith to complete the present set-up. These being Smoky Creek, Otter Creek, Sunshine Valley, Portage Trail, Moose River, Bridge and lastly Spurfield. Four buses are used to transport these pupils to the central school.

At present there are approximately 220 pupils attending the Smith School. Add to these about 180 pre-school age children, which will make 400 children, and you will see where our new school will be in use for some time to come.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark are the janitors of this large school and do a very beautiful job of keeping it shining.

An update from 1961 to 1984

In September 1961 another addition was opened to the building. In it is a large library, Principal's Office, science room, four more classrooms and indoor toilets and showers. A few alterations were made in the old part. A new well was dug, and water is pumped into the school. The sewerage field is located west of the school.

In the fall of 1965 Grades 11 and 12 were picked up every Sunday evening and taken to Athabasca. The pupils boarded in private homes or at the hostels, and were brought back to Smith on Friday nights.

Smith school had as many as three hundred and some students at one time. It became difficult to give the proper high school training wanted by many students. Gradually these classes were sent to Athabasca, where they boarded at various places during the week. Then, for two years they were bussed daily to Slave Lake. Then another change in policy, was made, and the high school students have since been bussed daily to Athabasca.

Smith school continues to hold classes in grades one to nine. Since the departure of Zeidler's Mill and many of the families, the school population has declined considerably, and classes are smaller. Play school students are now taught in the same room as grade one students. Some of the other rooms have two grades as well.

The school building itself has changed. In

1982-83 it came in for complete renovations, inside and out. The result is a bright and cheerful modern school that Smith can be proud of.

Smith School Board
Teacher's Annual Report
Smith S.D. #3792.

1) No. of teaching days in school term from Jan. 3rd 1939 to June 30, 1939 were 117.5 days (Miss Scott was teacher)

2 (a) Number of teaching days in school term from Sept 5 to Dec. 30, 1939 were 76 days plus 2 days' Convention (Miss Fox took)

2 Total number of children attending in 1939:

January -	27
February -	26
March -	27
April -	24
May -	26
June -	26
July -	0
August -	0
September -	28
October -	28
November -	31
December -	26

+ 6 children across river

3. There are 2 children of school age not attending school.

4. Average daily attendance for Jan 3rd June 30th term was 22.01 pupils

For Sept - January term was 23.97 pupils (lower)

Document.



Smith Grade 11 class, 1959-60, extra units.



STANDARD FORM OF CONTRACT

BETWEEN
TRUSTEES AND TEACHER

This Agreement made in triplicate.

BETWEEN—

The Board of Trustees of Smith
School District No. 3792 Division No. _____ of the Province of Alberta,
(hereinafter called "the Board")

— and —
Dorothy Jean Fox
(Write Name in full)
of 12724-127 St Edmonton
the holder of a First Class Intermediate
(Insert class of certificate)

Certificate of qualification as a teacher in Alberta, hereinafter called "the Teacher."

WITNESSETH:—

That subject to the provisions of *The School Act, 1931*, and the Regulations of the Department of Education, the Board hereby employs the Teacher, and the Teacher agrees to teach and conduct school for the Board on the following terms:

1. The annual salary shall be \$ 840.00, and subject to the following schedule of increases:

2. The period of employment shall from and including the 1st day of September 19 1939

DATED this twenty second day of August

Signed on behalf of the Board [CORPORATE SEAL].

Charles E. Sassmore
Witness to Chairman's signature.

H. G. Smith
Chairman.

Charles A. Sassmore
Witness to Teacher's signature.

Dorothy Jean Fox
Teacher.

No. of Teacher's Alberta Certificate 243-37

Mission Landing Alta
Teacher's Address in School District or Division.

NOTE:—Refer to *The School Act, 1931*, and Amendments thereto:

For engagement and contract, see Sections 155 to 158 (inclusive).

For minimum salary, see Section 161.

For method of payment of salary, see Sections 161 to 164 (inclusive).

For method of terminating an agreement, see Section 157.

For information regarding vacation periods and holidays, see Sections 144 and 145.

Teacher should sign with Christian names in full.

The Chairman or any other Trustee authorized to do so may sign (Section 158).

One copy of this Agreement should be retained by the Board, another by the Teacher, and the third forwarded at once to the Department of Education.

NOTE TO TEACHER:—

Refer to "*The Teaching Profession Act, 1935*", and Amendments thereto:

For notifying the Secretary of the Alberta Teachers' Association forthwith of particulars of this engagement.

* IN DIVISIONS. Give name of School District to which Teacher has been allocated and advise Department of



STANDARD FORM OF CONTRACT

BETWEEN

A BOARD AND A TEACHER *other than a Substitute or Temporary Teacher*

This agreement made in triplicate.

BETWEEN:—

The Board of Sunshine Valley
(Insert name of School District or School Division as the case may be)

No. 3109 of the Province of Alberta (hereinafter called "the Board"),

— and —
Anna Jean Rogers
(Write Name in full)

of Edmonton, Alberta

the holder of a Second
(Insert class of certificate)

Certificate of qualification as a teacher in Alberta, hereinafter called "the Teacher".

WITNESSETH:—

That subject to the provisions of *The School Act, 1931*, and the Regulations of the Department of Education, the Board hereby employs the Teacher, and the Teacher agrees to teach and conduct school for the Board on the following terms:

1. The annual salary shall be \$ 700 and subject to the following schedule of increases:

2. The period of employment shall be from and including the 14 day of October, 1941.

DATED this 23rd day of October, 1941.

Signed on behalf of the Board [CORPORATE SEAL].

Sara M. Tate
Witness to Chairman's signature.

Bert Olson
Chairman.

W. Galby
Witness to Teacher's signature.

Anna Jean Rogers
Teacher.

No. of Teacher's Alberta Certificate 184-09

Morse Portage
Teacher's Address in School District or Division.

NOTE:—Refer to *The School Act, 1931*, and Amendments thereto:

For engagement and contract, see Sections 155 to 158 (inclusive)

For minimum salary, see Section 161.

For method of payment of salary, see Sections 161 to 164 (inclusive).

For method of terminating an agreement, see Section 157.

For information regarding vacation periods and holidays, see Sections 144 and 145.

Teacher should sign with Christian names in full.

The Chairman or any other Trustee authorized to do so may sign (Section 158).

One copy of this Agreement should be retained by the Board, another by the Teacher, and the third forwarded at once to the Department of Education.

NOTE TO TEACHER:—

Refer to "The Teachers' Retirement Fund Act, 1939".

Refer to "The Teaching Profession Act, 1935", and Amendments thereto:

For notifying the Secretary of the Alberta Teachers' Association forthwith of particulars of this engagement.

* IN DIVISIONS. Give name of School District to which Teacher has been allocated and advise Department of subsequent changes.



Group of Smith School children.



Esther Dixon, bus driver from Otter Creek and Smoky Creek districts.



Smith Grade II class, 1958-59.



Smith School, 1968-69.



Smith School after remodeling, 1984.



Teachers, 1961-62. Back: Sarah Cole, Ron Hudspith, John Richel, John Verney (principal), Don Richards, Fred Reinholdt, Lena Tarasavich. Front: Violet Fedorchuk, Alison Long, Gene Earl, Marlene Villeneuve, Jean Zamiski and Anne Stiles.



Group of Smith School children.



Smith Grade V class, 1968-69.



Smith School Staff, 1977-78.



Lawrence Lake School and students, 1950. Left to right: Lyle Orton, Norman Fleming, Margaret Fleming, Lorne McGrath, Victor Fleming, Lyla-Ann Orton, Darry Bogart, Alice Fleming, Bob Bogart, Tom Seyfried.



Smith School Staff, 1979-80.



Smith School, 1968-69. Back row: Kurt Bagden, John McHugh, D. R. Swabey, Mrs. Stiles, Al Moster, G. Earl. Front: Christine Strach, Mrs. Moster, Irene Boisvert, E. Lambert, Miss Flowers, Sandy Reay (secretary), Emilio Ilago.



Smith School Staff, 1980-81.



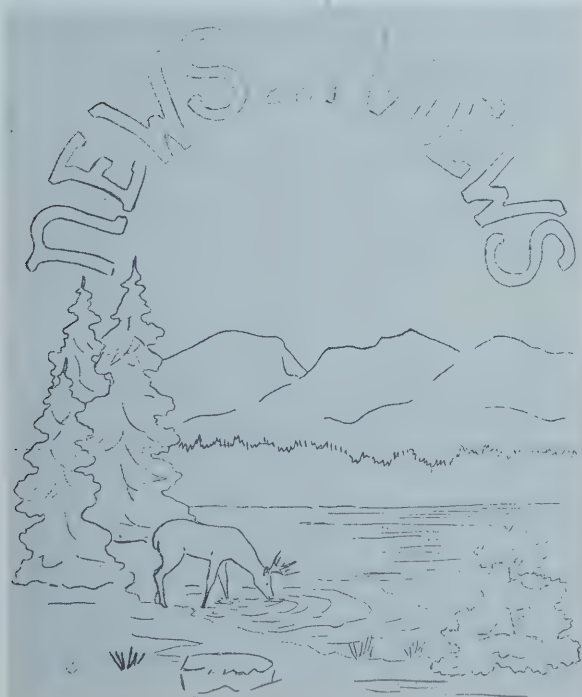
Smith School Staff.



Smith School Staff, 1983-84.



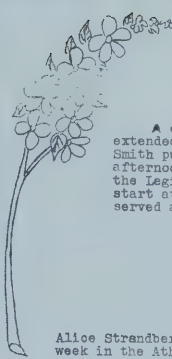
Smith Grade II class, 1955-56.



PUBLISHED BY THE
PUPILS OF THE SMITH SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Document.

SCHOOL NEWS



A cordial invitation is being extended to the parents of all the Smith pupils to attend a Friday afternoon program on November 28, at the Legion Hall. The program will start at 1:30 and a lunch will be served afterwards.

Alice Strandberg a pupil of the Senior room spent a week in the Athabasca hospital. Martin LaPlante, a junior pupil, spent 4 days in the hospital.

We're glad to see them back, feeling much better.

BIG BET

A BIG bet is on among some of the grade ten girls. The bet was that the girls taking short hand would not finish their course.

The losers will have to buy cokes for the winners.

Miss Poole, the school nurse, delivered the vitamin pills to the school on Thursday, November 20.

Jean Zamiski, a former pupil of Smith School, was down from Valley View for a weekend. She visited the school on Friday, October 31.



Document.

SAGINAW EVENTS

HALLOWEEN DANCE

On October 31, a Halloween Dance was held in the Smith Hall, sponsored by the Legion. Prizes were given for the best costumes and for different dance competitions.

Joyce Jesse, Don McCandless, and Mrs. C. Hall each won five dollars, and Lorraine Laskewski won a two-pound box of chocolates, for the best costumes.

Artie O'Neill and Pauline LaFlamme, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and Wilfred Gladue and Betty Young won the prizes for the Spot Dances. Each couple won two dollars.

Mr. Clarence Olson and his partner, Nora Olson, received two dollars for the old time waltz competition.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Olson won two dollars for the schottische competition.

Although we believe that the dance would have been a bigger success if more people had turned out in costume, still everyone seemed to have fun. We're all looking forward to the next masquerade dance.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

On Remembrance Day, November 11, the Smith Branch of the Canadian Legion sponsored a dance.

Several articles were raffled off but most of them went to people outside the district.

The Ladies' Auxiliary attended the booth and served sandwiches and coke.

A large crowd was present so the dance must have been a financial success as far as the Legion was concerned.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Coura wish to announce the marriage of their daughter Alma Jean to Frank Bortler of Westlock. They will be married on Saturday, November 28, at two o'clock in the Westlock United Church.

An account of the wedding will be carried in the December edition.

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Count Down From Apollo

By Sam Maltin

I am sure that the most disappointed person in Alberta right now has got to be Pearl Young who won the right to represent Alberta in the Golden Age Singles Championship to be bowled on June the 29th and 30th. Due to the airline pilots' strike, this Canadian Championship has now been postponed til July 27 & 28th.

In speaking with Bowling Headquarters in Toronto the other day, the men and women of the Golden Age Bowling Club of Canada will have more of a social visit, with some time left over for bowling. Carl Malcomson, the Executive Secretary for the Bowling Prop. Assoc. of Canadas, who handles most of the details for these National Events filled me in on some of the details and the bowlers will certainly not have time to become bored or claim that all their time was spent in bowling. The Pederson point system will be used in Eastern Canada for this event and that system benefits all bowlers. The winner of a match receives 50 additional points plus the score and it should make a very interesting roll off. However, we know that Pearl will give a good account of herself and her chances are good to take it all - not only that, but Pearl is a darn nice girl!!

Well the Spring League wound down last Wednesday and for the three leagues that bowled over \$400.00 was distributed to all the bowlers in all the leagues so every one was a winner. They didn't win much but everybody won and that's what makes people happy.

For the past couple of years there has been a gradual increase in the number of grades and schools who have arranged to visit the Drumheller Valley area, as part of an expanding educational program and for many of these smaller towns such as Innisfree, Hussar Three Hills, Morrin and several other points in Alberta, they make it a point to take in bowling as part of their visit to Drumheller.

The next episode is about just such a small town by the name of Smith, Alberta, which is about 160 miles north of Edmonton. The 'Grand Old Lady' of bowling at the Apollo

for the past two years has been Hazel McCumsey who by the way has 60 or more relations at Smith. Now the last time that the kids from Smith were here, Hazel McCumsey gave these boys and girls a treat by showing them how to bowl and then paying for a game. This happened about two weeks ago and the other day, Mrs. McCumsey received a very large envelope which contained therein the following 'thank you' letters.

Dear Mrs. McCumsey:
Thanks for showing us to the bowling building. We are really appreciate you paying for the first round. Tell Sam that we are grateful for giving the shoes free. We thought it was nice of you showing us how to bowl and your interet and time.

Yours truly,
Patty Dawn Graham

Dear Mrs. McCumsey:
Thank you for our first game and thank the owner of the Bowling Alley for us please. Thank you for teaching us how to bowl too. Well I guess that's all. Bye

Yours sincerely,
Brian Scratch.

Here is a dandy.

Dear Mrs. McCumsey:
Thank you for letting us go bowling with us and for being. Thank the man in the bowling aly for letting us in.

Yours siners
Francis Van Boxiel.

Apparently Mrs. McCumsey put an item on the air about these kids from Smith coming down and here is a little letter from Nancy:

Dear Mrs. McCumsey:

Thank you for letting every one in Drumheller know that we were coming and for taking us bowling and for teaching us how. It was nice. Well that's all I have to say, Bye.

Yours Sincerely,
Nancy Morrill

Here's what Norman had to say:
Dear Mrs. McCumsey:

I thank you for being so nice to us when you reported on the radio that we were coming to Drumheller and thanks an extra lot for paying for the bowling game. I'd like you to thank the

man that owns the bowling alley and yourself for all the hospitallity you gave us.

Yours truly,
Norman Belanger.

Here is a dandy from Leah

Dear Grandma McCumsey:

I thank you very much for taking us to the bowling alley and paying the first game. Myself I think that you are a good bowler. I thank you for announcing that we were at Drumheller. Also thank you for coming to the campground to see us. Thank the owner of the bowling alley.

Yours truly
Leah LaFrance.

Here is one that I am sure was written by Robyn's mother but was signed by Robyn.

Dear Mrs. McCumsey:

I personally would like to thank you for arranging for our class to go bowling. We really enjoyed it. Thank you for paying for one game. We appreciated it. Please thank the owner of the bowling alley for lending us the shoes.

Yours truly,
Robyn Drader.

Document.

Here is a quicky from Corey.
Dear Mrs. McCumsey:

Thank you for arranging for us to bowl and thanks for paying for our game and shoes.

Sirely,
Corey Hansen.

WELL, how do you like them apples? Those letters weren't apples they are gems and I am sure that somehow this paper will get up to Smith and I am sure that Grandma Hazel thanks you and I want to thank you. I love you all and say to you, come back anytime, you are all welcome. It must have taken a fair amount of money to transport over thirty kids 700 miles and to know that the high light of their trip was the bowling party.

For those who care, we would like to tell them that the Apollo Lanes will be open every night at 7:p.m. and it a good idea to stay in shape and do a little bowling during the coming weeks.

COUNT DOWN TIL NEXT TIME.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Bill Fraser has gone to her daughters at Nanton for a few weeks.

There seems to be an epedemic of new cars in Smith lately. Hall's have a new 53 Plymouth, Passmore's a 53 Chrysler, Joyce Olson a new 52 Chevrolet, Pete Fraser a 51 hard top Chevrolet convertible, Oliver Olson a 51 Chevrolet, Johnny Tasse a 51 Chevrolet truck, Emil Stelter a 52 Chevrolet and Melvin Boyer a 52 Chevrolet.

Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Walterhouse have moved to Smith. They have rented the garage that was built for the new nurse's home.

On November 19, there was an accident on No.2 highway near Johnny Lees farm when Stan O'Neil's truck skidded on a curve and rolled over. Both he and his passenger Harry Gould of Hay River were thrown onto the highway before it rolled. Neither was seriously injured. Stan had a few cuts on his head and Harry had a few bruises.

Auntie Goodwin has returned after spending several days in the city.

Two new private garages are being built in Smith, one by the Department of Public Works and the other by Art Fraser's.

Mr. Mortensen suffered severe injuries to his right arm in an accident at the planer. He was in the Edmonton hospital for a week or more and has now gone back for further treatment.

Harry Huculak of Hondo rolled his car when failing to turn a sharp corner near Beauchamp, Barry, and his brother who was with him received only minor injuries.

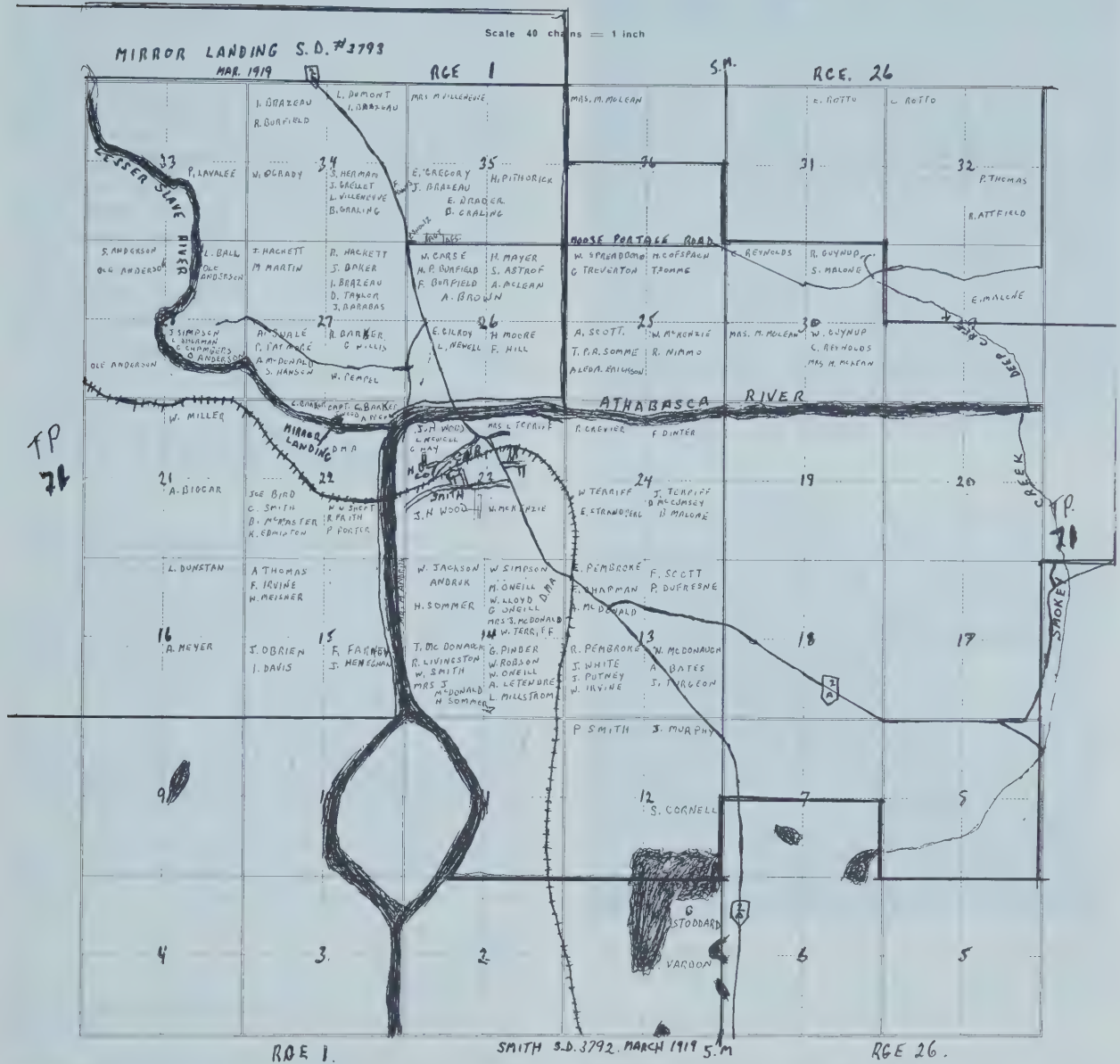
We wish to congratulate Mr. & Mrs. Mert Simpson on the birth of their daughter Beverly Alice. The baby was born on November 19, in the Athabasca Hospital and weighed 7 lbs. 1 oz.

The new nurse's home is 28 ft. by 51feet. It consists of five rooms and a bathroom. There will be a waiting room, a dispensary, a diving room, a bedroom and a kitchen. The home has a full basement and will be heated by propane gas. A 1,000 gallon tank and the furnace have just been installed. The outside of the house will be painted white.

The school children sold \$19.20 worth of poppies for the Canadian Legion.

Document.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch



Smith Grade III class, 1964-65.



2324
Kay Webster.



Bob Swabey and Miss Alison Long. Miss Long's retirement party, 1967.



Back from left: Lester Green, Sam Huxley, Bob Swabey, Emilio Ilago, Lena Strach, Harry Ashbey. Front: Neil Hughes, Fran Peech, Lavon King, Ettie Lambert, Irene Boisvert.

Smith School — Memories of a Young Man (1967)

From his mother and father and some old-timers, this young man learned that school in Smith was first held in 1921 in a small log building, and in 1923 the first school board was organized. In 1925 a building was bought from Mr. MacDonald. It was used as the school until 1944 when a new one-roomed school was built.

Then, a forerunner of our present population explosion occurred in Smith. In 1948 an addition was built, making the school a two-room building. In 1951 when our young man started school, grades 1, 2, and 3 were in the Lawrence Lake school building

which had been moved into Smith the year before. The other grades were in the other school and in the building bought from Mr. MacDonald.

In grade two, this young man discovered that his classroom was a converted pool hall, and Mrs. Cole was his teacher. The building bought from Mr. MacDonald was no longer used as a classroom. That same year a number of Mrs. Cole's grade two boys found a beehive in a pile of brush across the road from the school. When Mrs. Cole treated the stings with bluing, young Butch Graling became the original "polka-dot kid."

In 1952, a new four-room school was built. The two-room structure was moved to Hondo and was used there as a school for a number of years. It is now the community hall at Hondo.

In 1955, when our young man was in grade 6, a new one-room school was built and rumour had it that this building was to be used later as a home economics and shop building. That rumour died hard.

Our young man and many others think back with nostalgia to these years. They remember Tom Sawyer and other interesting films shown at school. There were school concerts too, and other school sponsored community events, such as picnics, box socials, and harvest dances. These were always well attended, and always enjoyed.

In 1957, a new addition, which included the gymnasium, was in use. And in 1961 still another addition was built and the present school plant came into existence.

The young man sees this modern eleven-staff school, (1967) with grades one to ten, in great contrast to his classroom in the pool hall.

School

by Lou Newell

My brother and I went to the Smith School, as did my sister Hazel, in later years. My first teacher was Miss Hume. I always remember her by her "Correction Twig". It was green colored but hard, especially on the knuckles. She used it for everything; pointing to the board, books and across the knuckles if you deserved it. The next teacher that I recall was a young lady, a Miss Ramsay. She didn't stay long as the boys drove her to her wit's end. Then came a man teacher named Porter. He had four boys that even helped us boys. After him, I believe Miss Dorothy Fox arrived and stayed two years. She later married and is now Mrs. Tom Atkinson of Edmonton.

Smith School

by Fred Hajek

I must mention the state of schooling on my

arrival in Smith. It consisted of two units; one, a single room school and the other a teacherage; which, I understand, was built by volunteer labor. It appears that Mr. George Bisson was the first secretary treasurer who, along with several parents, pushed the project. Outside of the railway and Val-lie's store and hotel there was very little more tax base to sustain the school operation. However, Mr. Bisson was most diligent in collecting the legal Poll Tax, which at that time was \$4.00 per head, from all sawmill and railroad employees and various squatters gainfully employed, to sweeten the pot while others contributed by supplying wood for heating. I took over as the secretary-treasurer shortly before leaving Smith. It was a voluntary position as was the case in most smaller school districts.

Miss Hume was the teacher on my arrival in Smith and was for a number of years, followed by a Miss Scott, and later Miss Ramsay and a Miss Fox.

Schools

by Sharon Van Buskirk

Sharon Van Buskirk writes, the present Hondo Community Hall was the school. It was divided into two rooms which had grades one to five in one, and six to eleven in the other. This was quite an experience after being used to one grade and one teacher per room. There were days in the winter when the furnace wouldn't function properly so we all went home. Then the community bought the building for a Community Hall and we were bussed to Smith.

The Smith Students Union was very active, organizing various activities. One of which was the school paper called News and Views. During the school year the students provided entertainment for the community with a program of local talent and a short play, followed by a dance held in the Smith Legion Hall. These functions were appropriately named Western Jamboree, Harvest Dance and Yule Tide Frolic.

We had very active girls and boys basketball teams. We hosted games at the school gym, as well as going by bus to other towns to play a game. The cheering section went too, of course.

I was in Grade Eight when we were first bussed to Smith and at that time Miss O'Dwyer was principal and her sister Mrs. Watson, was vice-principal. Friday evenings we would have a sock-hop in the school gym, supervised by Miss O'Dwyer. Those evenings were how some students learned to dance, while the others who could dance learned a new dance at some-time during the evening. They were for fun as well as learning.

The biggest entertainment every year was of course, graduation for the grade elevens. All the



Smith Grads, 1963. Roger Nikipilo and escort Helen Nasuszny, Gordon Guenette and escort Diane Stelter, Sharon VanBuskirk and escort Keith McCumsey.

excitement of decorating the gym, learning speeches, a new dress and of course a date.

The year of my Grade 12 was the first and last year for Grade 12 in the Smith High School. Three of us graduated that year and they were going to put our grad pictures on the wall as a ritual. This was to be done every year, with every Grade 12 Graduation.

School Again

by Gene M. Earl

In 1955, after eight years of marriage, it was decided that I go back to teaching, so I applied for a class in Smith. I was given Grade two. Miss Alice O'Dwyer was Principal at the time. I found teaching one grade different from the one-room school situation. There were also curriculum changes. With the help of Mr. Gault, the Superintendent, and the other teachers I managed to get through the first year and I kept on teaching. Two one-room buildings were being used as well as the larger four room school and I had my class in the one that had been the old Lawrence Lake School. The next year Miss Long and her Grade three class and I with my Grade two's changed buildings, as the big school was expanded we were able to get a room in it.

I rode on the school bus with the children. Art Dixon was the bus driver.

In 1959 we moved to town and lived in a teacherage for three years. Wes went to work for Orval Hayes, driving a transport truck.

I taught Grade two for seven years, then switched to the intermediate grades. The last few years that I taught, the teachers in Grades four, five and six

taught subjects rather than a whole grade. I made Social Studies and Music my specialties and taught a few other subjects as well. This made teaching more interesting and we could concentrate on subjects we preferred.

I took a year off in 1967-68. Then in February of 1970, I decided it would be nice to quit. Since there was a teacher available at the time to take my place, there was no problem. Outside of a few brief subbing jobs, I have not taught since.

Over those teaching years I also managed to complete the equivalent of two years University by taking summer school sessions and a couple of correspondence courses.

Smith School (1967)

by R. Swabey

Smith School, situated in the hamlet of Smith, fifty miles north-west of Athabasca, is unique in that it is the only school in the Athabasca school system which does not lie within the boundaries of the County of Athabasca. Although Smith's school affairs are administered by the County, the hamlet itself is a part of Local Improvement District 107. Representing Smith on the County School Committee is Mr. W. P. LaFrance, a local merchant.

Starting out as a four classroom structure a number of years ago, Smith School has continued to grow until the present building houses ten classrooms, a typing room, a music room, a laboratory and a gymnasium. Within the school, 213 children are currently enrolled in Grades one to ten. Despite the small enrollment in the high school, Grade ten students are offered both matriculation and general programs.

Since the one-room school has become a thing of the past, students from many outlying districts now depend upon Smith's educational facilities. Five school buses currently transport children from districts bearing such quaint names as Sunshine Valley, Portage Trail, Otter Creek, Smokey Creek, Ranch, Forest View, Mountbatten, Hondo, Bridge, Spurfield and Moose River.

The students of Smith, being adherents to the belief that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", engage in a hearty round of athletic activities. During the fall of the year there is cross-country running to occupy the fleet of foot. As fall merges into winter, volleyball and basketball come into the fore. Basketball is the strong point of Smith's budding young athletes, and they take great pleasure in informing anyone who cares to listen that this year the junior boys were winners of both the annual pre-season tournament and the Valley League trophy, which climaxes the junior high basketball season. During the winter months while some students are

involved in volleyball and basketball, others are avid participants in hockey and curling. As a matter of fact, the school proudly displays a trophy won by the hockey team in a competition at Slave Lake. To climax the year's sports activities, students gladly take to the spring sunshine with such activities as track and field, football, and baseball.

Last but not least, we must consider Smith School's 1966-1967 teaching staff. Present staff members and their home room classes are: Miss Long — Grade I; Miss Peech — Grade II; Mrs. Strach — Grade III; Mrs. Earl — Grade IV; Mrs. Boisvert — Grade V; Mrs. Stiles — Grade VI; Mrs. Cole — Grade VII; Mr. Doroshenko — Grade VIII; Mr. Ulett — Grade IX; Mrs. Olafson — Vice-Principal in charge of Grade X; and Mr. Swabey, Principal. Staffers come from as far abroad as the West Indies and as close to home as Smith itself, but all have one thing in common — the desire to bring each and every pupil to the realization of his or her potential.

The Schools of the Smith Centralized Area — Smoky Creek School

The Smoky Creek School was built in 1938 to the north of Muskeg Lake, on a piece of land acquired from John Reay. The school was built by Joe and Jack Hugo, from logs which had been felled by district members, A. Chapman, G. McCumsey, J. Van Verdegem, F. Coburn, and P. McDowell.

For the first two years school was open from May through the summer months and into the winter. After this school was resumed during the regular school months.

The first teacher was Miss Adams; she was followed by Miss Rogers, Miss Miller, Miss F. Meyers, Miss G. Silver, Mrs. McEvony, and a supervisor Miss Underwood. When Miss Underwood did not stay the year, the children were then bussed to Smith. This bus route now includes Otter Creek and the Ranch districts.

The first pupils came from families like the Holdens, Earls, McCumseys, Duponts, Walls, McDowells and Van Verdegems.

Mrs. G. McCumsey, the first secretary-treasurer of the school board relates that taxes were raised to pay the teacher and it could happen that a teacher had to wait for a few months for her pay.

The desks for the school were homemade affairs. This included the teacher's desk. The stove was an old converted oil barrel. Janitor work was done by the teacher and pupils. Usually water had to be hauled to the school because none was available at the school. This service was provided by the members of the community.



Smoky Creek School children. 1946-47



Water delivery to Smoky Creek School and teacherage, 1947.

The pupils used various methods of transportation to school: walking, dog sled, horse and buggy or cutter, as well as horse back.

One rather unique recess and noon hour activity was the trapping and skinning of rabbits. One pupil reports that one day some of the boys wanted to go skating on Muskeg Lake, almost half a mile away. Permission was granted but they were much chagrined when the teacher sent another student after them, because she decided they had been gone long enough. They had understood that they could stay for the rest of the day.

About two years before the school was closed it was covered with board siding and painted. The inside still had the logs showing, but these were painted. The school was purchased by the Bethany Mennonite Church, and is still being used as such in the same location.

School

by Rosa Dupont Price

I don't dwell too much on the bad times, such as after getting a school, I was unable to attend for one week because of lack of having shoes to wear. We had no spending money and very few clothes, but I can't remember ever going hungry. My parents boarded school teachers which helped us. We had a Miss Rogers, Clare Miller, Gene Silver and another girl from Olds, her last name was Myers. I can't recall the year our school was built at Smoky Creek.

My Impressions of Teaching at Smoky Creek School

by Gene M. Earl

Smoky Creek school was my first assignment upon leaving Normal School. I was called upon to finish out the year and teach through July, because the students had missed several weeks of school after the last teacher left.

I was taken to my boarding place by Mr. W. E. Hodgson, then superintendent for the Athabasca School Division. Mr. and Mrs. V. Dupont were warm, friendly people, who made me feel at home in their log farm house.

On my first day of teaching, I walked the distance of a little over a mile to the school in a drizzling rain. Even with proper rain attire I arrived looking somewhat bedraggled. No pupils had yet arrived, so I proceeded to look over the register. There were only fourteen pupils, but I was appalled to learn that there was a boy still going to school who was only a year younger than myself. However, when the students arrived, I found him to be the quietest boy in class, and his younger brother quite a "talker".

Homemade desks were still in evidence when I arrived at the school, but since this was the year that Smoky Creek came under the Athabasca School Division, factory made desks were later available. However, the teacher's desk was not replaced until my successor came along. I hadn't learned to "holler" for things yet.

I was at Smoky Creek for three years. A small one-roomed teacherage, which had been built for the former teacher, but not used, became my home. The second year another room was added. At first the only stove I had was a cookstove for cooking and heating. This provided difficulties on those cold, cold mornings when the fire was out. An airtight heater was added with the additional room, which made living somewhat more comfortable.

People thought it strange that I should prefer to live alone, thinking perhaps, that I should be afraid of coyotes and other strange noises, but being a country girl to begin with, I was used to this.



Amusing incidents did crop up, like the time

“Curly” walked into the door which was open straight out from the wall. He came back into the school sporting a very swollen, black eye, and a sheepish grin, an incident which provided us all with a good laugh.

Keeping correct time was sometimes a problem, with an erratic alarm clock (I had no wrist watch then). Every once in a while the school day turned out to be a little longer than usual, or the alarm didn’t go off and teacher was late getting up.

The teacher and pupils all did a share of the janitor work. Any money paid by the Division for janitor work plus money raised from dances, was used to buy things for the school. The School Division helped out by matching us dollar for dollar whenever we bought anything. Books and a phonograph and records were made available in this way.

The first year I taught I was getting paid about \$1,000 a year, plus \$100 isolation bonus. The third year I was making about half of what I made when I went back to teaching in Smith eight years later.

I was teaching when the Enterprise system was popular in the elementary grades. Grades 4, 5 and 6 were taking Enterprise together. Science and Health were not separate subjects. Some grade 7 and 8 courses were alternated every year.

Community amusements for the teachers were the usual country dances, visiting, an occasional home party, horseback riding, fishing at the river, ball games, visits to Hondo Canyon, and the usual annual picnics.

One incident, which now makes me shudder and wonder at the foolishness and daring of the young, was a rather precarious boat ride on Muskeg Lake. This lake, of a murky colour, and, seemingly with no bottom, had fish in it. A neighbour had one fairly good boat which he used regularly to fish from. However, there was another old boat, which, though of some serviceable value, did leak. Since at this particular time there were too many for one boat, we decided to use both. My companion and I did manage to circle the lake in the old boat, baling all the while. We made it back to shore without mishap.

The lengths we go to, to provide sustenance for

our guests, might be illustrated the time I had guests for Sunday supper. I had no milk and one of the boys insisted we had to have some. Taking one of my cooking pots he went out to milk one of John Reay’s cows, which were nearby. The cow didn’t seem to mind and neither did John Reay when he came along at that particular moment to get his cows!

In spite of lack of modern conveniences, and other difficulties, teaching at Smoky Creek remains a pleasurable memory in my teaching experiences.

Spurfield School **by Mrs. F. Trollope**

The old Spurfield school was built with only one ply of wood outside of the two-by-fours, and a layer of paper inside. It had sporadic use because of the uncertain nature of the employment for the local population, and the isolation of the settlement. A new school was built about 1951 while Mrs. F. Trollope was the teacher there. In 1957 the school closed completely and the children were bussed to Smith.

I spent only two months there, May and June, but I don’t think I shall ever forget the experience of teaching at Spurfield. It was a tiny hamlet in the middle of nowhere. The main industry was a planing mill. Most of the buildings were scattered on either side of the railway. Outside of three white families, the rest were of Indian extraction.

The school was a dull unpainted little building constructed of prefab slabs, squatting on rounded logs or piles with open space underneath. It certainly wasn’t the warmest place in the cold winter. Inside it was surprisingly cosy, in spite of its rather small size.

The class numbered about 15, ranging from 6 to 15 years (grades 1-5). A lady teacher was a novelty since they were used to having men supervisors. They were very well behaved, however, and some of them showed much promise.

Yes, Spurfield was truly a frontier school. On the outskirts of civilization it carried on its function in trying circumstances. As one resident remarked to me one day, “When God made the world, he had a few crumbs left over—that’s Spurfield!” I left there, however, much richer for my experience.

Alberta Cowboy

by Margaret Roy

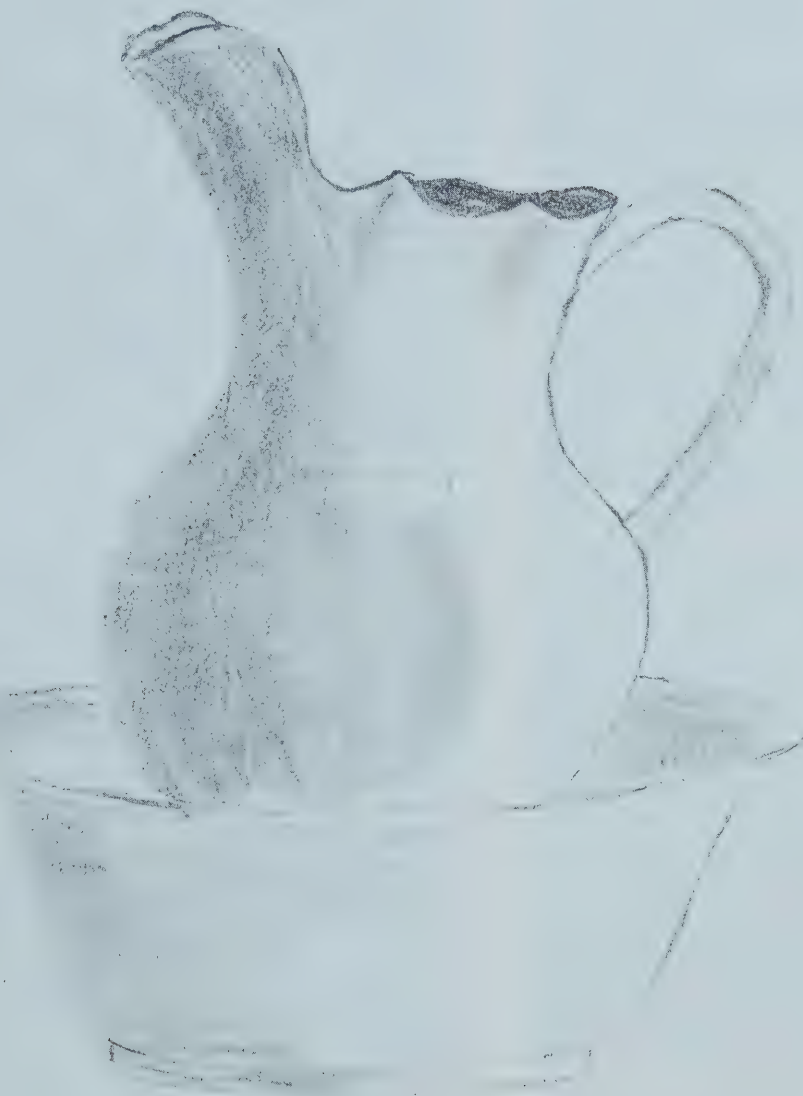
He's a cowboy from Alberta,
That you may see in a B.C. town,
He is tall, and he is lean,
And his hair is reddish brown.
He wears a pair of faded jeans,
And an old blue plaid shirt.
And he works out on the mountain,
So his clothes are soiled with dirt.
He is the B.C. logger,
Driving a skidder back and forth.
But he's thinking of Alberta,
And his good old saddle horse.
He's skidding in the cedar,
But he's lonesome all the time.
For he's longing for Alberta,
And his cabin in the pine.
He loves the harvest and the wheat fields,
To stook grain there in the fall.
And ride his pony homeward,
To the lonesome cattle call.
We are missing the Alberta cowboy,
That you may see in a B.C. town.
Wearing a pair of cowboy boots,
And a western hat of brown.
And if you should see this cowboy,
Who rides a skidder not a horse.
Tell him we are waiting,
At our home up in the north.

Baby Boy

by K. Hugo

A baby face
With gamin grin
Angelic child
In riotous din
Pans aclatter
Paper torn
Poor old cat
With scissors shorn
Dog in hiding
Pulled his tail
Listen to
His plaintive wail
Just another
Day of joy
To Mothers Darling
Baby Boy.

District Nursing



Nurse Drummond Hay

by Betty Giles

During the "Thirties" and "Forties" we had our own "Selfmade Scot" in Hondo in the form of a Public Health Missionary Nurse known fondly as "Nurse."

In 1897 Nurse Lucy Drummond Hay had offered her services to Queen Victoria's Jubilee Scheme and as Queen's Nurse spent many years nursing in the Hebrides. Her patients there, she used to tell us, were Crofters, Tinkers and Tramps. When it came time for "Nurse" to retire she volunteered to go to Labrador to help with the care of Dr. William Grenfell's fisher folk. The offer was refused because of her age. Not long after this disappointment, Nurse Drummond Hay heard the call for skilled nursing help in Northern Alberta, when Miss Hasell from Sunday School Caravans spoke in Dundee. She jumped to the call like a (in her words) "fireman's horse of old". Many times we listened to her story of how a prize for a Cross-Word Puzzle given by a London daily newspaper financed the trip. To the end of her life Nurse claimed that Cross-Word puzzles keep one's brain active.

This time she was accepted and at age 65 began a career in the Smith-Hondo area, which would include night rides in below zero temperatures to deliver babies and long walks along rough trails. She gave devoted service to all of us for many years. During the early Thirties, logs from the bush were erected into a three room dwelling by voluntary labor in Hondo. Those of us who grew up in Hondo during those years will remember best, the room which became "Nurse's Dispensary". Because Nurse was received as a Registered Nurse with the nearest doctor sixty miles away, she was the recipient for nursing and clothing supplies when the need was urgent during those Depression Years. Bales of warm coats and boots arrived from organizations in Eastern Canada. Most of us will especially remember the year when one of the bales contained skates and some of us were able to try skating for the first time.

Nurse's cluttered home was the place to gather after school and many a wild game of hide and seek was played in her yard. Her many activities included teaching Sunday School, managing a soft ball team and swimming in Hondo Lake, sometimes when the ice had barely disappeared.

The conductors and trainmen on the 2:00 A.M. passenger train will remember her from the many nights they watched her struggle up the bank waving her flashlight as a signal for them to wait for the last minute letters she'd just completed. We also remember the time when the Vice Regal Train stopped at

Hondo station and Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir alighted to visit their former Scottish neighbor, Miss Lucy Drummond Hay. We recall the numerous times Nurse searched for her glasses, while we suppressed giggles because they were always on top of her head. She enriched our lives in so many ways. Her zest for life, her ideals of service, her loyalty and her encouragement will be remembered always.

In 1947 at the age of 81, Nurse retired for the second time and eventually moved to Victoria, B.C. where she died in the 1950s.

Reminiscences about Nurse Drummond-Hay

by Irene Nyhus (Worthing)

I worked with Nurse Drummond for a number of years. First she lived in Smith. She often walked although she was in her seventies, from Smith to Hondo. One experience, I recall was when Bill Pizzey came to the door with his fingers severely severed and nearly scared me to death. Another experience, took place at Smith. This chap had come for Nurse Drummond-Hay as his wife was having a wee one. The ice had started to move in the spring, on the Athabasca River. In places where the ice was broken he and Nurse had to jump from one block to another. They were successful and got to his home in time, to provide needed help.

District Nursing in Smith

by H. McCumsey and Audrey Brown

District Nursing Stations were started in Alberta in 1919. With the arrival of so many families from the prairies in 1931, and the fact that the nearest hospital and doctor was at Athabasca, 50 miles away, a meeting was called in 1934 with Miss Brighty, the Director of District Nurses, in attendance.

A district was formed that day, covering Smith, Hondo, Chisholm, Spurfield and Moose Portage. A Board of Directors was elected. As near as I can remember the Directors were, Mr. Hill, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Cole and Mrs. Passmore. Mrs. Passmore refused her nomination unless another woman was added to the board, and I (H. McCumsey) was elected.

The people of Hondo volunteered to provide the logs for a cottage and to erect it. Plans were drawn for the building. They were lucky to have women on the board as we had the men change the position of some of the windows.

On January 25, 1935, our first Nurse, Miss Irene Stewart arrived and was housed in one of Mr. Duncan's log tourist cabins (behind what is now LaFrance's store) 'till her home was completed, furnished, and a well dug.

She looked after minor sicknesses or injuries in her office. She went to the homes for maternity cases and to the sawmills, when there were bad accidents. Serious cases she took or sent to the nearest hospital. When schools were built she gave the children their inoculations. Miss Stewart left in 1937 to go to London, England, to take a midwifery course.

Marjorie Maynes arrived in 1937 replacing Miss Stuart. Miss Maynes spent ten years in Smith taking some time off from nursing to help with the travelling clinic.

The travelling clinic was organized about 1939 to provide medical treatment to those who were unable to reach a hospital. The clinic was set up in a local school or hall. The staff included a physician, surgeon, two dentists, nurses, clinic assistant and truck drivers. Prior to the clinic arriving, the district nurse would arrange for the children to attend. The building to be used was thoroughly cleaned by the local people, scrubbing walls, floors and windows.

Upon arrival the equipment was set up and readied for use. Here teeth were extracted, tonsils and adenoids removed. The patients were kept for the day, lying on cots or if the weather permitted, lying on the grass. The parents provided a cot, pillow and blankets and stayed with the children while the anesthetic wore off. By night they were allowed to go home. These clinics were conducted in various communities each year until 1942. Two such clinics were held in Smith. Needless to say, no loss of life was ever reported from these. Marjorie Maynes served with six such clinics. She remained in Smith until 1947.

Margaret Wyld came for one year — 1948. By this time, there were more cars travelling in the area but the roads were not very good and time was spent being stuck in the mud. Miss Wyld moved to Kinuso from Smith. She married Gilbert Rogne in 1951 and moved to Peace River where she was employed with the Peace River Health Unit.

Miss Annie Nordtrop arrived here in Smith in 1949. She covered Slave Lake from her office in Smith. During the winter of 1949 diphtheria broke out in a lumber camp in Slave Lake. This proved to be a very busy time for Miss Nordtrop. Miss Nordtrop and Margaret Rogne, nurse from Kinuso, were able to give booster shots and locate the carrier of the dreaded illness. Two children died in High Prairie hospital during this diphtheria epidemic.

Laura Attrux replaced Miss Nordtrop in the spring of 1949. Miss Nordtrop had to go on sick leave. Miss Attrux held weekly clinics in Slave Lake and monthly clinics in Spurfield and Hondo. This being a very heavy work load, Miss Attrux started the wheels turning to set up a nurses clinic in Slave

Lake. She opened the new office in Slave Lake in January 1951. In time she was responsible for the opening of District Nurses Offices in Wabasca and Swan Hills. Around 1962 the title District Nurse was changed to Municipal Nurse.

On May 29, 1970, Miss Attrux was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Law from the University of Alberta, for her many years of service.

Marjorie Mitchell arrived on January 1951 and nursed in Smith and area until 1954. Things were much easier by this time as people were encouraged to make more use of the hospitals. Roads too, were improving and not so much time was spent travelling. Mrs. Lillian Reykdal then became the nurse in Smith. Mrs. Reykdal's husband worked for the N.A.R. She used one room of her home as an office. This was a busy time for Mrs. Reykdal as she also had a family to care for. The old Nurses cottage was unfit to use once a new home was being built. Mrs. Reykdal continued nursing until the new home was ready. Miss Janet Gavigan arrived, from Kinuso, in October of 1955, to fill Mrs. Reykdal's position.

The new cottage was a far cry from the old log building, complete with electricity, furnace and running water; a very comfortable and neat place! By this time the municipal nurse was instructed to encourage people to make more use of doctors and hospitals. The nurse's work was more in line with preventive medicine. Miss Gavigan retired in 1960 and was replaced by Mrs. Faulkner; who in turn retired in 1965.

Miss Jessie Haworth arrived in 1965. During Jessie Haworth's stay the area covered by the Municipal Nurse was changed and became part of the Athabasca Health Unit. The head office was at Athabasca and the nurse worked in accordance with Health Unit regulations. This was much different from the old times when the nurse had to make decisions on her own. Miss Haworth retired in 1972.

Margaret Camp arrived after Jessie Haworth and stayed until her retirement in 1978. Mrs. Camp can be remembered for her lovely flower garden at the cottage. She loved gardening. After a short time without a nurse, Debbie Thomas arrived in January 1979 and served until 1981. A Health Unit car was supplied for use by the nurse. The nurse held a clinic once a week in Flatbush. Alice Arthur became Municipal Nurse in May of 1981. The district nurse that used to be, was greatly appreciated and the present nurse still is very busy. Office hours, school clinics, prenatal classes are part of a very busy schedule.

During the last five years home care nursing, which Debbie Rasmussen (nee Thomas) takes care of, has been added. The Home Care Nurse visits the elderly and anyone needing home care. A part time

secretary was added to the staff in 1980 when Sandy Attfield became secretary for a short time. Cheryl Drennan is now the secretary.

There are many different branches of the Health Unit to take care of the sick and the elderly. If you are interested in the lives of many nurses who served in Northern Alberta. You should read Irene Stewart's book.

"These Were Our Yesterdays"

Nursing

by Fred Hajek

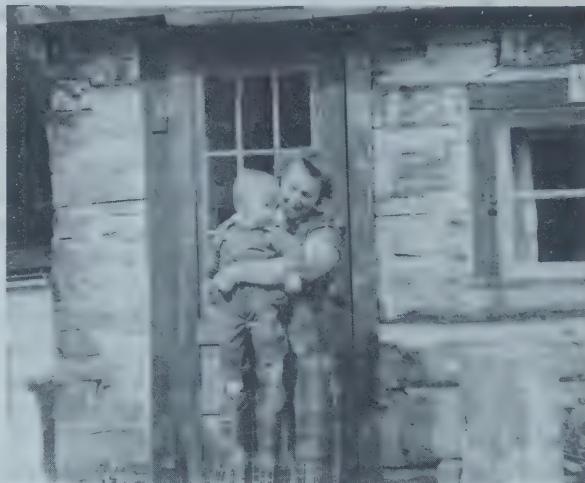
In 1929 and 1930 the only medical service available at Smith was through the graces of the District Health Nurse at Kinuso who covered any emergency maternity, sickness or accident cases. It must have been in 1931 or 1932 that a Miss Drummond-Hay established herself in Smith living in a small bungalow which formerly was the residence of Mrs. Harry Kemp.

Miss Drummond-Hay's exact status remains a puzzle to me. She appeared to be in a role of a self dedicated missionary, offering succor to the suffering and needy, although considering her advanced age, many, including myself, considered she should be the recipient instead. Apparently she existed on a small pension, which she shared with the needy, coupled with some nursing skills. She was not on the government's payroll but seemed to receive some amount of blessing and co-operation in her activities. The District Public Health nurse's quarters were constructed at Smith, a permanent nurse was established there, and Drummond-Hay moved to Hondo.



Irene Stewart, first nurse at Smith.

It was a Miss Irene Stewart who was the first permanent District Health Nurse at Smith, for a number of years. She was responsible for ushering our first-born daughter Shirley into this world, with the assistance of my sister Val in Smith station, in the very early hours of a July morning, when I was in the process of issuing orders to an outgoing freight train.



Nurse Marjorie Mitchell with Neil Earl in front of first Municipal Nurse's home and office, 1953.



Jean Young and Nurse Drummond-Hay.



Nurse Drummond Hay's home in Hondo.



District Nurse Miss Thyne — Spurfield.



First Nurse's home in Smith.

Margaret Faulkner

Margaret Faulkner graduated from the Royal Alexandra Hospital School of Nursing in Edmonton in 1923. She was able to attend the sixtieth anniversary of her graduation in April 1983. One other classmate was with her. When they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary there were seven. A great niece of hers also graduated from the same school in 1982.

Mrs. Faulkner recalls her thirty years of service as a District Nurse after good training, considerable post-graduate studies and much nursing experience. She spent part of her years as a District Nurse at Smith. When she became 65 years of age and was due to retire, she really didn't want to, and asked if she might be allowed to continue. The Health Department was very willing for her to stay if the District Committee was also willing — which it was. At the end of the next year she was simply delighted to retire.

She now lives in Victoria, B.C. and except for arthritis enjoys good health.

Nurse Jesse Evans by Marie Ward

Nurse Jesse Evans and her husband, Charlie Evans, came to Chisholm in 1930. They lived in the house directly across the road from the Beards. For many years, the people in Chisholm depended on and trusted in Nurse Evans. She was always there, day and night, with a well trained hand and a personality everyone loved. When she dressed for after-



Mrs. Lakusta and Patty. She was also a nurse.

noon teas or an evening out, she was beautiful, making every little girl dream about becoming a nurse one day. Charlie Evans worked for the lumber company, as barn boss for some time.

Nurse Evans gave all the children their inoculations for typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever and vaccinations for small pox.

Just a few memorable incidents in which Nurse Evans came to the rescue: Around 1938 or 1939, there was an accident in the bush, severing the leg of a man. The nurse travelled out there in an old lumber truck with her black bag beside her. With just a flashlight for light, she put a tourniquet on and tied off the artery, saving the man's life.

In 1941, Charlie Evans joined the army but Nurse Evans stayed on in Chisholm with her daughter, Colleen. She had an addition built on to her house which served as a first aid station and a place where women could stay (if they wished) to have their babies. Back then, most women were encouraged to stay in bed for ten days after child birth.

A little girl was badly stung all over by honey bees and fell unconscious. Her family rushed her to the nurse who put clothes blueing on her body and wrapped her in a white sheet. She was kept in the first aid room and slept until the poison had been drawn out of her body. When she woke up, she was once again a healthy little girl.

Another incident I remember well was when my younger brother (one of the twins) was sick and had a

very high fever. We lived on the west side of the Athabasca River then and it was early spring, just before the ice went out in the river. Mom and Dad didn't know what to do for the baby anymore so Dad took the row boat and pushed it across the ice to get Nurse Evans. Then, with her in the boat, he pushed it back across the ice. As soon as they got to the house, she quickly took the baby's temperature, felt his tummy and said he had a plugged bowel. She then gave him an enema, some aspirin and a little water in his bottle. Within an hour, his temperature was down and he was sleeping well. They kept watch over him all night long and the next morning, my Dad took the nurse back home the same way in the boat. (The ice wasn't considered safe at this time of the year.)

Nurse Evans did many wondrous and courageous things such as looking after premature babies. It wasn't an easy task with only wood stoves and coal oil lamps. She attended new babies and mothers everyday faithfully, even in 50° below temperatures. In my opinion, she was a woman who deserved a gold medal.

Nurse Evans moved to Edmonton around 1945, when her husband, Charlie, went over seas during World War II. My sister Viola, went with her, as her husband also went over seas at the same time.

For a short while, Mrs. Lakusta, who lived here then, took care of the medical needs of the local people.

A Poem

by Wiley Ward — Chisholm, Alberta

I take my pen, and thus begin,
So now it be known, before all men,
That in this year, of nineteen fifty five,
While I am still here, and very much alive,
that to the Ward kids, as a valentine,
I do bequeath, A runcious-buncious pal of mine,
He has no horns, and is hard to ketch,
but when well trained, can easily fetch,
The woodpile to the kitchen door,
If you don't let him bunt it o'er,
And while this gentleman, has quite a smell,
And does not speak English, very well,
Yet he is adorned, with a nice shaggy coat,
For he, just happens to be, my Billie Goat.

Organizations and Recreation



Recreation in Chisholm

The first memorable and outstanding event in Chisholm had to be the Piper family's community Christmas dinner and concert in 1929. Miss Edith Piper (Eggleston) had cooked a big turkey dinner for 50 some people. She also coached her few students to perform at a Christmas concert; reciting verses and plays.

Reminiscences of Marie Ward include some special events and days and the great berry-picking expeditions on Sundays is one of them. Her Dad used one of the company boats and away they went; up the Athabasca River as far as the mouth of the Pembina River. After picking pails full of berries, everyone went for a refreshing and fun swim for the remainder of the day.

Another memory is the skating parties held on a rink by the old sawmill or on the pond in the 1930's. The skates consisted of blades strapped to winter boots. Sleighing on homemade toboggans and sleds was always fun and the more fortunate children had skis. Mr. Crick and his brothers made many pairs of skis.

Some of the more adventurous people built a raft and floated down the Athabasca River to attend a dance in Hondo. They would then catch a train back to Chisholm or walk back along the railroad tracks; in most cases, just in time to report for work at the box factory.

In the 1930's, many box socials and moccasin dances were organized by Izobel Cousineau and Doris Jolicour. Some of the orchestras for these dances in the early years were: Harry and Billy Dempsey (accordion and guitar); Romeo and Doris Jolicour (sang and played guitar); George Speechley (drums, guitar or clapper bones); Toots Cartwright (sang and played guitar); Thelma and Smokey Johnston (sang and played guitar); George Gauchier and sons, Albert and Raymond; Jim Wakal and Tom Hall (accordion and guitar).

Marie Ward recalls the basketball games the girls had in the 1930's. Those who worked in the box factory played against a team of married women or school girls and all had a great time.

In 1935, boxing matches were held for entertainment with Mr. Charlie Crick the referee for most matches.

Also in 1935 and later, there were some great baseball games with Mr. C. Crick the coach for some teams. Mr. Sid Owens of Hondo remembers the Hondo softball team (men) coming to Chisholm to take on the Chisholm men's team. Some of the players on Chisholm's team were: Bill Glover, pitcher; Dixon Taylor, catcher; Les Mondae, first base;

Camille Rochon, second base; Sam Beecroft, third base; George Foster, short stop.

Another Chisholm resident remembers the few times (a special treat) that they attended the sports day event at Hondo in the early 1950's. George Foster borrowed an old company truck that had a box on it and would collect so many children, enough to make a nice load and they were off. A day like this one would be remembered as it didn't happen often.

The Christensen family operated a pool hall, along with a confectionery, which many former residents remember well.

In the 1950's, Mr. Styles, the town electrician, set up a movie projector in the school or the cookhouse and showed movies once a week. This cost 25¢ for children and 50¢ for adults.

In 1955, the Vandervaat family opened a cafe and confectionery which they owned and operated for a number of years. Len Stiles had installed a jukebox and the teen-agers found this a great place to hang out, dancing and listening to the popular rock and roll music. Fortunately, John and Joyce Vandervaat had an abundant store of patience and enjoyed having young people around.

Mrs. Luella Wilson, a school teacher, recalls the "Bingo" night, held two or three times in the winter and how everyone enjoyed the event. "Reads China and Gift Shop" in Edmonton sent out wonderful prizes for \$1.00 each. And the "Ladies Club" sponsored community picnics at Baptiste Lake in June, with a good many residents participating.

Over the years, many different clubs have been formed and dissolved.

Ladies Club — In the early years, 1930-40's, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Crick started this club. As our community grew, Mrs. Gilles and Mrs. Con Walker kept this club going. As many people moved in and out of Chisholm, other ladies took over the club leadership.

Canadian Girls in Training — Mrs. Majors, Mrs. Abrams, and Mrs. Gilles were the organizers. Marie Ward remembers joining this club as a young girl.

Sea Cadets — This was a boy's club and was managed by Ron Whitby.

Junior Forest Wardens — This was a boys and girls club, with Roy Litke the leader in Chisholm. It dealt with the many different aspects of the forest. Marie Ward took over the responsibilities for this club and Pat Bratt took over the duties for a year.

Chisholm Community Club — This club extended from the former Ladies Club. It was always active over the years and the one event we had each year was a Christmas party for the children.

In 1974, through this club, we held our one and

only baseball tournament, which was a great success. The ladies softball team was active for a few years, with the club's help. In 1978-79, the ladies ball team was coached by Herman Hoffman and Dave Dutchak. With Dave coaching, the Chisholm Pick-ups (Hondo-Chisholm) won a trophy for "Good Sportsmanship" in a Slave Lake tournament.

In 1974, with Fred Laughy's help and drive, the people of the community built a skating rink. Fred was a very active and helpful member of the community. He was killed in a snowmobile accident in December, 1974. The skating rink is prepared and used alot every winter by adults and children alike.

On May 9, 1979, the Chisholm Community Club was incorporated, to enable us to receive grants and such from the government. A playground has been set aside for the children and slowly, playground equipment is being added to the site.

In 1980, the lumber company donated the store building to our club for community use. Through the club and with the help of government grants and Frank Beauchamp, this building was renovated into our community hall.



Skating rink, Chisholm.



Skating rink by old sawmill at Chisholm.



Skating on the Athabasca River. Back row: Eugene Crick, Donald Winteringham, Earl Crick, Frank and George Budesheim. Front row: Beth Winteringham, Joyce Budesheim, ?, ?, ?. (who are the three girls on the right)??



Slim Grandstand, Dixon Taylor at masquerade party.



Beard's Farewell Dance in Chisholm.



Bill Borty, station house, dress masquerade, 1934.



1934, Baseball team in Chisholm.



Chisholm-Hondo Pickups. 1978 Slave Lake Tournament. Sharon Pizze, Candace Haugen, Margaret Vandervaate, Roxanne Schwarz, Nora and April Lebeau, Dave Dutchak, coach. Anita Dutchak, Mary Ann Urchyshyn, Edie Vandervaate, Sheila Pizze.



Sack race, school picnic at Chisholm.



Tea party in Chisholm.



Gauthier family (orchestra) in Chisholm.



Sea Cadets in Chisholm.



Back Left to Right: Ann Tabak, H. McLean, Mary Sudayko, Annie Semenchuk, Ethel Christensen, N. Ellstock, Mary Charuk, Stella Gillies, Ruth Drinkwater, H. Walker, L. Pearson, Dottie Matty, E. Paish. Front: Mrs. Kerr, Marie Ward and Clara Foster — a farewell party for Ruth Drinkwater, 1948.



Junior Forest Wardens, Chisholm.

The Moose Portage Club House

On February 10th, 1921 a box social was held in the home of Charlie Millens. They also held a meeting to form an executive to build a club house.

Mr. Jake Gerhart was elected President and Chairman.

Mr. R. Main was elected Vice President.

Mrs. J. Goodwin was elected Secretary.

Mr. C. A. Millens was elected Financial Secretary.

Mr. F. Robertson was elected Corresponding Secretary.

Approved by M. J. Gerhart and Mr. Dick Main that initiation fee be \$5.00 and every three months \$1.00. On February 23, 1921 they had the sum of \$50.75. At a meeting in the home of Mr. J. Goodwin on March 13, 1921, it was decided that \$5.00 initiation fee was too much, so it was changed to \$2.50. This fee was to be paid on March 17, 1921. A motion was approved that the Club be called Moose Portage Club.

It seems that the construction was made by volunteer help, Mr. J. Gerhart paid \$10.00 instead of work. On March 17, 1921, the following members paid their fees of \$2.50.



Mr. Carmichael with Moose Portage students, 1934.

Mr. C. Millens
Mr. E. Burns
Mr. W. Reamer
Mr. W. Spittler
Mr. J. Burns
Mr. J. Gerhart \$11.50
Mr. W. Thompson
Mr. A. Oscarvitch
Mr. W. Freeman

Mr. H. Walker
Mr. R. Main
Mr. Dave Lee
Mr. J. Goodwin
Mr. G. Hagerud
Mr. F. Robertson
Mr. Olaf Nelson
Mr. L. Goodwin

Total amount collected was \$71.50.

A meeting at the home of Mr. G. Hagerud, on March 20, 1921 resulted in a motion to borrow enough money to finish the hall at 7% interest. Mr.

Spittler was nominated to oversee the work until the next meeting. The total cost of the lumber was \$110.00. The walls were made of logs. The cost of other material was:

10 bundles of shingles	60.00
3 cedar doors	19.20
2 barrels lime	7.50
Freight	12.23
	<u>\$98.90</u>
1 dozen pair hinges	2.15
3 door butts	1.38
½ dozen locks and knobs	1.96
25 stove pipes	8.75
2 elbows	.68
3 kegs of nails	23.40
3 rolls tarpaper	6.90
Government Tax	.60
Freight	3.13
Total amount	<u>\$147.93</u>

Also 1 heater at \$6.00, 10 windows \$30.00 and 300 bricks \$10.00.

This order was purchased from D. R. Fraser Co. Ltd. in Edmonton.

On October 23, 1921, by unanimous vote, it was decided that a Secretary Treasurer and three Trustees were enough officers for the club.

Mr. J. Gerhart was elected Treasurer and the amount in the treasury at that date was \$31.70. The trustees were Mr. Burns, Mrs. Hagerud and Mr. Millens.

The first Pie Social was held in the new hall on January 21, 1922. Proceeds were \$44.25 along with previous account totalled \$75.95.

The money that was borrowed, from Mr. Gerhart, and the final payment to him was made February 22, 1926 with \$13.15 interest and also an account of \$28.90 for dishes, was paid on that date.

Sunshine Valley School was organized March 10, 1914. There doesn't seem to be any record of school being held until 1923. A Mr. L. B. Yurle of Peace River was official Trustee.

However, this Club house served as a school, church and entertainment hall until 1937 when both a school and a church was built a half mile away.

The hall was still used for dances until 1947, when Stan O'Neil purchased the land and tore down the old Club House.

Twenty six years of service to the community for a building with a total cost of \$222.83 including dishes, and willing workers.

The Country Women's Club

by Verna Willis

In the 1930's when this country was being settled by homesteader's families, the women in the east country felt that they needed a bit of social life. After first considering joining the Women's Institute and



Country Women's Club. Back: Mrs. Van Verdegem, Mrs. Matilda King, Ruth Wall, Louisa Dupont, Hazel McCumsey, Clara McDowell, Jessie Dupont. Front: Ethel Coburn, Grace Coburn, Verna McCumsey, Mary Van Verdegem, unknown child.

rejecting that, they formed the Country Women's Club.

They held meetings once a month in the member's homes. They answered rollcall each meeting by giving a recipe or a handy hint, on whatever subject had been set at a previous meeting. At one time they each made a quilt block for the lady who was hosting that month's meeting. A quilting bee was often set up for her when her quilt was ready for quilting. Another time they would make a little gift for the member or members who had birthdays each month. There was always exchange of gifts at Christmas.

To raise a few dollars for the treasury they held small raffles monthly, they also fined members ten cents if they had not prepared a response for rollcall.

During the war the members made quilts and I think they knitted socks, mitts, etc, for the Red Cross. I know my mother corresponded with a Mrs. Bailey from England for many years. Mrs. Bailey had received one of their quilts.

They also mailed parcels to the local boys who had gone overseas in the services.

I am sure I have missed some of their activities, as they did many things.

April 9, 1947 - The opening meeting for 1947 was held at the home of Becky Passmore with the Pres. Annie Dupont in the chair. The Pres. read the Club Women's Creed, followed by the reading of the sec. minutes by the sec. Moved by Becky sec. by Clara that they be accepted as read. A letter was read from Mathilde van der Zegen also thank you letters from England. Moved by May sec. by Becky that we send 2-10.00 parcels to England. Roll Call was answered by each doing a little stunt as called for in slips drawn. There were 5 members and 1 visitor present. A tea towel sent by Mathilde van der Zegen was raffled realizing the sum of \$1.75 and was won by Clara. Seeds were given out for the contest to end in Sept. Small gifts sent by Mrs. Bailey were drawn out of a bag.

Document, parts of.

"CLUB-WOMAN'S CREED"

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in order, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away pretence and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Grant we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all; and, O Lord, let us not forget to be kind.

Receipts.		
	cash on hand.	\$ 18.14
Apr. 9.	dish towel raffle.	1.75
	dues. + 1946 dues ⁴⁰	2.40
May 14.	dues.	3.70
	berry bowl raffle.	2.50
June 11.	dues ²⁰ pudding pan raffle 2.00	2.20
July 9.	tan. raffle 1.50 dues ¹⁰	1.60
Aug 13	bowl raffle 2.50 dues ³⁰	2.80
Sept 10	dues ¹⁰ raffle syrup jug 1.75	1.85
Oct 8	dues ³⁵ raffle print 2.75	2.10
Nov. 12.	dues ¹⁰ raffle towel 1.75	1.85
Dec.	from Rosa for tray ⁵⁰	.50
Dec 10.	dues ²⁰ raffle tray 1.50	1.70
		\$ 44.09
	expenses.	- 41.82
		\$ 2.27

Expenditures		
Feb 27	stamp ⁰⁴ us. bag ¹⁵ seeds ⁰⁶	35
Apr. 16.	berry bowl raffle ⁰⁵ stamps ¹⁰	70
" 29	parcel for Eng. 8.32 postage stamps ⁰⁹	12.40
May 15	stamp ⁰⁷	07
June 2	pudding pan ⁹⁵	95
Aug. 13	girl's wedding gift	\$ 77
	bowl & syrup jug	1.25
	charger on 1.50	1.05
" 17	stamp ⁰⁸ stamps ²⁰	28
Oct 3	Hudson Bay Co. 1.00 print	1.00
" 21	towel for raffle ⁰⁹ netties prize ⁵⁹	1.18
" 22	stamp ⁰⁵	08
" 29	parcel for Eng. 11.82 envelopes ¹⁰	11.92
Nov 4	postage on parcels 5.00 (1800)	5.00
" "	post cards ⁰⁶ stamps ⁰⁸	14
	tray for Dec. 49	49
Dec.	Postage ²⁹ parcel to Mrs. Van der Zegen ⁰⁸	37
		41.82

Document.

It was a time for socializing, a time that was appreciated by the busy housewife. At the close of each meeting the hostess served a delicious lunch.

I can remember walking to meetings with my mother, as far away as to Mrs. King's or Mrs. Wall's.

I will name as many members as I can, and hopefully, I won't miss too many.

Ruth Wall	Ethel Reason
Carrie Earl	Annie Fraser
Ethel Coburn	Nettie Zamiski
Mathilde Van Verdegem	Amelia King
Grace Coburn	Jessie Dupont
Louisa Dupont	Hazel McCumsey
Clara McDowell	Mrs. Reason Sr.
Becky Passmore	

Smith Branch, Royal Canadian Legion #248

In 1950, shortly after Reinhart Stelter, Bill and Rod Rempel and Roy Richards moved into Smith, Roy Richards was instrumental in forming the No. 248 Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion.

They had sawmills, and a planer mill, so with lumber they provided, and help from returned veterans and interested people, they succeeded in building the Legion Hall.

Roy ran the first movie shown in the new hall.

Smith Branch #248 The Royal Canadian Legion by O. T. Olson

In one of the minute books there is a list of names of men who paid their dues into the G.W.V.A. (Great War Veteran's Association) in 1934. These men are:



Back: Vera McConaghy, Maureen Paches, June Conrad, Ger-tie Graling, Pearl Brown. Front: Hazel McCumsey, Cecelia Paquette, Leona Pollard, 1968-69.

H. Duncan, D. A. Lee, F. W. Hill, W. Williams, W. Davis, G. Hagerud, W. J. O'neil, Chester Johnson, G. Brown, A. McLean, A. Marr, O. Hayes.

For some reason the first 22 pages are cut out of this book, and I suspect that any meetings of this organization were recorded on these pages. Also the minutes of the first meetings of the veterans, after they became the Royal Canadian Legion Branch #248 are missing. The first recorded minutes in this book begin on page 23, held on April 19, 1953. The president at that time was F. W. Olsen.

I have learned from some veterans that the first meeting to form a Legion was held in Hondo, I believe in Alex Young's place in February 1947.

The charter for the Smith Legion has been lost, a copy has been requested, which we should receive shortly. Therefore, a complete list of the founding members is not available at this time.

Some of the founding members were: H. Duncan, Clarence Earl, C. B. Olson, John Lee, Lloyd Nelson, Alex Young, Roy Richard.

Meetings, dances and smokers were held in a hall belonging to C. Millens and C. Passmore. This hall was sold to J. Vallie and moved to its present site beside the Catholic Church and became Vallie's Store.

In 1950 a new Legion hall was built. All the lumber was bought from R. Stelter, on time, to be paid for when they could. I believe part of this lumber was donated by R. Stelter, and the Rempel brothers. The work was done by volunteers under the supervision of Bill Fraser, who was paid a nominal fee.

Picture shows were held on Friday and Saturday nights, which proved to be a good source of revenue.

Rent for the hall in the 1950's was \$10.00 to local people and \$30.00 or 30% of the take to outsiders or travelling shows.

H. Duncan paid for wiring the hall for lights, and was paid back as funds were available. The amount owing to Mr. Duncan as of December 1953 was \$150.00.

The audit in April 1954, shows that revenue from rent of the Hall was \$360.03, from shows \$1,168.65. The Legion Ball Club lost \$195.68.

In the years 1950 to 1962 membership was up to as much as 60 members in all categories. The hall served the community very well with many socials, wedding receptions, student's dances and funerals held in it.

With the advent of T.V. the shows declined and were discontinued in 1965.

Many of the veterans passed away and membership dropped to as low as 19. Now that the sons and daughters of veterans are eligible to vote and hold

office our membership is rising and as of April 1, 1984 there are 40 members.

In 1984 a new Community Hall came into being and the Legion has rented space in it to hold its functions. This move was made because of the inability to have washrooms installed in the old hall and pass the standards set by Health and Public Safety regulations.

Some of the Presidents and Secretaries that have served this Legion and Community so well are: Glen Peterson, H. Duncan, Alex Young, George McClanaghan, Claude Graling, Stan Olszowka, John Lee, George Price, L. Nelson, Archie Brown, Clarence Earl, Jim Anderson, F. Olson, Mel Cole, Dale Holtslander, Leo Letourneau, Maurice Conrad, Mary Bucholtz.



Legion award to grade 12 student — Roger Nikipilo.

President for 1984 was R. Kinsella, but due to ill health he resigned in March of 1984. Oliver Olson has been secretary since 1980 and Wayne Rempel has been treasurer for the same period.

Tribute must be made to the Women's Auxiliary who have served the branch so well with their fund raising, and donations to the Legion. And for their work over the years in the preparation and serving of food at all Legion functions. Without them the Legion couldn't keep going.

History and Alumni — Smith Junior Forest Wardens

The Smith Junior Forest Wardens was started in the fall of 1961 by Jack Verney with 31 boys, holding their meetings in the school. There were clubs already formed in Slave Lake, Chisholm and Flatbush. Mel Rutt, the forest ranger in Smith, worked hard to get these clubs operating. As well as the courses, there were compassing hikes, marching drills, basketball and later, boxing tournaments to keep the boys interested.

By 1964 the Parent Council had formed a building committee and started the wheels turning to build a log, club house. This was open for use in the fall of 1965.

The Junior Forest Wardens received a Centennial Grant in 1967. This was used for fencing the grounds and equipping the playground with swings, slides, tables and fireplaces. Pine trees were then planted around the area.

In 1968 the Girl Forest Guards were started with Maureen Paches as Supervisor. There were 27 girls, thus the J.F.W. clubhouse was too small to hold meetings together with the boys so meetings were held alternate weeks. The same council was for both clubs.



Junior Forest Wardens Summer camp at Fawcett Lake, 1966. Supervisors Mr. Chernish and Mr. Major.



Junior Forest Wardens (July, 1966) at Fawcett Lake, Smith and Island Lake Clubs.



Cooks at Junior Forest Wardens summer camp, Fawcett Lake, July 4-7, 1966. Mrs. LaFrance, Hazel McCumsey, and Mrs. Price.

Some of the fund raising projects have been bake sales, walk-a-thons, cone picking, bazaars and fish derbies, also cook books. The community has been very supportive of the clubs activities which include marching in parades, curling bonspiels, garbage pick-up, selling Christmas trees and summer and winter camping, also field trips.

We were proud our club was selected for the Max Billingsly Award in 1976, given to the top club in Canada. It was presented by George Brewster, the chief warden, at a supper where many adults received five year pins and Shannon Conrad and Steven Pachec received Silver Honor Badges.

1977 was Smith's turn to host the Western Alberta Area Council Jamborie. With the help of the Slave Lake Forestry and a tour of the water bomber base, it proved very interesting for everyone. The local organizations were a great help in supplying food.

The opening of the Commonwealth Games in Edmonton was a real thrill and made everyone proud to be a Canadian. The Smith J.F.W. and G.F.G. were there to cheer also; it was a great experience seeing the athletes from all the Commonwealth nations. Mr. and Mrs. George Brewster came as our guests.

Thelma Scott started a Pathfinder Club in Hondo in October 1979. The club has grown to 30 members and now meets in the Junior Forest Warden Club-house in Smith. They have been camping, ice fishing, hiking and have had field trips.

1980 — Smith attended a J.F.W. National Camp Out at Kananaskis, east of Banff. This was commemorating 50 years of Junior Forest Warden program, which



Rory Calhoun and Shannon Conrad with Max Billingsly Trophy, won by Smith Junior Forest Wardens, 1976.



Junior Forest Wardens at National 50th Anniversary Celebration at Kananaskis (1980).

first started in B.C. They met wardens from other provinces and took part in activities with Native fire fighters, a Forestry day and many tours. It will be remembered by the mud swims.

1981 — The Girl Forest Guards joined with the Junior Forest Wardens to form one club. As supervisors are hard to find, one club meant all leaders worked together.

1982 — The J.F.W. National Camp was at Oyamo, B.C. Again Smith had a good representation with a week of swimming, canoeing, kayaking, mountain climbing, etc. They were the tug of war champs.

The clubs have been on many field trips; the game farm, Ice Capades, Jambories, train rides and tours of sawmills and plywood plants. We are looking forward to many active years with the Alberta Forest Service.



Background: Quilt made by the Junior Forest Warden members for the 50th Anniversary Lori Jo Graham, John Graling, Laurie Rosychuk and Jimmy Olson with curling trophies.

Smith Junior Forest Wardens

1961
 Peter Verney
 Roger Nikipilo
 Gordon Guenette
 James Skrenek
 Darrel Rutt
 Kenneth Skrenek
 Lee Rempel
 Murray Villeneuve
 Stanley Morton
 Lee Barthel
 Melvin Young
 Danny McConaghy
 Keith Price
 Morgan Villeneuve
 James Morton
 James Small
 John Nasuszney
 Dennis McDowell
 Terry Price
 Dwayne McLeod
 Dennis Rempel
 Remi Lambert
 Ron Thompson
 Roger Malone
 Gary Nikipilo
 Robert Letourneau
 George Malone
 Brian Thompson
 David Lee
 Arthur Malone
 1962
 Rodney Cook
 Dennis Bruyere
 Melvin Brown
 Douglas McCumsey
 Floyd Hall
 Gordon Lindberg
 Douglas Cook
 Lawrence Beaver
 Terry Oldberg
 Lorne Earl
 Larry Rosychuk
 Dwayne Rutt
 Michael Malone

Ernie Beauchamp
 Richard Malone
 Ronnie Earl
 1963
 Lorne Landon
 Raymond Brown
 Peter Skelding
 Patrick Morton
 1964
 Barry Malone
 John Price
 Michael Irla
 Dwayne Meyn
 Morris Letourneau
 Clifford McLeod
 Billy Graling
 Bradley Olsen
 Ross Lambert
 Walter Nasuszney
 Ken Morton
 Allen Crosswell
 Gary Wolstenholme
 Michael Elgert
 1965
 Robert Barnett
 Gabriel Beaver
 Leonard Beaver
 Darrell Brown
 Neil Earl
 Orval Hayes
 Delburt Jewell
 Jimmy Lennie
 Lyle Letourneau
 Ben Malone
 Don Malone
 Jim McConnell
 Stan Malone
 Colin Reifer
 Charles Rempel
 Ted Rempel
 Jimmy Rosychuk
 Ned Stiles
 Chris Stelter
 Dan Tkach

Roger Tkach
 Glen Martin
 Randy Bellrose
 Darrel Bellrose
 Merle Meyn
 Dale Willis
 Fred Rowntree

1966

Barry Malone
 Mike Pendrak
 Robert Malone
 Terry Sloan

1967

Murray Paches
 John Reay
 Earl Alexander
 John Strandberg
 Bob Heinz
 Neil Rempel
 Leo Nobel
 James Reay

1968

Rickey Letourneau
 Allan Rempel
 John Strandberg
 Steven Paches
 Teddy Giroux
 Clovis Chasse
 Jimmy Anhorn
 Darrell Barore
 Randy Paquette
 Lyle Hart

Glen Knahs
 Darrell Reason
 Dennis Swan
 John Rempel

1969

Frank Giroux
 Gordon Kylo
 Dale Conrad
 Bobby Willis
 Marcel Boisvert

1970

Peter Voitt
 Robert Moberg
 Clifford Barnett
 Darrell LaFrance
 John Beaver

1971

Darrell Brown
 Darcy Brown
 Randy Drader
 Mark LaFrance
 Kenneth Pollard
 Patrick Hayes

1972

Terry LaFrance
 Martin Roth
 Rory Calhoun

1973

Barry Guenette
 Garry Guenette
 George McClanaghan

1974

Virgil Roth
 Glen Horton

Greg LaFrance
 Marcel Van Rompaey
 Paul Van Rompaey
 Jim Laberta
 Terry Graling
 Martin Kupilik
 Robert Careless
 Clay Careless

1975

Clifford Cardinal
 Robert Cardinal
 Kevin Cardinal
 August Nipshank
 Robin Drader
 Donald Twin
 Bradley Pollard

1976

Wesley Barore
 Wayne Cardinal
 Blair Bucholtz
 Elliott Bucholtz
 James Bucholtz
 Kevin Conrad
 Ricky Quintal
 Kelly Roberts
 Kevin Sloan
 Curtis Lennie

1977

Scott Calhoun
 Tony Dixon
 Clinton Elgert
 Barry Cardinal

1978

Shane Willis
 Johnny Graling
 Darren Drader
 Maurice LaFrance
 Kevin Malone
 David Malone
 Troy Dixon
 Patrick McClanaghan
 John Reason

1979

Eddie Anderson

1980

Kerry Rempel
 Darren Brown
 Kelly Rempel
 Kevin Rempel
 Darren Brown
 Melvin Brown
 Warren Willis
 Terry Barore
 Dick Twin
 Allen Rosychuk

1981

Leon Nipshank

1982

Kevin Anderson
 Keri Lynn Chambers
 Christie Cole
 Joanne Hugo
 Robin Kylo
 Marcy Lennie
 Holly Strach

1983

Andy Attfield
Jim Olson
Daren Plamondon

Jeff Scott
Kurt Sands
Calvin Sands

Lori Pollard
Dianna Scratch
Kelly Calhoun
Kathy Johnson
Angeline Van Bostel
Christina Scratch
Faye Shell
Martha Mathias
Janet Siem
Glenda Graling
Faye Barore
Barbara Siem
Doreen Wood

1980
Bonnie Alexander
Julianne Barabas
Cora Lee Scott
Agnes Barabas
Tammy Attfield
Rhonda Johnson
Christina King
1981
Lisa Johnson
Marcy Lennie
Rhonda Sawula
Kathy Sawula

Gold Tree Awards

Lee Barthel	1970
Murray Paches	1970
Steven Paches	1975
Shannon Conrad	1975
Rory Calhoun	1976
Barry Guenette	1976
Garry Guenette	1976
Clifford Barnett	1976
Kelly Calhoun	1978
Wanda Graling	1978
Patricia Barnett	1978
George McClanaghan	1977
Glen Horton	1978
Jim Bucholtz	1979
Robin Drader	1979
Blair Bucholtz	1979
Patty Dawn Graham	1980
Dawn Willis	1980
Mildred McClanaghan	1980
Tracy Roe	1981
Connie Rempel	1981

Silver Honor Badge

Shannon Conrad	1976
Steven Paches	1976

Fire Honor Badge

Rory Calhoun
Terry Graling
(many boys have received this badge but a list has not been kept)

Smith Girl Forest Guards

1968	Linda Young
Alice Barthel	Delores Giroux
Rita Beaver	April Lebeau
Cheryl Brown	Cindy Bannister
Dominique Cere	Karen Nipshank
Carole Cere	Donna Nipshank
Jackie Graling	Dianna Rowntree
Ruth Hayes	1970
Debbie Knahs	Elaine Guenette
Karen Knahs	Lucille Chapotelle
Lori Kylo	Patsy Robinson
Cheryl Letourneau	Lorene Hayes
Gloria Martin	Mary Barnett
Janet Morton	Debbie Walker
Lois Morton	1971
Gail Morton	No new girls stated
Faye Reay	1972
Jeanna Robinson	Jean Payea
Lorraine Willis	Don Keddell
Wendy Willis	Maxine Conrad
Yvonne Letourneau	Roberta Willis
Elaine Reason	Bertha Swan
Terry Moberg	Bonnie Robinson
Cindy Pendrak	Sandra Lee Martin
1969	Maryann Paquette
Shannon Conrad	1973
Theresa Brown	Cindy Barnett
Colleen Martin	Wanda Graling
Joanne Stiles	Brenda Allen
Conny Voight	Patty Barnett
Karen Moberg	

1974
Christine Hugo
Joy Lennie
Dawn Willis
Bev Graling
Mildred McClanaghan

1975
Bonnie Horton
Vivian Laberta
Cindy Laberta
Patty Dawn Graham
Melody Elgert
Colleen Kylo
Leah LaFrance
Sandy Danyluk
Sherri Patry
Tina Zahacy
Brenda Nipshank
Sharon Barnett
Donna Twin
Louise Donofrio

1976
Rhonda Adams
Yvonne Twin
Bertha Giroux
Lorna Giroux
Jackie Cardinal
Sharon Hisey
Carmen Herbst
Betty Allen
Ester Cardinal
Andria Bucholtz
Lori Joe Graham

1977
Connie Rempel
Tracey Roe
Michelle Olszowka
Lori Attfield
Sheila Anderson
Carrie Rosychuk
Donna Woods

1978
Joanne Hugo
Corrine Olszowka
Edith Cardinal
Tracy McKay
Lori Rosychuk
Pauleen Quintel
Barbara Cardinal

1979
Rhonda Malone
Christie Cole

Pathfinders started October 4, 1979

1979
Coralee Scott
Jeffrey Scott
Martin Pendrak
Charlene Mellor
Kenny Mellor
Holly Strach
Treena Stubel
Cammy Stubel

1980
New Members
Kevin Anderson
Gail Anderson
Shawn Rempel
Marcy Lennie
Crystal Pendrak
Brandy Cole
Gloria Cardinal
Hazel Brown
Lisa Johnston
Ann Johnston
David Twin
Sheila Barore
Jimmy Olson
Priscilla Quintal
Dwayne Nipshank
Travis Quintal
Steven Petite

1981
New Members
Cole Hendrigan
Delvin Rempel
Blair Sundby
Kerry Alexander
Keri Lynn Chambers
Cheryl Malone
Blaine Beauchamp
Sandy Dec
Robert Reason
Joe Hugo
Andy Attfield
Shawn Kylo
Darla Sawula
Brenda Sawula
David Coutrilla
Adele Coutrilla
Pamilla Coutrilla
Tammy Quintal
Travis Quintal
Darren Plamondon
Lori Plamondon

1982
Tennille Auch
Nicole Barore
Ginette Johnson
Melinda Johnson
Shawn Kylo
Shawna Malone
Trevor Malone
Debbie Nipshank
Jim Olson
Martina Peterson
Tim Reay
Jonathon Sawula
Lorina Schmitz

Supervisors J.F.W.

Jack Verney 1961
Fred Reinholt 1962
Jim Skrenek 1963
George Price
Art Malone 1964
Wilson Wolstenholme 1965
Leonard LaFrance 1966
Ted Barnett 1967, 1968, 1969
Murray Paches 1970
Leona Pollard 1971, 1972, 1973
Gilbert Calhoun 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977
Ernie Weinrich 1978
Art Malone 1979
Gayle Rempel 1980
Steven Paches 1981, 1982
Shannon Pearson 1983

Supervisors G.F.G.

Maureen Paches 1968, 1969, 1970
Margaret Payea 1971
Maureen Paches 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978
Barb Roe 1979, 1980, 1981

Instructors

Mr. Holtslander	Gayle Rempel
John Irla	Barbara Roe
Len Pollard	Wanda Paches
Mary Roberts	Rory Calhoun
Stanley Morton	Gordie Willis
Audrey Kylo	Doreen Barabas
Gloria Horton	Wayne Rempel

Supervisors Pathfinders

Thelma Scott 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982
Leigh Hendrigan 1983

Instructors Pathfinders

Mavis Cole	Georgina Beauchamp
Faye Pendrak	Linda Brown
Marriane Saunders	Mildred McClanaghan
Leigh Hendrigan	Coralee Scott
Nora Olson	Susan Auch
Jeanette Reason	Chris Strach

Council Members

Mrs. Skrenek	Mrs. Hazel McCumsey
Mrs. G. Price	Mrs. Shirley Olsen
Mr. G. Price	Doug McConaghy
Mr. Holtslander	W. P. LaFrance
Mrs. C. Letourneau	Paul L'Hereoux
Mr. Kostyk	Joe Barabas
Mel Rutt	Len Stiles
Mrs. Wolstenholme	Steve Paches
Mr. Wolstenholme	Charlie White
Mel Young	Ellen Barnett
G. Barthel	

Jody Sundby
Melvin Cole
1983
Deanna Epperson
Melisa Epperson
Junior Supervisors
Lee Barthel
Shannon Conrad
Steven Paches
Rory Calhoun
Wanda Graling
Kelly Calhoun
Dawn Willis
Mildred McClanaghan

Marlene Drader
Ramona Graling
Gloria Horton
Evelyn Hugo
Arlene LaFrance
Pauline Calhoun
Patricia Graham
Gilbert Calhoun
Len Pollard
Bud Sloan
Viney Sloan
Leona Pollard
Louise Chasse
Mrs. Moberg
Karen Willis
Nadine Elgert
Raymond Elgert
Alice Knahs
Audrey Kylo
Joyce Roth
June Conrad
Evelyn Guenette
Lawrence Guenette
Lorne Earl

Frank Brown
Eleanor Brown
Hazel Lennie
Sandy Attfield
Linda LaFrance
Levi Smoker
Gayle Rempel
Barb Roe
Maureen Paches
Doreen Barabas
Judy Malone
Kathleen McClanaghan
Mary Roberts
Leigh Hendrigan
Thelma Scott
Chris Strach
Mavis Cole
Faye Pendrak
Garry Horton
Mrs. Peterson
Susan Auch
Joyce Plamondon
Wayne Rempel

Smith Recreation Board by Maureen Paches

Smith Recreation Board was started in 1969 with Bill Kregsvelt as president. Pop machines were put in at the Federated Co-op Mill to raise money; also a turkey shoot was held.

The Board was registered in October of 1973. The same fall, the present curling rink was built with help from Opportunity Corps and volunteers. There had been \$3000.00 raised locally and a grant of \$5300.00.

The 1973 skating rink funding started, with a swimming program in 1975 and Arts and Crafts in



Smith Agri Rec Hall and Curling Rink.

1976. Smith Curling Club, Smith Traildusters Horse Club and Bat-For-Hondo Community Club have received grants the last few years.

The Smith Recreation Board is made up of 12 members, elected at a general meeting each year, representing each area in the greater Smith district.

In 1981 a committee started work towards a recreation complex. It was decided to remove the lobby area of the curling rink and add a new facility with a dance hall and kitchen.

In 1983 the construction was started and it was completed in 1984. Grants from Departments of Agriculture, Parks and Recreation, Municipal Affairs plus money raised locally came to a total cost of \$380,000.00.

Smith Hall Board has been formed with representatives from different organizations. They are responsible for the operating of the new Ag-Rec Community Centre.

Smith Local Metis-Association told by Rose Twin

In the 1970's Rose Twin became president of the Local Metis Association. They were instrumental in a number of activities. Of most importance was the establishment of C.V.C. or presently C.E.C. Community Educational Committee. This is an adult education facility where adults are able to improve or upgrade their educational standings. The board of directors has included Rose Twin, Nadine Elgert, Rev. Fr. Giguere, Arlene Olafson, Mike Dreamy, Thelma Schwartz, Joy Earl, Gene M. Earl, Gemma Céré, Jean Abbott, Rob and Kathy Pearn, and Gene Thompson.

Another project was supplying housing for the Metis families who were sorely in need of better housing. Through Alberta Housing they were able to provide seven double-wide housing units.

They also provided employment to some of the younger people by paying them wages for running errands, shovelling snow and the like, for senior citizens in the area.

Smith Development Association

The Smith Development Association was organized in 1978 when Federated Co-op sold their mill to Zeidler Forest Industries who in turn decided to move the mill from Smith. The citizens of Smith were concerned about Smith having no industry, hence the formation of the association.

On May 2, 1978 an application was made to have Smith Development Association incorporated. The application was signed by Ed Yoder, Joe Hugo, Leonard LaFrance, Bill Brown, Arlene Olafson,

Wayne Rempel and Bob Johnston with Jack Bunting, Economic Development Representative witnessing it. On May 30, 1978 Smith Development Association became an incorporated non-profit association. The first executive being; Joe Hugo — President, Leonard LaFrance — Vice-President, Arlene Olafson — Secretary, Maureen Paches — Treasurer, and the directors were — Frank Brown, Dave Auch, Ed Yoder, Bill Brown, Gilbert Calhoun, and Wayne Rempel.

During its existence, Smith Development has presented numerous briefs to the Northern Alberta Development Council. Some of these briefs were concerns for education (high school program in Smith); roads: (Smith to Martin Hills via the west end of Fawcett Lake); campsites: request for information on available grant money for the construction of a Community Center, to name a few.

Smith Development was instrumental in getting; water and sewer in Smith, a fire hall and organizing a fire brigade, extension and improvement to the Fawcett Lake campsite at the west end, up-grading of the road from Smith to the west end of Fawcett Lake.

In 1978, the firm of Hollishead, LeFracois and Associates were hired by Smith Development to do an economic feasibility study of Smith.

Joe Hugo was named Smith Development's representative for the Big Bend Study.

The present executive of Smith Development is: Joe Hugo — President; Leonard LaFrance — Vice-President; Dave Auch — Secretary; Maureen Paches — Treasurer. The directors are Arlene Olafson, Wayne Rempel, Ed Yoder, Don Strid, Oliver Olson, Bill Brown and Sandy Attfield. Bob Petite was named our official consultant.

The Smith Development Association takes an active interest in all issues concerning Smith and its development.

Smith Half Century Plus Association by Oliver Olson

In the winter of 1977 Mrs. Liz Menard thought that the older citizens of Smith and District should have a place to meet and visit.

She finally got in touch with New Horizons and a Mr. Williams came out and met with her and a few other citizens, at her house.

Through this contact, another meeting was arranged for, and was held in the Legion Hall, where they elected ten senior citizens to be the administrative body.

In August of 1978, Smith Half Century Plus Association was incorporated under the Societies Act. Anyone over 50 years of age could become a

member. Land was finally obtained from the Anglican Church at a cost of \$600.00 and because of a clause in the original title we had a lawyer's fee of over \$400.00.

Mrs. Ziedler had purchased the Federated Co-op Sawmill at Smith, when she sold the mill she donated the coffee house to the Seniors. The Seniors had it moved to its present site beside the Anglican Church. A place was cleared just large enough to put in a foundation, and the building was placed on this foundation, and was used during the winter of 1979/80.

New Horizons had given us a grant of \$11,000.00 to purchase the land, furniture, and telephone and power bills for the first 18 months. Money for building materials was obtained from memberships, which was \$10.00 for joining and \$2.50 a year thereafter, and also from an auction held in the Legion Hall. Some money was also raised by soliciting oil companies, pipe line companies, and the Power Company. Money was also donated by some members of the district.

Work was donated by the members which made the Club eligible for a grant from Alberta Culture and Recreation, two of these grants were received, totaling \$7,000.00

The rest of the site was cleared, and gravel hauled by some people of the district that had equipment, and this was donated.

Two trailer houses were purchased from Alberta Housing for \$1.00 each, plus clearing the vacated site. These trailers were moved also with no cost to the club.

The Alberta Opportunity Corp. from Slave Lake made the foundation for these trailers, which were added on to the original building in 1979. In the spring of 1980 Truss rafters were purchased to cover the two trailers, making the building 38 feet wide and 54 feet long. This roof was also put on by the Opportunity Corp. at no cost to the Club. We were able to complete the building the summer of 1980, and were able to use the entire building that fall.

The building is open nearly every day of the week, and crib tournaments are held every Sunday. Whist is played three times a month, bingo once a month, and Pot Luck Supper once a month. Some money for maintenance is raised by renting the building to other organizations.

Mr. Syd Reay was the first president with Father Giguere as the Secretary-Treasurer. When Syd passed away in 1979 Oliver Olson was elected president. Father Giguere resigned and Verna Willis took over as Secretary-Treasurer.

The administrative body in 1984 is: Buster Overacker, Mary Raesler, Vera McConaghy, John Tate, Willis Yoder, Mona Milne, Rene Guenette, Eleanor Guenette, Anne Overacker, Oliver Olson.



Smith Drop-in Centre, before.



"The Entertainers".



"Playing Cards".



Half-Century Plus Drop-in Centre, 1984.



Fall Fair, Half-Century Float.



"The Pool Sharks".

Traildusters Horse Club of Smith by Elaine Attfield

The original Horse Club was started in the 1970's and was named The Riverside Saddle Club. This club had trailrides and gymkhanas. They also had a few other activities such as a dance, one of which was sponsored by Reg Bouvette and his Band.

Then in January of 1979, Guy Belanger held a horse club meeting at his house. A few people attended and to our amazement the Riverside Saddle Club was no more. We had to start a new club, which we incorporated as Traildusters Horse Club of Smith. We held a few trailrides and gymkhanas which were held on the ball diamond across from the new Ag-Rec Community Center. We had two dances; the first one was a box social in the spring. In the fall we had a hard time dance, and were honoured with the presence of the cast from the movie crew, filming "Silence of the North." To finish our year out, we had a pot luck dinner at Len and Leona Pollard's for our awards (trophy).

In 1980 the club held trailrides and gymkhanas for the year. The Flatbush Sports Club asked us to host an open gymkhana, which we did. We built a concession booth with an announcing booth on top. That was the year that the club approached the Recreation Board for some grounds of our own to develop, govern and improve as we saw fit. We held a dance in the spring and fall, along with our awards night.

In 1981 we carried on with gymkhanas and trailrides. The club was also able to get some land above the curling rink on the hill next to Alberta Transportation grounds. We used the ground we had been using, until we could get a cat from Black Cat Construction. We had volunteer cat drivers to do the brushing, clearing and levelling of the land. Then, we moved our own fence posts, concession booth, and other gymkhana equipment up there. The Agricultural So-



Smith Trailduster Horse Club, 1982.

ciety said that we could move their bleachers and loading shoots. They also were able to get some used railway ties for fence posts and donated the 2 x 6's for the fence so we could make our corrals. We'd like to thank the Agricultural Society very much for their help. We sponsored our two dances; one in the spring and the second one in the fall for our awards night.

In 1982 we put up the outside of our race track. We started to paint the outside of the corrals white and later in the fall we were able to get the concession booth wired for power. This made it easier for us because we were not having to trouble Alberta Transportation for power. We were thankful for their support. We had gymkhanas only for the summer months and our two seasonal dances, which included the awards night.

In 1983 the club members got together and painted the rest of the corrals white, and painted the outside of the race track with red stain. We held some trailrides and gymkhanas. We had one dance in 1983 and that was for awards night.

In 1984, the club is building the inside of the race track and also starting rodeo grounds, with hopes of finishing in the next few years. This summer we hope to have a few trailrides and our regular gymkhanas.

The Traildusters Horse Club over the years has done some fund raising. Our first gymkhana of the year is an open gymkhana for the Handicap Association, with an entry fee for riding in the gymkhana. We also pass a hat around for a silver collection and the profits from the concession booth goes to the Handicapped Association too.

In 1984, the club is trying the new idea of holding a horse sale with 5% of the selling price of the horses going to the Handicapped Association. Over the years the club tried various ways to raise money, such as; dances (Box socials, Hard time), raffles, silver collection, flea markets, and concession booth.

So all in all, we, as a club, try to enjoy ourselves and like to see people come out and enjoy the gymkhanas.

Smith-Hondo Agricultural Society by Maureen Paches

Smith-Hondo Agricultural Society was started in 1979 with 85 members from Smith and Hondo areas. The largest project each year is the Fall Fair, which the whole community takes part in and it makes a great weekend. The interest in the bench show, livestock, and horse show has a growing number of entries including some from other towns. The gymkhana on the final day adds to the fair.

Through the Agricultural Society, there has been short courses in fertilizers for farming and forage

crops, community cattle auctions each year, and Farmers' Market.

The society also worked to get the Department of Agriculture \$75,000.00 grant towards the Ag-Rec Community Centre and will continue to support this community centre.

See you at the fair!



Ticki Hayes, leading the parade, 1982.



1982 Smith Parade.



1980 Smith Fair Exhibits.



1980 Smith Fair Exhibits.

Smith Volunteer Fire Brigade by Leonard LaFrance

In the spring of 1984, after lengthy delays, due to bankruptcy, recession, etc., a new two bay Fire Hall was opened in the Hamlet of Smith. Approximately 25 concerned citizens formed a volunteer fire brigade. The Fire Chief elected was Leonard LaFrance; Deputy Fire Chief, Wayne Rempel, and Captains are Jim Astle, Debbie Parsons and Bill Brown.

After rejecting the first fire truck due to defects, the fire brigade received a new superior truck from Red Deer.

The first year will be spent practising and learning how to use the new equipment.

We would like to thank members of I.D. 17 for the cooperation in getting our new facility functional.

Thank you from the Smith Volunteer Fire Brigade.



Smith's new firehall.

Recreation at Moose River by Wilma Loseth (Roe)

The years on the homestead were a lot of give and take. We hadn't much for amusement but sliding down hill, tobogganing, swimming in the Moose River and at Knapps on the Kwiticow. They returned shortly after the summer we spent on their place. We had no radio or T.V. in those days, only an old Victrola on which we had to sharpen needles and sometimes the spring would break. Jerry would then make a new hole and it was shortened several times until it kept someone winding steady. Some of the records were, Wild Irish Rose, Big Rock Candy



Smith Little League Baseball Team. (1962) George Price, Pres. Back Row: Rodney Cook, Brian Thompson, Lee Rempel, Dennis Bruyere, Denny Rempel, Terry Price. Front Row: Maurice Letourneau, Danny McConaghy, Doug McCumsey, Duane Rutt, Dougy Cook, Duane McLeod, Team Coach Dale Holtslander. Not shown: Jerry Chambers, Morgan Villeneuve. Winners of Slave Lake League, and Corporal Morrison Trophy.

Mountain and Hallelujah Album 1 and 2. Some waltzes and dances of the day. Mother had a good education and read to us tirelessly and we loved it. We would do anything so she would have time to sit down and read. Then as we grew older there were Community dances, Box Socials, Pie Socials and the Christmas concert. All catered to by the people, usually sandwiches, cakes and coffee. Sometimes a whole boiler full or two of coffee would be used in an evening. There was always a floor manager who kept everyone in line. Mostly local music; violin, guitar, banjo, harmonica and squeeze organ or accordion were used. The dances were waltzes, two step, one step, polkas which my brother George and I enjoyed the most. Also fox trots, waltz quadrille, cabbage one step, schottiche, little drops of brandy and the flea hop. Old time square dancing with local callers got so fast and merry they almost raised the roof. We all sat around on benches against the wall and lunch was passed around. There was always local talent to



Won Northern Zone Finals three years in a row. Back row: Cliff Adams, Gordon Guenette, Ron Hudspeth (coach), Joe Hugo, Clarence Heinecker, ?. Front: ?, David Lee, ?, ?, Roger Nikipilo, Peter Verney.

entertain. They would sing songs and play special pieces and a few step dancers. George Donaldson, an old timer, could always be counted on. The special dances were first waltz, supper waltz and after the ball waltz which were danced with a special partner. The dances we usually went to were at Moose River, Ranch, Moose Portage, Otter Creek and some times Smith or Mirror Landing. There was never any drinking in the dance halls. Most of the young fellows and some of the husbands did their nipping outside, usually on home brew. I was never interested, I always had too much fun inside and Dad forbade us to go out of the hall. The dances were the highlights of our life. The rest was scrambling for a living and hard times. Through the years I can remember staying home from dances because I had no shoes or dress good enough to wear.

Recreation

by Verna Willis

We loved to dance, and didn't mind how we got to the dance as long as we got there. Mom would take a flour sack along with our shoes in it. When we arrived (in the winter) our mitts, toques, scarves, heavy wool socks and our moccasins would be put in the bag where we could find them easily, for everyone else came dressed that way too. We danced in peoples houses, as well as school houses and the odd hall. I can remember going to dances at Chandlers, Orval Hayeses, at Otter Creek in Bolen's house, I think, also at Tom Walls, Passmores, Willises and once we went to a dance at Brazeaus. The elderly Mrs. Brazeau crawled in under a table against a wall and smoked her pipe, where no one bothered her. "Happy" Chandler and Fred Coburn were the floor

managers. We had many square dance callers then and it was always exciting when a new one moved into the district, with new steps for us to learn.

We loved to play ball, too, and during the summer we played "scrub" when there weren't enough around for two teams. We eventually cleared a space for a ball diamond in the corner of Dick Holden's place, on Highway 2. I don't believe it ever got plowed and levelled off, but we managed, and had a lot of good get-togethers there.

Our religious training was somewhat lacking, because of our isolation. Had it not been for the Anglican Sunday School van ladies calling in every summer, it would have been more so. We took Sunday School by post for several years.

Jean and I belonged to the Girl Guides for a short time. Rev. LeDieux's wife was our leader.

Baseball Teams of the Late 1930's

by Sid Owens

Almost every Sunday there was a ballgame either at Hondo, Smith or Chisholm. The ball team and any spectators that went to watch the game, all travelled by horse and buggy. Everyone took lunch with them as it was an all day affair. Some of the team would take their families along and everyone had a really super time.

My brother, Bill, was great for making fig wine and toted a jug along to every game. One time, enroute to Smith, the jug got broke so Bill tied the cork to his shirt and everytime he got on base he would take a sniff of the cork.

Art Ulm was the cheer leader for the Hondo team. He was most enthusiastic, urging his team on and betting on them to win. For the odd game that Hondo played against Flatbush, they travelled by train. When they went to Athabasca for a game, the team went by horse and buggy as far as Passmore's, then a trucker by the name of Jeff Coke would transport the whole team and their fans there and back.

The Hondo handball team consisted of the following players: Syd Owens — catcher, Bill Willis — pitcher, Fred Baumberger — first base, John Shaw — second base (John was a school teacher), Earnest Worthing — third base, Sonny Willis — short stop, Clyde Ulm — right field, Bill Owens — centre field, Ted Nyhus — left field (coach).

Extra players were Mel Cole, Dan Schmode and Sam and Joe Beecroft. Players of the Hondo softball team: Syd Owens — catcher, Jack Dobyanski — pitcher, Gus Dobyanski — first base, Victor Beauchamp — second base, Ted Giles — third base, Sonny Willis — short stop, Ted Conrad — right field, Oswald Baumberger — centre field, Oscar Baumberger — left field.

The infielders of the Chisholm softball team were: Les Mondae — first base, Bill Glover — pitcher, Dixon Taylor — catcher, Camille Rochon — second base, George Foster — short stop, Sam Beecroft — third base.

Smith's ball team was as follows: Bobby Lauder — catcher, Fred Bradford — pitcher, Johnny Lee — first base, Bert Small — second base, Charlie Pasmore — third base, Earl Coburn — short stop, Harvey Dupont — right field, Fred Hajek — centre field, Lloyd McDonald — left field

Spares were Joe Holden, Jack Coburn and Lee Bradford.

Hondo's Baseball Cheer

Spearmint, Spearmint, Wrigley's gum;
Who put Smith team on the bum?
We did, we did; Who are we?
Hondo, Hondo, Can't you see!

Margaret Roy Relates

Life then wasn't all hard work, either, as everyone took time to relax, visit and enjoy the company of others. On the weekends the neighbors would have surprise parties, when a few families would drop in on others, bringing along sandwiches and cakes, at these parties we mostly played games such as "Jacob and Rachel" or "Blindman's Buff." Sometimes if we had music, and room enough to dance, we'd do this also, and of course there'd always be someone who could strum the guitar and sing western songs. These parties were a lot of fun, both for young and old.

Noma Beauchamp Remembers

We had a lot of good times. Our annual community picnics were something to look forward to, with everyone bringing food. There were ball games, races for all as well as other events. Parties at someone's place on a Saturday night were fun, and many times we played cards until three or four in the morning.

Recreation

by Lou Newell

There was little to spend the spare hours on during these days. Our parents went to dances, listened to the radio, went on walks (they call them hikes now-a-days). Tobogganning, skiing (skis made of lumber) and sleigh (hay) rides. Summer brought boys and girls out on the baseball field. Fishing was a good sport practiced by all.

Entertainment

Viola (Olson) Coburn

We had dances nearly every Friday night in the

Old Club House, a well used building; box socials and ball games, and went to Fawcett Lake on picnics. But our first of July picnics were special, school was out for the summer. The whole valley would gather at the Club House. We'd have races, jumping, three legged races, ball games, and even horse races. Then we'd have a big supper, go home and do chores and come back and finish the night dancing. Dad played the accordian for the dances. He is still playing at 92 years! Our home was very musical, everyone played accordian, except Mom. Some of my brothers played violin and guitars. We learned to dance at home. Dad would play for us.

Entertainment

by Cecile Racine

In the early years the entertainment was box socials, pie socials, shadow socials, held in a one room log school house. The proceeds from these activities were for gifts, etc. for the children. The children's names and the money were sent to T. Eaton Co. Eatons picked and wrapped gifts, appropriate for each child according to the child's age and the amount of money allotted. The gifts were sent to the school and were handed out by Santa at the Christmas Concert. Men paid twenty-five cents for dances and ladies brought lunches. Local bands played for about \$3.00 for a dance.

Miscellaneous Recreation Photos



Mennonite Ladies sewing group at Siemen's.



Don, Paul, Lenora and Annie Dupont. In first Curling Rink at Smith. 1959.



Ladies at Catholic Clubhouse for Lorraine Villeneuve's shower, July, 1967.

MACDONALD'S EXPORT												
	1			6				7				
SCORE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		2	3		4			5				



E. McConnell, Evelyn Hugo, Noni Graling (skip) and Karen Willis, 1979.



Sailing on Fawcett Lake.



Arlene and Lloyd LaFrance; Linda and Leonard LaFrance.



Verla Chambers, Murray Villeneuve, Linda Lee, Gary Nikipilo, Beverly Olson and Dennis McDowell.



Hondo group about 1940.



Smith local fish catch.



Smoky Creek, Picnic at Mr. and Mrs. Duponts.

Crafts



Allen Crowell, Warren Sands, Danny McConaghy, Debbie Stelter, Lori Peterson, Lois Jolliffe.



Carrie Earl and one of her pieced quilts, 1982.



Quilts, a popular pastime.



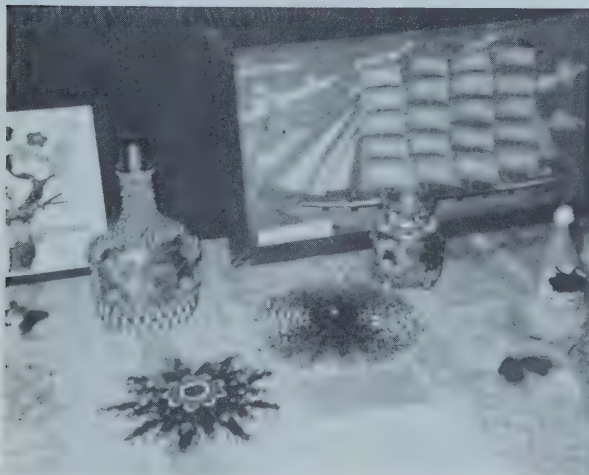
Smith Arts and Crafts Show, 1970.



Neil Earl and model airplane he was building, 1981.



Smith Arts and Crafts Show, Cross stitch pictures by Lauchlin Milne.



Smith Arts and Crafts Show, 1970.



Paintings by Doreen Barabas, Gene M. Earl and Sharon Johnston.



Owl, painting.



Camille and Velma Rochon, Charlie and Bessie Crick, sign painted by Albert Briand.



C. E. (Gene) Earl and leatherwork.



C. E. (Gene) Earl and leatherwork.

Hunting, Trapping and Gold Mining



Hunting Around Smith

by Gene M. Earl

It's a hunting they did go those four, most every
week that fall

They took their red caps, jackets, guns, so they
could have a ball.

'Twas Brown and Earl, Calhoun, Guenette who
stalked the wary game

But faces long and empty hands were theirs when
home they came.

They travelled up the road and down, it seemed
like every day

They never even stopped for meals — their wives
were wont to say.

Oh, Lawrence took a truck or two, he couldn't
make up his mind

And Wes, he took his little red jeep, so he
wouldn't be left behind.

It's down the oil roads they would go, says Bill,
"Is that a track?"

They went to look and after a mile, they met it
coming back.

Says Calhoun, "Tis a moose I swear." Says
Lawrence, "It's a deer."

Says Wes, "'Tis only a mountain goat, got lost and
wandered here."

One day just Wes and Lawrence went to try to get
some game

Then Evelyn said, "The family goes to help you
win some fame."

Oh, Wes said, "There is no game," and Lawrence
he said, "Aye."

But Evelyn said, "There's a deer you guys!" and
that's the one that died.

Another day saw three men go another attempt to
make.

"We swear we'll get another deer or as hunters we
are fakes."

Another deer their eyes beheld and three shots rang
so clear

"Tis mine," says Lawrence, "No!" says Gil, says
Wes "I know it's my deer."

And while the men did ski-doo off to catch a big-
horned sheep,

Their wives were left behind to fuss and sometimes
they did weep.

The meals were burnt or all dried up or hastily
contrived,

The jobs the men had meant to do were all pushed
to one side.

Cause it's hunting they would go, it's a hunting
they would go.

Three Moosekateers Go Hunting

This article should only be read by those who are
of strong character and heart, and who have a sen-
sitivity toward fun and adventure.

The story unfolds on the evening of Thursday,
November 10 as three ardent and adventurous big-
game hunters set up camp more than 300 miles from
home. Leaving the warmth and comforts of home
Chris Swan, Don Toplnisky, Jim Osinchuk, and two
hunters from Edmonton prepared to rough it out-
doors for a few days, do some moose hunting, and
return to their teaching duties Monday morning.
Their hunt was very successful. Among five hunters,
four moose were brought down.

Of the four moose, the last one was the most
difficult to bring back to the truck. Can you imagine
this scene deep in the wilds of northern Alberta bush?
After the cameras stopped clicking (of course there
must be cameras), the smiles quickly faded as Jim
and Don decided to pull the last moose one mile back
to the truck. They tied and secured the rope to the
moose, and pulled and tugged up one hill, down the
hill, around the trees, over fallen logs and partially
frozen muskeg. After what seemed like hours, help
had finally arrived — Chris had come up and offered
some very good advice. "If you pull the moose by
the head, instead of the back feet there is less friction
and therefore it is a lot easier to pull". Following his
advice, they pulled the moose over logs, around
trees, down the hill, up the hill, and finally stopped to
rest. Jim said, "It sure is a lot easier pulling it by the
head". After looking around Don replied, "Say,
isn't this where we first shot the moose?"

Seriously, the fun ended on Sunday evening
when our trio were on the way home. Jim's truck was
loaded with two moose and all the camping gear
when it ground to a halt. Apparently somewhere on
the rough road, the cover plate on the rear end was
bent upwards allowing the gear oil to leak out and as a
result the differential had disintegrated.

After some time the first truck returned from
Smith, Alberta, looking for Jim's truck. Travel
through fog and icy roads was slow, but help finally
arrived by 8:00 a.m. Monday, when Don's wife and
tow truck showed up.

On the way home Jim mentioned that he is going
to give up moose hunting. Chris asked him whether it
was the rough terrain and damage to his truck, or the
time element involved. "Heck, no," replied Jim,
"the decoys are just too heavy to carry."

A Near Tragedy

by Olive Olson

One winter day about 1937-38, Bert Olson took

Merl along hunting squirrels. They were about five miles along the way when they saw a squirrel sitting on a branch, as they got closer the squirrel scampered up the tree.

Merl had a .22 rifle that didn't have a trigger guard, and while circling around trying to see the squirrel, his frayed cuff on his windbreaker coat, caught the trigger, the gun went off, hitting Bert Olson in the calf of the leg.

Bert sent Merl home to get the team and sleigh, to haul him home in case he couldn't walk that far.

Merl took off in high gear and as he ran, he lightened his load. He left the gun sticking in the snow, a little further along he left his pack sack.

Bert started for home and as he walked, he gathered Merl's discarded gear.

There was a load of wood on the sleigh, so Merl's mother helped him unload. Then he had to catch and harness the horses. He was finally on his way. He met Bert only one mile from home. I'm not sure what he told Nurse Mayne when he went in to Smith to see her.



Joseph Holden, 1921.

Spring on the Trapline

by Dawn Willis

Exhausted crocuses

Push their way through

The ironbound earth at last

Melting snow

Coils a hillside track

Into a creek running fast

A trivial squirrel

Appears on a spruce branch

Recognized at once by his exuberance

A frog chorus

Tunes up in the bulrushes,

A noise hushes them at once

Colossal eyes

Of a muskrat peek alertly

Through a copice of reeds

The dashful deer

Stays on guard

For enemies as she feeds

Beauty portrays

This fresh air scene

That dad seems to love the best

A wilderness

With a pace all its own,

A vivid description of the wild northwest.



Joseph Holden's trapping cabin, 1924. Brule Point N.W.T.



Bill Coburn with Nig and Gipsy at the hay camp, 1942.



Bill Roe and son George, Moose River, Alberta.



Fred Coburn's cabin, skunk pelts, 1942.



Glen Earl with sleigh dogs.



Trapper's cabin Baseline Lake.



Charley Crick with a trophy moose, 1934.



Bill Willis with his wolf pelt.



Back: Jack Hazzard, John and Grant Knapp. Front: Joe and Wally Knapp and Rod Hazzard, hunting season, 1934.



John Jonson and Clarence Olson with their furs in 1934.



Ross Parsons with his fur catch.



Bernie O'Neil's and Ross Parsons' trapping cabin at Paul Lake. (Crooked Lake).

Lawrence Villeneuve

Lawrence started trapping about 1930. Billy Mullins and Ned Villeneuve helped Lawrence build five cabins on the trapline.

In later years, Rene Guenette decided to go on a trip with him. They travelled by dog team. The day after they got to the cabin on Martin Mountain, Lawrence and Rene went out on the line checking traps. On the way back to the cabin they shot a moose. Lawrence left Rene with the dogs on the trail while he went to dress out the moose. Three big grizzly bears came along and circled right past Rene and the dogs. Lawrence had to leave the moose and both of them had to get away quickly. This is only one of many encounters Lawrence had on the trapline with grizzly bears and wolves.

A Story Told To Oliver Olson by Jack Hagerud

At one time in the 1920's there were two men by the names of Oscarvitch and Karos. They had a few



Charlie Crick, 1932.

cattle. They also trapped on the north side of Fawcett Lake along the Crooked River and what they used to call The Sloughs.

The story goes that one spring, Jake Gerhart who was a fur buyer and ran a store, sent a man over to these fellows to tell them that muskrat prices were dropping, and that they better sell before prices went down to nothing. They sold all their muskrats for about \$400.00.

The next day one of these men went to cross the lake to send this money to the bank. This was early in the spring and over the winter the boat had dried out. When he was about half way across the lake the boat went under. This man made it to shore. When asked how he made it, as he couldn't swim, he said he walked on the bottom, and came up for air, once in a while. He said he couldn't afford to drown as he had four hundred dollars on him.

Moose Story

by Fred Burfield

I was walking along Moose Portage Trail, carrying my halters and a pail of oats and looking for my horses. I spied the head of what I took to be a horse coming towards me around the thick young poplars that grew there. I hurried forward, thinking they might be my horses. Suddenly, rounding a bend, I came to a halt. There, only 20 yards ahead of me, was a female moose. She stopped dead also and stared at me in astonishment. You wouldn't think a moose could show much expression in its ugly face but this one surely did! As she stood there staring at me, two young ones moved out from behind and placed themselves one on either side of her. If only I had a camera. What a contrast! Nothing could be more ugly than she and nothing so clean and cute as they! Long spindly legs, atop of which their light yellowish bodies were balanced, and that long-nosed head looking at me so innocently and unafraid. I was beginning to wonder what I ought to do. I had heard a mother moose could be very dangerous. Should I edge for the side of the road or try to fade backwards out of sight? All of a sudden, she reared upon her hind feet, swung sharply around and her dangling front legs sent the fawn on that side rolling into the ditch. Immediately, she turned back to me, her head low near the ground, her eyes glaring balefully at me, and her body gathered up ready to charge. The fawn scrambled to its feet somehow and stayed there in the ditch. Behind her, I saw four long fawn-colored legs pointing to the sky. I was feeling rather scared by this time. She stayed like that, immovable and I stood just as still, scared to move. It seemed anything might start a charge. The fawn scrambled to its feet and also

stayed there in the ditch. The mother was so intent on glaring at me, she didn't notice. In desperation, I whirled my halter rope, not sure what effect it would have. To my relief, up she went on her hind legs again, swung around and plunged into the thickets, leaving her two young ones on the road with me. I could hear her threshing through the bushes and windfalls down towards a muskeg. The young ones took their time, one behind the other and slowly followed her and then they were gone. I was telling this episode to Joe Brazeau later, and he said, "Oh, it was you that turned them off the road, eh? I saw those tracks."

Anecdotes

by Verna Willis

When we lived in Chisholm, Bill used to cut hair for many of the men at that time. One summer evenings Jack Paish came down for a hair cut. On the way back, where he crossed a foot-bridge over the creek, he saw a baby skunk. He called for Bill, and the next thing I knew, back they came, Bill carrying the skunk. At my protests, Bill assured me it was all right, it was too young to throw its scent. It was cute, so we went to show it to Inga and Ernie Severeid. Ernie was under the house digging out a cellar. He had an outside entrance, where he hauled the dirt out. Inga thought our baby was cute too, so she took it around to the cellar entrance and called Ernie. Just as she set it down, their big dog came around the corner of the house. That baby skunk decided he was big enough, and Inga got sprayed all up her arm. She let go of the skunk and it started down Ernie's steps. What a commotion, for a few minutes, until it got safely away into the bush.

Another time, Ernie had two little bear cubs, that Camille Rochon and Con Walker had dug out of a den in late winter. They were fun to watch, they were so playful. Gordie was two years old, and he thought they were great. Once, they stood up on their hind feet, one on each side of him, with their front paws resting on him. He was laughing, and thoroughly enjoying it until one decided to climb up his side, and its claws penetrated his pant leg. He scattered bears in every direction. They played out, and we finally realized all was quiet. We started investigating, and there were the bears, curled up beside our baby, Hazel, fast asleep on Inga and Ernie's bed. We moved the baby!

Wolf Stories

by Oliver Olson

One morning in the spring of 1945, Selmer Olson went after the milk cows, as usual, on a saddle horse.

About a quarter mile from home he met a yearling heifer calf, coming along the trail bawling and trying to run. A large black wolf had his front paws on the back end of the calf and was eating away on the back legs of the calf.

Selmer turned and raced for the house to get the 30-30 rifle. He got back and put one bullet into the wolf; the wolf disappeared in the bush. Selmer got the heifer calf home, where they butchered it. They saved most of the meat. The wolf had eaten quite a large part of the back legs.

Dad and Selmer tried to find the wolf, but only found a big pool of blood where the wolf had laid down, but had got up again and had gone.

Wolf Stories

by Oliver Olson

In the fall of 1946, after harvest, I gathered up my cattle and brought them home. My cattle, and my Dad's, ran together on my homestead and another quarter we had leased. This land was east of Bert Olson's along the river hills.

I found all the cattle but three pail bunter calves, Dad had let out.

The next morning Dad left on foot to look for his calves. He came home that night with no success. He went again next morning, and walked about four miles to what we called Fourth Creek or Hay Meadow Creek. He was on the river shore when he saw six wolves on the south bank of the river. He returned home, again without the calves.

The next morning he left again. Crossing the Hay Meadow Creek where it runs into the river. He saw the tracks of the wolves in the light skiff of snow that had fallen.

He walked another mile or so and came upon a calf standing on a little knoll. He got up to the calf who nudged him just like a dog. He heard another calf bawl and when he looked around he was surrounded by the six wolves. He only had a 22 rifle with him and he shot at a wolf. The firing pin was just about worn out and there was only a click. He began to get pretty uneasy. He did manage to shoot a couple of shots into a wolf and they disappeared into the bush. He started for home with the two calves following him like dogs. The other calf was presumably eaten by the wolves.

Wolf Stories

by Oliver Olson

On February 13, 1973, while crossing the east end of Fawcett Lake to his trap line, Lawrence Adams saw two wolves out on the lake. One of the wolves came up to Lawrence.

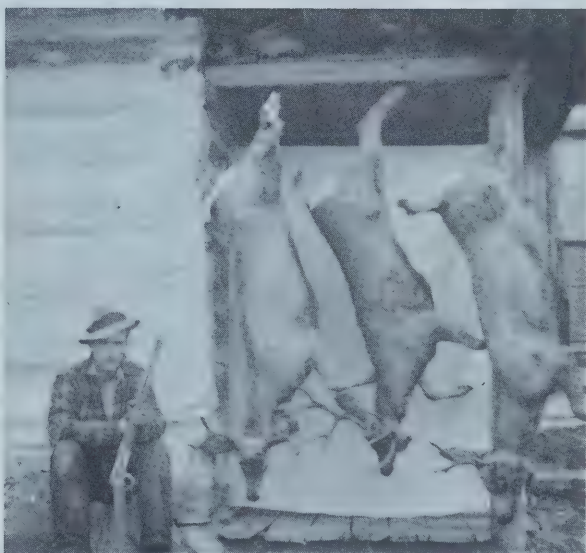
Lawrence had a very heavy pack, so he had left his rifle at home. He was on snowshoes and carried a stick about four feet long. He used this stick to beat on his snowshoes, to keep the slush from freezing to them, as there was an overflow on the lake.

When this wolf came after him, he dropped his pack and used the stick to beat off the wolf.

He made his way back to the resort, where Bruno Schmitz lived. While having coffee with Bruno the wolves came right up to shore. Bruno went out in his sock feet and shot one of them.

Bruno drove Lawrence back home for his gun, but he did not go back until the next day. His pack of food was still intact, and he didn't see the other wolf again.

Animals



Clyde Ulm, a successful hunt, 1938.



Mary Gagnon with a tame fawn, 1934.



Albert Briand with moose near Rochon's house, 1935.



A friendly bear cub, in camp, 1940-41.



Wilson Wolstenholme's black bear.



Dick Holden and a young moose.



Gene, Glen and Wes Earl with sleigh dogs, Tip, Sport, Wheeler and Nig., 1938.



Mary Raessler's dog, with quills.

The Gold Seekers

I watched the men who looked for gold
 Along the gravelled bars
 The gold lust shining in their eyes
 Shone brighter than the stars
 But somehow luck was never theirs
 Those dreams were doomed to die
 They never found the hidden lode
 That in the shallows lie.

by K. Hugo

Camille Rochon — A Trip on the Athabasca

I first met the Lockwood brothers in the winter of 1937 when I worked up the Athabasca river by the island (just past where the Pembina river flows into the Athabasca). We were decking logs on the bank so when spring came they could be rolled into the river to be floated down to the mill at Chisholm.

There was a big family of Lockwoods. They had lived along the river for years panning gold. There was Monk, the youngest; Jim and Arnold. Monk got a job cooking in the cookhouse and Jim and Arnold worked decking logs. They had come from the U.S.A. so had quite an accent. Their sister, Elsie, married Dick Pizzey from Hondo.

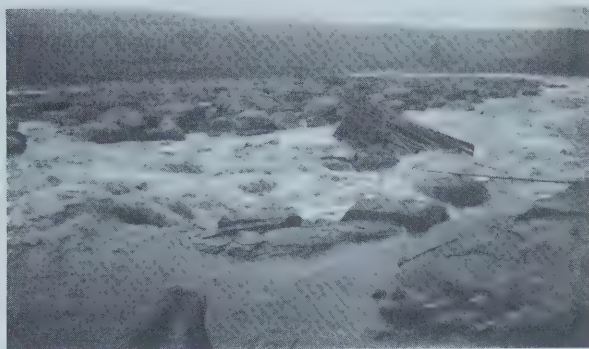
The Lockwood boys had seen an ad in a paper about the Hotel man that was looking for someone to go and look for gold. They were told it was fifty miles from Ft. McMurray along the Clearwater River. It was supposed to be real good and the Hotel man would grub stake them.



Arnold and Jim Lockwood, Camille Rochon (Geese shot along the river).

Early in 1939 the preparations began for the trip down the Athabasca River. We decided to use a 35 foot pontoon boat, driven by a six cylinder Saxon motor (air drive). We took two dogs with us; Blackie and Sport.

On May 7, 1939 we were ready to start out on our trip. The first day we made it to Athabasca where we got maps, grub, gas and ropes. We stayed overnight then went on the next day. The nights were cool but we had good sleeping bags; made a big fire and told lots of yarns. There was also a few mosquitoes to keep us company.



Swedes boat ready to break up.

On May 11, 1939 we hit the first rapids. We always seemed to hit rapids before the map showed it. Anyway, we got out and looked things over to see if we could make it through. We decided it would be no problem to make it so we started into them. A big wave came from a rock and hit the propeller killing the engine. Arnold kept saying "Hold her boys, hold her". Then we started going round and round and came out the other end but never hit a rock. We had all laid down to keep the water from getting into the pontoon. Everything was soaking wet so we had to stop and dry out our gear, clothes and blankets. The grub was okay as it was in tight pack sacks. This is

where we lost Sport. A moose was swimming the river and the dog took after it when it came to shore. We camped there overnight hoping the dog would come back. We kept calling him but he never came, so we could do nothing but go on.

On May 14, 1939 we went through the Pemican Rapids with no trouble at all. About four days later we came to the Grande Rapids. We heard them from a long way off so we camped about a half mile above them. It made us wonder if we could make it through. Anyway, next morning we went to have a look. There was a cabin not far from the rapids where a Swede lived and trapped. He told us we could never make it with our boat, but that his big river boat would go through without any problem. He had some fur that he planned to take to Ft. McMurray but his boat was in need of repair. He said if the Lockwood brothers and I would help him, we could put our things on the big boat. The boat was 35 feet long and six feet wide with no engine, just a paddle behind to steer it with. We stayed there four days repairing his boat.

Bright and early the next day we were ready to get our outfit through the Grande Rapids. In the river boat we put gas barrels, tools, motor and ties. These ties were six by six and were used to hold the pontoons apart. The Swede didn't put any of his things in the boat but he alone was going to ride the boat down the rapids. The boat went into the rapids, climbed a rock and broke in two. The old fellow jumped out on a rock. We threw him a rope and managed to get him ashore, however we lost everything that was in the boat. We then put our sleeping bags, fur, grub and rifles in the pontoons and lowered them down over the rapids with ropes. There was two men to each pontoon so we had no problem at all. We tied the pontoons together with ropes and were on our way.

When we arrived in Ft. McMurray, on May 24, we went to see the hotel man. He told us to get the grub we needed. In the meantime, he got in touch with the guide, who was an Indian with four pack dogs. The Indian was not worried about dog food as there was lots of moose. Every dog carried a pack containing the food, and we carried our rifles and sleeping bags.

We walked three days up Clearwater River. On the third day we set up camp as this was where the gold was supposed to be. However, before we got to this place we had a near tragedy. We were on a high bank which had a large birch leaning out over the edge (with just some roots holding it up) when Monk jumped onto it and it gave way. Monk disappeared over the bank, which was a hundred feet to the bottom. Sure thought he was a goner! We hurried down over the bank where he had fallen, but here comes Monk — real unconcerned. It was the branches on the birch that had saved him.

Anyway, we were now ready to look for gold. There was no moose for the poor dogs as yet, so we were sharing our grub with them. We prospected all over there — I don't think the Indian knew exactly where the goldmine was supposed to be. We found alot of colors but it wasn't enough to make any money at it.

One day, we hung our packsacks in the trees, when we left camp. The dogs were tied up; however one dog got loose and jumped up and got the packsacks down. He ate everything (even made holes in the tin cans) so we were without grub. Then and there we decided we had had enough. However, we couldn't blame the poor dogs. When we came back to camp we were as hungry as wolves, only to find we had no grub. All we had left was a can of tea. We stayed there that night, but next morning we walked back the 50 miles to McMurray, all in one day. When we got to Ft. McMurray we had no shoes as they were completely worn out. I caught the freight train home. By the time I got home the buckskin suit my mother had made for me was in really poor shape and had shrunk some.

Four months later the yeller dog came back. I used to go to Charlie Crick's to listen to the radio. One evening, I came out of Charlie's house and seen this dog laying on the porch. I never paid much attention to it until it started to follow me. I turned around and called "Sport" and he jumped right at me, he was so glad to see me. If that dog could have talked I'll bet he could have told a very interesting story. Blackie was left at Ft. McMurray with the hotel man.

Gold Mining along the Athabasca **by Bill Willis**

It was about 1925 that Bill first remembers prospecting activity along the Athabasca River.

No doubt it had started many years before, but at that time a man by the name of Cartwright, along with Paul Kenny, Alvie Elliot and his father Ryley, and Henry Willis, did some panning along the gravel bars.

They found a few colours (grains of gold), enough to give them "gold fever", so the search was on.

They built a large water-wheel, twelve feet in diameter and six feet wide with about nine buckets on it. The wheel was set into a raft-like structure and anchored in the river, where the water was deep enough for it to work freely. The force of the current turned the wheel. The buckets dipped water as they came around and emptied into a trough as they came over the top. The water ran down a sloping trough to their sluice box on the bank. After all this work, they

didn't have enough gold to make it pay, so the water-wheel was abandoned.

In later years Jim McNabb and Fred Peavey, two old prospectors found gold on top of the bank, in the edge of the timber, above where the former operations were carried on.

Jim and Fred worked there for a couple of years. Where they first started, near the edge of the bank, all they had to do was pull a bunch of grass and shake the dirt into their gold pan, the gold was that near the surface. They worked from there, back to where they were having to strip two feet of soil off, to get to the gravel bed. There was two feet of pay-dirt gravel, when they got to it.

They dug a ditch back into the muskeg and dammed it up to raise the water level. This is how they got the water for their operations.

They had never staked or recorded a claim, and about two years later, Bill Davis staked it, and the two old fellows were out of business.

Bill Davis never did work it after he got it, so eventually the Willis boys worked it. Sam Beecroft worked with them too for a while.

They stripped up to five feet of overhead to get to the gravel. They used the ditch from the muskeg for their water source.

The gravel was shovelled into a sloped sluice box, the water washed it down over the grizzly head which was set up under the low end of the sluice. The grizzly head, shaped like a peaked roof, was made of what they called rattle bars. These bars separated and ran off the large rocks. The small gravel and sand went through the bars and washed down a sloped grizzly. The grizzly was a trough-like structure lined with duffel cloth. They used to nail a couple of cleats across the top end, on top of the cloth to break the force of the water. Most of the gravel washed over the blanket and away. The heavier black sand and the gold was trapped in the woolly cloth.

When they had finished for the day, or whenever the blanket looked full, it was taken up. The catch was washed into a gold pan where the courser gravel and sand were washed out by a swirling motion of the pan. When they had mostly gold left in the pan they

emptied quicksilver into it. The quicksilver gathered the gold onto it. The coated quicksilver was then emptied into a piece of chamois. By gathering the edges of the chamois into a pouch, the quicksilver was squeezed out through the chamois to be used again and again. There was always some quicksilver left in, and what was left looked like a silver ball. They used a babbitt ladle to burn the quicksilver out, but anything would do. As it was held over heat the silver ball gradually changed to gold.

They got from \$28.00 to \$32.50 for an ounce. Four men could average an ounce a day. They kept the Willis family from going on relief through the 1930s and drove their cars as well.

Eventually, the overhead was getting deeper and the pay dirt seam was getting thinner. They gave it up about 1939.

During the mid thirties, Bill Willis and Jack Holden were prospecting along the river.

On the west bank of the west channel by the Big Island, they found really good colors by panning. This was also on top of the bank, back about three hundred yards.

They went on down river to McCumsey's, where they spent the night. Early next morning they went back up-river to stake their claims. When they arrived, they found someone had got there in the meantime and had staked it.

This was Ernie Thompson and a man named Smalley. The story goes that Ernie didn't want Smalley for a partner after all, so he made a deal with him. Smalley could have the first fifty dollars worth of gold, if he would sign his share over to Ernie. They made that fifty dollars the first two or three days, and Thompson mined there for at least three years. It was a rich vein under shallow clay. Rumors were that he took \$5,000.00 worth of gold out of there.

Bill Davis did some mining in that area, also Jack Holden and the Lockwood family from Fort Assiniboine.

Ralph Crevier, Wilson Smith, Camille Rochon and Albert Briand were some of many who panned and prospected along the Athabasca River.



Family Histories



Chisholm

Thomas Chisholm — Chisholm Mills

The hamlet of Chisholm is found near the banks of the Athabasca River, about 120 miles north of Edmonton; five miles west of highway #44. It was named after Thomas Chisholm, a tie contractor for the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railways. Mr. Chisholm was a Klondike pioneer, having run the Aurora Saloon and dance hall at Dawson City in the days of the gold rush. He was a huge man, standing over six feet tall and weighing over 240 pounds. It is said that he wore a watch chain of gold nuggets across his chest and according to J. W. Judge, a railway pioneer, "It looked almost as large as a logging chain."

Thomas Chisholm came to this area about 1912 to start his tie camp on the west side of the Athabasca River. This "tie hackers camp" supplied hand hewn ties for the coming railway. The eight foot long ties were piled on sleighs pulled by four to six horses to the railroad during the winter months when the river was frozen over.

The tie camp expanded into the Chisholm Lumber Company in later years, floating logs down the Athabasca River. In the 1920's, Tom Chisholm left the area and he died penniless in 1936.

Colorful People of the Past

One of the few prospectors in Chisholm was Wilson Smith. He lived in a cabin down river and panned for gold in the river. Mr. Smith came into Chisholm when necessary for the essential groceries.

There have been many trappers in and around our area. To mention a few: Mr. Tom Wolfinger went into a partnership with a fellow trapper until 1925 when he went to work for the Chisholm Lumber Company. Mr. Dahlback trapped here also for many years and lived in a little cabin east of Chisholm. Mr. Charlie Crick, his Father, and his brothers trapped for several years. Charlie Crick had a registered trapline and worked and enjoyed it over the many years that he lived in Chisholm and for several years after. This trapline is now owned by his son, Eugene Crick of Slave Lake.

The homesteaders and farmers were few in this area. The Luklan family had a homestead north of Chisholm along the railroad tracks in the 1930's but had left before 1940. Today, this is still known in the community as Luklan's meadow. Mr. Mike Gedora had a farm of 189 acres west of the railway tracks and the Ward family bought this land from him and raised cattle, sheep and pigs. The Blacklocks had a dairy farm down by the river for a short while.

The professional people were very few in this area. For a time in the late 1930's, a visiting dentist, Dr. Sands, came to Chisholm about once every three months. He had a little office by the company store.

About 1936, Mr. Omar Houle, a barber by trade, came to Chisholm by train to cut hair for the town people. Around 1940, a hairdresser also came and the ladies had the luxury of having their hair done.

And of course, our professional nurse, Mrs. Jessie Evans. She attended to a great many people in the area and is remembered by everyone who lived here at that time. Mrs. Lakusta took over the duties of medical care when Mrs. Evans wasn't able to.

Some of the more fortunate people in our community were able to hire maids to help with household chores. This was good in that it supplied jobs for single girls. Just to mention a few: Erna Ristock and Nellie Willis both worked for Mr. and Mrs. Beard at different times. Janet Miller worked for the Abram's family and Ruth Helmer worked for Mrs. Jessie Evans.

Allen, Ken and Isabelle by Isabelle Allen

Ken came up to this area in the spring of 1965. After being here alone for a month or so, he came back down to Airdrie for me and our children. We had one son, Francis born in 1960, and a daughter Maureen, born in 1962 in Calgary.

Ken wanted to farm so he bought a piece of land: East ½ Sec 26, Twp 68, Rge 1-W5. He farmed and raised pigs in the summer. The first winter here, he worked out on the rigs.



Isabelle, William, Candace, Ken, Maureen and Francis Allen.

The next winter he went to work for the Co-op Saw Mill in Smith. He worked there every winter until his brother was killed. He tried to go back the next year but found that he just could not work there.

Two years later we had another daughter Candace, born in Westlock in 1967. Then two years later we had our last son William in December, 1969. Our family was then complete. Francis, Maureen, and Candace have had all their schooling in Fawcett and Westlock schools. When Francis started high school we had to drive him up past the Chisholm corner to be picked up by the high school bus, because our land was not within the Westlock School Division's Boundary. Later the division was enlarged so he could be picked up at the house. Francis and Maureen both graduated from Westlock Senior High School. They are at present both working away from home. Candace is now in Grade 11 at Westlock and William is in Grade nine at Fawcett at this time (February 2, 1984).

We still reside on the half section that we originally bought, east of Chisholm.

Jo LeBlanc and Art Barrett

by Joe LeBlanc

I came to Chisholm from Winnipeg in the summer of 1969 to visit my daughters.

After visiting in the area, I decided to move to Edmonton in the fall of 1971. I worked in Edmonton at the Veteran's Hospital where I met Art, who then worked as a truck driver. In 1972, on one of our visits to Chisholm, we bought a house from Richard Mittelstadt. We planned to use it for weekends and



Jo LeBlanc and Art Barrett.

holidays, and eventually, for our retirement. However, living in Edmonton didn't suit our life style, so in the fall of 1974 we moved to Chisholm.

Art went to work for Swanson Lumber Company as grader operator and I worked as flunky at their bush camp that first winter. The next year, Art managed to get a more permanent job with Urchyshyn Contracting as a lumber piler, where he still works today. I work in the winter months in the scale house as scale operator for Canfor, and spend my spring, summers and fall working in my yard and garden.

In 1981, we had a family reunion at our house. My oldest son Douglas, his wife and their three boys, Shawn, David, and Trevor came up from Winnipeg. Ron, Sharon and their three children, Tammy, Harold and Chad; Jean and three of her six children, Jason, Monique, and Kirk; and Edie, Bob and their four children, John, Ronald, Scott and Angela, all of Chisholm, were with us. My three oldest grandchildren, Randy, Jammie and Kim of New Brunswick, could not be here.

Art and I enjoy the quiet life here. We live close enough to most of the kids so we get to see the grandchildren growing up. We plan to spend the rest of our lives in Chisholm.



Back: Doug MacDonald (son), Art Barrett, and Ron MacDonald (son). Front: Jean Swerda (daughter) and Edie Vandervaate (daughter) and Jo LeBlanc.

Albert Briand

I was born in Winnipeg and moved to Calgary. On July 22, 1934 I moved to Chisholm Mills where I



Building Camp 7 road 1947. International TD-14 A. Briand.

worked in the box factory. At that time Mr. Beard was Superintendent of Chisholm Sawmills.

Camille Rochon and myself went trapping in the winter of 1935. We existed in a small log cabin, which was situated about one and a half miles from what we called Baseline Lake. This lake is just a small pond of water in muskeg country about three miles north east of Chisholm. We lived there until March.

In the spring of 1936 I went to work in Banff, however I came back to Chisholm that same fall and went to work in the box factory. That is when the wages were pretty low. I received a cheque for \$46.77 for a months work.

I enlisted in the army in 1942 (during the World War II years) and didn't return to Chisholm again until October of 1946. I started to hunt and trap. Tom Matty, then Superintendent for Swanson Lumber Company, asked me to blaze camp seven road in the winter of 1947. I also helped build the old Chisholm road to Highway 44 (seven miles) in 1947. In 1948 I worked with Len Stiles to put in power lines to all the homes. This power was supplied by the planer mill by steam. I then drove a caterpillar in the yard for



A. Briand, 1936.

about two years, working around the green chain, hauling bunks, picking up strips, etc.

In 1950 I went back to Calgary for about two years, then came back to Chisholm. I worked for a number of years with McClain loading lumber into box cars. From 1960 to 1962 I lived in Calgary.

In 1962 Vera, my wife, and I came to Chisholm and lived in Koreniowski's house. We lived there until 1981, then moved to Thorhild, Alberta where we are at present date.



A. Briand.

Pat and Jean Brown by Pat Brown

I was born in 1924 on a farm near Zealandia, Saskatchewan. In 1928 my Dad decided to take a homestead north of Grimshaw so in October 1929, after loading up the livestock and farm machinery into two box cars, we left our home in Saskatchewan in a 1917 touring Chevrolet which Dad had cut down and made into a truck. Three days later we arrived at Smith and stayed overnight. Although I was only five years old at the time, I can clearly remember leaving early the next morning and Dad having to honk the horn for the ferryman to come across.

I took my public schooling at two country schools, namely Gould until grade five and Wilcox through grade eight. Then it was on to Berwyn where I completed high school.

In 1943 I joined the Northern Alberta Railways as an assistant at Grimshaw and worked many places before giving up my single status.

Jean grew up on a farm in Sunset House, a farming community approximately 30 miles from High Prairie. We married in October 1949 and lived at Grimshaw nearly four years before moving to Chisholm in September 1953, taking over as station agent from Barney Crawford. We arrived with two

children, Linda born February 13, 1952 and Alan on August 5, 1953. We still remember that seven miles from the highway to Chisholm as the most difficult of the trip. Terry was born at Westlock on July 25, 1954. We found Chisholm a wonderful place to raise our children as they had many young friends to play with. All the people we met there were helpful and friendly.

We stayed in Chisholm for eight and a half years before moving to McLennan in March 1962. While living in McLennan our son Sheldon arrived on November 13, 1966.

In August 1970, I went dispatching in Edmonton and we moved to live there in May 1971. I now work for the Canadian National Railways since they took over the N.A.R. in 1981.

Our daughter Linda married Bernie York at McLennan in November 1969 and they reside at Chetwynd, B.C. They have two boys, Flint 13 and Lee 9.

Alan married Irme Redel in June 1978 and they have a daughter Lindsay born in December 1981. Alan lives in Edmonton and is apprenticing in the sheet metal trade.

Terry married Belinda Richardson in September 1979. They also live in Edmonton where they both work in the computer field.

Sheldon will be taking his grade 12 at M. E. Lazerte school in the fall.

Henry Christensen Family by Anna-Ruth Gerun

Dad moved to Chisholm in 1936 from Faust, Alberta; Mom and our family joined him in 1937.

Dad operated a pool hall and confectionary for years; later, he raised mink, and then he went to work for Swanson Lumber Company, in the boiler room.



Ernie, Shirley-Grace, James, Anna-Ruth, Henry, Clifford, Mrs. Christensen, Gilda, Mr. Christensen, and Carmen, August 1952.

Mother looked after the family, and milked cows so we could sell milk to help make ends meet. When any construction company came to Chisholm, she cooked for them. She worked in the laundry room and also acted as midwife, took care of injured workers, and new babies and mothers, (after the nurse left Chisholm). She was also very active in the church.

One of the first cars in the community belonged to Mr. C. Walker, in 1941. I remember this, as they brought me home in it from the hospital in January of 1942, when I had hurt my eye.

School, as I remember it, was an old wooden building with an airtight heater, which was very inadequate in those days. We used to sit around the stove trying to thaw out until about 10:30 a.m., waiting for the place to warm up.

We had a fair sized family, eight in all: Henry (deceased), Anna-Ruth (myself), Ernie, Shirley-Grace, James, Clifford, Carmen and Gilda.

Mom and Dad moved to Edmonton in 1958. Mom went to work at Zellers and stayed on there for 17 years. Upon retirement, she took ill, and spent the rest of her life in the hospital. She passed away on September 24, 1983. Dad passed away on February 27, 1972.



Birthday party at Christensen home.

Charlie Crick Family

by Bessie Crick

Charlie Crick was born on April 27, 1898 in Pennsylvania, U.S.A. He was working in Chisholm in 1916 for Frank Cassidy, cutting logs.

Charlie joined the R.A.F. in 1917 and served in World War I, in the 260th division. He was stationed as base guard in Siberia.

I met Charlie at Long Lake, where we lived, and we were married on August 22, 1919 at Athabasca.

When we moved to Chisholm in August, 1923, we had one daughter, Viola, born in 1921, and a two week old baby, Charlie, born July 31, 1923. We travelled by train and stayed over the first night with the only other family living in Chisholm, the section foreman. They had twin baby boys, and that summer, both babies died of summer complaint (diarrhea). They moved away shortly thereafter.



Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Crick.

My husband built us a small house in one day and we lived in it all that summer. In the fall, we moved back into the bush, six miles east of Chisholm, by the Chisholm Creek. Earl Gardiner, Stanley McNutt and Charlie carried all our supplies (blankets, clothing, tents, food) on their backs, and even a cook stove, carried with poles on each side. We had to have this cook stove to bake our bread. My husband also carried our daughter on his shoulders. At that time of year, we couldn't use horses; we had to wait for freeze-up.

The men made ties for the railroad with big broad axes, and put them in piles to be hauled to Chisholm by sleigh. That winter, I hand-sewed curtains from Rolled Oat sacks for our little house in Chisholm.

In the spring, Mr. McNutt, the foreman, and his

large crew of men made preparations to cut trees along the Athabasca River. These trees were floated down river to Chisholm from Holmes Crossing. My husband was the River Boss, in charge from the Pembina River to Chisholm. In those days when the river froze over, the ice would get up to three feet deep. When the river went out in the spring, this thick ice broke the pilings as if someone had cut them off with a saw. Therefore, the river crew had to build a piledriver to make a pier which held the logs until they could be conveyed into the pond by a jackladder. They stacked large piles of logs along the pond so the sawmill could still run after freeze-up.



Earl, Irene, Mr. Crick, Velta, Mrs. Crick, Ralph, Viola, Chuck, Roy, Eugene, Marie, Ruth, Donna and Evelyn.

My husband was a good hunter and trapper; we preserved the meat and he tanned the moose and deer hides. By this time, we bought a sewing machine from T. Eaton's Company, so I was able to sew him coats and a pair of breaks (chaps) from the hides. I made the children moccasins from the scraps, with some bead work on them. When we had saved enough money, we bought a cow so we could have fresh milk. We didn't have jars for canning so we dried blueberries and put them in cloth bags for the winter. Then we just soaked them overnight and they were like fresh berries. We also dried rhubarb by taking a needle with string and putting it through one end until it dried.

My husband went to Fawcett to buy a horse and walked it back along the railroad track. He built a big toboggan to take our children for a ride. I guided the horse, pulling this toboggan, along many moose trails.

We moved to Boyle and it was there that Marie was born, on May 18, 1925 and Velta, born April 8, 1927. Then, we spent some time back in the U.S.A.



Viola Crick and our old Pontiac First Car.

We came back to Chisholm in 1928 and lived in a place close to the old school house. Then we moved to a house across the tracks. That winter, we lived up along the Athabasca River.

In 1929, Florence and Gus Crick (Charlie's Mom and Dad) and their family, Budge, Howard, Dorie, Earl and daughter, Florence moved to Chisholm. Gus Crick was the night watchman and all the boys worked on the river drive. They moved away about five years later.

On May 12, 1930 our fourth daughter, Irene, came along. In the spring of 1931, we moved across the river for the summer. We had hay meadows there for our cattle. Every fall we moved back to this side of the river. We added four more children to our family: Ralph, born December 24, 1933; Evelyn, born November 29, 1936; twin boys, Earl and Eugene, born October 13, 1940; Ruth, born May 27, 1942. About 1944, we moved back to stay in a large log house by the river.

Edith Piper taught our children and the Rochon children their school lessons, in exchange for a quart of milk a day. The children always went to Sunday School, then taught by Jane Marsh and Mrs. Dunford.

We sold everything in Chisholm and bought a mink farm in Slave Lake. It was here that Roy was born on March 29, 1946. Our mink got distemper and we moved on to Kamloops, where Donna was born on November 19, 1948.

In the spring of 1949, we moved back to Chisholm to our log house by the river and in 1951, we left again for Queen Charlottes where we stayed for about two years.

About 1953, we returned to Chisholm and moved into a house on top of the river hill. Charlie was then a fire fighter, for the forestry.

In the spring of 1971, we moved to Fawcett and on September 23, 1979, my husband passed away.



Bessie Crick, Marie Ward, Francis Lampen, Sandy Ritcher, baby Jennifer — five generations.

Some of my children live near me and the others live throughout the two provinces, Alberta and B.C.

Viola lives in Westlock with her husband, Ian MacIntyre; she has eight children.

Charlie is a retired bachelor and lives in Chisholm.

Marie has eight children and lives on her farm in Chisholm; a couple of her own children, with their family, live near by.

Velta married Charles Dary; they had eight children and lived in Chisholm for a few years. Velta passed away in 1979.

Irene and her husband, Russell Manning, have four children and run a campsite in Vancouver (Delta).

Ralph and his wife, Doreen live at Hixon, B.C., and they have three children.

Evelyn now lives in Edson with a young son and husband, Bob Morland. She has three children from a previous marriage.



Charlie Crick, Riverboat boss 1937.

Eugene lives in Slave Lake with his wife, Josie and three daughters.

Earl lives in Quesnel with his wife, Kathy and five children.

Ruth and her husband, Bob Pizzey live in Vancouver and they have five children.

Donna lives in Fawcett with her husband, Wayne Houle and three sons.

I moved to Westlock in June, 1980 where I, a great-great-grandmother, reside today, with my son, Roy.

Cunningham Family

by Helen Yost (Cunningham)

Bill and I came to Chisholm Mills July 12, 1946 from Edmonton. Bill worked in the mill while I cooked for the mill crew on night shift until our first son was born in February, 1947. Chisholm was a good place to live and to raise a family. I recall many a good time with friends and neighbors; all the berry picking expeditions and the numerous baseball games we all enjoyed. Life then was peaceful and lived at a much slower pace. As long as we had lots of wild berries, garden vegetables and wild meat, we made it through some very severe winters.

In 1956, when our postmaster Ted Davis retired, I took over the post office and was there until June, 1965. In the winter of 1965, our family separated. Bill moved to Edmonton where he passed away in February, 1966. The children and I moved to Stony Plain where I met and married Roy Yost and where we live at present on a farm eight miles from town. Roy works for Gulf Canada in their new service station which was built in 1978.

Robert (Bob), our oldest, married Louise in 1968. They have one daughter, Candice, and live in Grimshaw, Alberta where he is employed with Karnorth Trucking.

Susan married Dave in 1970 and they have four sons; Art, Michael, Daren and Robbie. They live in Regina, Saskatchewan and operate their own T.V. and Radio Service.

Terry married Cheryl in 1979 and they have one son, Ryan and one daughter, Marla. They live in Grimshaw where he is employed by Karnorth Trucking.

Our youngest son, Scott, is taking Grade 12 at Stony Plain Memorial High School and is working part time for Gulf Canada.

John Dahlbeck Family

by Velma Rochon (nee Dahlbeck)

My sister, Eva and her husband, Alex Drake arrived in Chisholm about 1932-33. One by one, my



John Dahlbeck.

sisters Agnes and Amy Dahlbeck, and I came to live with Eva and Alex, in the early 1930's. We all went to work in the box factory.

Shortly after, my Dad, John Dahlbeck, originally from Tees, Alberta, came to live with us and ended up building us a big log house. He had a little cabin a few miles away (close to Highway 44) when he started trapping, about 1934. He only came into Chisholm for supplies when he was chewing on his last crust of bread. He made his own skis and snares and at 65 years of age, could still carry a hind quarter of moose for eight miles. He taught many youngsters how to make snares and catch coyotes.

About 1934 or 35, my brother Algot also worked in Chisholm. He helped build the Capston, a hand-made wrench of wood which had a cable on it that would pull the booms tight against the logs. Algot later served in the Army overseas, in heavy artillery.

I remember the time that Amy had a severe attack of appendicitis. Her appendix had ruptured in the night (Sunday). She had to wait until the train came Monday morning, as there were only two trains a week. It was nine hours later that she got to the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton. By that time, peritonitis had set in but she was real healthy so pulled through. She married Les Mondae shortly thereafter. He worked in the office with Tom Matty. In 1939, Les passed away with spinal meningitis, and Amy moved to Edmonton.

Agnes had married Walter Hedrick, and they had two sons, Bob and Ron. They were later divorced and she married Fred Taylor. They had one daughter, Sandy.



Amy Mondae (Dahlbeck) and Mildred Dahlbeck.

In 1935, I married Camille Rochon. Shortly after, my sister Mildred also moved to Chisholm and worked in the box factory.

Camille and I have two children; Naida, born in 1937 and Lawrence born in 1944. Camille's first job was feeding the planer, then he was promoted to planer man. In 1955, we left Chisholm and ran the Pine Spring Cafe at Demmitt, Alberta for nine years. We lived in Grande Prairie from 1966-68, then came back to Chisholm. Camille then worked in the sawmill as mill wright. In 1970, we moved to Shelley, B.C. and in 1974, moved to Wells, B.C. Camille trapped in the winter and worked on the river in the summer. In 1976, he had a kidney removed so he retired. We now live in Quesnel, B.C.



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Agnes Dahlbeck.

Naida lives in High Level with her family, and Lawrence lives in Shelley, B.C.; he has two sons, Doyle and Gary. Lawrence works for North Wood Lumber Company, as fork lift operator.

Agnes and her daughter, Sandy, live in New Westminster, B.C.

My Dad passed away at 86 years of age, in Calmar, Alberta where he had lived with Algot.

Amy passed away in 1981 of cancer at Langley, B.C.

Ted Davis

by Joe Davis

My Dad, Ted Davis, was in the Canadian Army in World War I. After the war was won he married and sailed to Canada. He was postmaster in Peace River for many years. In 1939 or 1940 he came to Chisholm where he worked as general manager in the store and as postmaster from 1952 until retiring in 1956. He spent a few years in Westlock and finally moved to Fairview where he passed on in September 1972.



Ted Davis and son Joe 1950.

I came to Chisholm in 1946, worked as a mill hand and finally in the store for a couple more years. I also have three brothers, George, Bill and Ted, who worked in Chisholm for a winter. Wages were terrible but it was a good life and everyone got along. For excitement on a Saturday night we put on dances in the old school house and danced until dawn. We made coffee in the cookhouse to take to the dance or got Mrs. Kerr (the school teacher) to make it at her house. I remember all the ladies would bring lunch and the men would pay .35 cents at the door; that would pay for the music.

On Sundays we would go for a walk in the woods or go fishing. My Dad loved fishing, God Bless him! If I was lucky, Roy and Mrs. Gillies would take me up the river for a ride in their motor boat. What more

could you ask for! Often we would see a moose or deer along the shore and also Albert Briand panning for gold. Some Sundays we would go to church to listen to Preacher Paul.

I remember our little mailman Teddy Wyatt who used to haul the mail and express from the station; Roy Ellstock, the station agent; Wiley Ward and his son Frank who had horses; the P.O.W.'s; and the bull cook who also owned a horse. One bucked me off and ran away. He wasn't caught until early winter.

I left Chisholm and went to work in Edmonton for Scott National for 17½ years, then to T. Eaton Company for a couple of years, and last to Woodwards Limited for 10 ½ years. I am now retired (four years as of October 1, 1983) and am very happy. I keep busy looking after horses and do alot of riding too. I also do alot of travelling (England, Mexico, California, Alaska, Japan, China, Phillipines, Montreal) and love it.

Eva Drake

Alex and I were married on March 24, 1929. We moved to Boyle, Alberta to live with Alex's Dad (Melton) who had taken up a homestead in that area. We had lived with him for three and a half years when we heard about Chisholm needing men to work in their mill. So, with a hayrack, which was made into a trailer on wheels and two white horses to pull it, we were on our way. The horses belonged to Alex's brother-in-law, Gus Schultz. At that time we had one son, Richard, who was two and a half years old. After two days we arrived in Smith. We stayed overnight there and got to Chisholm the following day. We stayed with the Howard Crick family and during that time our second son Robert was born.

We rented a house across the tracks and we had the good fortune to have the Rochon and Holmquist families for neighbors. We moved down by the Athabasca River where we rented a house that became vacant by the Crick family.

My dad, John Dahlbeck, came to live with us and worked hard at putting up a log house for us. By this time we were a big family as my sisters Velma, Amy and Agnes came to live with us also. They all went to work at the box factory and boarded with us over the years.

Velma married Camille Rochon and Amy married Les Mondae who worked in the office. My husband, Alex, worked in the lumber yard. Shortly after our daughter Joyce was born, we moved to Buford, Alberta. Living in Chisholm was a happy time in my memories.

Alex passed away in 1957 at the age of 48.

David and Anita Dutchak

David started working at the Chisholm sawmill for Wayne Urchyshyn in the fall of 1971. David and I (Anita Rufiange) were married on November 24, 1973 and moved a mobile home into Chisholm. We both originally lived in the Dapp area.

The first spring we were here, the creek that runs beside our property flooded. There were streams two feet deep running through our lot. Later, a backhoe was brought in to build up the banks of the creek, then we were able to level our lot.

Our first child, Barry, was born on May 5, 1974. When he was two years old we got a puppy to keep him company. We named the dog George. George became friends (and a pest) with most of the people in Chisholm. He would follow them when they went snowmobiling, and on the way back he would jump on someone's snowmobile and expect a ride. George turned out to be a Georgette and had a litter of nine pups.



Anita and David Dutchak and sons, Ricky and Barry.

One spring we were troubled with bears in town, raiding everyones garbage. Our big friendly dog, George, would walk along side the bear, as if showing him around town, instead of chasing it away. One night when David was working night shift at the mill, I was cooking him a midnight supper, a bear walked right into the porch and watched me through the glass in the door. What a surprise! Thank heavens, the bear left before David got home.

Our second son, Ricky, was born on June 13, 1977. Ricky doesn't have a George to play with but

he enjoys his trucks and loaders in the sandpile. Barry and Ricky spend the rest of their time riding the motor bike or pedal bikes in the summer and playing hockey for Fawcett in the winter.

We bought the lot we are living on in the fall of 1980. About the same time, David got a different job, working as a gas plant operator for Chevron Canada Resources Limited at Mitsue Lake. He is still working there.

In the fall of 1983, we purchased a new mobile home and put it on the same lot.

We are still residing in Chisholm and have enjoyed the quiet life of a small town.

Edith Evaril Eggleston (nee Piper) by daughter, Miriam Mackenzie

Edith was born in Red Deer, Alberta on October 5, 1908. Her cousin, Coral, was super-excited because Edith's Mother had promised her that if the baby was a girl, her second name would be Evaril, the same as hers. Coral was really disappointed when the doctor handed her the baby and said, "He is a fine big boy. Keep him warm by the oven." Thank goodness women's lib wasn't around then! However, the baby was named Edith Evaril and Coral was thrilled.

Edith's Mother died of cancer when she was only eight, leaving her to look after her younger brother, Forrest, who was six, and a very busy Father. When she was fourteen, she suffered a severe setback when she contacted polio. She had loved to ride horses and live a very active life. With courage of steel, and a



Edith and Sidney Eggleston, 1940.

constitution of iron, she fought back from total paralysis and was ultimately able to get around by herself. She returned to school and finished with high marks. By this time, her Father, Frank Piper had moved to Chisholm Mills and Edith followed in 1929. She began teaching school in their new five room house, as there was as yet no school in Chisholm.

In 1931, she returned to Red Deer where she enrolled in the Northern Bible College and graduated in 1934, after studying piano, voice, theory and theology. When she returned to Chisholm, a school had been organized and she began to teach piano and guitar. Two friends, Jane and Betty helped organize a Sunday School and prayer meetings which also began in the Piper home. Later, church services were held in the schoolhouse and then in a purchased building where Frank supplied the organ. Many of Edith's college friends came to help with the services but much of the responsibility fell on her shoulders. She recalls one memorable Christmas (1929) when not only did her Father expect her to organize a Christmas concert, but to have the 'community' for Christmas dinner. In fact, it was so memorable that she put it down in "TERSE" verse!!

'We lived in a lumber town of few people
With neither a school nor even a steeple.
I'd been trying to teach — the **English** to read.
To eight little children of various breed.
Four spoke French and two talked Cree —
Two plain English you would agree.
They learned some carols and Christmas rhymes,
You could understand the words — part of the time.
They invited their parents to the BIG program
Proud as punch and without a qualm.
Edna came out and stood by the tree.
She was as cute as she could be.
Jena giggled, Elsie cried, Cora and Rosie really tried,
But Charlie was shy and went to hide.
I thought that Viola would be the star
For she spoke the English best — by far!
But a dog had bitten her on the leg.
So in she hopped — teetered on one peg.
Minna spoke up and did real well —
Then jumped off the stage with a piercing yell!
It couldn't have been worse — to me it seemed,
But you should have seen the proud parents beam!
Their very first concert was a huge success,
Talked of for years — though a terrible mess.
That was the Christmas of twenty-nine.
And my dad invited the town in to dine.

We'd hold open house from one to five.

Expecting fifty-sixty guests to arrive.

I'd never cooked for more than six

But there were buns and pudding to mix:

A turkey to stuff and a ham to cook,

If I didn't know — "Just look in a book".

As to know what to do with that great big bird

I'd never been shown nor even heard,

But I went to work with vigor and vim

Along with some help and suggestions from
him (from dad that is, not the turkey)

On Christmas Day the guests came to dine,

They filled their plates — fourteen at a time.

Four times the table was set and cleared,

Many lonely people were fed and cheered —

Not with their usual rum, wine and beer,

But just in the Name of the Saviour dear."

Many boat trips were enjoyed with Edith's Father, brother and their friends. The Athabasca became a real love for her as she grew to love and respect the water. Others came to work in the church with Edith — Vera McRoberts, Myrtle Hadley, Ruth Lawrence, Louis McCurdy, the Cassells and many others. But the most significant event was the meeting of a young man with whom she had been corresponding as the result of a story she had written and had published. Sidney Eggleston, a farmer from Lethbridge had enjoyed her writing and through a mutual friend they were introduced.

They were married in Red Deer on October 30, 1940. Sidney decided to rent out the farm he owned at Lethbridge and come to work as a fireman in the planer engine room.

In November, 1943, Edith and Sidney adopted a daughter, Miriam Rose and continued to live in Chisholm until 1945 when they moved to Red Deer and settled on Frank's (Edith's Father) original homestead quarter. They sold the farm at Lethbridge, and built a new house in Balmoral. They adopted their son, David Robert in October 1947, and resided there until 1955 when they moved into the city of Red Deer. Sidney passed away after a very short illness in 1960.

Edith continued to teach music privately, lead Church Missionary and Sunday School classes until her 'retirement' to a Senior Citizens Lodge in 1977. There she was involved in Bible Studies, oil-painting, creative writing and numerous other hobbies such as stamp collecting until she suffered a very serious stroke in May, 1983. She is now residing in an Auxiliary Hospital in Red Deer.

Her daughter, Miriam, is married to Craig MacKenzie, a Realtor in Red Deer. Miriam is a music teacher and a church organist.

Her son David, is married to the former Lorrie

Sheets of Lacombe. They have a son, David Jr. and a daughter, Darci and they live in Clive, Alberta.

Edith has lived an outstanding life. Her physical disabilities, though severe, and seemingly insurmountable, have caused her to look beyond her own needs, and relying on her faith, have enabled her to live a meaningful, productive, and influential life. As many people of early Chisholm can remember her determination in driving her dog-sled to church, her enthusiasm and her zest for living has been a great example to all who know her.

Albert "Abe" Elgert

by Edward M. Elgert

Abe met Louise Gagnon in Chisholm and they married in 1934. Abe was a sawyer in the steam powered mill just a bit north and west of the old store.

They lived two more years in Chisholm. Their first child Marjorie (Minnette) was born there.



Mr. and Mrs. Abe Elgert with first born, Minnette, and young neighbor.

They went to B.C. to work in the summer and came back to the farm in Flatbush in winter. During the next few years two more children were born, Teresa (Fitzy) and Gail. They moved to Hansard, B.C. and built a home. A few years later they moved back to Flatbush.

In 1944 Abe was in partnership in a sawmill and planer with Otto Moro (a brother-in-law). Three years later he sold out and bought a store in Flatbush.

In 1945 their only son Grant was born.

In 1946 the store burned down.

They then returned to B.C. and never lived in Alberta after this time.

They moved first to Upper Fraser, then on to Prince George in 1947 and lived there for 25 years.

He was in partnership with Ernie Abrahamson in Buckhorn Lake Sawmills. Four years later he and Bert and Earl Crick built Cascade Spruce Mills in the

Quesnel area. Bert and Earl were old friends from Chisholm. After he sold this mill, he started one more mill partnership before retiring.

The girls married in 1956 and 1957. Grant got married in 1965.

They sold their home in Prince George and retired to a home by the ocean at Sechelt, B.C. Abe passed away in 1978. Louise still resides there.

Darius Elgert **by Edward Elgert**

Darius Elgert (Dave) was born in 1899 in Volynia, Russia and immigrated to Canada. He first settled in Edmonton and later moved to his parents homestead in the Flatbush area. He and his brothers took up homesteads.

In his early twenties he started working in the sawmills in B.C. There he met Isobel Shaw of Yahk, B.C. (born in Golden B.C. in 1908). They married in 1922 at Cranbrook, B.C.

Their first son, Edward George, was born in Yahk in 1923 and only lived one month.

Darius and Isobel then moved back to the Fawcett area where he settled on his homestead and started farming. He and his brothers had a small sawmill. They sawed lumber to provide material to build homes and farm buildings and also for sale.

David Edwin was born in 1925 and Edward Martin in 1926. The family moved to Chisholm for a year or so then back to the farm. Noel Thomas was born in 1929 and Joyce Evelyn in 1932.

In 1934 Dad moved his family back to Chisholm where he worked as a sawyer in the sawmill long since burned down. We spent four years in Chisholm and at that time the railroad was the only way in or out. There was a trail for horses and sleighs, but only a few used it and only during the winter months.

We found lots of things to do such as exploring the area, building log cabins, climbing lumber piles and jumping from pile to pile, fishing and hunting. I remember fishing by the railroad trestle south of Chisholm in the creek and in the river.

In 1938 we left Chisholm and moved back to the farm in the Fawcett area. The same year their last son Rodney Gilbert was born. (He was killed in February of 1960 while working for Hughes Tool).

Isobel and the children remained on the farm while Dad worked in the mills in B.C., on the Alaska Highway; Prince George B.C. and at Gas plants in Saskatchewan and Pincher Creek.

He returned to farming with his son Noel in Fawcett. He died of a heart attack on the roof of a barn he was constructing, in July 1964.

Noel took over the family farm. Mother retired

and moved to Parkview Place apartments in Westlock in 1978 where she resided until her death in September, 1982.

Pat and Bob Empson

I came to Westlock from Emerson, Manitoba. Here, I met my wife Pat, whom I married on August 11, 1962.

During the winter months, I worked for Mike Pall at the bush camp across the Athabasca River from Chisholm, for eight years.

In the spring of 1968, Pat and I decided to make our home in Chisholm and I started working for Swanson Lumber Company.

Our son Wade, was born on May 24, 1968 while living here (in Chisholm).

In the fall of 1969, I had an unfortunate accident in the planer mill, which caused me to lose my right arm. Consequently, we moved back to Westlock where I was to undergo therapy and medical attention for a lengthy period.

In 1970, we purchased a farm in Hazel Bluff, just west of Westlock and have taken up mixed farming.

Our second child, a daughter Nicole, was born in August 14, 1973.

Today (1984), Pat and I and our two children are still on the farm and enjoy this life very much; as we did living in Chisholm.

Fedyna Family **by Art Fedyna**

My father, Pete Fedyna, worked for the Northern Alberta Railways, therefore we moved around a great deal, seldom in one place for more than six months.

My father and mother (Pete and Mary), and we



Mary and Peter Fedyna, Mike, Kathy and Art.

three children, Mike, Kathleen and I (Art) moved to Chisholm in 1954, where my dad was section foreman. In 1955, we moved to Smith and lived there for three years.

In 1957, we moved to Westlock and settled down. From here my father commuted daily to Dapp for the next ten years, and then to Barrhead for another ten years as section foreman for the Northern Alberta Railways. After this many years with them, he was looking forward to retiring, but he passed away in 1973, two days before retirement.

Mike started working for the railroad right out of school, and is still employed with the Canadian National Railways. Mike, his wife Pauline, and daughter reside in Westlock.

My sister, Kathleen, works at the Immaculata Hospital and resides in Westlock.

I was married in 1974, and my wife Mary and I reside in Westlock. I have been employed with the Post Office for the past 16 years.

My mother now resides in Hondo.

Dave Florence

Dave Florence was a timekeeper for one of the logging camps on the Freeman River. The logging foreman there was Sam Howey and he sent Dave to Barrhead to get some Big Ben (brand of chewing tobacco). Dave came back to the camp with two Big Ben alarm clocks.

The next summer, 1938, he came to work in Chisholm in the store and office for the Chisholm Sawmills Company.

Most of the photographs in the Provincial Archives, taken of Chisholm Sawmills and Freeman River logging have been donated by Dave to the Archives for causes such as our history book.



Tom Matty, Tom Taylor, Les Mondae, Smokey Johnson, Dave Florence on tour in Athabasca.

The picture of the men beside the pick-up truck was taken on a trip they made one Sunday from Chisholm to Athabasca and back, on a circle tour, in the spring of 1939. The road was supposed to be impassable; there was really no road for most of the way but they were able to carry the vehicle when necessary; at least it felt that way.

In early years, a dog team was used for the mail service in the country between Chisholm and Athabasca.

Dave enlisted in the air-force soon after war was declared and became a navigator. He made a lot of flights over Germany and got a D.F.C.

Mr. Dave Florence now lives in White Rock, B.C. He has supplied us with many of the snapshots we have used for our history book, for which we thank him.

Franchuk Family

by Jessie Franchuk

Mike Franchuk was born in Mundare, Alberta. He worked in the Smith-Slave Lake forest area before settling down in Chisholm. He got a job in the planer mill with Swanson Lumber Company in 1941.

I was born in Ranfurly, Alberta. In 1943, I married Mike and he brought me to Chisholm; our home for the next 23 years. To keep busy, I used to do house work once a week for Dixon Taylor's wife; then I got a job in the cookhouse for a few months.



Mike Franchuk and sons Marshall, Stanley and Albert.



Jessie and Sandra Franchuk.



Jessie, Sandra-Ann and Mike Franchuk, 1983.

Over the years, we had three sons, Albert, Marshall and Stanley, and one daughter, Sandra Ann.

Father Moirsette came to Chisholm once a month and we had mass services at the school house. He baptized our youngest son at our home and often had dinner with us.

In 1966, the children and I moved into Westlock and Mike stayed another year in Chisholm to work at the mill. Mike and I still reside in Westlock.

Our oldest son, Albert is working in Edmonton and Marshall and Stanley operate their own businesses in Stony Plain and St. Albert. Our daughter, Sandra Ann works and resides in Westlock.

Roy Gillies by the Family

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gillies and their two children Donna and Arnold came to Chisholm Mills in 1937. Roy was employed as a saw filer and worked in the Box Factory, Saw Mill and Planing Mill for more than twenty years.

Mrs. Gillies was quite active in the community. She served on the school Board, was President of the Ladies Club, which at that time, was the only organization in Chisholm Mills to sponsor such activities as Dances, Bingos or any entertainment events.

Several of the teachers who came to teach in the school house next door boarded with the Gillies' through the years.

Roy made a motor boat and the family enjoyed many trips up the Athabasca river to the mouth of the Pembina where the fishing was excellent.

They moved to the town of Athabasca where they enjoyed many years of happy retirement. Roy suffered a heart attack and passed away on December 7, 1977 at the age of 86. He is buried in Calgary.

Mrs. Gillies (Stella) then moved to an apartment in Calgary to be near her daughter Donna and family who lived there and son Arnold and family who live in Red Deer. She has 7 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

She stayed in her apartment for two years but failing eye sight and arthritis necessitated her moving to Bow Crest Nursing Home in Calgary. She enjoys visits from family and friends and is still able to accompany Donna and family on many trips to their cottage at Lake Windermere in B.C.



Arnold Gillies at Station dwelling, Chisholm.

Arthur Miles Goudy

My full name is Arthur Miles Goudy, at least that is what my parents told me and I have never discovered that they were wrong (so much for faith). I was born of Canadian parents, Irish and English origin, on July 20, 1909, in a very humble home in south eastern Saskatchewan.

There were eight of us children and our poverty was such that at an early age, I remember sleeping on a straw tick (a large pillow shaped bag filled with wheat straw) in an upper chamber where the frost showed on every nail end. There was sometimes heavy frost on the blankets, especially where our breath met them. But withall, we were happy, especially when we all got into the big three deck box on the bob sleigh with a sturdy team of horses hitched to it and went to the meeting house, where at times people got so happy, they sang and even shouted for joy.

About the year 1949, a few families in the Forestview district, six miles south east of Hondo, felt their need for a local church. Hearing of the success of a dedicated minister, Reverend D. Parks, who was then ministering in the Edmonton district, they sent word to ask him if he could come and minister and build them a house of worship. Though already in his seventies or thereabouts, he complied and after several weeks of revival services in which a goodly number turned to Christ, he applied himself to building. A neat little log church was the result.

Afterward, a two room living apartment was added at the back. It was to this "homey" little spot they brought yours truly in the year 1950. The memories of my sojourn of over two years among them is refreshing. A few more names were added to heaven's record. To God alone be all the praise.

In 1951, someone told us that the church of the Nazarene had ceased holding services at Chisholm Mills and there were some "sheep" there without a shepherd, yet, I believe were holding the fort very nobly, and welcomed us in their midst.

A well attended and faith inspiring daily Vacation Bible School had been held at Hondo, and if memory serves me right, extended to Chisholm Mills.

One of those attending, as well as the regular services, was a boy of eleven years: Donald Winteringham by name. I can never forget him. I had only been driving to Chisholm Mills from Hondo for a short time when this lad came to me one day (it was mid-winter) and said: "Mr. Goudy, I will come and build the fires for you, so that the church will be warm when you come." He did an excellent job for months and when I tried to pay him he refused very positively. He said, "No, my Father told me not to



Vacation Bible School at Hondo, Teachers, Irene Ingram and Mildred Shoudice, 1951.

take any money." This boy, in various ways became very dear to us.

One Saturday afternoon, we were building a picket fence around the church. We didn't quite finish. Donald came to me and he said: "Mr. Goudy, you just bring the pickets here and I will nail them on. "Before we parted, (there were perhaps ten or twelve children there with us) we went into the meeting house for a short service and prayer together. So many times during the service, Donald looked so earnestly into my face.

The next morning in Sunday school, it was the same. I wondered at it. As the second service came to the conclusion in the afternoon, one of the boys came rushing up, all out of breath and said, "There is a boy in the millpond". We got in our car and rushed down. Several were already there, out in a boat trying to hook his body with a large hook and rope. I dove in and tried, but in vain, to locate him. After about twenty minutes, someone hooked him and brought him to the shore. We drained the water out of his lungs as best we could and used the usual means of resuscitation, but it was fruitless. His soul had taken flight to the eternal destiny. This was exceptionally sad because his parents were away in Ontario purchasing a car.

Miles Goudy now resides in Love, Saskatchewan.

Ed Harris Family by Jessie Harris

I met Ed while he was stationed in England with the Royal Canadian Army. Ed served with the Tank Corp and the Calgary Herald Lagoons. We were married in England and came to Canada in 1947.

During the 1950's, Ed and I and our two children, Andy and Olive, were travelling north looking for work and we happened to drop into Chisholm, as we needed gas. Since Swanson Lumber Company was



Back: Ed, Jessie, William, Olive, Andy, Kathleen. Front: David and Bernice Harris.

hiring men at the time, Ed got a job right away and we also managed to get one of the company houses. Ed was making .69¢ per hour but the men that Swanson's had hired out of Edmonton received .75¢ per hour. At the time, we thought this to be unfair, however, it was a job so we stayed. As time went on, Ed became permanent staff and the wages were adjusted equally. When the lay-off period came, John Vandervaate and Ed tried their hand at pulp wooding to tide the families over.

For a little extra pocket money, some of the children and women, including myself, picked rocks at the gravel pit for 10¢ a pail, for a company in the United States.

After moving to the east side of the tracks, I can remember one particular day when I had washed, by hand, a clothes line full of diapers, knowing full well that John Vandervaate would be going through in the morning with a load of hay. My clothes line extended over the road towards his house, and since I forgot to take the diapers off the line, they hit the dirt when John went through with his load of hay in the morning. After a few choice words were spoken, I picked them up and started over again. It seemed after that incident, Joyce and John and Ed and I became very good friends for the remaining years we lived in Chisholm.

While in Chisholm, we had four more children: William, Kathleen, Bernice and David.

I worked in the post office for a few years, just before we moved to Edmonton in 1967.

Andy has retired from the Armed Forces and lives in Edmonton with his wife and family.

Olive married Roy Weselenchuk; they have three children and live and work in Edmonton.

William married Marlene Dary and they have a set of twins (one boy and one girl). William passed away suddenly in August, 1975.

Kathleen and her fiancée were both tragically killed in a traffic accident near Edmonton in July, 1971.

Bernice works for the Compensation Board of Alberta and lives in Edmonton.

David lives at home and works for the City of Edmonton, Parks and Recreation. We enjoy our nine grandchildren.

We still reside in Edmonton. Ed is now retired and I work as cashier at a swimming pool where I have been for a number of years.

Hauck Family by Vern Hauck

Frank (Francis) Hauck was born in England in August, 1921. After coming to Canada, his family lived in the Calgary area. Frank farmed for awhile, then joined the Northern Alberta Railways. He married Annie Burger from High Prairie in September, 1945.



Vern, Annie and Al Hauck.

Frank, his wife and three children settled in Chisholm in 1949. Frank continued working for the Northern Alberta Railway while the children, Al, Vern and Annie attended school in Chisholm.

In 1963, a new life began with a move to Jarvie and the addition of another daughter, Frances. As the years passed, Al, Vern and Annie all married and began lives of their own.

Frank and his wife Annie and Frances lived in Jarvie until Frank passed away in October, 1973. Annie now resides in Westlock.

Steve Iwaskow Family by Rudolph Iwaskow

Steve Iwaskow was born in 1904, in a small village in Poland. He immigrated to Canada in 1928.



Lou, Victoria, Mrs. and Mr. Iwaskow, Gloria and Margaret — on old homestead.

He came by ship as far as Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then made his way to what is now know as Clyde, Alberta.

Kathleen Berezuk was born in 1904, in Poland and arrived in Canada in 1926.

They married in Edmonton and worked on farms in various areas around Lamont, Smokey Lake, and Sprucefield before moving to Chisholm in 1943 with a family of five.

Initially, Mr. Iwaskow was employed with Swanston Lumber Company. He worked there for a number of years, then went to work for Northern Alberta Railways, until 1966, at which time they moved to Westlock, where they still reside. By this time three more girls were born to the family, making it a family of eight.

During these early years, the common wage was approximately .27 cents an hour, but there was always sufficient food as Mrs. Iwaskow always planted a big garden and kept a few cows and chickens. Every summer, berries were plentiful at the local gravel pit, and most Chisholm children would pack a lunch, leave in the early morning, and return at supper time with a bucket of blueberries or raspberries. Occasionally, they would encounter a bear or two, but this only added to summer excitement.

Social activities consisted of dances held at the school where music was provided by Raymond and Albert Gauthier. Later, movies were introduced by Mr. Len Stiles. For the most part, entertainment was confined to the hamlet and the people within, because of limited transportation, and access in and out of Chisholm.

It wasn't easy raising eight children, but in due course, each left home to begin a new life. The oldest son, Walter, lives in Mundare and is employed with the Department of Highways. He has a family of five.

The second son, Rudolph, joined the R.C.A.F., which later became the Canadian Armed Forces, and spent 25 years teaching in Military, Electronic and Communications trade schools. He is presently stationed at the C.F.B. in Namao, Edmonton. He raised a family of six.

The two boys, Walter and Rudolph, were followed by six girls. Nadine, who lives and works in Vancouver; Victoria, who lives with her family in Edmonton; Lou resides in Red Deer; Gloria lives with her family in St. Albert; and Margaret and Elsie, both with families reside in Westlock.

Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Iwaskow celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They recalled the days at Chisholm as rewarding and provided the opportunity to make many friends.

Since this story has been written, Mrs. Kathleen Iwaskow passed away, January 2, 1984.



Kathleen and Steve Iwaskow, 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Chris Karpuzoff

In 1935, Chris Karpuzoff, a Bulgarian, came to work in Chisholm with several other immigrants. He was a lumber grader on the greenchain and lived in a huge house on a hill in the Garlic City area. He had a well in his yard which supplied water for many people, and is still known as Chris's Well. He was a well liked gentleman and he enjoyed a good game of chess.

He moved to Edmonton in the early 1960's, where he passed away.



Chris Karpuzoff, 1947.

Paul Kisilewich Family

Paul and Annie Kisilewich and family arrived in Chisholm in August, 1946. For the next nine years, Paul was the section foreman for the Northern Alberta Railways, in Chisholm area.

Three of our children, Janet, Edward and David attended the Chisholm school. Our youngest son, Ken, wasn't of school age while we were in Chisholm.

In August, 1955, we left the area and moved to Edmonton where Paul worked at Dunvegan yards until April, 1969, when he retired.

Our son Edward resides in St. Albert; our daughter Janet and our son Ken reside in Edmonton, and David is a teacher at Hines Creek, Alberta.

Frank Knott

We came to Chisholm in the spring of 1933. At that time the only industry there was the sawmill and planer mill.

Most of the people that were in Chisholm only stayed for the spring and summer months while the mill was operating. However, some stayed on to work at the planer mill until the lumber was processed and then for the maintenance of the mill.

Some time later the company built a box factory and recruited experienced people, who were supplied with new homes, also built by the company. When the box factory was set up, the first foreman was Joe



Frank and Margaret Knott with son Marvin, 1937.

Cousineau. A few years later when Joe passed away, the company imported a Mr. Thompson from Emo, Ontario as foreman. He moved here with his family and stayed until the factory was phased out.

The families in Chisholm banded together to build a school house which also served as a church and a hall for social functions. Later on, the planer mill was destroyed by fire. After the mess was cleaned up they built a new planer mill, complete with a dry kiln. Anybody that knew how to hold a saw and hammer worked on them.



Bonnie Carole Knott in Chisholm, 1939.

Mr. Charlie Beard was the Superintendent of the whole lumber industry in Chisholm. The Cricks worked on the logging part of the industry, and the Kostuk family worked in the planer mill. The Piper's and Frank Martin were the engineers in the planer mill and sawmill.

The names of some of the families that lived in Chisholm during our time were: the Beard's, Crick's, Thompson's, Evan's, Gidora's, Anderson's, Mondae's, Elgert's, Kostuk's, Holmquist's, Bissell's, Piper's, Knott's, Matty's, Major's, Abram's, Rochon's, Drinkwater, Gwinn, Ellis, McGees, Cashman, Severied's, Carlson's, and the Granstrand's. There was also a number of single girls that worked in the box factory.

There was one important person, the property watchman, who toted a sidearm and he looked like it wouldn't take much for him to use it!

Alfred Knudsen and Family

Alfred came to the Smith/Chisholm area after the war, around 1946, and married Mary Mutch whose parents had a homestead seven miles north of Smith. In the years to follow they had three children Donna, Sharon, and Harvey. Alfred worked for Swanson Lumber in Camp 7 and later in the Chisholm mill as a planer man and sawyer.

He also hauled lumber to Chisholm; he bought his first truck around 1948/49. The river was a problem then as it is now; first to freeze over and then not to break through and lose a truck in the Spring. Dad remembers Wahlstrom hauling too (around 1955) and he had a couple of trucks break through the ice — scary business! Fritz Koehler, a trucker, had a close call on a sharp turn, ending up in the trees. He was coming from Camp 7 with a load of lumber, at the time.

We left Chisholm in 1958/59 in order that the kids have an opportunity for a better education. Alfred came back every winter for many years and sawed for Fred Urchyshyn in the bush; Mike Pall was then the

high production faller. Alfred worked for Swanson in Wood Buffalo Park, Ft. St. John, High Level and Ft. McMurray. Since 1979, Alfred and Mary live in Grande Prairie and are both employed by Alberta Transportation, Bridge Division.

Donna married Bill Sherbenkin. They have three children and live in Calgary. Sharon married Philippe Nadeau. They have three children and farm two miles North of Westlock. Philippe contracts in the winter for Canfor (bush). Harvey is a trucker, has three children and lives in St. Albert. Marvin, born in 1962, is presently working at Fox Creek.

Koreniowski Family

by Gloria Garrett

We arrived in Canada in 1950 from Germany. Mom and Dad were born in the Ukraine, but during the war when Hitler defeated Poland, they were taken as slave labourers into Germany. After the war they applied for immigration status and came to Canada and lived in Vegreville, Alberta. From Vegreville we moved to New Kieu, a small farming community about 12 miles away. For the first three months we lived with Dad's sister and her family. Before we could move into our own farmhouse, which had once served as a grainery, Mom and Dad had to do many repairs to it. They had to clean the interior, patch broken windows with cardboard and get rid of the doves that also lived there. We lived there for almost two years. Dad had a job in Vegreville in the Blacksmith shop which was his trade. Mom worked as a farm helper for the surrounding neighbors helping to plant seed, cut and stook grain.

Dad got a job in Chisholm through Stan Sokolski's brother, Peter, who was working in Chisholm at the time. Dad went to work in the planer-mill and we followed later. Our move to Chisholm was a memorable one. With Dad already there, Mom had to make all the arrangements. She hired Mike Kiselewich who owned a truck. On moving day the neighborhood farmers arrived with chickens in crates, pigs, ducks, turkeys and sacks of feed the animals would require. These were all loaded onto the truck along with our few belongings and away we went, driving 25 miles per hour. With the chickens squawking and pigs squealing we looked like the Beverly Hillbillies! We arrived in Chisholm at six o'clock on September 21, 1952.

When we arrived in Chisholm we went to the little four room shack Dad had bought. The yard was pretty big and had a small dilapidated barn in one corner. When Mom and Dad began to unload the truck, the chickens flew away and the pigs ran away. It took about a week to find the chickens which the



Alf Knudsen's truck, Chisholm, 1957.



Wasyli and Teresa Koreniowski, Lillian and Ernest, May 1961.

neighbor children brought back as they were found. Eddie Kiselewich, son of Mr. Peter Kiselewich, who worked for the railway at the time, found our pig under a lumber pile. Dad built a tall fence around the barn out of log ends, however the animals always managed to get out and the whole community would help in trying to get them back.

Mom and Dad could not speak English so at first it was hard. However, there were some Ukrainians living there and with the help of some English speaking neighbors like Mrs. Christianson, who spent time teaching Mom, they began to understand.

At that time Chisholm had two small school buildings. Grades one to five were taught in one and six to nine in the other. Students for Grades ten to twelve were bused to Fawcett, Alberta to the nearest high school about 35 miles away. There was also a post office, store, blacksmith shop and a station depot. Later the Vandervaate family opened a confectionary where the local teenagers gathered.

Life was extremely hard for Mom and Dad. The winters were very cold; at times the temperature would dip to 68° below zero. The house was always cold. Even though the wood stove in the kitchen and the heater in the living room were kept burning constantly, our drinking water, kept in a metal pail, would be frozen in the morning. Mom, at first, washed clothes by hand using a scrub board; later a gas engined washing machine was purchased. She always hung her clothes out to dry but of course everything would freeze solid. Dad's underwear would stand by themselves; they were so stiff! The

clothes would then be brought in and hung all over the house to dry. After they were dry she would iron them with irons that were heated on the stove and used the table for an ironing board. Dad had to work at the planermill and I remember sometimes how he looked going to work and coming home; half frozen with hoar frost covering his face and clothes. The hardest part of winter was having to go outside to the biffy! Sometimes when the nights were really cold Mom would have a slop pail in the house for us to use. The only thing that bothered us kids in those days was our toes would freeze before we got halfway to school, which was about a mile and a half away.

In the summer the mosquitoes were constantly swarming making it necessary to have a smudge pot smoldering steady. Mom spent alot of her time, day and night, trying to kill mosquitoes and flies.

The worst times around our house were when Mom had to clean the soot out of the stove pipes. In the winter this was done twice a week and in the summer once a week. She would be covered with black soot and her moods were just as black! Once when Mom and Dad were out visiting friends the roof caught fire near the stove pipe. Luckily, Dad came home at that time and with the help of Mr. Steve Pukanich, a neighbor, put the fire out.

Although our parents had to work hard, us kids had lots to do. In the winter we could skate on the ponds and creeks or go sliding. In summer we swam in the river, played Cowboys and Indians, played ball, fished, had hayrides and weiner roasts.

The biggest social events in town occurred when someone got married, the annual school picnic in



Mary, Ernest, Gloria. Front: Lillian Koreniowski and friend.

June and the Christmas concert which was put on by the students. At the picnics hot dogs and ice cream were sold for about .05¢ each. There were wheelbarrow and potato sack races for which prizes were given. For us kids the Christmas concert was a very important event since each child generally participated. Santa Claus would come with brown bags containing candy, nuts and oranges for each child. Everyone in town would participate in these events.

There were no medical services available in the town. The nearest nurse was in Hondo or Smith. The nearest hospital was in Westlock about 65 miles south. Once when my sister Mary got hit in the head with a swing Mr. Gillies drove her to Smith where the nurse stitched up her wound (using no anesthetic) as Mary screamed.

We were able to survive in various ways. Mom always had a large garden and spent most of her time during the summer taking care of it. She also spent a lot of time in the woods picking berries which she canned; making fruit and jams. She picked mushrooms which she dried and used in gravies.

Mom still remembers the year she was pregnant with Lillian. Even though she was pregnant and near her time, it was August and she continued to pick blueberries. One day when she was in the bush picking berries her labour pains began. It took her such a long time to reach home Dad was frantic with worry. When she got home they took her to the Westlock hospital where Lillian was born the next day. Mom thought for sure she would have the baby in the woods.

Some of our favorite memories are of the autumn when the surrounding trees were a beautiful color. Mom and Dad would go into the woods to cut logs for the winter wood supply. These were loaded onto a four wheel cart and Mr. Pukanich with his tractor would haul the load into our yard. One night after supper Mr. Pukanich would bring over the saw with his tractor. With the help of some of the townspeople like Nick Trzok ("Snowball" we used to call him), Mr. Karpozoff and Mr. Pukanich and his boys they would help Mom and Dad saw these logs into blocks. For days afterwards Mom would chop the wood and stack it into piles.

One time Dad felt sorry for Mom, so after supper he went out to chop some wood. It was late fall and getting dark early and when Mom called to him he said "just a few more," and continued to chop. When he did come in, he was very pale and his forefinger was bleeding, dangling from a piece of skin. I had to run to Peter Sokolski's as he had a car. Peter drove Dad to Westlock hospital where the finger was removed.

One of the things we, as children, were afraid of, was bears. Some years, when a late frost destroyed the berries, these bears would come into town looking for food. One such bear was shot by the townspeople, skinned and the meat distributed. Another time some of the local boys (Albert and Marshall Franchuk, Al and Vern Hauck and some others) were playing cowboys and Indians in the woods. Albert was hiding in the bush when he heard some rustling. He stood up and said "Bang Bang" only to see a young black bear instead of an Indian. The boys came running out of the bush yelling and screaming, and the bear ran away.

On August 28, 1962 my Mom and Dad left Chisholm and moved to Edmonton. Dad continued to work at odd jobs until he retired. Mom also worked, first as a helper then as a short order cook for various restaurants. They had bought a house and lived at 12816 — 127 Street. Dad passed away on April 21, 1980 at the age of 81. Mom still lives here, does some travelling and takes care of her grandchildren.

My sister Mary lives in Barrhead on an acreage with her husband Harold and four daughters. Harold has his own drywall business. They also own and operate the Barrhead Health Foods Store.

Earnest, my brother lives in Redwater and is happily married with three children (two boys and a girl). By trade he is a welder and works as a foreman for the Imperial Oil Fertilizer Plant.

Lillian, my youngest sister, lives in Edmonton. She works as a secretary to the manager for Market Development, and Assistant manager for Lending Services; Edmonton Region of the Royal Bank of Canada.

I, the first born, have been married, divorced and have a son, Jim. I own my own home in Calgary and work as a contract administrator; Southern Region for the Alberta Housing Corporation.

Charles Kostuk Family by John Kostuk

My family farmed north of Edmonton, at Namao when wheat was .25¢ a bushel, and pigs were worth \$3.50 per 100 pounds. To try and make a better living for us, my Father got a job as shipper for the Chisholm Sawmills Company in 1932. Several months later, my Mother and I joined him. I remember that well; getting off the train on the last day of December, 1932 and it was —60°F. Over the years, my Father brought some good men to work for the company in Chisholm. He had worked with them before in Edmonton. Some of these men were Tony Kowal, Mike Kowal, Chris Karpuzoff, and the Swistuns.



Dixon Taylor, John Kostuk, Ed Anderson, Steve Pukanich loading boxcars, 1938.

I went to work for the Chisholm Sawmills Company, grading and scaling lumber, when Frank Mac-Millan was superintendent! In 1937, my Father left and Dixon Taylor took over his job as checker. At that time, the day cook was George Harper and the night cook was Archie Swanson. When Dad left, he offered to sell me his house, which was directly across from the old school house. I refused his offer, which was a mistake, as several months later, I needed it.

Hilda Colby had come to Chisholm to visit Mary Gagnon for several days. She ended up staying and working in the box factory. One evening, I went for a walk and met Hilda and decided she was the girl I wanted to marry. Fortunately for me, she agreed and on June 16, 1937, we were married. I remember paying \$15.00 for an engagement and wedding ring set for Hilda. We bought a house from Abe Elgert for \$85.00 which was home for the next four years. We had three children while in Chisholm: Joyce, Loretta and Jack, all born in Edmonton.

In 1941, we left Chisholm (I sold my house to Frank Martin, the engineer, for \$50.00) and moved to Edmonton. We had had two more children, Donald and Bobby. For all my good intentions of leaving the lumber business completely, I ended up working for several different lumber companies. The last eight years before retiring, I worked for the Edmonton Journal, setting and proof reading.

In 1980, my wife passed away and I still reside here in Edmonton in our home.



Eddie Cashman, Elizabeth Cousineau, Hilda Colby (Kostuk), Ida Zucht, Dorothy Demster (McBride), Roy Bacon, Box factory gang, 1935.

Wilfred LaBelle Family by Alix LaBelle

Wilfred LaBelle was born in Montreal, Quebec in February, 1906, moving west with his family as a young boy. He had three brothers; Albert, Philip and Napoleon, and one sister, Noella.

I (Alix Brisson) was born in Legal, Alberta in the fall of 1913. I have two brothers, Peter and Rock and one sister, Salena.

Wilfred and I were married on October 2, 1934 and we lived on Wilfred's homestead in the Thorhild area prior to moving to Chisholm in 1936.

My husband worked in the sawmill for over five



Alix and Wilfred LaBelle with son George (6 months).



Alix and Wilfred LaBelle in Chisholm, 1939.

years, then found steady employment with the Northern Alberta Railway.

Our son and only child, George, was born while we lived in Chisholm. During our stay there, we made many good friends, among them, Mary and Steve Pukanich. In fact, Steve built the baby crib for our son, George.



Chisholm station.

In 1944, we moved to Picardville, Alberta where Wilfred worked on the railroad for about sixteen years. On week-ends, he was also a barber.

Then we moved to Edmonton where Wilfred worked for Con Force Pre-Cast Cement Company until retirement. We had moved to Legal during the last few years of employment; Wilfred commuted to Edmonton daily.

We enjoyed our retirement years among friends and relatives in Legal and we whiled away most winters in Phoenix, Arizona.

Wilfred passed away in October of 1982 after quite a lengthy illness. I continue to live in Legal with many relatives and friends close by and have no desire to move again.

Our son, George makes his home in Edmonton.

The memories of Chisholm have been treasured over the years.

Clarence Litke

I was born in Ryley, Alberta and moved with my Dad and Mom, Joseph and Anna, to a homestead at Cross Lake in 1931, when I was 11 years old. Dad and Mom lived and farmed there and raised five boys and three girls. I helped my Dad to farm until the war years, then I enlisted in the army. After four years of service I found myself posted to Chisholm Mills, Alberta in 1945, to serve as a military guard to a small number of German Prisoners of War. The P.O.W.'s had been sent to live and work at the Chisholm lumber camp from a P.O.W. camp in Lethbridge, Alberta. I served here for a period of eight months prior to my release from active service in 1946.



Cpt. Casey Jones, Privates John S. Clark, Clarence Litke.

The Lumber Camp

At the lumber camp there were the mill workers, the military personnel and the P.O.W.'s. There were three bunk houses, one for the P.O.W.'s, and two for the mill workers. The military personnel had a "guard shack", which served as a place to work, sleep and relax. The cookhouse served everyone and when the bell rang to signal meal time, everyone ate at the same time, although the P.O.W.'s sat at their own table. The rest of the camp consisted of a church, a blacksmith shop, and a company store which was run by Mr. Ted Davies. At times the camp seemed isolated and lonely as I'm sure it must have been also for the P.O.W.'s. The people who did not find it so lonely were the married mill workers, who had families with them and lived in their own houses at one end of the camp. To help spend some time relaxing there were dances every Saturday night, and an occasional movie, brought in from Westlock, for the mill workers and the military personnel.

The Prisoners of War

There were 22 P.O.W.'s altogether who spent their days working eight hour shifts, either cleaning their bunk house, working in the cook-house, or unloading lumber off of the flat cars, which had come from Slave Lake. They were not allowed to work in the mill as such, for fear of injury, but were kept busy with other tasks that needed to be done around camp. Every morning, when the whistle blew letting everyone know it was time to start work, the P.O.W.'s went by themselves to their appointed tasks. They spent their off duty hours relaxing in the bunk house playing cards or writing home. They were allowed to walk along the river bank a mile each way, and in the summer months went swimming. Hourly they had to check in for roll call, and it was their responsibility to do this. Most of them could speak a little English, one or two quite fluently, while a small number spoke only German.

The Military Personnel

There were four soldiers, from different regiments, sent to Chisholm Mills for guard duty. In charge was Corporal Casey Jones, and three privates: John Sammy Clark, myself and a third soldier whose name I cannot recall. As this was not the usual kind of prisoner of war camp, it was our duty to hourly check on the P.O.W.'s to make sure that all 22 were still in the camp since there was no barbed wire to prevent them from leaving if they so desired. A 24 hour watch was necessary; this meant that we each took six hour shifts in turn. During the day time, the guard on duty had to make his rounds every hour to all the places where P.O.W.'s were working to check that everyone was accounted for. After working hours when they

were relaxing in their bunk house, the guard went there every hour to take roll call; it was the responsibility of each P.O.W. to be there. Some times someone was missing, only to be found in the toilet or hurrying back from a walk along the river. They seemed content there and so tried to obey the rules which made our duties easier; as for myself guarding other human beings as prisoners isn't something I like to do. We sometimes had an unexpected outing, if a P.O.W. became ill, one of us had to accompany him to Westlock on the train to see a doctor, who treated him and he was returned to camp usually with some medication. However, if the patient was ill enough to be hospitalized, he would be sent to Lethbridge and a military escort would come from the army base there to escort him.

Sometimes we felt as much like a prisoner as the P.O.W.'s did because we had no days off either. We worked our six hour shifts then spent our time relaxing in camp until it was time to work again. I thought I was lucky to be sent so close to home, but I might as well have been at the other end of Canada, since I had no time to go there.

Our spare time was spent mainly playing cards or horse shoes, and because there was not much else to do, we became very efficient at these games.

Now when I look back to those days in 1945, I do not think of these 22 prisoners as the "enemy", but as soldiers who, just like us, had been doing their duty serving their country.

Memories of My Childhood in Chisholm by Jean (Lobb) Lowe

I remember the night the mill burned down. Everybody went to watch but us children had to stay home. I stayed awake and watched from our kitchen window. I could see the flames leaping high in the sky and it was really scary.

Another time it was a forest fire. I can remember my Mom hauling water from Zelazo's well and putting it in basins, tubs, boilers — whatever was handy, in case the fire got too close. It was almost up to Zelazo's Hill and the smoke was terrible. I remember hearing the grown-ups saying that if it didn't rain or if the wind didn't shift, we would have to be evacuated. However, it started to rain.

After it was all over, we got scared — that's the time my cousins, Big Jackie and Allan Rochon and my brother, Little Jackie, and I got lost. At least, everyone in Chisholm thought we were, but we didn't know that. One sunny summer day we left home at 9:00 A.M. to pick wild strawberries on the train tracks. Mom told us not to go past the trestle but later in the day when we got hot and were tired of picking berries, Big Jackie's suggestion that we go



Jean Lobb's 7th birthday. Back row: Marilyn Finstad, Alice Nadeau, Anna Ruth Christensen, Mary Bietka. Front row: Shirley Grace Christensen, Jean Lobb, Sophie Zelazo, Myrtle Armitage. November 24, 1940.

for a swim at the gravel pit sounded great. Little Jackie and I were afraid to cross on the trestle, so while our cousins did that, he and I walked across the creek in the water. I can remember the water being up to my chin and because Little Jackie was smaller than I, I had to drag him across.

Once we got to the gravel pit, we had a lot of fun playing in the pools there and throwing rocks. When it came time to go home, I was too afraid to either walk across the trestle or wade the creek, so Big Jackie said he knew of a different road back so away we went. At one point we thought we saw a bear and ran like crazy the other way. We were starting to get pretty worried when we came to the Athabasca River. Luckily, Big Jackie knew which way the river flowed when it went past Chisholm, so we headed down-river.

Soon, we arrived back to town and when we climbed the hill, we were so amazed that no one was around and that the mill was shut down. It was really eerie — not a soul in sight. What we didn't realize at the time was that the mill had been shut down so that everyone could go out to look for us.

Crossing the lumber yard, we met one man who asked us who we were. When we told him, he said to Big Jackie and Allan, "You guys better get home in a hurry — your Dad is really mad at you!" When Little Jackie and I got home, Mom was gone so we climbed up on Grandpa Rochon's barn to see if we could see her — we thought maybe we should go look for her. Sure enough, off in the distance, we could see Mom and Mrs. Christensen walking back. They spotted us about the same time — and Mom was so glad to see us that we never did get the 'licking' we deserved.

The winters used to be so cold and sometimes it rained and the paths and roads became glare ice. Many times when that happened, Mrs. Christensen would get lunches from all the mothers on our side of the tracks and carry them to school for us. The taste of Mom's macaroni and moose meat soup on those days was heavenly.

We used to have a lot of fun playing with the Beitka, Zelazo, Pukanich and Christensen kids and Marilyn Finstad, who was my best friend. We'd play Run Sheep Run, Statues and Hide and Seek in the old mill on the side of the river hill. Sometimes, we'd go to the water tower and when the train came in and stopped there for water, we'd jump on and ride to the station. Once, hoping to scare us, the engineer drove the train past the station before he stopped. It did scare us and before it stopped we had all jumped off. That taught us though — I don't remember us ever doing that again.

Beitkas, who lived down the road from us, used to have a mean rooster and did he ever bite. We were all terrified of him and would take whatever route we could so that we didn't have to pass him. Once it cornered my sister, Yvonne, on Zelazo's hill. Her cries could be heard for a long way and it took four of us to drag the rooster off her.

We lived in Chisholm before World War II broke out and during the war too. I can remember some of the men going off to war — Gordon Fisher, Bill Harris, Buck Horton and Elmer Borstad. Once, we were supposed to have a "blackout". At school we were told about it and what to do. Of course, we were supposed to tell our parents, but we all forgot. That night we had a big fire on Zelazo's Hill and had a great time, throwing sticks in it, roasting marshmallows and dancing around it. More than once a comment was made about how dark it was across the tracks and how early some people went to bed.

The next day in school, the teacher said it was a good thing no German bombers came along because instead of a "blackout" **some** people had lit fires and left lights shining in windows so we would have been bombed for sure.

Occasionally, we'd hear of an accident in the lumber camps in the bush and we'd be scared for our fathers or uncles working there. I remember over-hearing talk about Amadee Brisson — a tree had fallen on him and he would never walk again. Years later, when I was in nurses training at the Edmonton General Hospital, I met Mr. Brisson there — still a patient after all those years. Another student nurse in my class was Alice Rasmussen, who had gone to school in Chisholm the same time as me. The three of us used to have some good talks about our days in Chisholm.

A man by the name of Albert Briand boarded at our place and lived in a little log cabin behind Zelazo's Hill. He painted beautiful pictures of wild animals and introduced the children of Chisholm to classical music. He used to play the violin in the evening and I wonder if he knew of his audience of young children sitting on Zelazo's Hill enjoying it all and learning to love music. We listened to classics such as Humoresque, Ave Maria, Meditation, Melody in F and many other works written for violin. Whenever I hear any of those melodies now, I get very nostalgic and my thoughts go back to those wonderful carefree days of my childhood in Chisholm Mills.

Ron MacDonald Family

Ron and I (Sharon) and our family of three children, Tammy, Harold, and Chad, moved from Winnipeg, Manitoba to Chisholm in 1972. We had moved back to Winnipeg a couple of times but in 1979, we moved back to Chisholm where we still reside (1984).

Ron works for Urchyshyn Contracting Limited in the sawmill.



Sharon, Ron, Harold, Tammy, Chad MacDonald.

Our three children attend the Fawcett School and are very active in sports, especially hockey during the winter months.

Tom Matty

I came to Chisholm in March of 1933 and planned to stay only a year, but didn't leave until 1952.

There was a big sawmill just above the pond,



Tom Matty and Sid Owens.

cutting logs which were driven down the river from around Fort Assinaboine, by Charlie Crick, the river boss.

The company started up a box factory in 1933, and hired me to operate it. Lumber prices were too low to produce a profit (lumber was sold for \$16.00 M), but as it turned out, the box factory couldn't make it either. The only profit was from the store and the cookhouse, which charged .25¢ for each meal. I received \$60.00 a month less \$22.50 for board. The average wage was from .17½¢ to .20¢ an hour.

There were about 40 families living here then and I also had the job of registering births.

I still remember the night watchman of the 1930's, Howard Sill. He came to Canada years before from Nebraska and he always packed a revolver on his belt. He had an interesting habit — once a month, at the full moon, he would take 12 paces from a big old poplar tree at the end of Tin-Can-Alley, whirl around and fire off three shots into the tree, then saying, "Take that, you English son-of-a-".

We also had a young fellow, Bob, from Hondo, who worked in the store and office. In those days, there was no agent at the station, so the N.A.R. gave us the job of selling passenger tickets. An older man, who had worked as a fireman in the boiler room, had died. I told Bob to make out two tickets to Westlock. It was a railroad rule that two tickets were required to

ship a body — one for the deceased and one for someone to accompany the body. Although no one ever went along, the railroad still wanted two tickets. However, what Bob did was make out one return ticket. I had to explain to him that this guy was not coming back.

We had German Prisoners of War at Chisholm and in a logging camp at Fawcett Lake from about 1943 to 1945. One was a very good cook and he, Art Scheffler, worked for the company as a cook.

I was transferred to Swanson's office in Edmonton in 1952, as production manager, and retired in 1969. My wife, Fay and I reside at Pendor Island, B.C.

John (Jack) McIver told by Mary McIver

Jack McIver, former station agent for the Northern Alberta Railway at Chisholm Mills, was born in Saltcoats, Saskatchewan on February 10, 1909. During his boyhood years, he lived in Stornoway. Jack was an excellent railroader. He had learned his trade from the local station agents, helping out after school and on Saturdays; so he understood all the work an agent must do, besides being a telegrapher or a



Jack and Mary McIver and dog Mr. Smith, August, 1962.

morseman. He worked for the Canadian National Railway and often said that he had worked in every town west of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba to the Alberta border.

He came to work on the Northern Alberta Railway in 1957, being stationed then in the Peace River region, in such places as Peace River, Grimshaw, Fairview, Ft. McMurray and Lac La Biche. He came to Chisholm Mills in 1961 which was his last agency. He enjoyed being part of the mill community, and all the interesting and varied backgrounds of the people there.

His family (Jean, Donald and I) came to stay during summer holidays of July and August. I came to live there in 1967. We bought a house and settled in. Horses and dogs were unexpected visitors in our yard. The dogs stayed but the horses moved on.

Jack became ill in 1968. I did some station work for awhile until the station was closed. Jack died while in the Edmonton University Hospital on January 12, 1973.

I am living now in Vancouver B.C., not far from Jean and her family. Donald lives in Thunder Bay, Ontario.

Joe Melzer Family by Ilse Melzer

I came to Chisholm in 1952 and worked in the cookhouse, where I met Joe Melzer. Joe worked for the Swanson Lumber Company during the winter months and went back to Mannville (his home place) for the summer to farm.

We were married in July of 1953. For several years thereafter, Joe continued to work in Chisholm for the winter and back to Mannville to farm in the summer. While we were in Chisholm, we had four children: Dedi, Heike, Joanne and Dirk.



Gerhard and Karla Schwarz, Ilse and Joe Melzer, July, 1953.

In 1962, we moved onto a farm in Flatbush. Throughout the years we have added to our family: Daryl (Buddy), Mark, Shelley and Jody.

We lost our son, Buddy, in a highway accident in July, 1979.

Over the years, Joe has been working for the Northern Alberta Railway (now Canadian National Railway), while still operating the farm. For the past three years, I have been working at the Husky Restaurant at Fawcett.

Our two youngest daughters are still in school: Shelley attends Westlock Senior High School, and Jody goes to Fawcett School.

Joanne and Dedi are working away from home; Mark is working and lives at home.



Dedi, Heike, Joanne and Dirk Melzer, 1961.

Heike and Dirk are both married and have given us four grandchildren: Steven and Nathan Bowman, and Daryl and Dylan Melzer.

Looking back on our years in Chisholm certainly is with very fond memories.

We still reside on our farm here in Flatbush (1984).

The Mewes Family by Inge Bond (nee Mewes)

Paula and Erwin Mewes and their two daughters, Edda (age 14) and Inge (age 10) arrived in Chisholm on October 6, 1955 from Eutin, Germany. Erwin was a furniture upholsterer by trade. Due to a high rate of unemployment for some time and the outlook for no



Erwin and Paula Mewes 43rd Wedding Anniversary, 1982.

better times ahead, they chose to immigrate to Canada, and thereby ended up in Chisholm where a job at Swanson Lumber, and a house to live in, awaited Erwin and his family.

The journey started out on September 21, 1955 at Bremer Haven, on the ship "Arosa Star". Three days of sea sickness overtook us while on the ocean, and that certainly was the worst part of the voyage. On September 30, 1955, we arrived in Quebec City with our seven crates of belongings. We had a couple of hours to walk around before we were to board the train to Edmonton, and walk we did; on the wooden step sidewalks they had in that area of the city. Paula was so excited, and wanted to see everything at the same time, that she tripped and fell face down on the steps. Erwin's comment was: "Now that you've kissed the earth of Canada Mom, we will be happy and lucky here."

With no winter clothes to wear, the first winter in Chisholm was almost unbearable. We had never known such cold weather. The old oil barrel that we heated the house with, was red hot at all times. I'm sure Paula never slept all that winter. The wind would whistle through the logs into the house. Erwin's body ached and a lot of the time he couldn't get his hands open because of the work at the mill which he wasn't used to. We, as kids, used to run away with fear if we saw anyone come close to us, because we couldn't speak English. The only English words we knew were 'yes' and 'no'.

In June 1962, we sold the house to Herman Mueller, and moved to Calgary, except for Edda, who was married by then. Erwin worked as a furniture upholsterer until he retired in 1979. He still resides at the home they bought in Calgary, unfor-



Erwin, Paula, Edda and Inga Mewes, 1979.

unately alone since April 4, 1983, when Paula passed away with cancer and was cremated.

Edda lives in High Level, and Inge in Fort Vermillion, Alberta.

Otto Michetti

I arrived from Italy with my mother and an older brother on April 2, 1917 at Edmonton. Two days later, we proceeded to Hylo to join my Father who had homesteaded there a couple of years earlier.

It is most difficult to describe the inner feeling of a child (eight years of age) who left school and many friends in a populated area to find himself in a desolate country without school, church nor means of transportation as there were no roads. There weren't any other children in the area and the only recreation available to my brother and I was to walk four miles to fish by the railroad bridge at Venice.

On January 29, 1934, I married Fleurette Gingras. Three weeks later, we found ourselves at Saulteaux, three miles west of Spurfield, where I had obtained temporary work as a sectionman. We arrived there after midnight and while we had bedding, we lacked the bedstead. It was quite an experience to go out in the middle of the night and with the help of a coal oil lantern, cut railings in four feet of snow. The result didn't look like a bedstead but it served the purpose for awhile.

My bride, age 17 at the time, was frantic at being alone in the wilderness while I and the section boss, Gunner Persson, were out working along the line each day. Fortunately, I was able to get a young lad, Bobby Much, about ten years old, to stay with us for

awhile. Bobby lived with his parents about four miles away and was a well behaved, upright, young gentleman.

We left the area that spring to work at a point between Lac La Biche and Fort McMurray and on Christmas Eve, 1934, we landed at Chisholm at 11:30 P.M. with a temperature of -45° Fahrenheit. This time, we had bedding but no bunkhouse to live in. The only place available was a 14 by 16 foot log shack vacated by my predecessor the summer before. It was constructed with log walls and a flat roof. As we lit the air-tight heater, the snow on the roof started to melt and by morning there was a two inch sheet of ice on the dirt floor.

Needless to say, under such conditions, my wife and two week old daughter became seriously ill and were restored to health through the dedicated professional efforts of Mrs. Evans, the local nurse. Mrs. Bill Borty, the wife of the section foreman, asked us to move to the upstairs of the section house occupied by them. God bless her soul.

The temperature did not rise above -40° Fahrenheit until February 1935, when I was able to purchase a house from Sam Balondo and we moved and lived there in comparative comfort. This house was located next to the water well just east of the railway.

The section crew ordered our supplies by telephone from Allarie's Store in Jarvie at more competitive prices than the company store. These supplies were delivered by train to Chisholm.

Class distinction was a little more prevalent in those days. Plant officials, foremen, sawyers, millwrights, etc. were upper class compared to the rest of us. However, one night, I participated in a contract bridge tournament sponsored by Mrs. Evans and although I had never played contract bridge before, I beat them all. I may be forgiven for the pride I felt as a young upstart beating the experienced elite of the community at their own game and I became accepted as one of the crowd. I have won several dozen trophies at bridge tournaments since, but none as memorable as the win at Chisholm some 50 years ago.

The summer of 1935 was a season of heavy rainfall and caused flooding conditions at various vulnerable localities. The railway grade washed out along Lesser Slave Lake and caused track to float hundreds of feet into the lake. It took three work trains hauling gravel from the Chisholm pit to effect repairs; traffic was interrupted for over a month.

The humorous aspect of the above picture where the dog pulls the Velocipede deserves explanation, in that, railway rules had to be complied with.

I am using the track jack to resurface the track and when the jack is used on the outside of the rail, no flag protection is required. But when used inside the



Velocipede pulled by dog. Lou Cyr holding flag. (borrowed from Chisholm mill). On vehicle, Bill Borty, Section foreman. At right, Otto Michetti, Roadmaster Chisholm tool house, 1934.

rail as I am doing on the picture, the operation must be protected by flags to permit an engineman to stop in case I have difficulties in removing the jack before the approach of a train. The rule for the definition of an engine reads, "A unit propelled by any form of energy, or a combination of such units operated from a single control." The unit in this picture is propelled by the energy supplied by Spike, the dog. The engineman at the controls is section boss, Bill Borty. The section crew consisted only of myself and Borty, which necessitated borrowing Lou Cyr from the lumber mill, to act as our flagman, enabling us to comply with all company rules in the performance of such an enormous project.

I left Chisholm in February of 1936 for Peace River country and in 1945, I was appointed Roadmaster between Edmonton and Fort McMurray. On July 1, 1955, I was transferred to the Edmonton Subdivision and again, found myself a frequent visitor at Chisholm.

A tragic episode occurred at Tieland, a section headquarter seven miles south of Chisholm in the fall of 1936. A sectionman, who had been laid off because of ill health, lost his mental balance, shot and killed the section foreman, his wife, their young child, a sectionman and himself.

The railway spur line to the mill constituted a hazardous condition to railway personnel, in that, to save time in switching train crews, they often resorted to fly-switch cars. Such practice caused the accidental death of Conductor Bill Yates in 1943, and a similar fate to Conductor Jens Hansen in the late 1950's. In 1955, the section foreman, Peter Fedyna, while returning from work at the west end line and keeping an eye on the train engine switching at the mill, overlooked the switch which was set against him. The motor car left the track for the ditch and caused considerable injury to himself and his men.

The following year, I had two work trains hauling gravel from the pit and while clearing the main line for the arrival of the passenger train, one engine was placed on the mill spur and the other was to be placed on the siding track. However, a wrong signal given by an overtired conductor who forgot to restore the mill track switch to normal position, resulted in all the wheels to fall off the rails, rendering it helpless. The engine in the spur could not help because the switch was obstructed. We finally used the engine of the passenger train when it arrived and things were restored to normal after several hours delay.

On July 23, 1981, a spectacular train derailment five miles north of Chisholm left a tank car of highly flammable butane gas leaking into the air. Heavy rains caused the ground under the railway line to collapse under the weight of the lead locomotive, sending three engines and twenty cars plunging into the surrounding muskeg. The four employees on board were uninjured. To enable the crews to construct a temporary railway around the derailed train, the propane and two butane tank cars had to be exploded. The alternate line was completed within 48 hours after the crash. Northern Alberta Railways used track cranes to lift and pull the damaged train out of the muskeg. In the evening of July 27, regular train traffic was restored.

Doug and Lesley Miller

Mr. and Mrs. Doug Miller farm just north of the Chisholm Forestry Tower. Originally from Scotland, Doug Miller, a civil engineer, was working in Saudi Arabia and had to come over to Boston, U.S.A. on business. Having relatives in Westlock, he decided to pay a visit, and as it was harvest time, joined in with the work. This was in 1978. He liked it so much, he



Doug and Lesley Miller.

decided to emigrate and buy a farm of his own. Six months after buying the farm, he decided to go back to Scotland for a holiday and met his future wife, Lesley.

One and one half years later (1982) Lesley emigrated and they were married in Westlock. They both love this country very much and have made it their home.

One year later, Doug's parents, who had visited Canada several times, decided they would emigrate too and they now live on the farm. Lesley, a qualified hairdresser for many years, saw the need for a salon in the area and now runs a hairdressing business on the farm.

Nick Moskalyk

Following the footsteps of my father, who began working for the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway in 1914, I made the railroad my career, starting in 1923 as sectionman. In 1926, I assumed the position of Bridgeman and was promoted to Carpenter in 1934. I was among those who built the water tank in Chisholm in 1933.

Over the years, I held various positions, which include Hoist Engineer, B. & B. Foreman and in 1938, a Pump Repairman. As a pumpman, I was in charge of the repairs for the 1912-13 pump units and the upkeep of the miles of water pipelines installed in the water tanks all along the line from Edmonton to Dawson Creek, including Hines Creek and Waterways.

In March, 1960, the railway converted from the steam engine to the diesel engine, therefore all the water tanks along the line were demolished over the next few years, also eliminating my job.

I was then promoted to a travelling electrician and over the next 14 years, it was my job to see that all the section houses along the line were rewired.

In 1971, I was promoted to Shop Supervisor at Dunvegan Yards and in 1974, I retired from the company.

My wife Rose and I (we married in 1935) now reside in Edmonton. We had never lived in Chisholm but often visited friends there. We have three children: Shirley, Nick and Ann, who passed away five year ago now (1984). Ann had married a Northern Alberta Railways Engineer, Henry (Duke) Kowarski. Our children have given us eight grandchildren.

Herman Mueller

I was born on June 28, 1900 in West Germany. At the age of 26 years, I came to Canada by ship with Frank Strach, who was sick the whole trip. We ended up in Flatbush, where I attempted farming for a short time.

I went back to Germany in 1936 for a visit, but once there, I was drafted into the army. While there, I got married.

In 1950, I came back to Canada and finally settled in Chisholm, where I bought Bill Hill's house for \$200.00. In 1955, my wife joined me from Germany, and we lived in that house for six years. We then purchased Mewes' house, and shortly after, my wife left me.

While in Chisholm, I worked for the Northern Alberta Railways as a flagman for \$1.26 per hour. The men with ten years seniority were earning \$1.83 per hour.

I enjoyed my time in Chisholm, taking care of a fair-sized garden and raising flowers. A lot of children stopped in to visit, and have a cup of hot chocolate and friends stopped in for coffee.

I sold my house to Bill Pizzey in 1972, for \$300.00, and due to ill health and lack of transportation, moved to Slave Lake, where I still reside.

Emil and Florence Neuman

by Florence Neuman

I was widowed before marrying Emil and two children were born to me. Theron Hindman married Terri Donnelly of Edmonton; they had four sons. He then married Judy (Hansen) Brinsky of Barrhead and they have two girls. They are presently living in Hinton. Clara (Clarence Hindman) married Tom Skrepneck of Two Hills; they have three sons, and also live in Hinton. We have five great grandchildren.

Emil and I arrived in 1964 from Medicine Hat to homestead three quarters of land in the Hondo area



The Emil Neuman Family. Clara Skrepneck, and Florence and Emil Neuman, Stan Neuman, Ron Neuman, Marion (Yoder), Gene Neuman, Theron Hindman.

just north of the Chisholm Tower. The land description of our home quarter was N.W. 2-69-1-W5. We had four children: Marion, Eugene, Ron and Stan. Marion married Garry Allen of Medicine Hat and they had two girls. She was then widowed and married Ed Yoder from Smith. One son was born to them and they presently live in the Smith area. Gene (Eugene) married Dawn Gough from Medicine Hat. They have three children (two sons and one daughter) and reside in Westlock.

We arrived at our homestead with a D4 and a D2 caterpillar. Emil cleared, broke, and grain farmed the land. While farming he was busy trucking, custom breaking, logging, sawing, raising hogs and moving houses to help with expenses in opening up new land. I was busy helping to pick rocks and roots as well as running a home. Our two sons, Ron and Stan, who were home at the time and still in school, caught the bus at the Chisholm corner to go to school in Fawcett.

The wildlife was plentiful. The moose and deer seemed to like the noise of the light plant as they came right into the yard. The deer played with the dogs in the driveway.

In the winters of 1965 and 1970 Emil and I worked for Stan Kasawski at a bush camp. I cooked and Emil operated a caterpillar. One winter, Marion kept the two younger boys for us. She recalls one day when the boys were playing with Brenda (Marion's daughter) who was about six months old, and were laughing really hard. Marion checked on them and found that Stan had Brenda on his knee and Ron was checking the reflexes on her knees. Needless to say, that didn't happen again.

Our first living quarters on the homestead was a 14 foot by 24 foot shack made of one ply of lumber lined with cardboard boxes. In 1967 we purchased a school house from Chisholm; it was 24 feet by 38 feet. We moved into it in April before we had a chance to put partitions in it (the furniture was the partitions). It felt so good to have room to move around and use the long stored furniture, even though we had no water, sewer, power or phone. In 1969 the power was put in, followed by the phone. Now that we had fridges, freezers, washing machines, etc., life was so much easier. Our first combine was purchased in Craigmyle, Alberta, for \$163.00. It was a 21 Massey and we hauled it home on a 1956 180 International. What a joy to take off the first crop. During this period I cooked in Chisholm for Swanson Lumber one winter.

Ron left home in 1965 to work in Saskatchewan. He decided to go to Bible School at Full Gospel Bible Institute at Eston, Saskatchewan. He met and married Neila Moore from Grants Pass, Oregon. They

have one son, Cameron, and make their home in Medford, Oregon.

Stan left home in 1967 to work on bridge construction in Canmore, Alberta. In the fall of 1967 he also attended Full Gospel Bible Institute at Eston, Saskatchewan, for three years. While there he met Sharon Francis and they married in 1970. They make their home in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

In 1971 Emil suffered a severe heart attack which slowed him down. Although he kept farming, he was forced to drop his outside jobs. I was working in Westlock at the Eastglen Bakery at this time and only came home on weekends. In 1980 Emil suffered another heart attack and was forced to sell the farm.

Emil and I enjoyed our stay while in the Hondo area. We were involved with the beginning of the Evangelical Church in Smith. We serve our church and community in whatever way possible.

We are presently living in Westlock.

Evert Norstrom

I originally came from Westeros, Alberta, which is 35 miles west of Wetaskiwin. I left Edmonton by train in the spring of 1928 and arrived in Chisholm at 10:00 P.M., a six hour trip.

I worked in the sawmill as edgerman for .45¢ an hour; we received a .05¢ bonus if we stayed the whole season. There were two 10 hour shifts and at that time, the sawyer was E. F. McRay. We had to pay \$1.25 a day for room and board and .25¢ a week to have our laundry done. The men from the mill crew volunteered their help to build the first school house in 1934.

There were not too many families living there when I first came. Albert Holmquist and Elvie Grandstrand, who was the trimmer man on my shift, were both newly married and each of them built the first of the houses east of the tracks.

I remember going hunting across the river and shooting two partridges. I then brought them to the Grandstrands house and got myself an invitation to supper.

The last year I worked in Chisholm was 1935, then I moved back to Westeros. I worked at Medicine Lake for eight years, then went farming.

I am now retired and living in Wetaskiwin. Forty-eight years have passed since I left Chisholm and I stopped in this summer out of curiosity, to find that nothing is the same.

Alfred Paish Family

Mr. and Mrs. Paish (nee Flossie Watson) were married in Iowa, U.S. on June 11, 1915. They lived in Slave Lake, Alberta for a number of years before coming to Chisholm in 1942. They had a large family,



Mr. and Mrs. A. Paish.

some of whom were old enough to work in the planer mill and box factory. Also several of the kids joined the Canadian Forces.

Mr. Paish was generally known as "Mr. Fix-it" and was maintenance man for Swanson Lumber Company. He was a jolly man and always had time to chat.

Mrs. Paish devoted a lot of her time and effort to the church and the children here. She was the organist and Sunday School teacher as well.

The children and their families are widespread; George, the eldest lives in Uclvett, B.C.; Neil and family live in Watson Lake, Yukon; Louise and family live in Edmonton; Joyce and her husband live in Carstairs, Alberta; Jack and family live in Porirua, New Zealand; Pat and family live in Barrhead, Alberta; Melvina and family live in Calgary; Florence and family live in Kinsella, Alberta; Eugene and family live in Edmonton and Shirley and family live in Edmonton. David, the second youngest son was born in January, 1932 and passed away in 1939 of Diptheria.

In 1965, Mr. and Mrs. Paish celebrated their 50th wedding Anniversary here in Chisholm with some of the family home for the occasion.

The following year, 1966, Mr. Paish retired and they moved to Edmonton.

Mr. A. Paish passed away in 1971 in Edmonton and Mrs. Paish died in 1980 in Calgary.

George Paul Family

by Eva Paul

George Paul had been working in Chisholm as a single man a few years before our marriage. After he and I, Eva Dirksen, were married, we moved from Mayfair, Saskatchewan to Chisholm in 1942.

George was drafted into the army in 1943 and also our daughter Vera, was born the same year. When George returned in 1945, he worked as planer-man in the mill.



George, Leonard, Vera and Eva Paul.

We started raising mink as a side line for extra income and had three bred females to begin with. Over the years, this increased to 800. The pelting of the hides was done in the fall and it took both of us to do this chore. The feed was transported by ourselves from fishermen in the Slave Lake area and we had horse meat delivered by train from Edmonton.

Our son, Leonard, was born in the spring of 1948, to make us a family of four.

Like others in the community, we raised a few pigs, chickens, and a milk cow for our personal use.

A few years later, George decided to try his hand at farming along with the mink farm. He obtained a half-section homestead at Hondo through the Veteran Land Act on the condition of paying back a crop share for so many years and breaking and clearing 80 acres of land per quarter to qualify for the Land Title.

But during this period and previous to our moving to Hondo in 1955, the feed for mink had become



One of George Paul's mink.



George Paul grinding fish for mink feed.

hard to get due to poor fishing and expensive horse meat from the city. Therefore, George bought old horses and spent many hours butchering and grinding meat for mink feed. Consequently, due to this hardship, we had to sell our mink at a loss in the fall of 1956.

Over the next few years, George worked for the Northern Alberta Railway and I worked out as a cook for sawmills, oil drilling rigs, etc. We still farmed during this period, raising a few turkeys, pigs and other animals.

In 1968, I moved to Westlock where I worked at the Immaculata Hospital until retiring in 1977.

Finally in 1979, breaking the roots from Hondo by selling the homestead, George also retired in the Westlock area.

Vera had obtained her Certified Nursing Aide certificate and she married Roy Larison. They have two daughters, Linda and Maureen and reside on a farm in the Shoal Creek-Linaria area.

Leonard went on to secure his Heavy Duty Mechanics' Licence. He married Darlyn Oullette in 1971 and they have one daughter, Victoria. They presently live in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Carl (Slim) Pearson

by Louise Pearson

My husband, Slim, was with the "American" Air Force, Canadian Division, in Edmonton. George Foster, the foreman of the Chisholm Sawmills, suggested we move to Chisholm in order to find employment. We arrived in Chisholm in 1945, with our two boys, Wayne and Allan. While living in Chisholm, our third son, Donald, was born in the Westlock Hospital.



Slim Pearson, 1955.

We had an active social life. The women organized a Ladies Club and we put on dances to raise money in order to buy gifts for the children of Chisholm at Christmas. The gifts were ordered and wrapped according to age and presented to the children at the Christmas Concert.

I was correspondent for the Westlock Paper, Secretary-Treasurer of the Chisholm School Board, and was also a Deputy Returning Officer for an election.

Teddy Wyatt carried mail from the train on a bennett buggy pulled by a tractor. Mr. Ted Davis was the store clerk and was also postmaster until the post office was moved to another building.

We bought milk from Christensen's and the kids delivered it to us in a little wagon pulled by a big dog. Later on, we bought milk from Vandervaate's who had some cows.

My husband became Superintendent of the Mill when Tom Matty left for Edmonton.

The funny side of Chisholm was that it was divided into four sections: Garlic City (east side of the tracks), Silk Stocking Avenue (where the company houses were-these had electric lights and tap water



Louise Pearson.



Donald, Alan and Wayne Pearson.

during summer months), Moccasin Flats (by the river), and Tin Can Alley (up the North road-direction of local nuisance ground).

The mill got its power from the dam which supplied D.C. power to the homes and wasn't very good. Then we got A.C. power and everybody went wild buying appliances.

In 1958, we moved to Camrose and went to work for Singer's Company Limited.

Wayne, our oldest son, lives in Vancouver with a family (one boy and one girl); Allan and his wife, Gayle and their three sons live in Edmonton; and Donald lives in Redcliff with his family (one boy and one girl). We now reside in Redcliff, Alberta also.

Frank Forrest Piper by Miriam MacKenzie

Forrest was born in Red Deer on May 29, 1911 in the third story of a brick house built with bricks manufactured by his father, Frank and grandfather, William. When he was about two and a half years old, he refused to answer unless he was called Jack Forrest, the name of his hero, the brickyard engineer. Finally, he won out, and from that time on was always called Forrest. He was always full of curiosity and experiment like his father. One Easter, his Aunt sent him a stuffed fluffy rooster with a big feather tail. While his Mother was plucking two chickens for Easter Sunday dinner, he disappeared. Edith was sent to find him, but he was not with the dog or his pet turkey, nor in the sandbox or the garden. Soon he emerged from the woodshed with his freshly plucked rooster. It was a sorry sight — but he wanted to pluck chickens like his mother.



Forrest Piper and Susie Rochon.

Forrest followed in many of the same interests as had his father, Frank. He worked on the farmstead, and learned the art of the sawmill. Soon after Frank went to Chisholm Mills, Forrest followed him where he became a fireman in the engine room while studying for his second class steam engineer's papers. He also enjoyed helping his father build boats and run them on the Athabasca River.

While in Chisholm Mills, the visit of a young lady from Edmonton caused Forrest to make the acquaintance of the Rochon household. Susie, the eldest of eight children caused him some con-

sternation when she agreed to a date with him, only to find that one of her admirers from Edmonton had arrived on the Friday night train. The admirer's luck seemed to have run out. He had lost his girl and had to sleep in the bunkhouse, so after a few drinks, he decided to take an axe to Forrest. However, some of Forrest's buddies assisted him to the bunkhouse, and he left shortly after in disgrace.

As the sawmill was in operation only in the summer, the cookhouse only operated then too, so Susie and her aunt got a contract to run a boarding house in Chisholm and soon Forrest and Susie were going steady. They were married in April, 1929 and decided to move back to the farm in Red Deer.



Susie Piper with Ron, Marge, Frank and Grace.

In the fall of 1933, they moved back to Chisholm and built a log house on the east side of the railroad tracks. Forrest earned his engineering papers and along with a better paying job, really enjoyed the hunting and fishing in and around the Athabasca River. By this time they had three children, Marjorie, Grace and Frank. Ron arrived in 1936. From here, Forrest and Susie and their family moved to the mill at Antross, near Breton, then to Grande Prairie and finally to operate a general store in Dawson Creek, B.C. where Forrest had a saw shop. After several years there, Forrest and Susie moved to High Level and two years later to Chetwynd, B.C. In November of 1972, the weather turned unseasonably cold with lots of snow. On the 17th, the water pipes at the mill froze, and an inflammable liquid was poured on the pipes leading into the planer and a blow torch was used to melt the ice out of them. Suddenly, the torch ignited a pile of shavings and without the sprinkler system, the fire spread rapidly. Forrest was finished his shift and was getting into his truck when he noticed the fire and suddenly thought of his partner up in the filing office where he would not notice the fire until it was too late. He ran into the building without regard for his own safety. The next day, the

two bodies were found. At the double funeral, the minister's text was: "Greater love has no man than this — that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:12. A fitting epitaph for a man who continually helped his fellow man.

Forrest is survived by his wife Susie of Vernon, B.C.; two daughters: **Marjorie** (Mrs. Sandy Templeton) of Dawson Creek, B.C. and their children, Glenda, Don, Randy, Marilyn and Doug; **Grace** (Mrs. Bud McLane) of Vernon, B.C. and their children, Teresa, Donna, Michelle and Kim; and two sons: **Frank** (Pat King) of Toronto, Ontario and their children Mitchell and Shannon (Predeceased by a grandson Bruce); and **Ron** (Gerda Jensen) and their son Lee, of Comox, B.C.

Forrest was buried in the Red Deer Cemetery with his grandson Bruce, and beside his Mother and Father, Frank and Lily Piper, his brother and sister, Charlie and Grace.

Frank Piper Story by Miriam MacKenzie

Frank Elvin Piper was born on December 28, 1873 at Strathroy, Ontario. Each of Frank's seven uncles wanted the new baby to be named after them, so on Christening Day, his Mother surprised them all by calling him "Frank" which was her maiden name, therefore the surname of all his uncles! In 1891, he came west with his Father, William, who because of health reasons, was told by his doctor to seek out the drier climate of Alberta. He was looking for good farm land and for a good location for a brickyard which was his profession. He came to Red Deer to settle in 1892 on the first passenger train to travel the newly-constructed Calgary-Edmonton line. They filed on homesteads east of the city and began to build a brickmill.



Frank Piper and granddaughter, Miriam Eggleston.

Frank married Lily Jane Casselman in June, 1902. They had four children: Grace and Charlie who died as infants of scarlet fever in 1907; and Edith and Forrest. Lily died of cancer in 1916 and in 1922, Edith contracted polio after swimming in one of the creeks near the brickyard.

In 1926, Frank sold the brickyard, rented the farm on a cropsharing basis and moved to Chisholm, where he worked as a steam engineer. Forrest soon followed as a fireman in the engine room, while working on his second class steam engineering papers. Edith joined them in July of 1929 and Frank bought a five room house. The sawmill operated only in the summer, but the planer operated all year long.

One of Frank's hobbies was boating and boat-building. He built a small rowboat which Forrest and his friend Abb enjoyed on the Athabasca River and the superintendent of a logging camp hired him to build a sturdy boat for him which was called "The Raven". Frank later made his own motorboat, "The Dawn" which he used to go down the Athabasca to Smith and also up the Lesser Slave River to the lake. His boat-building enthusiasm probably stemmed from playing hooky in Bracebridge to watch boats being built down by the docks there.

A fire at Chisholm Mills completely changed Frank's plans in 1938. He had accepted a position as steam engineer in the Turner Valley oil fields, and he and Edith were packed to leave when one evening fire broke out. It destroyed the planer mill and the machinery, leaving only the main building and the lumber piles. Frank was persuaded to remain to construct a larger building and install new equipment. When this was completed, he accepted a position as chief steam engineer at Waterways at the salt plant there.

Frank later moved to Grande Prairie where he engineered and then followed Forrest to Dawson Creek where he worked until he was well over seventy. He then retired to Red Deer where he lived on the farm with Edith, Sidney and their two children. He later moved into the city and to a Senior Citizens' Home where he passed away on May 3, 1963 at the age of 89. He is buried in the Red Deer Cemetery beside his wife, sons Charlie and Forrest, daughter Grace and great-grandson Bruce.

He was 'real live' Grandpa to only six of us. However, he always was called Grandpa by the many children that he came in contact with. An excerpt from the book "Pioneering Pipers" written by his daughter Edith shows why. 'The Christmas of 1928 Frank had taken gifts to each home (in Chisholm) where there were children. He would have been even more generous if he had known there would be nothing else for them — no tree, gifts nor even any signs of dinner preparations. No one showed any



One of Frank Piper's boats.



"The Dawn", built by Frank Piper. On Lesser Slave River, 1937.

interest in the real meaning of Christmas.' And another year — 'Now it would soon be Christmas again and there were twice as many children in the hamlet. Frank determined that there must be a program and a tree that all could enjoy. Everyone was enthusiastic. The company store gave enough candy and nuts to fill twenty generous bags. The engineers, Frank Martin and Frank Piper bought oranges and gifts. The wife of the mill superintendent sent twenty gifts from Edmonton. Frank urged Edith to organize a children's program. That would not be easy, but when he announced he'd provide Christmas dinner for everyone, she (Edith) was stunned. Fifty years later she was asked to tell about a memorable Christmas — and she decided that one took the cake.'

Arthur R. E. Pizzey Herman Strand

Arthur Robert Edwin Pizzey, Ed as he was known, was born in Foxwarren, Manitoba on September 18, 1900. He moved to Daysland, Alberta in 1926. He was united in marriage to Mary Sarah



Arthur R. E. Pizzey.

Hogg, and they had three children: Peggy, Doreen, and Ted. Mary passed away and in 1934 Ed married Lily Thain of Bawlf, Alberta.

Lily Florence Thain was born on March 30, 1913 to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thain of London, England. She came to Canada with her family in 1926, settling in the Bawlf district. After Ed and Lily were married they lived at Daysland for ten years where they farmed. They had four sons (Robert, William, George, Larry) and three daughters (Joan, Winnifred, Linda).

In 1944, they moved to Rosalind, Alberta where Ed passed away on July 22, 1952 and is buried in the Greenview Cemetery at Rosalind.

Three years later, Lily moved her family to Bawlf where she resided for two years, then in 1957, they moved to Chisholm. In 1958, Lily married Herman John Strand who was working for the Swanson Lumber Company there. Herman was also previously married to Lily Pizzey (Ed's sister) who passed away leaving one son, Jim Berg, from a previous marriage.

Due to Herman marrying his second wife (also by the name of Lily Pizzey) he became the childrens step-father instead of their uncle.

While in Chisholm, Herman and his second wife,

Lily, operated a cookhouse in their home for Swanson Lumber Company. Over the years, Herman worked at different jobs for the company such as grain door nailer, car loader, and lumber stripper in the yard by contract, and he also worked in the mill. I guess you could say he was very versatile. He was also a veteran of World War II. He was overseas for five years and served as a cook on the front lines.

Herman and Lily lived in Chisholm for nine years then took up residence in Edmonton. Herman passed away on November 5, 1968 at the age of 64 and is buried in the Field of Honor at the Beechmount Cemetery in Edmonton.



Herman and Lily (Pizzey) Strand.

After Herman's passing, Lily spent two years in Inuvik, Northwest Territories, with her two daughters, Winnie and Linda. While she was in Inuvik, she was leader of the Brownies, which she enjoyed very much. In 1970, she came back to Alberta and settled in Seba Beach until she passed away on October 13, 1972 at the age of 59. She was laid to rest in the Rosalind Greenview Cemetery beside her first husband Ed.

Following is a list of their family and where they reside at present.

Peggy married Lloyd Crosswell, they have two children and reside in Hondo.

Doreen is married to Wilbur Ness, they have two children from Doreen's first marriage, and now reside in Anchorage, Alaska.

Ted, his wife Lois and their family live in Fort St. John, B.C.

Joan and Al Small have three girls and live in Seba Beach, Alberta.

Winnie and Werner Opel and family live in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.

Bob and Ruth Pizzey and family reside in Delta, B.C.



Back: Joan, Bill, Larry and Linda (twins), Bob, George, Winnie. Front: Peggy, Ted and Doreen Pizzey.



Jim Berg, 1973.

Bill passed away on April 23, 1978. His wife Sharon and their three children live in Chisholm.

George and Linda Pizzey have two boys and live at Warburg, Alberta.

Larry and Jan Pizzey have four children and reside at Flatbush, Alberta.

Linda (Larry's twin sister) and her husband Larry Simenac live in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.

Jim Berg and his ex-wife Daidre had two boys. Jim now resides at Courtney, B.C.

William J. Pizzey

by Sharon Pizzey (nee Owens)

Bill, as everyone knew him, was born on November 17, 1941 at Daysland, Alberta. I was born March 14, 1946 in Edmonton. Bill came to work at Chisholm after his widowed Mother, Lily Pizzey, moved here in 1957.

Bill and I met in 1960 and were married on December 29, 1964. After we were married we lived in a number of different places including Edmonton, Hondo, Steveston, B.C. and finally to Chisholm in 1972. While we were living in Steveston, B.C. our daughter Sheila was born on July 14, 1966.

In 1972 when we decided to live in Chisholm, we bought an old log house from Herman Mueller for \$300. By this time we had two sons; Todd born on May 6, 1970 and Eddy born on August 31, 1971.

It was quite a job getting that old house rearranged to accommodate all of us as Herman had lived alone. We had the power and diesel heaters so I guess

you could say it wasn't too bad. With three small children and no running water, I thought it was quite tough at times though! The worst thing was having no inside toilet. A person had to resort to potty chairs and slop pails which kept you busy keeping them empty.

The house was terribly cold in winter and sweltering hot in the summer. You had a pretty good idea how cold it was outside just by how cold your nose was when you woke up in the morning. We had a few bouts with the diesel jelling off when it got about 40 degrees below. First thing in the morning, that's all a person needed.

Eventually, we put in running water and even a flush toilet. We made the porch that was there into a bathroom and built on a new porch. There was no heat vents into the bathroom so we had no problem with anyone dallying in there, which is one problem everyone seems to complain about today.

Even with all the difficulties we encountered, we had some good house parties and drank many pots of coffee in that old house.

On April 23, 1978 Bill passed away at our home in Chisholm, and is buried in the Hondo Cemetery.

We burned down the old house in 1979 and now have a mobile home on the same site. Sheila will graduate this year (1984) from Westlock Senior High, and Eddy and Todd are in Grades seven and eight at Fawcett school. I have worked for Swanson Lumber and now Canfor Forest Products, seasonally, since 1977.

Steve Pukanich Family

by Mary Pukanich and children

Steve Pukanich immigrated from Yugoslavia to Canada in 1928 and I came in 1929. We met and married in Edmonton in 1932, then worked on a farm in Calmar for four years. Through a friend, Steve found a job in Chisholm and we arrived here by train on April 16, 1936. We had five children by then: the twins, Jean and Bertha, Elmira, Frank and Barbara, the baby. We stayed overnight at the section foreman's house, the Borty's. We settled into the log house beside the railroad tracks the next day. Steve went to work for Chisholm Sawmills Limited shortly thereafter, earning .20¢ per hour.

Over the years, Steve had to add rooms onto our log house as our family increased. Edward was born in 1937, Caroline was born in 1938 and George in 1939. Therefore, it was necessary to plant a large garden and we also raised some chickens, pigs and milk cows. We leased a hay field a few miles from home and every fall, we had a few busy days, cutting the hay with a scythe and hauling it back home. We used an old wagon with a rack on it pulled by an old



Steve and Mary Pukanich 45th Wedding Anniversary. January, 1976.

Fordson tractor. The neighbourhood boys, the Vandervaates in particular, were always a great help. We packed a big picnic lunch for them to take along and had a hearty supper ready when they came home that evening.

We ordered our staple groceries by the case through Alberta Trading Company in Edmonton, as did other families. They were shipped by train to the



From back: Bert, Elmira, Jean, Barb, Frank, Carol, Ed, Walter, MaryLou and George Pukanich.

Chisholm station where we picked them up once or twice a month. And most of our clothes were ordered through a catalogue sales office.

We added four more children, Walter, Mary Lou, Mary Ann and Johnny, to our already large family. Most of them were born in our home with district nurses and very helpful neighbours.

By this time, some of the older girls were working in the cookhouse for Swanson Lumber Company and the boys had jobs in the planer mill.



Emil, Linda, Carol, Mary Rose, and Jean Kushneryk.

For a little extra income, we had the mail pick-up contract. Steve or one of the older boys met the train every week night about 9:30 or 10:00 P.M., to pick up the mail bags and deliver them to the post office.

Eventually, the children all left home, to find different employment and to make a life of their own.

Jean: I left Chisholm in 1948 to work in Westlock. I met and married Emil Kushneryk in 1950. He was a farmer in the Dapp area. In the early 1950's, Emil worked at the planer mill in Chisholm for three winters. The pay was very poor then, so we took over farming again in Dapp.

We have raised three daughters: Carolyn, Linda and Mary Rose, who all have their own homes now. I have one grandson, Jonathan, son of Linda and Jack Shelton.

Emil passed away on November 8, 1983 and I still reside here on our farm (1984).

Bertha: I met Alvin Williams in Chisholm as he worked for Swanson Lumber Company since July, 1947. We were married on June 15, 1951 and lived in Chisholm for about six months, then moved to Edmonton. Alvin got employment with the Pelican Spruce Company Limited and still works for the same (1984).



Ellen, Elaine, Bonnie, Wendy, Evelyn, Cindy, Alvina, Alvin, and Bert Williams.

We have raised seven daughters, now all married with their own families and living in the Edmonton area: **Ellen** and Bob Thomas, **Elaine** and Dale Brewster, **Bonnie** and Sam Kumson, **Wendy** and Don Cameron, **Alvina** and Ron Kopcha, **Cindy** and Don Howard, **Evelyn** and Terry Martiniuk.

At present (1984), we have fourteen grandchildren and we still reside in Edmonton.

Elmira: After working in the company cook-house for some time, I went to work for the Whissell family in Westlock in 1948. I met Sid Chimiuk in Chisholm when he was working for Swanson Lumber Company. In 1951, I went to work for Henry Singer in Edmonton and Sid got a job with Nick's Trucking. We were married in 1953 and our only son, Gary, was born in 1956. We were on the move for several years, as Sid then worked for a pipeline company. Eventually, we made Edmonton our home place.



Son Gary and wife Denise, Elmira and Sid Chimiuk, 1978.

Gary and his wife, Denise, have two daughters, Crystal and Sabrina; they reside in Edmonton.

My husband, Sid, passed away in 1980, and I still reside in our home in Edmonton.

Frank: I worked for Swanson Lumber Company from July, 1951 until 1959. On July 4, 1959, I married Shirley Watson, from the Fawcett area and we made Chisholm our home for a couple of years. Shirley taught at the local school for one year. The next year I drove the school bus to Fawcett school for high school students only and Shirley then taught in the Fawcett school.



Kenneth, Michael, Shirley, Allison and Frank Pukanich.

In 1961, we moved to Edmonton, where we still reside. I work for the Edmonton Post Office and Shirley is a full-time teacher again.

We have three children, all in school at present (1984): Allison, Kenneth and Michael.

Barbara: After my school years, I worked in the cookhouse for a few years. In the Summer of 1956, my sister Carol and I went to Penticton, B.C., for a holiday and also worked for several weeks in a cannery. Carol unexpectedly caught yellow jaundice, therefore we came back home within six weeks. I went to work in the Royal Bank in Edmonton for the next six years.

In 1961, I married Mike Romaniuk and we now reside in Chisholm with our three children: Shane, Kim and Shelley.

Edward: I worked for Swanson Lumber Company for several years, as a lumber scaler for part of that time. In 1960, I left Chisholm to work for the Canadian National Railway for one year. Then I found



Ed, Carolyn, Lori, Robert, and Frances Pukanich.

employment with Union Tractor Limited, a company with opportunities for advancement, and I am still with them (1984).

In 1962, I married Frances Sikorski, originally from Flatbush. We have three children: Lori, now attending college; Carolyn and Robert, both in school (1984).

We reside in south Edmonton.

Caroline: I went to work as flunky at Camp 7, where I met Stan Morland. We were married in 1960 and lived on a farm in Linaria.

In 1961, our daughter Valerie, was born. Our son Thomas was born in February, 1970.



Thomas, Valerie, Carol and Stan Morland, 1984.

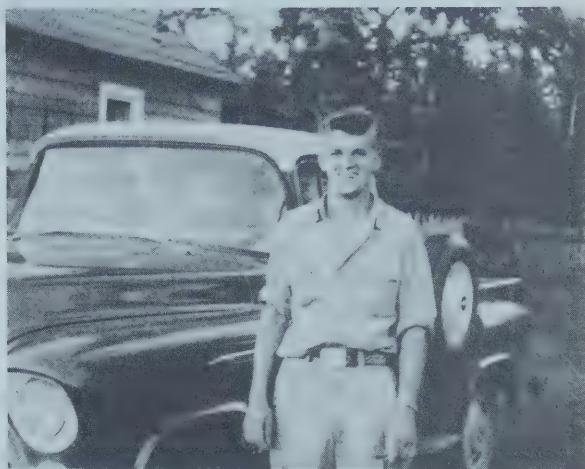
We moved to Chisholm in July, 1972 so Stan could work in the logging business during the winter season. He formed a partnership with my brother John in the trucking business. Stan also worked the farm during summer months. These two seasonal jobs kept us busy for the next four years.

In 1976, Stan sold his part of the partnership to John and moved back to Linaria to farm full-time.

Val married Dirk Melzer in 1979 and they live in Slave Lake with their two sons, Daryl and Dylan.

In 1980, we sold our farm and moved to Summerland, B.C., where we and our son Thomas, still reside.

George: Georgie was employed with Swanson Lumber Company directly out of school. He lived at home and was a good natured person who loved to play guitar and sing along with our sister Carol. He had taken over some of Dad's chores, like milking the cows, hauling hay and taking care of the animals we had at the time. I remember when milking time rolled around. The little kittens would gather at the barn and wait, with mouths open, for their taste of warm fresh milk. Georgie had a pretty good aim.



George Pukanich.

Georgie passed away in December, 1959, a week after he was involved in a traffic accident near Morinville.

Walter: I left Chisholm in early July, 1959, to work in Edmonton at the Great West Saddlery Company, a wholesale in dry goods. Five months later, I went to work at Sweetgrass Landing and remained for two years. During this period, I met Margaret Rogrouse and we were married on August 15, 1962.

We moved to Westlock in 1962 and I was employed at the A & M Store. Life in Westlock was good to us. We joined the Westlock Volunteer Fire Department a few years later and participated in many community activities which kept us busy and happy. During these years, we raised a family of four boys: Steve, Dwayne and the twins, Randy and Andy. After twelve years with the A & M Store, we moved to Chisholm to raise the boys in the country and to enable myself to get into the logging business. We enjoyed the quiet life again for eight years.



Back: Steve, Walter, Margaret and Dwayne. Front: twins, Randy and Andy Pukanich.

In 1981, we made a long move to Summerland, B.C., buying into a service station and motel business. And as of this date, November, 1983, we are all well and enjoying life.

Mary Lou: I met Matthew Bratt while he was working in Chisholm for Swanson Lumber Company: we were married in 1961. While living in Chisholm, we had our family of three children; Brenda, Debbie and Todd. After 15 years of employment with Swanson Lumber Company, Matthew was chosen for a job opening with Alberta Transportation for the Flatbush area. So, in 1970, we moved to Fawcett, where we still reside with our son, Todd, who attends Westlock Senior High School. Brenda has a job in Edmonton and Debbie lives in Grande Prairie.

Matthew has advanced to foreman of Alberta Transportation and I work at the Husky Restaurant at Fawcett at present (1984).



Matthew, Todd, Brenda, Debbie and Mary Lou Bratt.

Mary Ann: Living in Chisholm as a child left a lot of nice memories. There were enough girlfriends to chum with: Gilda, Margie, Susan, and Mary, just to mention a few. Often, large groups of us would gather in front of Vandervaate's cafe to play games. From grade nine on, we were bussed to the Fawcett school, where I completed my education. After graduation, I boarded at my brother's place in Westlock and took some business courses at the Westlock High School for a year.

In 1966-67, I worked in Edmonton for the Edmonton Journal and also the Land Titles Office, boarding with a school friend, Darlene Zittlau.

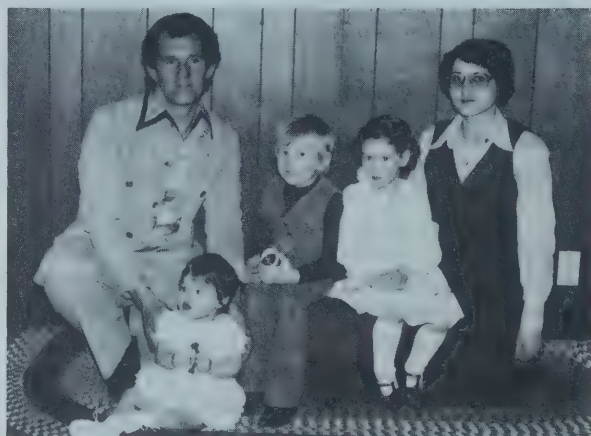
In August, 1967, I married Wayne Urchyshyn. We have two daughters; Tracey, born in 1969 and Lesley, born in 1972. We live in Chisholm and enjoy country living.

John: I was born at home in April of 1951; the last of a large family. I have many fond memories of my childhood years: My friends and I making tunnels through the haystacks in the loft; trying to catch the horses in the bush until we were lost; riding home on the loaded hay wagon. Like others, I had my share of chores at home, like putting up hay, cleaning barns and carrying in the fire wood.

I began my schooling in Chisholm, then Flatbush, Fawcett and on to Westlock where I graduated in 1969. During these years, I met alot of lifelong friends, including Antonina (Toni) Batog of Westlock.

Since graduation, I worked in Chisholm for several employers until forming "M & P Log Hauling" with my brother-in-law Stan Morland, in the fall of 1972. In 1976, Stan decided to go into farming full-time and I bought Stan's share, forming "John Pukanich Trucking Limited".

I married Toni in August of 1972 and our family began with John Peter in March, 1975, Bobbie



John, John Jr., Bobbi, Toni and Baby Cheri Pukanich.

Joanne in April, 1977 and Cheri Lynn in March, 1979.

We enjoy our life in Chisholm and hope to stay many more years.

Mom: — My husband, Steve Pukanich, passed away on April 30, 1976. At present, I have 34 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren (March 1984). In 1981, I moved to Summerland, B.C. where I still reside and enjoy a more active social life and the lovely Okanagan weather.

Edward Radke Family by Jeanne (Radke) Cameron

Edward was born in Bruderheim, Alberta and I (Jeanne) was born in Westlock, Alberta.



Edward Radke.

Edward went to work at the planer mill in Chisholm in 1950. Then in 1952, we were married and moved to Chisholm on June 21 of the same year. We lived just a few houses away from the big cook house. Edward then drove the forklift or cat out in the lumberyard. The community of Chisholm was a very friendly place to live but the roads back then were terrible. After it had rained, trying to get in or out was a nightmare.

Gary was born on January 2, 1957. He lives in Westlock and is a sheet metal journey-man.

Lorna was born March 13, 1958. She is now married and has two children, and also works as a Nurses Aid at the General Hospital in Edmonton.

We left Chisholm in the summer of 1958 and moved to British Columbia. We came back to Dapp, Alberta in 1959 and then the fatal tragedy took place on September 1. Edward fell to his death from an elevator where he was working as painter.



Jeanne (Radke) Cameron.

I am now remarried to William Cameron and we have two girls, Brenda and Shirley. Shirley is married to Myles Lovelock and they have one son. Brenda is presently at home. My husband is a truck driver and I am employed as a household aide at the Pembina Lodge in Westlock. We live west of Westlock.



Jeanne, Gary and Lorna Radke.

Fred Richardson Family by Inez (Richardson) Towns

In the spring of 1934, just two years after our family was officially settled on the homestead in the Athabina area at Flatbush, my three older brothers went to Chisholm for employment. Kenneth got a job as teamster, hauling lumber; Dan worked on the Jackladder that conveyed logs from the pond to the sawmill, then took a job at the Planer Mill. Jim worked in the Box Factory. They were boarding at the cook-house, but decided it would be cheaper to put up a little shack and board themselves. It was then that I got my chance to try my wings and went to Chisholm to cook for them for the summer. I enjoyed the job and the change of scenery, along with all the hustle and bustle of a busy lumber town. The Sawmill, Planer Mill and Box Factory were all working full time and I felt excited at being a part of it. Two of my very good friends, Fan Hornby of Vegreville, and Helen Paul of Athabina, came to Chisholm and obtained work in the Box Factory. They stayed with me, so we had two more boarders. My sister, Gladys, also spent some time with us, although she did not go to work, (probably too young at the time). Wilmot and Alberta Ruttan and Alberta's son, Gordon, from Athabina, came to Chisholm. Wilmot had also built a small shack for them near ours. Frank Hornby was another Athabina homesteader who came to work there.



Ken Richardson, Fan Hornby, Inez Richardson, Helen Paul, Frank Hornby in 1934.

Our main source of entertainment was the dances which were held in the school. It was a good sized hall and easily accommodated all who came. Hikes and picnics were also a popular Sunday pastime. On one particular Sunday, 22 of us took a large boat, towing a second one in case of emergency, and travelled up river to a large island. It was probably about 18 miles south, beyond the point where the Pembina River flows into the Athabasca River. It was a most enjoyable day with everyone taking part in the picnic and games. Needless to say, the trip home was much faster, even though we stopped for awhile at The Point and explored. One of the most thrilling, but dangerous pastimes, was trying to coax the sawyer into allowing us to ride on the big carriage, past the big circular saw, while he was sawing a log. But soon this pastime was banned by Mr. Beard, the superintendent.

My brothers finished their jobs in the fall, so our little shack was closed up. I remember our Dad, Fred Richardson, visiting us at that time and helping us finish up our groceries, consisting mainly of macaroni, which we had to thaw out each meal. I got a job in the Box Factory, so we three girls boarded at Cliff Major's and Elve Grandstrands'. The factory worked a lot of overtime that winter. One incident I will never forget was a particular Friday the 13th. Our foreman, Joe Cousineau, was having a bad day and was blaming all the spilled loads and mishaps on Friday the 13th. It was March 13 and was indeed a bad day before it ended. About 8:00 P.M., with still a few hours of work to be done before our shipment was ready for the morning train, the power went off, and at the same time, Joe became ill. Several men went to his aid and rushed him up to Jess Evans, our nurse. He apparently suffered a stroke and passed away around 11 P.M. A stunned and saddened crew worked through the night to finish the order and now I can never go through a Friday, the 13th, without thinking of that one. For a year or two, I worked intermittently at the Factory, then was absent for a few years.

In the fall of 1940, I returned to Chisholm to work in the store and Post Office. Tom Matty, Les Mondae and Mr. Rowland were the staff at that time, and were pleasant to work with. During this time, I stayed with Jess Evans. My experiences while living with her were quite varied, as I was often called to assist her in some emergency or other. To mention two or three, I well remember a lesson I learned when I assisted in the delivery of a baby, and that was not to inhale the ether while trying to give it to the patient. Another time, I found it necessary to give ether was when Smokey Johnson was brought into Chisholm after having lost a foot at the mill in one of the winter camps. My respect for Jess Evans was truly great at

the calm way she handled any emergency. One poor fellow was brought in the middle of the night with his jaw locked in a wide open position. I had to help Jessie get it released and a very relieved young man was sent happily back to camp. One other nursing job I had was doing night duty with a very seriously ill pneumonia patient. This was when Sulpha Drug was first being used and the patient responded quite well and was up and around in a week's time.

Our wages, when we started to work in the Factory, were a whole 12-1/2¢ an hour. When we got a raise up to .15¢ an hour, we really had it made. I left my job the summer of 1941 and went home to help my folks, as my three brothers joined the forces and were off to war.



Gladys Richardson, Fan Hornby, Helen Paul (on floor), Inez Richardson, Ivy Newbury (who later married Len), taken in Len Severied's home.

Ken married Lorna Nelson of Fawcett and they moved out to B.C. where Ken worked around saw mills for many years. Then, they went into managing apartment buildings until they passed away; Lorna in February, 1977 and Ken in November, 1977.

Dan married Agnes Clelland of Vermillion, and they eventually gave up farming and moved to St. Albert where they still reside. Dan has retired after working as carpenter for many years for the Provincial Government.

Jim married Alberta Ruttan and after he returned from the war, their employment took them to Pibroch, Westlock, St. Albert and finally to Edmonton where Jim was employed until he retired. Alberta passed away suddenly in 1976. Jim plays the violin and entertains in Nursing Homes, etc., and is active with the Strathcona Branch of the Canadian Legion.

My sister, Gladys, passed away in May, 1963 and my two youngest brothers passed away in January and March of 1970. Our family of eight is reduced to four now. Bob, and his wife, Ruth live at Fawcett and he will be retiring this fall, 1983.

In 1943, I married Bill Towns, whose folks had come to Flatbush the same year we did. We were married in Ontario, as he was stationed at Camp Borden. He served two years overseas with a Tank Corps and when he returned, we made our home at Flatbush. Bill became Postmaster there and retired after 31 years. Our family, one daughter and two sons, are all married and have families. Carol lives in Calgary; John is in Coronation and Lloyd lives in Yorkton, Saskatchewan. We decided to come to the prairie country, so we sold our property and moved to Coronation. I find I can still keep busy in our son's Accounting Office, even though we are retired. We do miss the large evergreen trees we lived with for fifty years, but have not regretted our move.

Probably a lot of people in the Moose Portage and Hondo-Smith area will remember when my father, Fred Richardson, was the Road Foreman in that area. He had to travel by train and often mentioned staying with Ernie Worthing and Ted Nyhus and how he enjoyed hearing them sing.

Our way of life is so different now but, I'm sure we all have many happy memories stored up to keep us company in our "Old Age."

Arthur Rochon by Jena (Lobb) Hanson

My Dad, Arthur Rochon, came to work in Chisholm in 1927. (He worked for many years on the roll-off wagon). My Mother, Anna Rochon and us children stayed in Legal where we had all been born. The following year, when I was 11 years old, we all moved to Chisholm. There was my four brothers—Gaston, Camille, Edmond, and Reyal; three of my four sisters — Mina, Edna and Cora, and my Mother and I. My oldest sister, Simonne (Susie) stayed in Legal but moved to Chisholm the following year. At that time we lived in a house across from where Beard's would someday live. We were the only family in that area then. Mr. Ward's farm was quite a bit further south.

Shortly after she moved to Chisholm, Susie met Forrest Piper and they married on April 1, 1930. Shortly after the marriage, they moved to Red Deer where their two oldest children (Marjorie and Grace) were born. They then moved to Legal where son, Frank was born and back to Chisholm about 1935. Their youngest child, Ronald, was born in Chisholm on March 21, 1936.

When we first moved to Chisholm, there was no school so Edith Piper, Forrest's sister, started one for us. When she moved to Red Deer with Forrest and Susie, we took correspondence courses under the supervision of the District Nurse, Mrs. Evans.

Though there were some bad times, we had a lot



Arthur Rochon Sr. calling moose '30's.

of good times too. We had to make our own entertainment. My Dad had two horses that we used to ride a lot but they were killed on the railroad tracks.

The train used to go through twice a week and we'd all go down to the station when it did. During the war, American troop trains, bound for Alaska went through more often. The soldiers used to throw candy, gum, cigarettes, and money out the windows at us. We sure enjoyed those treats.

In the summer we'd swim at the gravel pit and go on picnics. The guys would bring home-made beer and the girls would bring the lunch. Everything was packed to the picnic site by back pack — none of us had cars. In the winter, sledding was fun on the river hill and we'd take trips to Hamilton's Camp with sleigh and horses. There were also all kinds of socials — box socials, family socials and dances; also sewing bees — most of us embroidered, crocheted or knitted and during the winter, we'd gather at various homes to work on our latest tablecloth or bedspread.

Gaston Rochon married Ruby Abrams of Jarvie, in Edmonton on January 4, 1931. They lived in Edmonton and Red Deer before moving back to Chisholm about 1937. Three of their six boys — Kenneth, Gordon and Gerald — were born in Chisholm.

My Dad moved back to Legal in the early 30's but returned to Chisholm after a few years. This time he built a house and barn accross the tracks from the planer mill. From Legal, I visited my sister Susie in Red Deer and stayed to marry Jack Lobb. My daughter, Jean, and son, Jack, were born there.

About 1936, Jack and I moved to Chisholm and



L. to R. Top: Edmond, Reyal, Mrs. and Mr. Rochon, Gaston and Camille. Bottom: Jena, Mina, Edna, Cora and Susie.

built a small two-room house just down the hill from my Dad's place. My third child, Yvonne, was born in Edmonton on November 2, 1937. When Yvonne was three years old, she hurt her foot and after a few days, could not walk on it. The District Nurse said she had blood poisoning and that she would need an operation. I took her to Westlock, the nearest hospital. We were taken there by speeder as there was no other way to go. The trip took five hours and as soon as we arrived, the doctor operated. However, it was not successful — three days later Yvonne passed away and was buried in the Westlock Roman Catholic Cemetery.

Camille, my second brother, married Velma Dahlbeck who was working in Chisholm. They lived there after their marriage.

Mina married Roger Olson, a saw filer from the mill. They too, lived in Chisholm and later moved to Slave Lake.

Bill Harris, who worked at the mill piling lumber, married my sister, Edna. They lived in Antross before moving back to Chisholm. From Chisholm, Bill joined the Army and was shipped overseas. After the war, he and Edna and their daughter, Doreen, moved to Slave Lake.

My sister, Cora, married a factory worker named Clare Nelson. They left Chisholm before their marriage and lived in the High Prairie area before settling in Slave Lake.

In 1938, my husband Jack was hospitalized but my children and I stayed in Chisholm. I managed by taking in boarders and doing all my own wood gathering, hunting and gardening. I had logs hauled for wood and all winter, sawed my own wood with a swede saw. We always had two big gardens and I hunted every year, canning the moose and partridge. In the summer, we did a lot of berry picking and



Jena (Rochon) Lobb after a hunt.

canned strawberries, raspberries and blueberries for fruit during the winter.

Arthur, Anna and their two sons, Edmond and Reyal, moved to Mitsue in the winter of 1940 to operate a laundry. I worked with them that winter, but moved back to Chisholm in the spring of 1941 where I had a job at the cook house. Later that year, when my Dad moved to Slave Lake to mink farm, I moved there to farm as well.

I now live in Grande Prairie with my husband, Albert Hanson. Our two sons, Daryl and Brian, also live here with their families.

Memories

by Naida Watson (nee Rochon)

I remember well the one and only road out of Chisholm Mills. We had to go down Tin Can Alley, and over the sand hills along the Athabasca River. It was very narrow in places and I remember all of us had to fill in the mud holes with logs so we could get through. It seems to me it would take hours to get to Deep Creek bridge which consisted of two planks across the creek, just wide enough for our tires to cross over. Sometimes, we'd stop at Ken and Ann Worthing's, a log house on the other side of the creek. It was a nice break and very good to visit for awhile. On our way again, we'd come over a rise and see the elbow in the Athabasca River, which was always such a breath-taking view, especially in the fall. Deer, moose and bear were often seen on this trip.

This road or trail, about 15 miles long, brought us



Camille, Velma, Lawrence, Naida Rochon.

to Hondo, where it connected to the main highway. Folks who didn't have a car, used the passenger train. One of our biggest thrills was to go see who was coming home on the train. But best of all was going aboard the train to visit the Newsy, maybe buy some peanuts or a magazine.

Now, the passenger train is but a memory and the old trail to Hondo grown over. My memories still linger on, although they are fading with time.

After I left Chisholm and Fawcett, where I worked at the Sportsman Rest, I went to Dawson



Maureen Walker and Naida Rochon about 1952.

Creek for a time, then I went to work for Mom and Dad at Demmitt, where I met my husband, Mick Watson. We lived in Pincher Creek for awhile, then moved to High Level in 1959 and Michael Camille was born in Fort Vermillion. The following year, we moved to a farm in High Level and still live here.

In 1961, Stuart Dale was born in Grande Prairie, as I went to stay with my folks over the winter; Mick was working in Fort Nelson.

Michael is now working for a oil well servicing outfit, and Stuart is staying home in the summer to farm and works out in the winter. My husband is a carpenter by trade, so does odd jobs in winter months. I am working at the Post Office, where I have been for almost six years.

Mike Romaniuk Family

Upon accepting a position to manage the local store for Swanson Lumber Company via Tom Matty, I arrived in Chisholm on May 31, 1955. My intentions were to stay for the year as was my policy since I enjoyed travelling, however this was not to be.

Previous to this, I worked in an office for Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines at Yellowknife, N.W.T. and also for Eldorado Mining and Refining near Uranium City, Saskatchewan.

With a few years experience behind me of working in stores in my home town of Barrhead, Alberta, I thought I would take the challenge. The store was definitely in arrears and in dire need of some good house-keeping.

Before my arrival, a customer was not able to purchase any vanilla at the store and I soon found out why. The warehouse had boxes upon boxes of empty vanilla bottles; apparently consumed as a beverage. You can imagine how frustrated some of the women

were when they couldn't purchase vanilla for their baking needs. Many of the people here even then didn't have the transportation to get out for shopping. When I drove into Chisholm with my 1940 Dodge, it was one of the few cars here.

During the next few years, I was kept extremely busy and quite often worked till midnight, stocking shelves, making up orders, etc., as I didn't have the time during the day. Nevertheless, this store was soon a thriving business, as we had several hundred people living here at that time and the majority of them shopped locally. We also carried dry goods like mitts, underwear and boots. At the same time, we also had ladies panties and I remember one honorable lady who was most annoyed with me, as I wasn't able to purchase any panties for her in her size. She went away mad, but was soon back again.

At this time, the store was considered a meeting place for many of the single men that worked here. In particular, the men on night shift would sit around the store most of the day chit-chatting. Believe me, at times this place was indeed active.

During the year of 1958, there was a shuffle of employees at Swanson's plant and I was also hired to keep the books for the company. This was during the years that Peter Sokalski was the resident manager.

In the early 1960's, dances in Chisholm were non-existent and nearly everyone here had a car by then, so we travelled out for entertainment. Many times, several car loads of us would go to Island Lake Lodge, near Athabasca, to a dance. This was a lovely log building beside the lake and attracted hundreds of people from all over northern Alberta.

On September 23, 1961, I gave up my bachelorhood and married a local girl, Barb Pukanich. Our first home here was once owned by Roy Gillis, who had since retired to Athabasca, Alberta.

In 1967, Jesse Harris, our Post Mistress, was moving to Edmonton so I became Post Master as well.

During the 1969-1970's, Swanson's were anxious to sell the store and after much meditation, I decided to purchase it. Shortly after, the store and post office were moved off Swanson's property to the east of the railroad tracks, near the townsite.

Eventually, around 1975, having a store here seemed fruitless, so we gave it up. The store was sold locally in 1976 and opened again for a short period.

Barb and I have two sons, Shane and Kim, and one daughter, Shelley Jane, who is attending high school in Westlock, Alberta.

We have always taken an annual summer vacation from the time the kids were small. However, Barb and I carry on this tradition alone now, as the children are older and more independent.



Shane, Shelley, Barb, Mike and Kim Romaniuk, 1982.

I am employed at the Post Office in Slave Lake now and travel regularly between home and work everyday. I also do the bookkeeping for the Urchyshyn Contracting Company here in Chisholm. My wife, Barb, now manages the Chisholm Post Office.

We still make our home in Chisholm and will find it difficult to leave when and if the time comes.

Art Scheffler

Taken prisoner of war in North Africa, I arrived in Canada in the spring of 1942. After spending that summer and fall in a camp near Ozada, in the Kanankis area, we were moved to a larger permanent camp at Lethbridge, Alberta. We spent the first winter, 1942-43 in Lethbridge and in the spring of 1943 we had a chance to go out to work if we wanted to. Every day, groups of 40 to 50 men left the camp, which by that time held about 13,000 German prisoners of war. I was in a group of 45 men (25 submarine men and 20 from the airforce); our destination was Chisholm Mills. We got on the train at Lethbridge one afternoon and arrived at Chisholm around 10:00 P.M. We had three veteran guards with us; their duty was to keep a full count on us, see that everything went smooth and that nobody caused any trouble. They had their own little guard house; also rifles, but I don't think they had any shells for them. Most of the guards were real nice to us, like a father and son relationship. We were given different jobs; driving tractors, piling lumber, checking and ship-

ping, and we all worked with the native Chisholm people. Most of the people in Chisholm had come from Europe so we could communicate in several languages. Some of the P.O.W.'s spoke English; I was one of them and that made things alot better. The cookhouse was a most important place. The head cook was Mr. Frank Benton and I was second cook. Besides us there were three flunkies, also German boys. We served up to 100 men three times a day for seven days a week.

After we got to know the surroundings and the people, we really liked being there. In the summer months we went fishing and swimming in the Athabasca River. Many times we took younger children on our backs across the river and left them there for awhile until they wanted to come back as the mosquitoes were giving them a rough time.

Our pay was .50¢ per day and in the cookhouse it was \$1.00 per day. From the money we earned we could go to the store and buy the extras we wanted. The storekeeper was Mr. Ted Davis; one had to be real careful talking to him because he just hated Germans. He had a rough time in the First World War, so we were as nice to him as we could be.

Our boundaries were one mile north and one mile south of Chisholm. We could not go across the railroad tracks, but we did anyway when we could get away with it. One of the boys was the "bullcook"; he had to haul water and firewood for the families in Chisholm. It used to take him all day because wherever he went he was invited for coffee and cake.

During the winter of 1943-44, one of the flunkies went to the outhouse at 5:00 A.M. and found three men in there. They were German officers from Wainwright who had escaped. They had made their way to a P.O.W. camp at Fawcett Lake where McMillan Lumber Company had 40 submarine men working. Those three fellows were not made welcome there as they were from the German Air Force. They were given some food and told to go to Chisholm. They walked for two days and nights on the frozen Athabasca River until they saw the lights of Chisholm Mills. We put those fellows up for three days in the small basement in one of our bunk houses. Food was taken to them from the kitchen. If they wanted to go to the bathroom, the kitchen crew would watch for the guards. As most of the lumber was shipped to the United States, we had a good chance to ship those officers there, since that's where they wanted to go. The boys loading boxcars cut a hole in one of the boxcar floors and loaded the lumber a little different to leave room for those fellows. We got a hold of a little Coleman stove, food and blankets and a "True-milk" can of water. Most of the food was pre-cooked so all they had to do was



Art and Irene Scheffler, Roger and Richard.

warm it up. They hid in the boxcar in the evening and left in the morning when the train came.

About one month later, two Canadian Intelligence Officers came to Chisholm and started asking questions about three officers having been shipped from there. Of course, nobody knew anything about it, but they were watching close from then on. They even changed the guards. Those fellows we shipped made it to New York, but got caught when one of them tried to sell his German Air-Force watch. One of them came back to Chisholm with his wife from Germany on a holiday. Too bad that I could not see him as I was working away from home; but he wrote a book and left it with my wife. 1944 went along as usual, we got to know the people better and some of the girls. The head cook left and I took his place, so the whole crew in the kitchen were P.O.W.'s. I used to set up a good brew once a week and the night cook had to distill it. We sold it for \$1.00 per bottle to the civilians in camp.

In the spring of 1945, we got some more intelligence officers; this time it was about breaking P.O.W. rules and regulations. I was the interpreter, but was also accused. Six of us were sent to Lethbridge and got 28 days in the klick. Before we went, I told a few people I would be back. One of our best friends was Mr. Steve Pukanich.

When the war ended, all the boys were sent to Lethbridge and then gradually sent home. I worked all that summer, with 50 boys, at Iron Springs and in December 1945, we were also on our way home. We were shipped to Hull, Quebec; that's where I escaped. I was recaptured in February 1948 and sent to

England. As I was from East Germany and the Russians were there, I had no desire to go back so I stayed in England.

My wife, Irene, and I got married in 1951 and came to Canada in 1952. We worked that summer in Montebello, Quebec and came to Chisholm in December. I saw all the old faces again; Slim Pearson was still the superintendent, George Foster was still there, and most of the others. Some of the children I had a hard time recognizing as they had grown quite abit. My wife worked with me in the cookhouse; so did Barbara and Caroline Pukanich; Elsa Schwarz and her sister Carla. The night cooks were Rosie MacMullau and her husband, Darmie, who were from Glendonald, Alberta. We had to work seven days a week. My cheque was \$98.27 every two weeks while the girls got about \$65.00 clear for the same period. The cookhouse was closed by the end of 1960; so my wife, two sons, and I moved to Fawcett where we still reside.

Gustive Schmidt Family by daughter Edith Strand

My Father, Gustive Schmidt, and my Mother Emily Wruk, were both born in Poland and were married in November, 1938. To this union were born two sons who died in infancy, and two daughters; Erika, born June 30, 1942 and Edith, born May 23, 1944.

My Father was at one time a wealthy farmer as the land he owned in Poland was handed down to him. Dad was also a shoemaker by trade. When World War II broke out, we had to leave everything behind and go to Germany where we lived until the war ended. Dad had to stay back and go into the army. He followed the family later.

My Mother's brothers, Louie and Bill Wruk, had been living in Canada for a number of years. They told us many times what a wonderful country Canada was for raising a family and of the great opportunities there. My parents were persuaded to cross the ocean in 1948. My Grandmother preceded us by a few months.

The first place we stayed was my Uncle's farm in the Manola District. As he had paid our passage, Dad decided to stay until the debt was paid. Our next stop was Highridge where we lived for a few months, then back to Manola where we had a home built.

Dad worked wherever he could; for farmers, in the mill at Barrhead, and for the railroad. He also worked in a lumber camp by Slave Lake where he lost his winters wages due to not being paid. In those days this was a great loss, especially with a family to feed and my Mom being quite ill most of the time.

In 1953, Dad went to Chisholm to work in a



Art Scheffler (company cook).



Gustive and Emily Schmidt, December 22, 1962.



Edith and Erika Schmidt.

planer mill. He tried to stay there without his family but it didn't work out that well. He had room and board to pay and because of no car and a distance of 110 miles, he did not see us often. So, in 1956, he bought a house and brought us to Chisholm. We were to remain there for 14 years.

My sister and I grew up and attended school in Chisholm. To this day, we have many fond memories. We remember the wiener roasts in the sand hills and how we used to pick water buckets full of blueberries in an hour.

In the winter, when the lumber camps across the river were open, we would go to Camp 7 with Sam Mutch as he drove a lumber truck. While there, we would visit our friend, Carol Pukanich and sometimes help in the kitchen which we enjoyed. We would stay there until Sam came back for another load of lumber. It was interesting to note that the boss of Camp 7 was also a Gus Schmidt and was of no relation to us, but we were often taken for his daughters.

The John Vandervaate family had a cafe where the teenagers would hang out and dance to the jukebox. The Vandervaates were exceptional people because you would often find them dancing and joining in the fun. When we think of Chisholm, our memories include the many fun times we had there while growing up.

Other memories I have are going by the carloads to shows in Smith, dances and skating on the creek, a part of the Athabasca River. While skating, we would often build large bon fires to keep warm. Shortly after we moved to Chisholm, we had a moose look

into our house through the kitchen window, making this an extraordinary day for us. And I remember my Mother who was delighted with her vegetable garden, chickens and rabbits which we used for eating purposes.

In 1958, Erika left home at the age of 16 to go to Edmonton where she attended high school. Later, she acquired various jobs there, including working at a bank for several years. In 1963, she married Egon Bastian, who at that time was a bricklayer. He now owns his own business known as Bastian Masonry (1972) Ltd. They have three children: Roland (16 years old) is attending high school; Yvonne (14 years old) is attending junior high school; and Simone (9 years old) is in elementary school. Erika and her family live on an acreage near Devon.

I left home in 1960 at the age of 16 to go to Edmonton to find a job. Later, I moved to Fort Assiniboine where I worked at the Evergreen Cafe. It was there that I met my husband, Elwood Strand. We were married in May 1963. We have three children: Karen (19 years old) attends the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology; Stacey (16 years old) attends high school; and Freddy (11 years old) attends elementary school. Over the years, we have lived at Fort Assiniboine, Barrhead, Whitecourt, and Edmonton where we still reside. Elwood has been delivering milk for the last 14 years and I have been working at London Drugs for three years.

Gerhard and Thelma Schwarz

Gerhard arrived in Canada from Schleswig, Holstein, Germany in 1951. He stayed in Quebec



Gerhard Schwarz.

until October, 1951 and then worked in Heisler, Alberta in a coal mine for ten days. He arrived in Chisholm November 9, 1951 where he started working in the lumber mill.

Gerhard began studying as a steam engineer and received his third-class steam certificate and then worked as a steam engineer until 1962.

During this time Gerhard had married Thelma Beecroft, a teacher, who taught in Chisholm after their marriage.

In 1959, Gerhard and Thelma's daughter Roxanne was born and in 1961, their son Gregory was born.

In 1963 Thelma left Chisholm to teach school in Flatbush where Gerhard and his father, Karl, had purchased a farm.

In 1964 Gerhard moved to the farm at Flatbush but continued to work in Chisholm.

Gerhard became plant-manager in Chisholm when Peter Sokalski left.

In 1970 Gerhard and Thelma's family was blessed by the arrival of their chosen son Glenn.

At the present time Gerhard, Thelma and Glenn reside on a sub-division of their farm at Flatbush. They have 4 grandchildren.

Karl and Olga Schwarz

Karl and Olga came from Schleswig-Holstein, Germany in 1951 and stayed in Huntington, Quebec for seven months. They joined their son, Gerhard, in Chisholm on March 4, 1952. Their daughters, Karla and Ilse, had arrived in Chisholm in January, 1952.

Karl worked for Swanson Lumber Company, piling lumber in the boneyard and on the green chain for .85¢ an hour. Later, he nailed grain doors on a contract basis for .09¢ per door. This is when he lost the sight of one eye, when hit by a nail.



Karl Schwarz — cutting firewood, November, 1954.



Olga Schwarz hauling water from Chris Karpuzoff's well.



Karl Schwarz loading box cars at Chisholm.



The creek running past Karl and Olga Schwarz's home when it flooded in 1956. Johnny Vandervaate's tractor.

During the years Karl and Olga lived in Chisholm, all three of their children married: Ilse to Joe Melzer on July 11, 1953; Karla to Jim Walker on July 2, 1955; and Gerhard to Thelma Beecroft on April 20, 1957.

At the present time, their family consists of fourteen grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

Karl and Olga both agree that their life in Chisholm was a good time.

In June, 1965, Karl and Olga moved to a farm in Flatbush, which they had purchased together with their son Gerhard, a few years previously.

They still reside on the farm, on an acreage.

Miwshuk — Semenchuk Families

by Ann Semenchuk

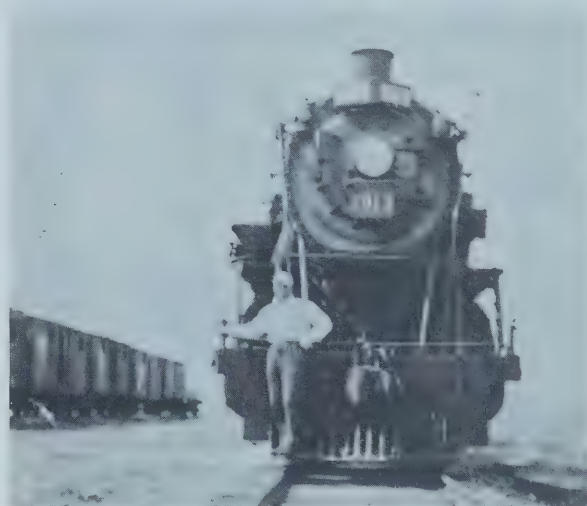
Andrew Miwshuk immigrated to Canada from Poland in 1928. He came to work in Chisholm about 1935-36, doing various jobs for the lumber company.



Son David, Pete and Ann Semenchuk, Helen, Ronald and Roy, 1956.



Back row: Caroline Pukanich, Mary Sudayko, Son Michael. Middle row: Vera Paul, Carmen Christensen, Janet Kisilewich. Front row: Mary Lou Pukanich, Helen and Ron Semenchuk.



Pete Semenchuk.

My Mother, Affie, and I came from Poland and joined my Father in Chisholm in October, 1938. I went to school when Mrs. Majors was the teacher.

I met Pete Semenchuk in 1940 and we were married in 1941. Pete worked for the Northern Alberta Railway. We had four children while in Chisholm; Helen, Ronald, Roy and David. Now all married, the three boys live in Edmonton and our daughter Helen, lives in Red Deer.

My parents moved to Edmonton in 1948, due to Father's health. Pete was transferred to Picardville in 1949 and we moved about for some time, working for the railway. Finally, we settled in Edmonton in 1965 and Pete retired as roadmaster from the N.A.R. in 1980. We still reside in Edmonton.

Peter Sokalski Family

I came to work for Chisholm Sawmills in the fall of 1942 and other than working in a coal mine in 1944-1945, I was employed for the next few years at Chisholm. The first year, I earned .35¢ per hour as a mill hand. At that time, one worked ten hours a day and six days a week.

During the Second World War, all the employees were issued documents from the company. These slips were put out by the National Selective Service and the idea was to keep track of the labour force during the war years. In fact, I still have one of these slips which was issued to me in 1946.



Julie, Pete, Sandra, Peter, Joseph, and Valerie Sokalski.

At that time, I worked from fall to spring and returned to the farm at New Kieu for the summer months. Eventually, I became shipper for Swanson Lumber Company and as a result, met Julie Bater, who came to work as secretary for the company.

In 1955, we were married and moved to Edmonton. However, in 1958, Swanson Lumber Company again hired me to go back to work for them, this time as resident manager.

I brought my family to Chisholm and we renovated one of the company houses, making it a very nice comfortable home. Our family consists of Jamie and Jane of Julie's former marriage, and our four children; Valerie, Sandra, Peter and Joseph. Julie was very active with the community clubs and also the school board.



?, Pete Sokalski, ?, George Foster.

In 1971, we bought a house and moved to Edmonton.

At the present time, I am working at Northern Alberta Institute of Technology and reside in Edmonton. I still find time to make the occasional visit to Chisholm.

Swistun — Sudayko Families

Mike Swistun immigrated from Poland in 1928 and came to work in Chisholm about 1937. His wife and two children, Kenny and Mary, travelled with the Miwshuk's from Poland and arrived in Chisholm around 1938.

Kenny also worked for the Chisholm Lumber Company. In 1945, Mary married Steve Sudayko who worked for the company driving a lift truck. Mary and Steve have four children; Michael, Mil-



Mike Swistun, Mrs. Miwshuk, Kenny Swistun, Fred Chitrik. Sitting: Mary Swistun and Paula.

dred, Cindy and Shirley-Ann, now all married. They left Chisholm in 1956 and Steve went to work for the City of Edmonton. He passed away in May, 1980. Mary still resides in Edmonton.

Mrs. Mike Swiston died in 1949 and in the early 1960's Mike Swiston moved to Edmonton, where he passed away.

Kenny is married with two daughters and they live in Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Fred Urchyshyn Family

by Alina Urchyshyn

Fred and I, Alina Urchyshyn and our children, Wayne and Eunice moved to the Slave Lake timber area in October, 1954. The 30 miles from Slave Lake highway to the Florence Creek timber berth took a whole week to cover with cat and truck, on the first trip in. A rough beginning but a successful move.

Wayne and Eunice took correspondence courses until we moved into Chisholm to stay in March, 1957.



Alina and Fred Urchyshyn.

The sawmill was moved to three locations in the timber areas, and finally moved into Chisholm on its present location in the spring of 1967, where we operated until September, 1970. Fred and I then retired to Summerland, B.C., and our son, Wayne took over the sawmill, now known as Urchyshyn Contracting Limited.

Wayne married Mary Ann Pukanich in August, 1967 and they have two daughters; Tracey, born in 1969 and Lesley, born in 1972. They still work and reside in Chisholm.

Eunice married Herman Hoffmann in July, 1963



Tracey, Wayne, MaryAnn and Lesley Urchyshyn.

and they have two daughters, Kelly, born in 1965 and Rhonda, born in 1968. While in Chisholm, they formed a company, Hoffmann Logging Limited and work consisted of loading and hauling trees by truck from various timber berths to the sawmill.

On August 1, 1975, they moved to the Slave Lake where they bought a transport company, known now as Basic Transport. For them, Chisholm has continued to be a favorite place for camping and visiting family and friends.



Eunice and Herman Hoffman, 1983.



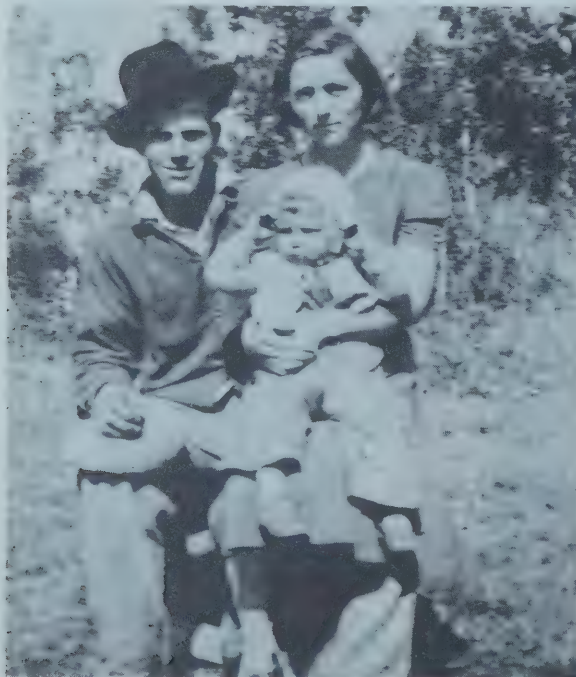
Kelly Hoffmann, 1983.



Rhonda Hoffmann, 1983.

John and Joyce Vandervaate

In the fall of 1948, John and Joyce (nee Paish) and their family of five children moved to Chisholm from Kinsella. John thought he would try dairy farming but to his surprise found that this was not the place for it. When they first arrived, they moved onto Ward's farm for about six months. In the spring of 1949, they moved east of the tracks on top of the hill (garlic city area). Meanwhile, John had taken out a homestead about one mile from highway #44. They started to build a house only to find the water in the well was red and not fit even for cattle. About this time the government decided to upgrade the highway which caused the land to flood.



John and Joyce Vandervaate and Donald.

John and a friend, Ed Harris, went into cutting pulpwood in 1953-1955. That turned out to be tricky sometimes because they could only ship their pulpwood in box cars that Swanson's didn't need. So when the train came in, Joyce would send one of the kids to see if there were any cars that could be used for pulpwood. If so, she would get on their horse and ride out to tell John and Ed. John would then ride the horse back to get the truck and race to see if they could get their wood down to the box cars first. Sometimes they made it and other times, they didn't. Other people in the area also tried this occupation.

John worked for Swanson Lumber Company and had the job of delivering just about everything and anything, such as wash water, drinking water and groceries, for the people who lived in company houses. He used his horse, Beauty, with a stone boat in the winter and a tractor and bennet buggy in the summer.

Teddy Wyatt had given John a buffalo robe coat which he wore often in the winter. On one such day, he scared one woman just about out of her skin. He knocked on her door, then turned around to pick up his water cans and backed into her house. All the lady could see was this big furry thing in her doorway. John also delivered the Christmas turkeys to the men who worked for the company. Most everyone would offer him a drink of some sort or other, but he always made it home. All he had to do was get back to his horse and the stone boat and Beauty would get him home. Beauty was the last working horse for the company.

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

L-K D 3510

LICENSE

DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIES AND LABOUR

ISSUED AT EDMONTON, PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

THIS 11th DAY OF December 19 55

THIS LICENSE SHALL CONTINUE IN FULL FORCE AND EFFECT UNTIL TERMINATED OR OTHERWISE ARRANGED

MR. & MRS. J. VANDERVAATE (ORIGINAL COPY)

CHISHOLM HILLS, Alberta

IS HEREBY LICENSED AS

RETAIL DEALERS IN GROCERIES, MEATS,
CONFECTIONERY & TOBACCO

The Sale of Tobacco
To Persons Under Sixteen
Years of Age is Prohibited

THIS LICENSE IS NOT TRANSFERABLE AND SHOULD BE
PRESERVED AND POSTED IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE.
SHOULD LICENSEE CEASE TO OPERATE BUSINESS,
LICENSE MUST BE RETURNED TO DEPARTMENT.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

J. C. Schultze
DEPUTY MINISTER OF INDUSTRIES AND LABOUR

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John still wanted to farm so he bought Mr. Clarence Whitelock's farm. But Joyce had heard of Mrs. Whitelock's disappearance while her husband was away at work. Right then, Joyce refused to move out there if John had to be away working. John then sold the farm and all the stock, even Beauty.

John was not afraid to try something new. He bought Sam Balondo's house because he could then get it wired for electricity. After being down there for awhile, he went to work and started to build the cafe.



Oreole Cafe, Vandervaaite's.

Chisholm was booming at this time. The "Oreole Cafe" was opened New Year's Eve, 1955. All supplies were either shipped in by train or Hayes Trucking of Smith. The cafe was to be home away from home to a lot of young people around Chisholm. The cafe was closed down in 1960 and converted into living space.

John and Joyce had six children; five of whom were born before they came to Chisholm: Donald, Shirley, Gordon, Frances and Robert. Their last daughter, Gladys, was born in Westlock, Alberta.

Donald went to work for Swanson Lumber Com-



Donald Vandervaaite (1938-1959).

pany around the age of 16, as did most of the young men there. He always liked to hunt, fish and play most sports with family and friends. He was killed in a car accident just north of Morinville in December, 1959.

Shirley May went to school in Chisholm until she decided to get a job. She worked as a flunky for Urchyshyns out at their bush camp and then for Sportsman's Rest in Fawcett. She then went to work in the Ft. Assiniboine area and while there, she met and married Louis Senko. They live at Shoal Creek, Alberta and have three children, Lori, Debbie and Martin.



Lori, Shirley (Vandervaaite), Louis, Martin and Debbie Senko.

Gordon went to work for Swanson Lumber at the age of 16 years and remained with them for two years. After leaving Swanson's, he worked on road construction and spent some time in the oil patch. In 1964, he returned once more to work for Swanson Lumber.

Gordon married a former employee of the Immaculata Hospital of Westlock in 1965. Donald was the first born in 1966 of the family of five.

The employment with Swanson's was terminated by Gordon after a disagreement with their mechanic. In 1968, he became an employee for Urchyshyn's and today is employed by Urchyshyn operating the loader.

Gordon was no longer employed by Swanson's so later his wife became an employee by working in the cook house before the birth of Alan in 1970. And she returned some time later to pile lumber and operate the tilt hoist after the birth of Michelle (deceased) in 1973.

In 1979, she resigned her job permanently to raise a second family, Nicole in 1980 and Darren in 1981.

Gordon had always been a lover of the out of doors; his first moose was shot when he was 14 years of age. Now his big thrill of the hunting season is to spend some time in the mountains hunting with his buddies. Through the years of hunting moose, deer and elk, he has added a collection of two Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep to his collection. And you can still find him scouting through the bush on his A.T.C. or snowmobile, depending on the weather conditions.

Frances left Chisholm when she was 18 years old to live and work in Westlock. She worked at a few different hospitals in Alberta before she married Wilfred Johnson. They have five children: Shawn, Corinne, twin girls Kim and Kelly, and Wayne. They now reside in Lloydminster.



Wilfred and Frances, Kim, Shawn, Corinne and Kelly Johnson; insert Wayne Johnson.

Robert moved to Ft. Vermilion with his parents for awhile before going out on his own. He married Edith MacDonald and settled in Chisholm to raise their four children: John, born on February 6, 1970; Ronald, born on June 3, 1971; Scott, born on August 1, 1972; and Angela, born on October 31, 1975. Bob has worked seasonally for Urchyshyn Lumber Company since 1962 and for the past 11 years, is the sawyer in the sawmill, for Urchyshyn Contracting.

Gladys met and married Keith Ward after she moved to Ft. Vermilion. They have two daughters, Valerie and Gloria and reside in Ft. Vermilion. Gladys and Keith operate a trucking company, "Ward Sand and Gravel".

John loved music and wrote alot of poems and



Bob and Edie Vandervaate and Scott, Johnny, Angela and Ron.



Gladys (nee Vandervaate) and Keith, Gloria and Valerie Ward.

songs. He was very excited when one of his songs, titled "Kiss Me Still" was published and played in the United States in 1961.

John and Joyce moved to Ft. Vermilion in 1964. They both went to work in the hospital there. On July 28, 1970 John passed away.

Joyce left Ft. Vermilion to live in Barrhead and while there, she cared for her Mother (Mrs. Paish). In August of 1973, Joyce married a former school mate from Carstairs, Ralph Vetter. They presently reside near Carstairs.

Jim and Hank Wakal

My grandparents, Bill and Eva Borty came to Chisholm around 1932 and grandfather was the section foreman. (They left in the early 1940's).

In March, 1933, I hopped on a freight train for Chisholm to visit my grandparents and remember that it was colder than blazes. The next day, I went with Uncle Ed Borty to the box factory where he worked. I was able to get a job there also, working on the nailing machine for .17¢ an hour, a 12 hour shift. I worked with Gaston Rochon, and it was always a race between us to see who got the most ends nailed. Len and Bill Gagnon were rippers then and their father was the saw filer for the box factory.

I remember visiting the Gagnons, a large family. They had a huge kitchen table which had a lazy-susan in the center of it. This eliminated the boarding house reach.



Bill and Eva Borty — section foreman, 1932-40.

For entertainment, we went to box socials, pie socials, dances and an individual family often had parties in their homes. There was never a lack of moonshine for our get-togethers. I knew several people who made the potent stuff and also home made beer, which we could buy for .25¢ a bottle. One fellow from Jarvie came to Chisholm by train and stashed his booty along the tracks, then he would



Jim Wakal, 1934.

come around to sell it. We paid him \$1.00 for a beer bottle full and then he told us where to find it. One or two bottles at the most was more than one needed.

We had a visiting dentist come around once every six months. I had taken time off work to get a tooth pulled and had packed my fishing gear along with intentions of relaxing for the rest of the afternoon down by the river. However, after the dentist was finished with me, I spent the next two days in bed.

As time went by, I had graduated to a ripper in the box factory, which was a top job and paid top wages of .35¢ per hour. Then I cut my finger badly and when Nurse Evans looked at it, she suggested I see a doctor. So, my grandfather Bill Borty, with permission, took me to Westlock on a speeder. From there, I went to Edmonton, where they put my finger back together. However, I was off work for a month or so.



Olga Luklan and Hank Wakal.

In 1936, I got a job on the railway at Busby, Alberta for the summer. That winter, I worked in a box factory in Edmonton, The Edmonton Box and Shook Company. The summer of 1937, I went back to the railroad. The winter of 1937-38, I worked at the diesel lumber camp east of Chisholm. Another fellow there, Tom Hall played a guitar and I, an accordion. Together, we played for local dances in Chisholm and were paid \$2.50 each. We usually stayed overnight, then walked back to camp the next day. If we were lucky, we caught a lumber truck.

When I left Chisholm in 1938, I married Doris Wynyk. We raised three daughters and one son and are now great-grandparents as well. We now reside in St. Albert, Alberta.

My brother Hank came to work in the box factory in Chisholm in May, 1938. He ran the printer and Doris Jolicoeur was on the tail end of the printer. Albert Briand was on the cut-off saw at that time. Hank stayed with our grandparents but as the shift work interfered with their sleep, he ended up boarding with the Jolicoeur's.



On station platform, Chisholm. Mrs. Juliette Cyre, Dolores and Fleurette Michetti, Mrs. Bill Borty.

It was Mrs. Jolicoeur who made me a parka out of 12 ounce canvas, a red blanket lining, and trimmed with wolf fur. When I made a trip to Edmonton, people sure noticed my coat.

In 1940, Hank left Chisholm and in 1941, he joined the service; Royal Canadian Engineers. In 1954, he married and had a family of five daughters. Hank and Mary, now retired and enjoying life, reside in Ft. Saskatchewan.

The Walker Family by Margaret Gurtson

We came to Chisholm in August 1952.

My father, Mel Walker, worked for Swanson Lumber sawing lumber at Camps 7 and 8 (across the Athabasca River). He also sawed lumber at Ft. Chip and Ft. Smith for Swanson Lumber. In the summer he worked at the planer mill in Chisholm.

My mother, who was Sue Cartwright, met my father in Chisholm when she was 19 years old and single. At that time she was working in the box factory for Chisholm Mills Company and my father was working for King Lumber Company. They were married at her home at Holmes Crossing (180 miles up stream on the Athabasca River).

In 1940 Maureen was born in Barrhead. Then they moved back to Chisholm for a short time before the war.

My Aunt Marg Lakusta (Dad's oldest sister) worked as the only medical person (an R.N.) in Chisholm from approximately 1930 to 1941. Then her family moved to Port Moody, B.C.



Left to Right: Larry and Wesley (twins), Mel and Sue, Bob, Maureen and Margaret Walker.

Frank Martin (Dad's Uncle) built the boiler room as we knew it for Swanson Lumber. He died while eating his dinner in the boiler room in 1941.

Larry and Wesley finished school there (Grade eight). I went to school in Chisholm until Grade four with Mr. Roth as teacher and Mr. Zilinski was principal. Bob (the youngest of the Walker family) started school in Chisholm when Thelma Schwarz was the teacher.

In 1955 there were four sets of twins down what we called "Tin Can Alley". They were: the Walker

twins (Wesley and Larry), the Crick twins (Eugene and Earl), the Budesheim twins (George and Frank), and the Nelson twins (Laurie and Charlene). They all lived within a radius of four blocks of each other.

There were five children in the Walker family — from oldest to youngest — Maureen, Wesley and Larry, Margaret and Bobby. My father built a house in Chisholm where the family grew up and lived until we moved to Ft. Assiniboine in 1959.

My mother, Sue Walker, and Maureen are now living in Whitecourt, Alberta. My father, Mel Walker, passed away in 1976 of a heart attack. Bob also lives in Whitecourt where he is a Fire Chief. He has three children. Wesley lives in Rochfort Bridge with his wife and family (two girls). I (Margaret) live in Drayton Valley with my husband Roger Gurtzen and our family (one boy Larry and two girls, Heather and Leah).

The Con R. Walker Family by **Marian Savard**

Connor (Con) Walker was born in Oklahoma, U.S.A., and came to Canada in 1904 at the age of three. He was the fourth born in a family of ten and grew up on a farm in the Loneridge District west of the city of Wetaskiwin. In 1929, he married Hemme Ecklund, who had moved to the area from Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1906. They farmed a quarter section of land and Con ran a steam engine for a large threshing crew that travelled for three months of the year during the 1930's. They had four children: Marian, Jim, Myrtle and Virginia (Virginia passed away in March 1944).

Con arrived in Chisholm in the summer of 1943 and was employed as a steam engineer. Frank Martin was the Chief Engineer at that time. The rest of the family stayed on the farm until April of 1944. The move to Chisholm involved a long trip around by Athabasca, then to Smith and 25 miles on a dirt road south through Hondo to Chisholm. There was no highway 44 in those days. The Walker's moved into the house which the Major family had vacated on Silk Stocking Lane, where they resided until 1955. During those intervening years, Con became Chief Engineer at Chisholm, was a fire chief and a part time barber. He was an avid hunter and fisherman. Hemme was active in the local Ladies Club.

Marian, Jim and Myrt attended elementary school in Chisholm and later went to the Athabasca High School.

In 1953, Marian married Lawrence Savard of Carvel, Alberta and they have three children: Bernadette, presently nursing in Australia; Murray, a doctor with the Armed Forces, married to Debra



Mr. and Mrs. Con. Walker.

Hookes (they have two sons); and Tom, who is still at home.

Jim became employed with Swanson Lumber Company in 1951. In 1955, he was promoted to steam engineer, and that same year, married Karla Schwarz, who had immigrated to Canada from Eutin, Germany. They have four children: Monica, a special education teacher, married Dwayne Robins of Falun, Alberta and has one son; Marvin, a plumber, married Bev Hay and resides in Edmonton; Fritz employed with Texaco Canada Incorporated at Cynthia, Alberta; and Christine who graduated from high school this year (1983) and resides at home.

In 1961, Jim and Karla moved to Wetaskiwin where Jim was employed by Carnation Milk Company. In 1964, they moved to Mulhurst, Alberta, where Jim is presently employed as a head operator for Texaco Canada Incorporated at the Bonnie Glen Gas Plant.

Myrt married Joe Kardelis of Leduc, Alberta in 1956 and they had four children: Ronald, married Donna Zuchotski, has two sons and lives at New Sarepta, Alberta; Robert, married Susan Walkey and resides in Calgary; Suzanne, married Brian Boutin and they reside in Edmonton; and Jo-Ann is employed in Parksville, B.C. Joe Kardelis died July 31, 1980 of cancer. Myrt remarried in 1983 and is now Mrs. Jim Marechal of Leduc.

After leaving Chisholm in 1955, Con and Hemme lived at Hinton, Ponoka, Lindbergh and Leduc. Con retired in 1969 and passed away in March 1976. Hemme has been in poor health since 1973 and is a patient at the Grandview Extended Care Centre in Edmonton.



L. to R.: Marian, Myrtle, Con, Hemme and Jim. 1949. Walker's 40th Anniversary.

Memories of living in Chisholm include:

- The mill whistle telling you it was starting time, lunchtime, quitting time or a fire.
- Meeting the train every Friday night at 10:15 P.M. (the social event for the week for all the kids).
- Chisholm dances in the Old School with music by the Gauthier family.
- Trips to Smith in our old 1937 Ford and all the mudholes.
- The movies that Mr. Stiles brought to town in the mid 1940's; you could hear his car coming for miles.
- Swimming in the mill pond and skating in the winter.
- Wiener roasts down Tin Can Alley.
- Teddy Wyatt's delivery buggy.
- Going to Christensen's for an ice-cream cone when they ran the pool hall.
- Christmas dinners with the Matty family.
- Con and Jim Drinkwater's annual Christmas Eve's — sampling cabbage rolls, etc. across the tracks.
- Con's black over-alls after washing boilers every Sunday.
- Being quarantined with Scarlet Fever for six weeks by Nurse Evans in 1945.
- The Mosquitoes.

Frank Ward Family

by Marie Ward and daughters, Joan and Linda

Frank was born in Edmonton, Alberta on October 23, 1918. He lost his Mother when he was four years old and came to Chisholm with his Dad, Wiley Ward.

I (Marie) was born in Boyle, Alberta on May 18,



Frank and Marie Ward's wedding picture.

1925 and came to Chisholm with my parents, Charlie and Bessie Crick, when I was three years old.

Frank and I were married in Edmonton on October 24, 1942. Frank cut firewood and he also cut ice blocks from the Chisholm pond to make a living in the early 1940's. We lived in our first house down the so-called "Tin-Can-Alley" of Chisholm.

We moved around a few times in our early married life to different parts of B.C. Frank and I ran a dairy farm in Jasper Park, Alberta for a year, then we came back to Chisholm. We bought some cattle and lived in a little log house on his Dad's farm. We bought land from Dad Ward (Pt. Sec. 23-Twp. 68-Rg. 2-W.5 and Pt. Sec. 24-Twp. 68-Rg. 2-W.5) and built a house on the farm down the so-called "Silk



Frank Ward, Diane, Frances, Jim, John, Jack, Linda, Jess, Joan, and Marie Ward.

Stocking Avenue". Our house was right across from the Chisholm schools where we settled for a number of years. During this time, Frank worked in the planer mill and he took out fence posts which the children in town peeled for .10 cents a post.

I kept active as a supervisor and secretary-treasurer for the Junior Forest Wardens and also belonged to an active Ladies Club. I worked as assistant cook with Lil Strand for a number of years, in the cook house for different crews of men. I also worked in the laundry house and baby sat for the teachers, Beatrice Litke and Thelma Schwarz.

Frank and I had ten children and raised eight. Two of our children were born and deceased in Chisholm. These two children, Ralph and Lariene, were delivered with the help of Nurse Jessie Evans.

Our daughter, Frances, lives in Edmonton and has four children.



Jack, Joan, Diane, Jim, Marie, Frances, Jess, Linda and John Ward.

James lives in Creston, B.C., and has three children.

Dianne lives in Westlock and has six children.

Linda lives in Hondo and has two children.

John lives in Chisholm and also Joan, with her husband and three children.

Jack lives in Flatbush and has two children.

Jesse lives in Prince George, B.C., and has two children.

A reunion was held in Chisholm in 1980 with all eight children visiting me. Twenty-one grandchildren and one great-grandchild was there.

Frank is now residing in Creston, B.C., and I am living on the farm in Chisholm.



Marie Ward and grandchildren.

Wiley Ward by son, Frank Ward

In 1909, Dad, Bill Marrow and the Brutan's twins left Marshall Town, Iowa with all they could get into a wagon, pulled by an ox team. Each man had a rifle which he used to shoot rabbits or other game for their meals. They travelled about 4,000 miles and they slept on the ground under the stars. They ended up in Saskatchewan, Canada. This place was to become Yankee Valley, which they founded and homesteaded.



Wiley Ward, wife Katherine, Eva, baby Irene, Frank, Robert.

Dad later moved to Edmonton and married Kathline Wehnham. They had four children: Frank, Eva, Irene and Robert. Mom passed away in 1922, and Robert died when he was about four years old, with diphtheria.

Dad later married Edith Guest and they had one son, Richard Currie, who now resides in Edmonton.

In 1935, we had a dairy farm six miles east of Edmonton. The Edmonton City Dairy had set us up to supply them with raw milk. It was the time of the big depression and the price of milk fell so bad that we could not make ends meet. Then Dad heard that there were lumber mills working in Chisholm which meant there must be a payroll. So Dad went to Chisholm and found that there was a farm he could buy. Mike Gedora sold him one-quarter section of land for \$1000.00. (Mike was at this time the barn boss for the company). We were going to try mixed farming.



Frank and Wiley Ward.

About 1935-36, we loaded up everything we could get into a wagon and with four horses, we started out for Chisholm. The trip from Edmonton to Westlock was not bad, as the road was graveled. But from Westlock north, there was only a trail. Then we started out from Flatbush along the railroad tracks because there was no road at all, just muskeg and creeks. This is when the four horses came in handy. We had to use two horses to pull out the team that got bogged down in the muskeg. I forget how long it took us to make the trip from Edmonton to Flatbush, but it took us nine days to make the eighteen miles from Flatbush to Chisholm. Dad got things settled, then went back to Edmonton to get the rest of our belongings. He managed to trade our dairy cows for Registered Red Polls. At the time, you could not sell much of anything because there was no money around. Most of the time, you had to barter with neighbors and merchants for food supplies and dry goods that were needed. With this done, Dad got what was known as a Settlers' Car (box car), and loaded it with



Frank Ward cutting ice blocks.

the rest of our possessions and headed back for Chisholm.

We broke the land with a wooden beam walking plow and six horses. I can remember getting up at two or three in the morning to work outside before the flies got bad. Dad had to have a smudge going all the time for the stock.

Dad gave two acres of land to the Northland School Division so they could have more space for the school yard. As years went on, they had to bring in a bigger school. After about two years, Dad homesteaded the one-quarter section east of the main farm. We also bought 35 acres down by the river, ending up with 360 acres in all.

Even then, we had to pay taxes. With no ready cash around, we went to work for the government. They wanted to build a road, now known as highway #44, so we worked clearing the trees. Most people who had to pay taxes did something like this to pay the government.

Dad had built up the farm to where it was making a living for the family. We sold meat, milk and vegetables to the people in the community and the company cookhouse. For a little extra money, Dad



W. Ward farm, Chisholm.

and Mr. Burk would cut trees off the farm and cut them up for firewood. They then shipped them to Edmonton by train and made their sales. They did this for a number of years, until there was no need for it. Eva also sold home-made ice cream to the kids in the community for .05¢ each.

Dad farmed until he wasn't able to anymore. When he fell ill, Eva took him to a hospital in Edmonton. From there, he went to Kamloops where he passed away in May, 1958. He was cremated and buried back on his farm in Chisholm. My sister, Irene, had passed away about 1946 in Chisholm.

The farm was left to Eva and I and today, Marie Ward and her family still reside there.

Eva is married and resides in Arizona, U.S.A.

Frank is now residing in Creston, B.C.

Chisholm 1954-1958

by Luella Wilson

After a four hour trip on a mixed train from Edmonton over Northern Alberta Railroad Lines, Sharon, my 11 year old daughter, and I arrived in Chisholm around 10:00 P.M. late August, 1954. Mrs. Bater met us at the station and kept us over night.

The next day we moved into the teacherage. Furniture consisted of an old chesterfield which made into a bed, a kitchen table and four chairs, a heater and cookstove. Later, the school board bought us a bed, a coal scuttle and two wash tubs. Mr. Paish (the mill handy man) came and built some cupboards, a table for our water pail and wash basin, and a book case for our living room.



Mrs. Wilson — teacher.

We carried our drinking water from a spring over the hill and Mr. Vandervaate brought us a barrel of wash water every Saturday.

We had free rent, fuel and electricity. Fuel consisted of trim blocks and a load of coal for the winter.

School started on September 1st; I taught grades

one to four with approximately 30 pupils and Mr. Roth, in the other school, taught grades five to nine, with about the same number of students. I hadn't been teaching for 29 years so found it hard at first. The children were well behaved and anxious to learn and in a few weeks, we settled in.

There were about 50 families living there — I remember the postmaster, Mr. Davies; the station agent, Pat Brown and his family, and some section workers. Mike Romaniuk was the storekeeper a few years later.

The mill was closed for the summer when we arrived, but re-opened in the fall with 20 to 30 young fellows in the bunk houses.

There was a cookhouse with Art Scheffler and his wife as cooks, and two girls to help. The food was wonderful, and we could get fresh meat there for .40¢ a pound, the same price for all cuts from the best steak to stew.

Soon all the houses in town filled up with mill workers, so the district nurse from Smith moved in with us for her monthly visits to check and inoculate. She brought us a winniepeg couch, a desk, and four wooden chairs, so we had plenty of furniture.

The highlight of the school year was the Christmas concert. We practised for weeks and the children and parents loved it. Everyone got a gift from Santa and a bag of candy, complete with a jap orange.

We formed a Ladies Club which met every week in different homes and all ladies came and had a good time visiting. We drank coffee and ate the wonderful food prepared by the hostess.

People were kind and friendly and we have many happy memories of our four years in Chisholm.



Chisholm teacherage.

Sharon and I left Chisholm in 1958. I now reside in Kelowna, as does Sharon with her husband and family.

Charles Winteringham Family by daughter, Beth Garstad

History books generally deal with pioneers whose hard times left a mark on them; a legacy of wisdom and hard work to their offspring. My memories of Chisholm Mills resurrect only good living and fun times. My parents enjoyed a much better life at Chisholm than they did at Smith, where my brother Donald and I were born in a log cabin behind Duncan's General Store. I'm sure my Mother Irene (nee Mutch, born on a homestead north of Smith, and my father Charles, born on a farm in Manitoba) would agree.

In 1950, we loaded our few belongings into a Fargo pickup and moved into a house in the "Tin Can Alley" area of Chisholm. There, we settled into a hard new life. Mom had to wash all our clothing in a new gas-powered washing machine; learn how to make ice in an electric refrigerator; remember to turn off the electric iron; learn how to stoke the fancy cast iron heater with coal at night and teach us kids how to sleep in our private bedrooms. Dad had to learn how to be the boss (millwright at Camp 7); how to choose a new pickup every couple of years and how to spend all the money he was suddenly earning.



Donald Winteringham, Earl and Eugene Crick, Frank and George Budesheim, Lawrence Rochon.

My brother Donald and I had the easy life. We had to haul water, coal and wood into the house and ashes and slop pails out. The wood-wagon could be counted upon to appear every time a ball game was planned. Drat the thing. Hours of stacking the pitchy board ends and carrying them into the garage. I hated that wagon! Other days were spent picking pail upon pail of dandelion heads for the local winery. I wonder why I never spotted anyone else crawling on their hands and knees all over the neighbourhood!

Then there were the people, dozens of people, lots of them our size. Quite a hardship, that, learning to play with so many friends after being by yourselves for eight years.

All jesting aside, my parents worked hard to raise their family as best they could with what they had. My father worked long, hard days, running Camp 7 for Swanson Lumber Company. He was away alot because the only way to Camp 7 in summer and fall was via Slave Lake and south over bush roads. In the winter months, an ice bridge across the Athabasca River considerably shortened the trip. Lumber trucks used this route to haul green lumber into Chisholm to be planed, graded and dried. We lived at Camp 7 one year and after correspondence lessons in the fall, those trucks became my school bus during the winter. The days were extremely long but there were compensations; seeing deer, lynx and moose along the bush road, and having the occasional truck wheel fall through the river ice during early spring. I even missed a few hours of school while the truck was hauled out.

The one devastating memory during these early years was the death of my brother, Donald, who drowned in the old pond below the company store in 1952. He was just eleven years old. My parents were away on their one and only holiday at the time and poor Mrs. Sinclair had to cope with the trauma until their return. A year later, Bert was born and this somewhat soothed the heartache. Life, as it must, carried on.

After leaving Swanson Lumber Company, Dad repaired car and truck motors in our garage for a year or so, and then started his own small sawmill. I remember donating my small bottle money savings to help him finance it, but what with one thing and another, it didn't work out. Just as well, as I was nearing high school age and we would have to leave Chisholm anyway.

We moved south to Fawcett and Dad worked at mills at Faust and Kinuso; gone again. One night, just south of Flatbush, while coming home from Faust (after fighting forest fires during the day and servicing equipment through the night for a week), he was involved in a head-on collision. His injuries were such that he was never able to do heavy work again. During his recovery at home, in Fawcett, my brother Bert (then ten years old) went swimming unsupervised and drowned in the creek under the Fawcett railroad trestle. Dad spent his remaining years gardening and raising chickens until he died of a stroke in 1974.

My mother moved to Edmonton and married Douglas MacFarlane in 1977, where she resides to this day. An accolade to my mother: she was and is a



Group picture, Chisholm.

quiet gentle woman who listened much and spoke little, all the while relying on her own inner strength in times of grief and hardship. Where many might have stifled me under a protective mantle as the sole surviving child of two separate tragedies that cost her two sons, my mother allowed me the room to grow and mature without the unnatural fears that might have possessed me.

In 1962, I married Ray Garstad, one of nine children born of homesteading parents near Veteran, Alberta. We live in Leduc, where Ray is selling Real Estate after spending over 20 years in the oil field. Our son Lyle, born in 1963, is a manager at the Leduc I.G.A. Store and our daughter Lori, born in 1965, is attending the University of Alberta.

Thirty-four years have passed since we arrived at Chisholm. All in all, I have only good memories of those years. Join me in some of them. Remember:

- riding bikes through the box factory?
- playing tag on top of the lumber piles until Mr. Pearson caught us?
- reading True Stories around the smudge pails?
- building our own playground beside Walker's house with borrowed planks and stolen nails?
- picking strawberries and raspberries at the gravel pit, then swimming in the water hole? A large package of Exports had to be smoked before we got home. (Sharon Nelson tried taking hers home one day and her sister snitched).
- skating under the box factory?
- when Vandervaate's opened a cafe?
- the Cunningham boy hiding in the school attic while Mr. Roth went to the teacherage for the strap?
- movies at the school house run by Len Stiles?
- following the boys on Halloween night and undoing all their pranks?

- when the whole town was looking for my brother Bert?
- Ruth Crick suffering hallucinations for days after being hit in the jaw with a baseball bat made from a poplar tree?
- Dennis Casavant and L. Rochon filling Preacher Paul's well?
- when Len Stiles didn't look sleepy? I don't!
- catching frogs along Silk Stocking Avenue?
- when it was 39 below and we still walked to school?
- performing in the annual Christmas Concert?
- baby field mice in paper cups in Miss Corrigan's class?
- the tornado that crossed the river valley north of town?
- how the Tigerlillies bloomed after the forest fire?
- how the Muskeg never quit burning?

Best of all, remember the helping hand, the trust, the smile and the comradeship that was present as it is in most small centres.

Micheal Zadworny as told to Adam Zadworny

In 1927 the Canadian Government was issuing work visas for workers to come to Canada and work on the farms.

At the age of twenty five, and with only a few dollars in his pocket, Micheal Zadworny left Poland and came to the east coast of Canada. Once he was in Canada, Micheal realized that he did not want to be a farm worker. He found a Farmers Market where he watched and listened until he found someone who could also speak Ukrainian. He asked the directions



Micheal and Teodozia Zadworny.

to Winnipeg where he stayed with his aunt for two weeks and then moved on to Fernie, B.C. He stayed there about two months but was unable to find work. So he made the decision to go to Alberta, and later in 1927 Micheal found work at the lumber company in Chisholm. His wages were .17¢ an hour for working a 10 hour day. Micheal was taught the planermans job and later became the planerman. He paid one dollar a day to stay in the bunkhouse; disliking this he bought himself a log house. In 1945 he married a Ukrainian girl, Teodozia Koziskie; a farm girl from Two Hills.

Micheal and his family were self-sufficient as they grew vegetables and picked berries. Teodozia canned and did her own baking while Micheal hunted and fished.

In 1946 their first child, a daughter Evangeline, was born and in 1947 a son Edward. Eleven years later a second son, Adam, was born.

After working and living in Chisholm for thirty-six years, Micheal decided to move to British Columbia. So in 1963, Micheal and Teodozia and their three children moved to North Vancouver, B.C. Micheal still lives here at the ripe old age of 81.

Teodozia Koziskie Zadworny — 1925-1982.

Zelazo, Jacob and Dora

by Dora Zelazo

My husband, Jacob immigrated to Canada from Europe in 1926. I came in 1929, and while I was in Edmonton I got a job which paid \$15.00 a month. It took me over a year to pay back my relative who paid for my ticket to come to Canada.

Jacob and I were married in 1931. In May 1933, when our first daughter, Sophie, was one month old, we moved to Chisholm. My husband went to work for Chisholm Sawmills in the sawmill at .17½¢ an hour. We moved into a little one room company house beside the Piper family's house. Later on, the superintendent, Mr. Beard, gave us some lumber to add on another room.

After a year or so, we bought a bigger house on the east side of the tracks, and settled there. We were then able to raise some animals, a cow, a couple of pigs and some chickens. We also had a large garden. For extra money, which amounted to \$2.50 a month, we sold milk to some of the people in the community.

We had three more children, Walter, Margaret, and Jim.

Jacob worked in the box factory for awhile, building grain doors with Bill Luklan, then he went to work in the planer mill.

I remember assisting a neighbor, Mrs. Christensen, during child birth. Thank goodness, she was an experienced midwife. With my lack of knowledge, she instructed me along as labor progressed



Jacob and Dora Zelazo with daughters Sophie (husband Wal-ly), Margaret (husband, Bill) and sons Walter (wife Mary), Jim (wife Diane).

and her daughter Carmen was born, before Nurse Evans arrived. This was quite an experience for me.

Another incident was when our youngest son, Jim, two years old, fell backwards into boiling wash water at a neighbors. The nurse, Mrs. Evans was a great help through this trauma, as Jim suffered a great deal, and for three days we didn't know whether he would live. Nurse Evans treated him daily, at no charge, although the medication amounted to \$50.00. Since we didn't have the money, the nurse said "If you can give me \$5.00 for a pair of shoes, we'll be square". She walked daily to our house to treat and care for our son. For the next five weeks Jim had to lay on his stomach, and gradually healed. He survived this only to cause another great commotion several years later. A neighbor was in the process of moving, and he had a stove on a wagon pulled by horses. Many children decided to hitch a ride on this wagon, along with Jim. I guess all of this noise plus bull flies made the horses fidgety and they started in to a gallop. Everyone, except Jim, jumped off the wagon, as he was pretty young and too scared to jump. The wagon hit the railway tracks, and the stove and Jim both flew into the air. Jim fell off the wagon and landed on his head on the tracks. We had to take him to the hospital where he stayed for seven days for observation.

While in Chisholm, my husband got a job with a B & B gang for the Northern Alberta Railways. He worked in Robb as a carpenter, building mining houses. In the spring of 1943, he went to Edson with the N.A.R., and at Christmas of the same year, I followed with the children. I sold about 50 sacks of potatoes to the company cook house, as we could hardly take them with us. We sold our house to Chris Karpuzoff.

In 1954, we moved to Edmonton, where we still

reside. After Jacob retired, we travelled extensively by Canadian National Railway to many parts of Canada and the United States; we enjoyed it very much.

Sophie and her husband Wally have four children and reside in Edmonton. A son Patrick was killed in an accident on the job two years ago now (1984).

Walter and his wife Mary have five children and reside in Edmonton.

Margaret and her husband Bill have two children and reside in Edmonton.

Jim and his wife Diane have one child and also live in Edmonton.

We have 12 grandchildren and one great grandchild. With our family all living nearby, we see them often and enjoy them very much.

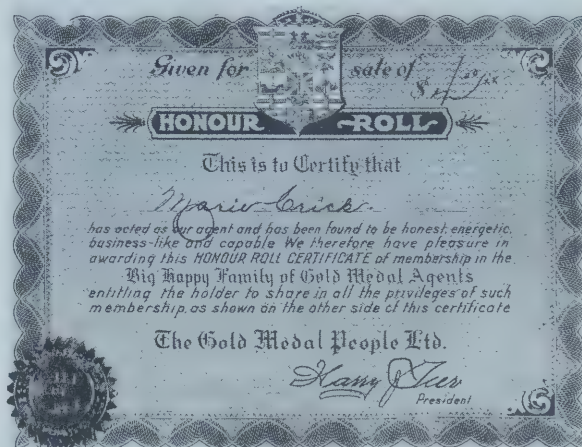
In 1981, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary with our family and many friends.

Family Names Of Chisholm Residents (1930-1970's)

Bouchard	Balondo	Scratch
Dunford	Hulak	Charuk
McGee	Ursulak	Casavant
Nahajoski	Cartwright	Budesheim
Luklan	Gauthier	Psychniak
Gagnon	Huculak	Erickson
Horton	Krauza	Nelson
Abrams	Hotra	Crawford
Cousineau	Borstad	Foster
Cyr	Glover	Powers
Nadeau	Thompson	Kreuzman
Gale	Benton	Prefontaine
Provost	Knotts	Woolford
Spottswood	Hislop	Brady
Worthing	Stenstrom	Erskine
Bryan	Lockwood	Johnson
Biedka	Majors	Gettinger
Gleeson	Taylor	Schneider
Jolicouer	Pickerl	Young
Orgill	Fazakas	Dary
Rasmussen	Jones	Hoffman
Finstad	Evans	Watson
Gardiner	Constantine	Marcoux
Granstrand	Yamkovy	Knapps
Hutchinson	Heroux	Kilarski
Babick	McLeod	Mutch
Macdonald	McLaughlin	Salleys
Martineau	Staradub	Gladeau
Krause	Tabak	Litke
Severeid	Jendrick	Cairds
Weber	Wayness	Paplauskas
Burgess	Riggins	Khullar
Starr	Stogrin	Cardinals
Armitage	Storm	Patterson



Earl Gardner with dog Ragan — hewing ties.



Document.



Rene and Doris Jolicoeur, Chisholm station house.



Leona and Bud Baldwin with Freddie, Donna and Linda.



Cabin built in 1931 by Len Gagnon and Camille Rochon. Gerhard Schwarz and family lived here.



Mrs. Biedka and Mary Pukanich.



Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Slave Lake.



Pete and Jenny Duduk, 1941.



Iwaskow, Franchuk and Pyschniak Families, 1949.



Chisholm children.



Mary Wysoczanski, Mary Pukanich, Paula Mewes, Kathleen Iwaskow, Bessie Crick, Mrs. Young (1950's).



McLean, Beth Drinkwater, George and Frank Budeshiem, Margarette Foster, Sherwood Drinkwater, Honey Matty, Joyce Budeshiem.



Mr. Woolford and Art Scheffler.



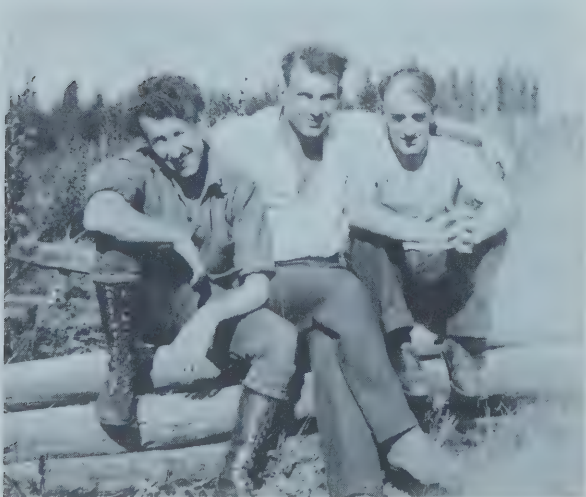
June, Minna, Cora, Susie and Edna Rochon.



Frank Knott, Len Gagnon, Edith Cousineau, Margaret Knott, Isobel Cousineau.



Frankie Anderson, D. Anderson, Margaret Knott, Q. Anderson, Marvin Knott.



Len Gagnon, Frank Knott and Joe Cousineau.



Chisholm families.



Frank Knott and son Marvin, Dave and Queenie Anderson with son Frankie.



Chisholm ladies.



Carl Wahlstrom, Gus and Fred Schmidt. Camp #2 Slave Lake, 1949-50.

Land Tenure Act in Chisholm

In April, 1979, the residents of Chisholm applied to the Alberta Municipal Affairs (Land Tenure Secretariat Division) for a land tenure system. This would enable them to have title to their land rather than leasing land from the government. It all came about when a resident found he couldn't put in a basement on leased property.

With the help of Hiske Gerding (Director of Land

Tenure Secretariat), Managers of Improvement District #17, Frank Appleby, the Member of Legislative Assembly for Athabasca, and other government employees, a land tenure project was started in the hamlet on March 5, 1980.

Eighteen months later, after many meetings and problems, the residents were handed their official "Land Title" certificate by Frank Appleby in October, 1981.

Fawcett Lake

History of Frank and Eleanor Brown

Frank was born in High Prairie and moved to Athabasca with his family when he was 16. Eleanor was born and lived, in Athabasca until she left in 1961.

While young both Frank and Eleanor came up to curl in the Smith bonspiels several times, curling with Lenora Dupont and Dan Galloway. After Frank graduated, he joined G.W.G. as salesman. One of his calls was the LaFrance Store in Smith. Many weekends were also spent hunting or fishing in the area.

Frank and Eleanor were married in 1964, and have two children, Carmen and Chris. When they lived in Grande Prairie they travelled through Smith on weekends going to Athabasca. While with G.W.G., many weekends were spent at Fawcett Lake Resort, their favorite lake. This was one of the instigating forces to the purchase of the resort. In 1974 the Browns bought and managed Fawcett Lake Resort. They lived there for five years. During that time Eleanor did some subbing at the Smith School and they drove the play school bus for two years.

They had their own power plant at the resort during the whole time they were there. Buster Overacker was out many times to fix the plant at all hours of the day or night.

The neighbors were a real help while Browns were at the Lake. Ross Parsons helped steadily for a year while Frank was ill, with things ranging from painting, cleanup, commercial fishing to helping in the store. One day Eleanor asked him to get rid of the garbage. He picked her up, set her in the garbage can and put it on the truck! Edna Parsons helped to clean cabins and without her help May "Long Weekends" would never have been as "clean and shiny" as they were. Gary and Gloria Horton helped many weekends with the store or mechanical work. One day at -58 degrees below Gary froze his toes along with Frank trying to fix the power plant. Gloria's smile made many customers day a better one. Bud and Viney Sloan had the wood contract for two years.

Many weekends saw them cutting wood as campers grabbed it out of their hands.

During their stay, the annual Fish Derbys started, being run by all the Junior Forest Wardens. They also had a winter carnival for the area each year. Many in the community helped. Ray Elgert always looked after the races. Conrad's donated a "cat" to make the oval. Several men set up the track each year. One year, old veterans from the area, including Wayne and Denny Rempel, Ray Elgert, and Gordie Sundby, got lost for several hours while making the trail. Each one thought the way home, was a different direction.

Each year, for fun, we had a bet among the annuals to see who would have the closest guess for numbers of units at the Resort for the May "Long Weekend". Gilbert Calhoun won one year and he was paid with a coffee pot full of pennies. His children used them in the store, and we had to count them out, for a year.

In 1971, Browns sold the resort and moved to Athabasca where they now reside. In 1980, Frank and Butch Graling started Alberta Stake and Lath mill on what was the old Stelter-Co-op-Ziedler mill site. Frank commutes daily between Athabasca and Smith and Carmen and Chris attend school in Athabasca. At this time they still have an annual spot at Fawcett Lake Resort where they leave their trailer and spend many weekends.

Jim Drinkwater by Jim Drinkwater

I was born in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, February, 1913. I attended a country school; then farmed until the Great Depression defeated me.

In 1936 I left for Saskatchewan and found work on a farm near Moose Jaw. In June of 1937, I started riding the freight trains, ending up at Fairview, Alberta, for harvesting. That fall I came to a logging camp east of Chisholm. In the spring of 1938, I started firing boilers at the Chisholm Mill at \$40.00 a month — seven days a week — 12 hours a day. Next year,

1939, I went to Waterways for a couple of years, working on the Steamboats during the summer and in the Salt Plant during the winter. Early in 1941, I went back to Chisholm, firing boilers at the mill.

Spring of 1942, I went to Fawcett Lake, to work as engineer in the new mill. There I met Ruth Helmer who was night cook at the cook house.

Ruth was born in Standard, Alberta, March 1919. She moved to Kinuso with her parents in 1930. She worked in Widewater during the flood of 1936. She then went to Slave Lake to work for Mrs. Kirkpatrick until Christmas of 1941. In the new year Ruth went to Chisholm, to work for Mrs. Evans. Betty (her sister) was working for Mrs. Beard at that time. Ruth was at Mitsue as night cook before going to Fawcett Lake in July 1942.



Left to Right back: Gloria, Denise and Brad Geise, sons Robert and James; Earl and Beth (daughter) Harris, Grandchildren Scott and Therese Harris, Jim and Ruth Drinkwater (40th wedding anniversary).

Ruth and I were married in Edmonton, November 1942. I worked at Dawson Coal Mine that winter. In the spring we moved to McLennan where I worked on the Northern Alberta Railways as a fireman for two years. Our daughter Beth was born in October 1943.

In 1944 the river in Smith was so high the pump house was completely under water. The N.A.R. had a train load of steel sitting on the bridge to hold it. So much debris was caught in the girders beneath the bridge, that it couldn't be cleaned out until the river froze over. The "extra" gang which later removed the debris found a live skunk, which had been there from August until February.

Also, while I was on the N.A.R. and laying over in Smith on a run, I remember watching Grant Knapp and Erie Scratch. They were going for a ride in Knapp's car, after being in the hotel a bit too long. As they went to turn around, Grant backed off the road and stalled the car. Scratch got out to crank the car, it

had never been taken out of gear, so when the motor started it ran over Erie. Grant proceeded back to the hotel leaving Erie there. I went to see if Erie was hurt, but he was o.k. When we got to the hotel Grant Knapp was telling everybody how he'd fixed Erie Scratch for making fun of his car. They remained good friends.

In 1945, we came back to Fawcett Lake and I worked as engineer at the mill. We'll always remember that August, the team work of Tom Matty and Bill Willis to get Mrs. Evans from Chisholm to Fawcett Lake. Bill left from Chisholm with Mrs. Evans, on that trail through the bush to meet Tom who had left from Fawcett Lake. They were back with Mrs. Evans in time for the arrival of our eldest son Sherwood, who had decided to arrive three weeks early. Nurse Maynes was unable to come, the roads not being like they are now. Getting to High Prairie was decided against. Granny Helmer had arrived a few hours before to be with Beth. Fortunately all of us were present at Sherwood's birth.

For two years we were in Chisholm during the winter and at Fawcett Lake during the summer. From there we went to Mercoal for four years, I was engineer in the coal mine power house. While there, we lost Sherwood with cancer at the age of six. Our next move was back to Edmonton and I worked in the engine room at Silverwoods Dairy.

In 1954 I went to work as engineer for the city power plant. In April 1955 our second son, James, was born and the following year in October our son, Robert, was born. In 1967 Gloria came to live with us as our foster daughter.

I retired in 1976 and we still reside in Edmonton with many visits to Smith. We enjoy being members of the Smith Half Century Plus Centre.

Beth married Earl Harris in 1963. They have been living in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan for 14 years. Theresa was born in 1970 and Scott in 1972. They now reside at Beaumont, Alberta.

James and Robert work and reside in Edmonton.

Gloria married Brad Giese in 1979 and Denise was born in 1981. They reside in Edmonton, Alberta.

William Freeman as told by Oliver Olson

Bill Freeman was an Englishman, who came to Canada in 1918. He came to Moose Portage with "Dad" Reinbird. He had been working for Dad on his farm in Manitoba.

In 1919 Bill married Alice Millins. Alice also came to Canada from England.

Bill homesteaded the NW¼ 18-72-25-W4. In 1926 he sold his land to Jack Hagerud and bought the store at Fawcett Lake from Jake Gerhart.

This store was on Government land, so sometime in the forties Bill homesteaded a quarter on the shore of the lake. He built a new store on this site. Besides being a storekeeper, Bill was a commercial fisherman and trapped in the winter.

Bill bought a one ton Chevrolet truck in 1931. He drove this for twenty years or more. I don't believe he ever drove in high gear.

He bought a Jeep sometime in the 1950's. He sold his store to Bill Harrison in the late 1950's or 1960 and built a store in Smith. He died in the early 1960's. His wife, who was a sister of Charles Millins, ran the store until she passed away in July 1973.

William Hemphill Harrison by Mabel (Malone) Harrison

William was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, U.S.A. in 1909. When Bill was five years old the family moved to a farm and ranch near Wilkie, Saskatchewan.

At the age of fifteen he left home and worked on other ranches in or near the area of Wilkie, Saskatchewan. At nineteen he came to Alberta to homestead at Bloomsbury. He worked at sawmills and learned about the bush country, hunting and trapping. He also had an orchestra, Shleen's Mill Crew, who played for all the local dances for three winters.

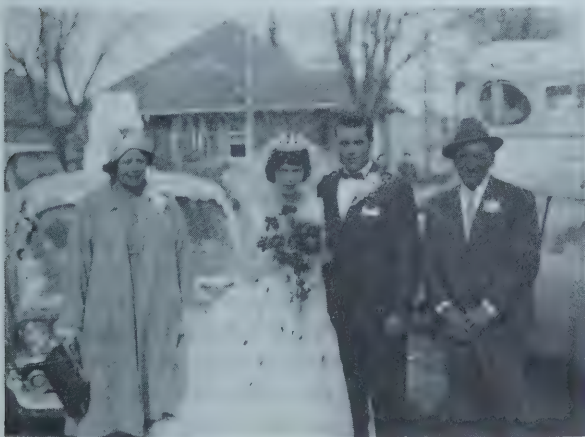
In the spring of 1933 he went back to Saskatchewan to get a team, wagon and other necessities for the homestead, including a woodburning cookstove. He loaded everything into a covered wagon to drive to Bloomsbury, Alberta, with just his team and a German Shepherd dog named Rex. By the time he reached Kitscoty, Alberta, the horses' feet were sore from the gravel road. Bill then shipped the wagon to Barrhead, Alberta, the end of the steel at that time. He rode the horses through, then unloaded the wagon

at Barrhead and drove the fifteen miles to the homestead.

In the late fall of 1933, he worked at the mill and used his horses. This provided him and his horses board and wages until the spring of 1934. In the spring he used one of the horses to ride to several small lakes trapping muskrats. For shelter Bill would build a small pole frame putting the willows for his bunk in at the same time, then he would set the tent on it. There were only muskrats to trap. Bill knew there was another small lake six miles west of where he was camped on Sandy Lake. One day he decided to ride over and see what the other lake had to offer. This was Deer Lake. When he got to the lake, it was all set and someone was already trapping it. He still looked the lake over and met the other quite hostile trapper. That is how he met his future wife, as the lake was close to her father's homestead. After I realized he had no intention of poaching, I was quite willing to be friendly. Bill would ride over about twice a week to where I was trapping, about four in the afternoon, as by that time I would be at the farthest end of the lake from home. We would build a campfire and would share each other's lunch. He sometimes helped me skin rather than carry the whole lot home. We did have a lot in common. After trapping was over I sold my fur and bought a horse, saddle and ten head of sheep. Bill got a job about five miles from my father's place at a dollar a day and board.

We were married October 15, 1934, at Bloomsbury, and went to live on his (Bill's) homestead. By this time Shleen's mill had moved away. Bill had three enamel plates, one had a hole in it. The bed was a bunk type, built out of lumber, a mattress made out of feather ticking filled with hay. We did have two flannel sheets. I wanted to show my new husband what a good cook I was. I put a roast of deer in the oven, it turned green instead of roasting. The stove wouldn't bake anything, after hauling it all the way from Saskatchewan. We grew our own vegetables, Bill kept us in deer meat, and we picked and canned wild berries. We did well the first year. The second year my horse ran away with me and my hip was injured. I was only nineteen and a cripple. Bill would help me from the bed to a chair, leave wood handy, go to work for a dollar a day, then help me to bed at night. Bill's dog Rex went on a sheep killing bender with some other dogs one night, so it took all our sheep to pay the debt.

About November of 1935, we sold the horses and the one cow. We left the homestead and went to Edmonton where I could get treatment. We were in the city for two years. I was able to work the second year there; I worked as a housemaid for fifteen dol-



Mabel, Ruby (nee Starr), Roy and Bill Harrison April 7, 1962.

lars a month. Bill mowed lawns and clipped hedges the first year for twenty-five cents an hour. The second year he got carpenter work; some of the jobs were at the Capital theatre in Edmonton, also at the power house.

Neither of us liked the city. Bill sold his homestead for three hundred-fifty dollars. We each took a pack-sack, caught a ride out to the Smith ferry with neighbours that were going to Slave Lake, then walked the twenty miles into Fawcett Lake north of Smith. On the walk in, it was hot and a shower came up. We licked the water off the leaves and went on. When we came up over the last hill and had a good view of Fawcett Lake, Bill promptly lost his heart for the second time in his life. We went down to the lake and camped for the night. There was a Metis settlement there at that time. One elderly Metis, Jim Auger, took his row boat and showed us what land we might homestead; we caught a nice string of fish while rowing around. There was commercial fishing at the lake then. The fish were hauled out to Smith with team and wagon, and loaded on a truck for Edmonton.

We got the numbers of the land and rented an old dilapidated house, where we stayed for three days looking around. On the fourth morning we left at five o'clock in the morning to walk the twenty miles back to Smith in time to meet our friends at the Smith ferry for the ride back to Edmonton. On arrival back in the city I made application for a quarter of land, as Bill had already had a homestead.

The truck that hauled the fish from Smith, was Rusty's fish truck. Bill got in touch with Rusty and he hauled our household goods out to Smith, then the goods were loaded onto a wagon and taken out to the lake. It poured rain all the twenty miles to the lake. We got to the lake after dark, and piled everything inside a building to keep it dry. Bill was so thrilled to be there that he did not complain. We had packed lunch with us, we ate it, drank some water and went to bed on a dirty floor with damp bedding. We were both so tired we slept till nine the next morning.

We were at Fawcett Lake August 1937. It was a strange area and we were green to the ways of the Metis. Our first problem was to get a house up on our own place before winter. Bill cut the spruce logs with an axe and a swede saw near where we were going to build. I peeled the logs with a drawing knife while Bill dug a cellar with a shovel or spade. We made the log cabin 20' x 20'. Bill made a deal with Ted Boyer, who lived ten miles out, for enough rough lumber to floor it. When Ted delivered the lumber by team and wagon he also skidded the logs up to the cellar. We had brought windows from Edmonton with us. Bill made the rafters of poles, then covered them with

small poles for sheeting, that in turn was then covered with moss and then dirt. One day I had to stay home to bake bread. I took Bill a lunch up to the new house in the afternoon. It was a beautiful October day. While we were having lunch there was a red squirrel on a low branch watching us, the sun was so warm he fell asleep, fell off the branch and then scolded us as though we were to blame.

We would carry bags of moss to chink the cracks between the logs. Before we got the cabin finished the snow was falling. We spent the winter in the new cabin. At that time there were only two white women at the east end of the lake, Mrs. Freeman, who kept a small store and myself. Mrs. Freeman's husband bought fur from the Metis and commercial fished in season.

At that time there were no registered trap lines, you just trapped where ever you could beat the next man to it. The only way to get in or out of the area was by team and wagon or sleighs, and by dog team in winter. Every Metis family had dog teams and toboggans. There were plenty of moose, deer, and fish just for the taking. Toward spring our dirt roof started leaking. Bill got a ride out to Smith to sell some fur, but he had to walk the twenty miles back. He was so tired when he got home to a dripping house. We had a square of linoleum on the floor. I said "go down in the cellar under the linoleum, at least you can rest." After about four hours the roof stopped leaking, I got busy mopping up the water. I had a five gallon pail about half full. It was sitting near the cellar door, one of the push up type. Bill decided to get up just then, pushed the cellar door up, the pail tipped up and then came back and just drenched him with cold water.

By the time the lake opened up Bill had made a row boat and paddles. The bush rabbits were so thick you could not grow a garden without a rabbit proof fence, and we hadn't time to clear and break up a garden the fall before. We went to the east island in the lake, dug a garden with a spade, worked it down with a hoe and hand rake. There weren't any rabbits on the island and we had a pretty good garden for winter vegetables.

One thing that amazed us was, the Metis who would take their row boats and go hunting wild duck nests, taking the eggs home to eat. In the spring Metis women would all be tanning the moose and deer hides that the men had got during the winter. Bill learned from them how to make his own moccasins. Very few of the Metis every tried raising a garden. The Metis made a type of bread they called bannock. It was like biscuit dough without shortening of any kind, kneaded until quite dry, rolled out square and baked on the bottom of the oven. The men, when out trapping or hunting would make the same type of

bread, but they would cook it in a fry pan and turn it over once. For summer meat they made what they called dry meat, it was hard and dry. If they were taking a trip into the bush for a few days in the summer, the Metis was well away for food with tea, bannock, and dry meat. In the fall they gathered what Bill called rat root. It was used for colds and sore throat in winter. Bill tasted it and said it tasted just like red hot pepper. We found the Metis a happy people when sober, and they just didn't worry about anything. They used to make a home brew called moose milk.

There was a dance about twice a week in summer in different houses in the settlement. Everyone was too short of money to give lunch, so everyone danced until they got hungry, then went home for lunch and came back. There was always a smudge pot or pail going at these affairs to keep the mosquitoes down. One night they were square dancing and someone kicked the smudge over, everyone started fighting fire right now! A number of the Metis could really play the violin and guitar. Another night the window was open there were no screen in those days and a bat came through the open window. There was a real stampede for awhile until Bill took the light outside, the bat went out to the light. They also played ball in the summer evenings. Then there was always swimming, fishing and hunting.

By fall Bill had gotten three sleigh dogs, harnesses and a toboggan and had learned more of the area. We also had a garden spot cleared, ploughed and worked down. Due to the rabbits we had to fence it. Bill put in fence posts then put small rails so closely together a rabbit couldn't get through, we also commercial fished that fall. We were not experts, as this was our first try with a row boat. We couldn't afford fishnets, so we used the fish buyer's net and got a percentage of the price. But we did learn!

That fall we learned that the Metis always got excited over what they called "a wild man hanging around the settlement". We did not see any evidence of anyone. We did not know if they really believed it or if it was a form of excitement they created themselves.

As winter came on Bill needed snow shoes. I had a full length coat from the days in Edmonton, so we traded that coat to one of the Metis for a pair of snow shoes. We had also acquired enough lumber and tar paper to put a dry roof on the house. We were quite happy and thought we had done very well for just over a year at the lake. We had our vegetables, canned wild berries, jams and jellies and had a dry roof. Bill was all set to go trapping. Squirrels and weasels were all there were to trap in the first part of

winter. Squirrels were only three cents each and weasels from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, depending on size. Bill never passed up an opportunity to learn how to make snow shoes, toboggans and carryalls, leather and bead work. As soon as the lake froze over enough to be safe Bill got a deer and set the only fish net we had, then we had fresh meat and fish to add to the diet. Bill got a chance to trade frozen fish for half a dressed pig.

If we could manage to get ten dollars worth of fur a month we could live pretty well and buy our tobacco as we both smoked.

Bill fed the sleigh dogs fish. In March the muskrat season opened and Bill did very well. He got a hundred and five muskrats on what was called the sloughs near Howard Lake about seven miles from home. They sold at one dollar each. He went out with the dogs to a small store ten miles out, at Moose Portage to get flour for the summer. Jim Hutchinson, the man who ran the store and local post office wanted a load of ice blocks, so Bill agreed to cut his ice out of the lake if he would bring the groceries in, including three hundred pounds of flour. The price of flour then was two dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds, dairy butter was fifteen cents per pound, and eggs were ten cents per dozen. During the early part of the summer Bill built a log meat cache, a back house, put up a runner clothes line, cut extra wood and paid two dollars a load to get it hauled up to the house. By this time I had learned to set the fishnet and pick it up alone to get feed for the dogs.

In July, Bill took seventy-five cents and left me seventy-five cents. We only had a dollar and a half. He walked to Smith, caught the freight to Edmonton to try to get work for two months. He got on at B.A. Oil, steaming and painting drums. I stayed at Fawcett Lake to feed the dogs and take care of the garden. While Bill was in the city he found out that the government was going to give out registered traplines in the Fawcett Lake area. He promptly went down and got the first registered trapline on Fawcett Lake. While in the city he bought second hand traps and other equipment for the trapline. At the end of August he caught a ride with the fish truck to Smith. He brought home 22 shells and 30-30 shells, as well as extra food supplies. We still could not afford fish nets, so instead of fishing Bill went up on his new trapline and put up a small log cabin with axe and swede saw. He put birch bark over the moss on the roof this time so it wouldn't leak.

We then got the garden harvested, got the garden worked down again, got extra wood in. It cost us five dollars to get the garden worked and to get four loads of wood hauled. Then we went through the "wild man" stage again. Then we had another winter with

registered traplines and more traps. Bill made a good living and was happy, as he just loved the life. We stayed at the lake doing the usual things until the war broke out in 1939.

Bill felt he should offer his services. He went to Edmonton but was turned down. He worked in Edmonton in the summers and trapped during the winters. He always disliked leaving the lake but there were no jobs there in the summer.

In November of 1941, we found out our first baby was on the way. It was the happiest winter ever. We had waited seven years for this. We started calling him Lucky because we thought we were very lucky to have a child of our own. Bill stayed a little closer to home that winter. The first of April, 1942, I went to Edmonton to stay with friends. The first of May, 1942, our son Roy David Harrison was born, but to us he was always Lucky and still is. Bill had remained at the lake muskrat trapping. He made arrangements to have Mr. Freeman pick us up in Smith off the train. When Lucky was five months old the war news was not good. Bill felt he should try for the service again. He went into Edmonton and was accepted into the R.C.A.F. They gave him two weeks to settle up his affairs. He came back to the lake and said he had asked them to reserve his trapline for him, sold the dogs, traps and toboggan, but he kept his guns. He moved Lucky and I out near some of my folks about five miles from Smith and left to serve three years with the R.C.A.F. He became **LAC-R187442 W. H. Harrison**. He got an honorable discharge in December of 1945.

During his absence I bought a half section farm with my separation allowance and that was our home that Bill came back to. We were ten miles from Fawcett Lake. Bill farmed in the summer, got another trapping outfit, dogs, toboggan and traps and trapped in the winter. One summer he worked for the Government on rabies control. He had a saddle horse and a pack horse, also a small outboard motor and a boat for running the north shore of the lake. Bill sowed the farm down to alfalfa. There was more fur to trap when he came back; beaver, wild mink, timber wolves, fisher, besides the squirrels and muskrats at a much better price. He also got fish nets and a small outboard motor, so he took in spring commercial fishing at Fawcett Lake.

About 1948 Bill wanted to buy out Mr. and Mrs. Freeman at the lake as they had the only deeded land on the lake. My homestead went back to government during the war. In 1953 we got an eighteen-hundred dollar alfalfa seed crop off the farm. Bill bought Mrs. Alice Freeman's quarter at the lake as it had been her homestead and she had it patented. Bill spent a thousand dollars for a bull dozer. This bull dozer was

driven by Bernie O'Neil to doze a more or less straight road, on the proper lines, the last five miles into Fawcett Lake. The son of Jim Auger, William Auger helped on the road. Bill used his trapping cabin near the narrows at the lake for sleeping and eating. When the family allowance cheques came out, all the Metis families except the Auger family left the lake to put their children in school. Augers had no school age children. The men would trap in the winter.

We moved back to the lake in the fall of 1954 from the farm. We boarded Lucky out to go to school. He was home weekends and holidays. We were back at Fawcett Lake again and Bill was just as happy as could be. We continued to run the store and buy fur from trappers north and east of the lake. Bill took in two commercial fishing seasons a year, spring and fall. He trapped in the winter and had a seed crop off the farm in the fall.

At this time we started getting quite a few fishing parties for angling. The angling was good but if it rained the road was bad for cars. We only had two boats and motors. Bill would take out one and Lucky would take one during the summer holidays. As we got more customers Bill started dealing in outboard motors at J. E. Nix in Edmonton. There he met the shop foreman, Les Duke. They became very good friends. Les would bring his family to the lake in the summer, and wife Florence, son Lyle and daughter Carol. This is the way things went along. Spring and fall fishing, and anglers in the summer. Bill rented the farm out for three years until February of 1959.

Bill was away working on the road as the Government was building the last five miles, I was cooking for Swansons Lumber Co. at Camp seven, when the house, store and everything burned to the ground. Lucky quit school and went back with me to camp to work until spring. All we had was a very small log cabin to live in. Bill stayed at the lake and continued to trap. He got permission from the forestry to use the spruce logs out of the road allowance for lumber towards another house. There were a good many of our former customers that came out from Edmonton with food, clothing, dishes and bedding. The district put on a dance in Smith raising two hundred and fifty dollars. At camp where I worked there was a collection taken up among the men, it came to one hundred and fifty dollars. Everything given or donated was highly appreciated, but we did have a struggle getting a house built and furnished again.

About this time we were getting a lot more anglers but we had no cabins and very few boats. In 1965 Bill bought the old Northern Alberta Railways water tank in Smith. I think it was about fifty-two feet high. Bill and a nephew Donnie Malone worked

three months tearing it down and getting the lumber hauled to the lake. In 1966 Bill took help from the Veteran's Land Act. This agency bought six new three horse motors at J. E. Nix in Edmonton for him, also six new fiberglass boats, paddles and life jackets. We had so many broken paddles that Bill named the place Broken Paddle Camp. He built three new double cabins and a power house, a new office for motor storage, and docks, with the lumber from the water tank. About this time we sold the farm as we could no longer take care of it. That money went into the lake property as well.

In the fall of 1966 Bill got his first power toboggan. He really liked it, but he still missed his sleigh dogs. Bill was only five foot three inches tall. For this reason the general public and customers called him Shorty. In the fall of 1967, when the Americans started coming to Alberta to hunt moose, Bill got a guides license. He guided instead of commercial fishing, as the lake had been opened up for anyone in Alberta. The License fee was higher and commercial fishing was allowed for only three days. We did not commercial fish on Fawcett Lake again.

The business was building up very nicely. Lucky had gotten married and we had a granddaughter. In the fall of 1970 Lucky came to the lake and took his father down to his home at Pollockville near Hanna, Alberta, for eight days goose hunting. Bill brought home five geese; he had a wonderful time and really enjoyed his short holiday. In March of 1971 Lucky came up again to help his dad put up ice off the lake for summer use. They both had power toboggans. When the ice was finished they spent one day just going up to the trapping cabin and racing each other, having fun. After Lucky went home Bill took extra food to the trapping cabin on the otherside of the lake about seven miles from home and got ready to stay until the ice went out on Fawcett Lake. He made several trips home while the ice was still safe for the power toboggan; to ship fur out from Smith, bring back mail and groceries, until the ice was no longer safe for crossing. He then remained at the cabin trapping, waiting for the ice to leave the lake. Before the ice went out of Fawcett Lake this happened:

Body of Trapper Discovered

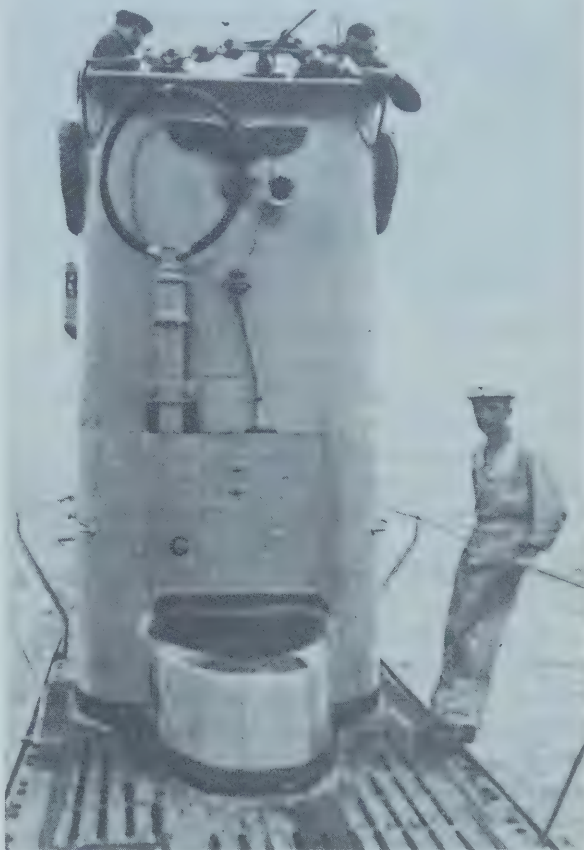
The body of a Fawcett Lake trapper, William Harrison 62, was found Tuesday May 4. He was reported missing Saturday. R.C.M.P. said Mr. Harrison's boat was found capsized in a small river on his trapline. A search for the missing man ended Tuesday when the body was found near where the boat tipped. Fawcett Lake is about 200 miles north of Edmonton.

Harrison W. H. (Shorty) of Broken Paddle Resort passed away April 30, 1971. He leaves to mourn

his loving wife Mabel of Smith, one son Roy and wife Ruby and one granddaughter Lorene of Pollockville, Alberta.

Horst Seifert by Horst Seifert

The first German prisoners of war to leave Lethbridge prison camp were crew members of two German submarines, who in December 1943, volunteered to work in lumber camps.



Horst Seifert.

After transferring to the N.A.R. train in Edmonton, we were greeted by Mr. McMillan, president of Chisholm Saw Mills, Ltd. Some of the U27 crew left the train at Chisholm, to work there in the planer mill. The remainder of U27, together with the U39 crew, disembarked at Smith, walked across the frozen Athabasca River, and were taken by truck to Fawcett Lake logging camp. We arrived there at about 2:00 a.m. and were welcomed by Albert Casavant, the camp boss. He apologized for having only a little snack for us then, but reassured us that breakfast at 6:15 a.m. would be a real meal. Most of us were too tired after the long train ride to bother with breakfast, but others just had to get up to see that breakfast, for



Horst Seifert and ?, Prisoners of War.

River, where we were rowed across. Gunnar Wahlstrom ran ahead into Smith, to get one of those little railway handcars so we could ride across the railway bridge into town. Five hours had passed since the accident and I was now under care of the nurse. She thought that I had been rather fortunate to have received a tetanus shot, and then did a great job of stitching me back together.



Floating Camp (Wannigan), Fawcett Lake, 1946.

the “little snack” was more than any breakfast any of us had ever seen.

For two and a half years, Fawcett Lake became our world. We became involved in all phases of the lumberjack trade. The rules were simple: ten hours of work per day, six days a week, 50 cents credit in the store for each day worked, and, of course, room, board and clothing.

In the winter season, we lived in the more or less permanent sawmill-camp on the west shore. Our summer camp, built on rafts, was moved along the south shore in an easterly direction as required by the logging operations. During the summer, the Canadian crew and some of their families moved into the winter camp and operated the saw mill.

As time passed on, the German POW's took on more of the responsibilities of running the camp. Diesel mechanics, blacksmith, boatbuilder, and cook were some of the duties performed.

I was felling timber when, in June 1944, I accidentally fell into a running chainsaw and received quite a nasty cut in my thigh, through the muscle but not quite touching the bone. In the logging camp, we had all sorts of medication, which had been given to us by the Canadian authorities in Lethbridge. However, nobody was really qualified to give an injection. After much prodding, I finally got my Tetanus shot. Then began the journey across the lake to the mill camp. From there I was placed on an open truck, driven by Ted Casavant, toward Smith. The ferry, because of high water, was out of commission and the four stretcher bearers had to carry me to the Slave

Because of the high water in the Athabasca, I had to stay in Smith where I got a room in Duncan's Cabins. A soldier from the Veteran's Guard was with me and one of my buddies was sent out to help me along. This one week in Smith, despite my injuries, was an unforgettable event. For a prisoner of war not to be behind barbed wire or in a remote lumber camp, but in the real world with real people around me, was very exciting. There were a number of people stranded in Smith at that time who could not cross the river. They all came to visit me; I must have been the talk of the town. An American with his wife and two teenage children was trying to get to his job on the Alaska Highway, which was then under construction. He also had baseball equipment with him, and a game was soon under way. They had carried me out on the porch so I could watch. Here I was in my German navy uniform and there a dozen people were having a great time: the Americans, a few Metis, some others who I don't know what they were — not that it mattered — my German comrade and a black-skinned truckdriver. The Veterans Guard, a Scotsman, was the umpire. And all this at a time, 1944, when the same kinds of people were killing each other by the thousands on battlefields and oceans all over the world. It is understandable that this baseball game in Smith left a deep impression on me.

For the remainder of that summer, I had a pretty soft job: driving the power boat that connected our



Ewald Pagallis and Horst Seifert, Blacksmith shop.

floating logging camp with the mill camp. And each time my boat came within sight, all the little children — there must have been twenty or so — came to greet me at the dock. They told me all the camp news, followed me around and helped to bring supplies from the warehouse to the boat. One day, I had just finished tying up the boat when the kids, standing beside the boat on the dock burst out in roaring laughter. I looked up and saw a boy, about ten years of age, run away from the group toward the cabins. Upon my question: “Who is he? Why is he running?” I got this answer: “Oh, he is here on a visit, and we just told him that you are a German! Needless to say, it was only a day or two before this youngster found out that at least some Germans were human and could be trusted.

These were only a few of my unforgettable experiences, but they should give a fairly clear picture of what life was like in those days for all of us: Canadians and German POW's working and living together. Toward the end of our stay, I approached Mr. Swanson with the idea of wanting to stay. As this was impossible, he advised me to stay in touch with him after my repatriation. I still have one of his letters in which he encouraged me to return to Canada.



P.O.W. (name unknown), Fred Smith, Veteran Guard, Grant Knapp.

Shortly after my arrival as an immigrant in Edmonton, in 1953, I met one of my comrades, Frank Schroedl, who also had come back. A butcher by trade and cook on a submarine made him a natural to take over the camp kitchen then, in 1944. Now it was meals like mother used to cook. Frank is a farmer now at South Cooking Lake where he raises Hereford cattle. We see each other quite often. The conversation invariably turns to our stay at Fawcett Lake near Smith and often I get my samples of home-made German style sausage which tastes just as good as it did then, “in the bush.”

In September 1983, I went to Hamburg, Germany, for a reunion of the crew of U39. At age 65, I was the youngest of them. Many are not around anymore. Those who were at Fawcett Lake like to think back to a place and time where we made the most of it under the circumstances. We worked hard, but had our little diversions and — most important — stayed fit.

Forest View

Early Settlers in the Forest View District

“Jiggs” Rodman, and his wife. No one seems to know if “Jiggs” was a nickname, but he was known by it.

Jack Rodman, a son, of Jiggs and his wife Violet, with two or three children.

Jack's sister Aphenia and her husband, Oscar Weeks, with three children.

Violet's sister Ida and her husband, Percy Mapletoft and two boys.

Violet and Ida's two brothers, Wilburt and George Powers.

They all moved into the Forest View district in the early 30's. They stayed for a few years, but eventually moved on.

John Evoy, a bachelor, homesteaded in the 30's. He was pitcher on the local baseball team.

Carl Sandstrom, a bachelor, joined the Army when World War I broke out, and was killed overseas.

Dick and Ed Cudney moved into the area from Czar, in the early 40's. They bought Carl Sandstrom's quarter. Dick worked at Spurfield for a while.



Tommy, Emmy and Lynn Sveen, Mrs. Nock, George and Cora Croswell, Mel, Mary and Fred Gaywood, Oscar Nock, Etta Miller, Bill, Davie, Myrtle, Bob and Hugh Patterson.



Armand and Noma Beauchamp.



Mark "Shorty" Berry.

The Armand and Noma Beauchamp Family

by Noma Beauchamp (Finstad)

Armand, the third child of Harvey and Rosella Beauchamp, born January 6, 1923, of a family of four boys and four girls.

His parents, with their family moved to the Hondo district in 1934.

I, Noma (Finstad) Beauchamp the second child of La Faye and Hazel Finstad, a family of two boys and five girls; was born October 16, 1926 in Bellingham Washington, U.S.A.

My parents moved to Fort Assiniboine, Alberta, when I was six months old. We lived there for eleven years.

In January 1938, we moved to Chisholm Mills, Alberta and lived there until October 16, 1944. From there we moved to Evansburg, Alberta.

I lived in Evansburg about a year, then came to Hondo to help my grandparents Ole and Edith Finstad, in the store and post office which they oper-

ated for many years until they passed away; grandma in 1956, grandpa in 1959.

Isabel (Finstad) Willis took over and still has the post office.

I stayed with my grandparents two years. That's when I met Armand. I had already known some of Armand's family a few years earlier, because Armand and other members of his family had worked at Chisholm while our family lived there.

Armand was called into the Army on February 9, 1943, and was discharged on March 29, 1946.

We were married March 1, 1949. By that time Armand had purchased a half of Section 29 Twp 69 Rge. 26 W4th M through the V.L.A. in 1946. A few years later he bought the other half of that section. This section was reserved for the schools until after World War II then the government opened it up for veterans only, to file on.

A few days after we were married we moved to a sawmill, owned by William Strach, in the Moose Portage area. I cooked for the men until break-up in the spring. Quite a honeymoon!

That summer of 1949 we moved to our new land, where there was lots of bush and hard work ahead.

For the first couple of months we lived in a little shack 6' x 10' containing a little tin cook stove, a Winnipeg couch for a bed, a couple of apple boxes nailed to the wall for dishes, and a shelf nailed between two studdings for a wash basin and water pail. The table was built the same way, between the foot of the couch and the stove. One had to sit on the foot of the couch to eat as there was only enough room for a chair at the end of table. But it wasn't long before we got the windows and doors in the log house



Clarence and Karen Beauchamp with Blain and Lee.

that Armand had put up the summer before. We were soon moved in with the little stove in the middle of the house, the couch in a corner, where we slept that night. Next day we drove to Hondo to collect our furniture which we had stored at the store. During the next few days we set things up. Our place was beginning to look like a home. We had bought a living room suite, bedroom suite, kitchen suite, sewing machine, curtains for all the windows, and I had a cedar chest full of linens and many nice wedding gifts, etc.

We didn't do much more work on the house that summer as in the fall we moved back to the same sawmill.

On April 3, 1950, our first son Clarence was born. He married Karen Rempel of Smith, Alberta. They now have two sons; Blain, born August 5, 1974; and Lee, August 20, 1977. They live in our yard.

Our second child Elaine was born May 29, 1951. She married Hugh Patterson of Hondo, Alberta. They have three sons; Wayne born September 30, 1970; Bradley, January 5, 1972, and Chad born October 28, 1975. They live on an acreage in the Picardville area.

Our third child, Dave, born March 8, 1954, married Lorna McCann of Fawcett, Alberta. They have no children and live in Slave Lake, Alberta.

Brenda, our fourth child, born November 24, 1955, married Ted Rempel; they have three children, two sons and one daughter. Shawn born February 18, 1974; Delvin born July 30, 1975; and Michelle born August 28, 1979.



Ted and Brenda Rempel with Delvin, Michelle and Shawn.

Our youngest, Sheldon, born May 5, 1962 is still single. That was a year we will never forget, trying to get through nearly two feet of wet snow I could get to the hospital. It took two tractors to get the car out one and a quarter miles to the highway.

The first few years our roads were not much more than trails through the bush, with many mud holes. In the winter the only possible way out was with horses.

In 1950 we moved to camp, Armand's father's sawmill. I cooked for the men until Christmas.

In January 1951, Armand's mother passed away. We stayed the rest of the winter at Armand's folk's place to take care of the place and the stock.

When Elaine was a little over a month old we moved back to our farm. By that time Armand had what land he had broke seeded down, and my sister and her husband had planted my first garden on our farm. It was planted in new grey wooded soil and after a couple of rains the ground baked, and turned white. It looked like cement and was nearly as hard. Anyway, I thinned some of the plants out, and when I tried to hoe it I broke the hoe handle. Then I tried using the garden rake to see if I could loosen up the ground, and ended up with another broken handle. So much for my first garden!

We did have lovely potatoes that year even if it was planted on breaking. We had a fair crop too.

After harvest that fall, we finished the ceiling and walls of our house with plaster board. What a job that



Dave and Lorna Beauchamp.

was, hewing the logs, then stripping them, and trying to get the walls level to nail the plaster board on. We finished just before Christmas. Our first Christmas spent in our place with over twenty for dinner. The weather was beautiful that day 50° above zero.

After Christmas we moved closer to Hondo as Armand went to camp again, but was back home again the next spring.

I stayed on the farm the next winter. I was getting tired of so many moves.

My cousin, Barbara Schmode, stayed with me that winter to care for the children when I was out doing chores. It was a great winter.

Armand worked in Uranium City in 1955 and again in 1956. He also worked for Swanson Lumber and for Bill and Cecil Willis at Camp 8, and at Camp 7 for Sonny Willis.

We had our rough times too. It wasn't always that easy to stay alone in the winter months, with the children being young and me having to do the chores.

I had some trying experiences, like the time one of the cows climbed on top of the manure pile which I'd piled too close to the barn. Then she climbed on the roof of the barn, fell through into the pen of pigs. Luckily, nothing was hurt but there was a hole in the roof.

Another time I forgot to tie up one of the cows and she started fighting with a yearling. The yearling landed on its back in the manger. I had to tear all the manger out before I could get the animal back on its feet.

I wasn't much of a farmer and have to laugh now at my ignorance on the farm. Oh well, we all survived without many bad after effects.

By the mid fifties more land had been cleared and

broken. The older land was producing better crops and gardens. I often canned 300 to 400 quarts of fruit and vegetables in one season. We had no freezers in those days, so everything had to be canned. To keep dairy produce and meat fresh, it was put in a cooler built in the well. Sometimes things were put in the water pail down in the well. Often it had to be fished out of the water, if you forgot it when you went to draw up a pail of water. The wild berry picking seasons were the greatest times. I still have jars full of jams and fruit I canned ten to fifteen years ago.



Sheldon Beauchamp and Lorri Pollard.

Many changes and improvements in the past thirty years have occurred. Our roads are gravelled, no more mud holes, graders keep the snow off and the highways are paved — a great change.

Some folks have moved away, with others taking their places and quite a few earlier settlers have passed away, but that's life.

We have much to be thankful for, our new homes with all the modern conveniences. There is no more hauling water to heat in a wash boiler for washing clothes and bathing, no more kerosene lamps and gas lanterns to light and no cold houses in the mornings. We have had bad times, but I'm sure the good out measures the bad.

The years our children were growing up are the most memorable, it seems like such a short time ago and now they have children of their own.

Our rewards are great just having what we have. The love and caring our children give, the many nice things they give and do for us, it's a great reward just being mom and dad.

We have learned a great deal from our experiences on the farm over the past thirty-four years and have many nice memories. We will continue to farm and do what has to be done from one year to the next, enjoying our accomplishments and caring for each other for as many years as we have left together.

Joe and Elizabeth Beecroft History

Joeseeph Beecroft was born at Treeton, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. Elizabeth Greaves was born at Wathon, Dearne in Yorkshire, England.

They met and became engaged before Joe journeyed to Canada in 1929. Elizabeth joined Joe in 1931 and they were married in Westlock.



The first home of Joe and Betsy Beecroft on homestead, 1930.

Joe and Betsy homesteaded east of Hondo and lived with Joe's Mother, Gramma Woods and brothers, Sam and Bob until 1936 when they moved further East of Hondo and lived on their own.

Rosalene, their first daughter was born in Barrhead on June 29, 1932 and her sister Thelma arrived October 22, 1936, delivered by the local nurse, Miss Drummondhay. In 1938 Kathleen (Pat) arrived, delivered by Nurse Maines and in 1941, still hoping for a son, Joan was born at home in Hondo, but due to complications both Betsy and baby Joan were taken to Athabasca Hospital.

Needless to say, Joe and Betsy had no sons, but Joe still maintains he would not trade one of his daughters off.

Joe and Betsy left their farm permanently in 1956, and moved to Edmonton, where they still live with their oldest daughter, Rosalene, who never married.

During this period, their daughter Thelma became a teacher and married Gerhard Schwarz of Chisholm; Pat became a telephone operator-supervisor who married Douglas Fong, of Sherwood Park. Their youngest daughter Joan became a book keeper



Thelma, Pat, Rosalene and Joan Beecroft.

for Celanese at Fort Saskatchewan and married Ben Gudmundson and they now reside in Jarvie.

Joe and Betsy have 7 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

They can relate many stories of the early days — of dances where everyone went, from babies to grandfathers; of winters being so cold that trees would split open; of wolves being so many that they were afraid to have their children walk to school; of many good times with friends and neighbors picking blueberries, fishing expeditions, ball-playing, where everyone got together and had time for one another.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Berg by Marlow Sands

Mr. and Mrs. Berg had a large family. The three eldest, Melvin, Alice and Mabel were away from home when the family moved to Forest View. Melford, Gordon, Clarence, Martha, Gilmar and Alfred were still at home.

Clarence was very good on the guitar, he used to play for dances with Bill Willis.

Melford married Lillian Pizzey.

Clarence and Melford joined the Army in World War II. Gilmar went into the Air Force.

Mr. Berg, whose health was failing could not keep the farm going. In 1941 they hauled all their machinery and stock to Athabasca and sold it at auction.

The family then moved to Edmonton.

Nicholas and Margaret Bintz as told by Joe Bintz

Nick Bintz was one of the early homesteaders in the Forest View district. The exact year of his arrival is not clear, but it is thought to be in the late 20's or early 30's.

Nick was an American, born in Marinette,



Nick, Joe and Margaret Bintz, Bob and Myrtle Patterson.

Wisconsin in October of 1893. His parents, John and Bertha Bintz, had a family of five boys and three girls.

Nick joined the U.S. Army in 1917 and served in France in World War I. He obtained his discharge in November 1918.

He was a farmer by occupation, and he eventually came to Canada. He homesteaded a couple of times, Joe recalls, while making several trips to and from the United States. He had free passage, by taking care of livestock being shipped by Wyler and Williams, stock buyers in Calgary.

He eventually homesteaded in Fawcett. In four or five years, he had cleared 25 acres and had it in crop. He also had another 20 acres slashed. When an early frost ruined his field of oats, Nick became discouraged. He sold his farm and came to Hondo where he homesteaded again.

Nick was tired of batching by this time and began corresponding with a girl in Saskatchewan. The marriage proposal was also by correspondence, and arrangements were made to meet in Edmonton. At the last minute, the girl changed her mind and sent her sister to meet Nick. The sister was Margaret, a daughter of Gottlieb and Magdelane Martin. She had been born in Mt. Carmel, North Dakota, in August 1906 and came to Amulet, Saskatchewan with her family.

Nick and Margaret met, decided they would go ahead with the plans that had been made, and were married on April 8, 1932. Nick arrived back in Hondo with a new bride.

They had two daughters Leona, born in Westlock in 1933 and Elsie born at home in 1935. One son, Joe, born March 5, 1938 completed their family.

Joe took over the farm in 1962. He stayed with Nick and Margaret. He worked away from home

during the winter months to help supplement the farm income.

In 1975, due to failing health, Nick and Margaret moved to the Senior Citizens Lodge in Westlock.

They were members of the Smith branch of the Royal Canadian Legion #248 and Ladies Auxiliary, for many years.

Margaret passed away July 4, 1978 and Nick later, on, January 2, 1981.

Elsie married Ralph Spring. They have two children. They make their home in Cranbrook, B.C.

Leona is married to Bill Weinrich. They are farming in the Forest View district. Leona has two daughters from a previous marriage.

Joe has married Mary Fedyna and is still farming the Bintz's original homestead, along with additional land acquired in later years.

Margaret's father Gottlieb Martin, a widower, made his home on the Bintz farm in the early thirties. He had a small cabin of his own. Leona can remember him walking her to school.

Later he moved his cabin across the road from Dan and Olive Schmode's. He passed away in 1939.

Gordon Aldon Conrad by Gordon Conrad

I came to Hondo on March 17, 1931, with my parents, Myrtle and Denzil. We came from Clive, Alberta, with a team and wagon. We arrived at the home of Joe Beecroft, then we moved to Sam Schmode's, on my dad's homestead. In the fall of 1935 we moved to Hondo to the Olaf Finstead store, so that I could go to school. In the spring of 1936 my father rented some land from Frank Crawford, then later bought it. We were now three miles east of Hondo. We could walk to school from here. In the winter we would go across the lake. Our school was a



Barbara Schmode, Norma Davie, Helen and Gordon Conrad, and Ted Conrad.

log building. In the yard there was a water run, and in the summer we would dam it up, then we would see who could jump across it. In a month or so it would get quite wide. Once I was jumping it and landed in the middle. Marlo Sand had to get me out before I drowned. I spent the rest of the day in wet clothes.

When I was 15, I finished school. I worked in a couple of bush camps, and harvested at Alix, Alberta. I worked in a bush camp for Carl Hall, Orval Hayes and Harvey Beauchamp, as sawyer. In the spring when we were moving the mill out of the bush, we had to cross a lake. Carl Hall and Orval Hayes took a long stick and went after a skunk and killed it. They both developed quite an odor. In 1950 I went to work for the N.A.R. at the Smith roundhouse with Mr. Charles Passmore, who was the foreman. I stayed for three years, then went to Edmonton, to the roundhouse to fire locomotives.

While in Edmonton I met Helen Smith and we were married on September 18, 1953. We bought a house in Smith in 1954, and moved there in May. In 1959, we bought a farm at Hondo and farmed until 1974.

We have three children, Phyllis, Dale and Robert. Phyllis married Richard Morton. They have three children Tammy, Ginger and Richard. They live on the old number 2 highway, between Slave Lake and Smith. Dale married Judy O'How and has three children, Melanie, Angela and Daniel. Robert is still at home. When we left the farm in 1974, we bought a house in Slave Lake and I got a job with the town as labourer. In 1979 I took over as foreman and am still in that position, 1984.

Helen was born in Hardisty and lived in Neutral Hills until she was two and a half. Then her family moved to Metiskow, where she went to school. About 1950 she went to Edmonton to go to High School.

Ernest Croswell

by Ernest

I left Newbrook, which had been my home nigh onto 18 years. My dad (George Croswell), Gilbert Rogne and Reinhart Stelter had taken out a logging permit to log timber at Bear Lake (Lawrence Lake) in the year of 1937. Also with the three that travelled were Uncle Fred Croswell and Otto Sloboda making us a crew of six men and two teams. One team was dad's, Dollie and Flash, and the other team was Stelter's. We were four days on the road. Eating and sleeping at friendly farmers along the way. Dad was logging foreman, Gilbert Rogne was sawyer and Reinhart Stelter was the salesman.

Weather, as we travelled, was 40 below zero. To keep warm, we walked most of the way. When we

arrived at Lawrence Lake we were able to stay at Mr. Keobke, Sr's until a log building was built on the west side of the lake. This building was used later on as a cook house.

Lumber was a good price at that time — \$15.00 and \$17.00 a thousand delivered. Wages were 28 cents an hour and from that was deducted one dollar a day for room and board, and ten cents a day compensation.

February of 1939 Teany and I (Ernest) were married. We had two children; Ted and Tracy while we lived at the Lake. The spring of 1942 we moved to Hondo. Murva was born that spring, on the Mel Berg farm. Nurse Drummond-Hay was the nurse. She could not see too well. She went to put drops in Murva's eyes and instead she was going to put them in her mouth.

We took a homestead NE 31-69-26-W4. Then in 1943, when Ern started working for Northern Alberta Railroad we moved to Hondo.

Joyce was born in 1944 and Neville was born in 1950.

The year 1956 we moved to Westlock where we still live, at 10531-105 Street.

We have thirteen grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

The Earl Drader Family

by Edna Drader

Earl Drader was born in Ontario, September 30, 1911. Sometime in his young life his family moved to Saskatchewan. Around 1927 they moved to Newbrook, Alberta. It was here he met Edna Croswell, who was born in Melfort, Saskatchewan in 1917 and moved to Newbrook when she was four. On December 7, 1932, they were married. They lived in the Newbrook area until 1942 and had three children; Elmer in 1933; Ada in 1936; and Phyllis in 1940. They then moved to Hondo, Alberta, where they lived on the old Weeks' place until buying the Pizzey farm.

Elmer, Ada and Phyllis went to the Forestview School and were taught by Mrs. Cole most of their school years. Mr. Cole kept the wood fire going in the winter and rubbed the kids hands to warm them after the long cold walks to school. He also tried to supplement their schooling by teaching carpentry and painting after school.

Mr. Cole offered Wayne \$1.00 if he would hitch up old Colonel and ask Phyllis to go to town with him. The next day, Wayne told Phyllis he would give her 50¢ if she would go to town with him.

Elmer found out that Mrs. Cole didn't appreciate finding birds in the classroom. One of his Uncles and a Weinrich boy caught an owl and talked Elmer into



Ada, Earl, Edna, Donna, Phyllis and Elmer Drader, 1961.

putting it in the school. Mrs. Cole came to school the next morning and found the owl and a mess in the classroom. She gave him a couple of days off school for his questionable behaviour.

One of the big social events of the year was the annual track meet held in Smith. A team of horses and a wagon provided transportation. The wagon was loaded with a picnic lunch and several families. The track meet was a whole day event and lasted well into the evening when baseball games took over. Our kids were always given a dollar to spend for extra treats but they were usually back for more before the day was over.

Later Earl bought a little Ford tractor and we'd hook a wagon behind it. We would all climb aboard and our yearly trip to the track meet was completed in much less time.

On the summer weekends, when folks weren't too busy, there would be baseball games. Mostly they were at Bob and Myrtle Patterson's.

In the late 1940's a church was built on the corner of our farm. It still stands today. Some men from the community took logs down from a building bought from Gormly and hauled the material and reconstructed the building. Rev. Parks did the carpentry work on it. The Ministers usually stayed at our house. Later when Rev. Goudy moved to Hondo, he built living quarters at the back of the church.

In 1950 Earl and Edna's youngest daughter Donna was born.

Around 1952 they moved to Edmonton, where Earl worked for the Department of Highways. In 1972, Earl semi-retired and they bought a house and moved to Westlock. Earl passed away in July, 1976, and is buried in the Westlock Cemetery. Edna still lives in Westlock.

Elmer married Marlene Villeneuve in 1960. They have four children, Randy, Robyn, Darren and

Dalene. They live in Brooks, Alberta, and Elmer does road construction work.

Ada married Jack Vassberg in 1955. They had four girls, Jacqueline, Vivian, Debra and Sandra. They have six grandchildren. They farm and truck near Valleyview and Ada has driven a school bus there for 14 years.

Phyllis married Russell Zilkie in 1959 and they had two daughters, Adrean and Loreen. They owned the Newbrook Hardware Store for a few years, but sold and are now semi-retired at Newbrook.

Donna married Marcel Tessier in 1969. They have one daughter, Michelle. They live on an acreage near Spruce Grove and work in Edmonton, Marcel at R. Angus and Donna for the provincial government.

Mary Gaywood as told by Mary

Mary Crosswell was born in Perry Sound, Ontario. The family of six came to Newbrook, Alberta in 1920 and took up homesteading. The father also worked in lumber camps. Two more boys were born to this family. Mary, the second eldest child, married Wilbur Miller in 1925 and they farmed in the area. She also worked as a cook for road crews and Scotford farms in Fort Saskatchewan. The Millers had a family of four girls and one boy. Wilbur Miller died of a drowning accident.



Fred Gaywood and Bill Weinrich moving a granary.

Mary and her children moved to Hondo, Alberta in the spring of 1941. She came by three-ton truck, loaded with her small bit of household stuff, clothing, and about 25 laying hens. The four oldest children rode in the back of the truck. Mr. Eckerts, the storekeeper, was owner of the truck. He charged Mary a set of house logs for the trip and her grocery bill was \$3.00, which she could not pay until the next month when her widow's pension of \$25.00 came. The trip took only one day. After a stop in Athabasca

for a picnic lunch Mary had made, they continued on their journey. Her two younger brothers met them at Turn Back Lake on their bicycles.

They came to Hondo and moved in with Mary's parents, George and Cora Croswell, who lived on the Tom Pizze homestead. Mary and her family then moved into a shack half a mile east of her parents, that belonged to Ben Klassen but was deserted. The shack had no roof, a condition remedied with the help of her family and then they were able to move in.

Fuel for heating was wood, cut with a buck saw by Mary and her girls. They carried water from a spring which was about a quarter of a mile behind the house. In later years, after she married Fred Gaywood, that same spring watered their herd of cattle all winter.



Mary Gaywood and Family.

The roads were only wagon trails, but this did not present a problem as they had no horses or wagon. Walking was their transportation.

The Post Office was at Hondo, about nine miles away, run by Ole Finstad. The closest neighbour, Fred Gaywood, lived just across the road. The August Weinrich family lived a half mile south. Dick Cudney, another bachelor, lived a half mile north. Bill Patterson lived one and a half miles east.

For food, the family had wild meat and fowl as well as big gardens and wild berries.

Mary married Fred Gaywood on June 21, 1946.

Fred Gaywood filed on his quarter section of land in 1937. He came from London, England at the age of 21 years. He proved up on his land by brushing with an axe, and breaking with a walking plough, a few acres each summer. In the winter, he worked out doing various jobs. He had just built a new log house, not too big, but it did the family for a few years.

They had all types of animals and milked lots of cows. The cattle just roamed the country, because the farms were so scattered. One time, the girls couldn't find the best milk cow. After three days of searching,

they finally found her, very thin and weak, in an old cellar of Shorty Barry's. They got her out and she survived.

The dances were at Forest View School and Hondo School. To get there, you had to walk or use a team of horses. Christmases were a very happy memory for all in the earlier days. The temperature, a lot of the time, was forty degrees below or colder. Mary remembers the coldest as sixty-two below.

The district nurse was at Smith which was only about twenty miles away but it seemed like a hundred to these families in the winter. The nurse only came if you went and picked her up. Mary was the midwife in Forest View those early years. She brought about seven babies into the world, which also included one set of twins, a girl and a boy. Mary was never surprised to be awakened at any hour to go on a maternity case.

There were no churches until the later years. The first was the Mennonite Church with Pastor W. R. Yoder. Then a couple of years later, a minister, D. W. Parks, helped the people build a church. He later moved to Vancouver and is still living at ninety eight years of age. Myles Goudy became the next pastor. He moved to Saskatchewan where he now ministers. W. R. Yoder has retired and still lives near Smith.

The ladies of the area formed a Ladies Club, which was meant to give the ladies a chance to socialize. They had meetings once a month taking turns as hostess. One of their projects was to fix the cemetery at Hondo.



Ladies Club at Nora Nock's Farm.

Mary's brother, Hawley Croswell, was the only member of the family to go into the service and he was gone for two and a half years. The family had quite an anxious time as they didn't hear from him for two and a half years. Hawley was still training in England when the war ended. He was sent to Germany on Guard Duty.

The Gaywoods, in the later years, built a large house which still stands on the original homestead.

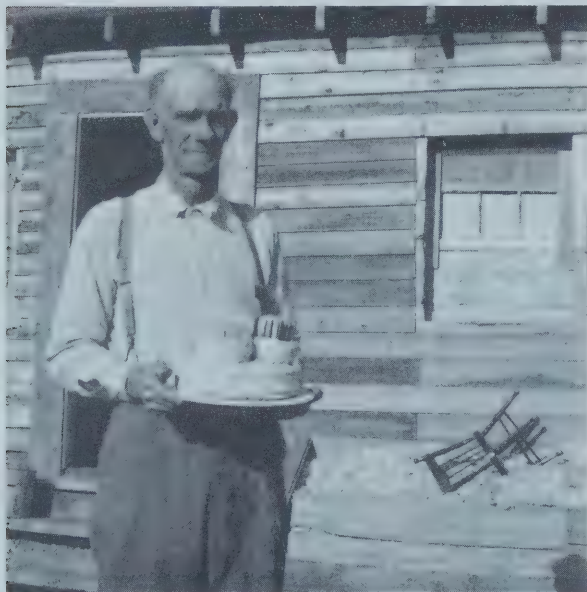
Fred Gaywood passed away April 27, 1978 at age 77 years. He is buried in the Hondo Cemetery. Mary sold the farm in 1980, to John Drennan, and moved to Lloyd Crosswell's where she now lives in her mobile home.

Dan Hathaway as told by Marlow Sands

Dan was born in Nebraska in 1889. He came to Canada with his sister and brother-in-law, and settled on a farm in the Brooks area. They farmed, in partnership, until Dan moved, first to Colinton, then on to Forest View where he took a homestead in 1934.

He didn't do much farming, but he was a good blacksmith, and was handy at fixing machinery.

He became a friend of the Sands family. One year Willie Sands sent Marlow out to invite him to their place for Christmas. Marlow found that Dan had been sick for several days, and unable to tend to his horses. These horses, stabled in a straw barn, had eaten holes through the walls.



Dan Hathaway, 1952.

From then on, Dan lived with the Sands family until they moved to Fort St. John. He lived with Marlow and Virginia Sands then until he became ill in 1968. When he was discharged from the hospital, he settled into Pleasant Valley Lodge in Athabasca. After a short stay in the Lodge, his sister and brother-in-law took him to Brooks where he lived in a Senior Citizens Lodge until he passed away in 1982 at 93 years of age.

Erika (Strach) and Ernie Heinz by Erika

I, Erika was born on November 30, 1932, at Leduc Alberta. My parents Hilda and Frank Strach then moved to Flatbush Alberta, where Dad had previously been, to make a home for us.

Mom and Dad spent several hard years on that land, they bought a cow, two horses, some pigs and chickens.

Dad worked out every winter, also summers if he could find work. That left Mom alone with four small children and all the chores, day after day.

We had many wonderful neighbours there, who helped Mom when they could. Mom would go to town with the neighbours for supplies by team, and leave us kids alone all day long. Mom would tell me, just put two pieces of wood in the stove at a time. I was only eight years old, Helmut was one year old, but we all survived without incident.

I remember falling into the well when I was five or six, I stood in the pail and Mom and Aunt Tillie pulled me up.



Erika and Ernie Heinz, November 27, 1952.

Then it was time for me to start school, so we had to move. I was eight and a half years old and couldn't speak a word of English.

My three brothers Edward Norman, Frederick Karl and Helmut Irvén and I went to a little one room school house one and a half miles from where we lived, about five miles from Flatbush town.

We walked every day except those rare occasions when Dad would pick us up with his "Green Hornet" a 1928-29 Model A Ford. He had painted this car an emerald green, and put gold colored bee stickers on the sides and back.

Dad was in the bee business, so he was advertising.

Dad had a glass bee hive in his shop with the entrance out the wall. I was fascinated for hours watching those bees come in, unload and go out again.

At honey extracting time we were all put to work, which I really enjoyed. Of course, we could eat all the honey we wanted.

Then, because there was no teacher at our school, we were bussed to Clyde Lake School. There we went to school with more of our cousins, as we did at Flatbush School.

My Dad and I both loved to sing and play. He played the button accordion and mouth organ.

I played the old pump organ, and the Hawaiian guitar and later learned to play the Spanish guitar too.

We would sing for hours every Sunday morning, any songs we knew, mostly hymns.

I sang and played all the time, mostly by myself. Mom could sing too, but seldom did.

We had a little yellow canary, named Dickie who loved music as much as I did. When we sang and played, he'd try to outsing us.

When he was loose, I'd get down on my knees at the table and move back and forth and whistle. He would hop back and forth and sing until he got tired, then he'd fly into my face.

Mom was cutting up meat one day and tossing scraps to the dogs at the door. Dickie got too close and one dog mistook him for a meat scrap, so we lost our precious little pet.



Ernie Heinz and family (Bob and Russell), August 1973.

The dog never ate him either, just carried him away and dropped him. Mom and we kids all cried over our loss.

My parents always had lots of company, people coming for honey, or just to visit.

The Flatbush band practised at our place a lot too, which I loved. Dad was the drummer.

Then in January, 1948 my parents sent me to stay with my grandparents at Leduc to study for confirmation. I had to learn in 3 months what the others in my class had learned in seven years, thanks to my Aunt Tillie who helped me to do it. We've always been very close to Mom's two sisters Anne and Tillie. They never missed a birthday, or any other occasion, Easter or Valentines day.

Aunt Tillie was grading eggs at the Egg Grading Station, and every day after classes, I had to take my books down there, and while she worked, she'd listen to me recite.

She knew all this from memory as she was always involved in church affairs, Sunday School etc. She played the church organ for 14 years.

We lost our beloved Aunt Tillie on December 28, 1967, Centennial year.

During my stay in Leduc from January to May, my parents had moved to Hondo in March of 1948. I was 16 when I arrived here to join my family.

I worked in several homes then, for Pearson's at Chisholm, for Joe Vallie's and Bill Chambers in Smith, then for the Beauchamp family at Hondo, where I was treated like a family member. I also worked at both the old and new hotels in Smith.

At the new hotel I met and worked with Pearl (Tkach) Walterhouse. Pearl played the fiddle and guitar and was a terrific singer. We sang and whistled together in harmony constantly. We were seldom excluded from social gatherings.

While at the hotel I met John Charles Kennedy. The winter of 1950-51 he and I both worked at the lumber camp my dad operated at Spurfield. Mom was the cook there and I, her helper. In the spring I went back to the hotel in Smith, and John went back working for Stelter Lumber Co.

On November 3, 1951 we were married, but that marriage was not to be. John passed away on November 16, age 22, 13 days after our wedding. He had leukemia, I never knew, and I'm sure he didn't either.

Sophie and Emil Stelter took us to Athabasca hospital that night of November 16, and three days later he was taken to Edmonton where he died.

In January, 1952, I went to work at Camp 7, for Swanson Lumber, across the river from Chisholm. I enjoyed that job as there was so much music there. I met Terry Dube there, who loved music too, so we sang and played together most evenings.

I bought my accordion there, also my white guitar which I still have. We would sing and play in



Pearl Tkach and Erika Strach.

the cook house after work, and some of the men would come to listen or sing and play too.

In the spring of 1952 I went back to Leduc to stay with my lonely grandmother, and I worked there, first in a grocery store and then a cafe.

It was at this cafe that I met Ernest Heinz of Hay Lakes, Alberta.

I really don't know what attracted me to this man, I didn't see him often as he was always working, but this fellow was meant for me. Ernie was born January 6, 1926 at Hay Lakes, Ernie comes from a family of eight boys and one girl, the two youngest boys being twins.

He was working for Leduc Construction Co., at the time, he and Bill Lede started that company.

Ernie worked there from 1945 to 1955.

On November 27, 1952 Ernie and I were married at the same Lutheran Church my parent's and Mom's two sisters had been. We also had the same minister, Paster Ed. Dasterhoft, who had baptized and confirmed me and baptized our first son, Bob, as well, three years later.

We lived in Leduc that first winter, then in the spring Leduc Construction sent us out on the road in a 16 ft. house trailer, digging in power lines for Farm Electric Services. We moved 23 times in two summers.

In 1953 we bought a quarter of land from Bill and Edna Nipshank, the old Oscar Nock place. Dad was to farm it for us.

Then, in 1955, we moved to Chisholm, where Ernie worked for Swanson Lumber operating a fork lift unloading lumber trucks.

Our first baby, a son, Robert Ernest, was born on February 12, 1956, then in July we moved into the old log house on our farm.

I remember one time when our Bobby was four years old he came running into the house and said "Mom, Dad wants you to come and help him start the plant, the cough is stuck."

Of course he meant the choke, on the 32 volt power plant. He called Magpies, Neckpies.

Ernie worked away from home most of the time usually operating Cats, or anything else he could get.

One of his young twin brothers Richard stayed to help me with chores, and for company. Richard and I made many rugs together, and he claims I taught him to mend and darn.

Ernie also worked at the hotel in Smith for several years. Then he went to work in Chisholm again, and that was a hard winter for me.

We had cattle, pigs, and chickens, and no water. I cleaned the whole yard of snow, hauling it in five gallon pails with two toboggans tied together, and melting it all day long. It seemed I could never get ahead.

On March 28, I went to hospital suffering from malnutrition, I hardly had time to do anything except keep that fire going and do the chores.

In April 1960, we moved to Rimbey, Alberta. Ernie worked at the Grand Hotel there for three years for my uncle, Bill Rueb. My aunt and uncle were both musicians and we shared many good times together. I must mention that my Ernie sings and plays too.

While in Rimbey, on July 29, 1961, our second son was born. Russell William, who we named after Uncle Bill.

Our next door neighbours in Rimbey were Mary and Henry Ohh, Henry was a musician too and we became close friends. They have their own band now and have played in Hondo Hall several times. Mary is the band's drummer.

Then in April 1963, we decided to move back and look after our land. We moved into the same old log house and lived in it until October 19th when we moved into the Art Sheffler house we had bought at Chisholm and moved here.

We lived in that house for 14 years.

In May 1974 our Uncle Bill and his new wife, Doreen, bought the old Joe Beecroft, Howard King farm.

We have done just about everything together, at work and play.

On July 30, 1977 our new mobile home was delivered, and Armand Beauchamp and Ernie set it up so we could move in before our 25 Anniversary.

We moved in on October 27, we celebrated our 25th with a surprise supper and dance put on by our loving relatives, our kids, Doreen and Uncle Bill and Chris and Fred Strach.

Music was provided by the Ruebs, our Bob and special friends, the Ohhs from Edmonton.

On June 22, 1981 we became the grandparents of a tiny 2 lbs. 3 oz. baby girl named Jocelyn LeAnne Heinz, who arrived three months early.

Two years later on June 13, 1983, another granddaughter came into our lives who weighed 9 lbs. 3 oz., named Andrea Jean.

In May, 1983, in a fire, we lost a tractor with the farm hand, and a building that housed 40 years worth of tools etc.

On November 12, 1983 during a thick fog, covering most of our province, Ernie and I nearly ran into a big truck parked on the highway, no flares, no warning lights. We managed to miss the truck, but hit the ditch and rolled our truck. We both escaped serious injury.

Cecil Jolliffe Family by Janet Jolliffe

My Mother, Mary Miller and family moved from Newbrook to Hondo in the early 1940's. Cecil's family were our neighbors in Newbrook and Cecil had come to work for Papa Gaywood before we came to Hondo.

In 1946, while Cecil was in the Army, I stayed with my Mom and Papa Gaywood at Hondo. Linda was born on August 10, 1946. That fall when Cecil came home, we went to work in a lumber camp at Chain Lakes for Cromer and Burgoyne. Cecil hauled trees with horses and I helped in the cook house, doing all the chores, cutting wood, hauling water and snow, and milking two cows.

The spring of 1947, Cecil started sawing and that summer, Cecil and I and his brother, Len, and his wife, would plane a load of lumber, then load the truck and haul it to Fowlers Lumber Company in Athabasca. Our entertainment for the summer was going fishing at Chain Lakes; we'd pack a big lunch for all the men working at camp and off we'd go. Cecil also played ball at Grosmont with Willie, Rod and Leonard Rempel.

In the fall of 1947, we moved to Kinuso, up the Swan Valley to House Mountain to work for Rogne and Burgoyne. Cecil fell trees and I cooked with my sister Beany as helper. We had 22-25 men to feed and the work was very hard with long hours. The best

time of all was when we all piled into our old 1945 KB 8 International truck and came home to Papa and Grandma Gaywoods for Christmas.



Cecil and Janet Jolliffe, 1971 (25th Wedding Anniversary).

In 1948, we were still at House Mountain camp but I had to leave February 20. The boss drove Linda and I to Smith where we got a room in the old Smith Hotel and nearly froze to death. At 2:00 A.M. we caught the train to Hondo where Mom and Papa met us and took us to Aunt Teany's for the night. On the way, Linda had to tell Grandma how she fivered and fivered in that hotel room. On March 1, Papa Gaywood got the team ready and took Mom, Linda and I to Aunt Teany's again. Papa went back and we stayed. Mom thought I should go to bed early as we had to catch the train at 2:30 A.M. They said I moaned and groaned all the time I slept and asked if I felt okay. I said "yes" and got ready to go to the train. The conductor was just taking my suitcase when I had a terrible pain and I told Mom maybe we'd better not go. So we went back to Aunt Teany's with everyone all excited. Aunt Teany went upstairs and started throwing down piles of newspapers to line the bed and Uncle Ernie stoked up the fires to boil the water and scissors. They phoned the Smith nurse but she couldn't come as the snow drifts were so high; you drove on top of fences and didn't know it. So, Mom phoned Dr. Wright in Athabasca and he said, "I'll stay by the phone if you need me." So, between Mom and Mrs. Finstad, they delivered Garry, March 2, 8:30 A.M., weighing nine pounds, twelve ounces. What a time. I bawled and bawled because when I left camp, Cecil said "If it's a boy, don't bother bringing him home." After four days, it got to be too much for

Mom with Linda who was quite upset because they were hurting her Mom and nothing would be but she stay right behind me in the bed. So Mom asked if she could take the kids and go home. Back came Papa with his trusty old horses and sleigh and heated stones for warmth and took them home; Garry in his cardboard box for a bed. When I was able, I went home. On April 27, Cecil and Beany came from camp and got off at Brown's Hill and walked and crawled across snow drifts to Papa's.

In the spring of 1948, we went back to Chain Lakes where Cecil sawed timber and I had a shack of my own to live in. That summer, Cecil got a job running a planer for Imperial Lumber in Athabasca. We moved into a one room shack and really thought we had something; all new for us. Then when the planer man that was there moved out, we moved into their house. Garry fussed and fussed and I did everything I could for him, but wasn't able to satisfy him. I thought maybe a pin was open on the diaper so I looked and here his little bottom was all red blotches. I woke Cecil and with the lights turned on, we soon found out what was wrong. Bed bugs, crawling everywhere. We told the boss the next morning and he got an electric fumigator. I had to put a mask on and fumigate but we got rid of the bed bugs. We really were in the chips then; had a paycheck every two weeks so we bought our first car, a 1929 Chev.

The fall of 1948, we went back to House Mountain again, Cecil, Linda and I. We left Garry with Papa and Grandma all winter. I cooked again and Cecil sawed for Burgoyne. There wasn't anything

too interesting to do so I used to write Mom quite often because we missed Garry so much. If I sent to the catalogue for anything, I would make a duplicate copy and send it to her so she could see what we ordered. I guess she thought I wanted her to mail it for me, so I got two C.O.D's at once, two of everything. We had a good laugh anyway.

The spring of 1949, we moved out of camp with Cecil's Mom and I driving the horses and wagon across the rivers out to the Forest Ranger Station. There was our trusty old 1929 Chev and on we went to Papa Gaywoods. From there, we went to Fawcett with the Burgoynes. We lived in a chicken house on J. D. McGillvary's farm. Cecil did some breaking of land for different ones in Fawcett with a D-4 Caterpillar. We then applied for a homestead at Fawcett.

Then in the fall of 1949, Cecil came with the cat and breaking plough to Papa Gaywoods and did some work for him. The morning of October 11 the ground was quite frozen and Cecil couldn't break any more. Of course I was expecting again so we told Cecil to start up the Old Maple Leaf truck, a three ton, and go get Nurse Attrux at Smith. They finally got back and she checked me over and said things were well on the way. In the afternoon, Joan was born.

Then, back in November to House Mountain camp where Cecil sawed timber again. We had our own shack that winter and I looked after my babies and baked all the bread for Cecil's Mom for the cook house. The wages weren't very good so whenever we needed meat, Cecil would go get a deer. He loved to hunt anyway.

The spring of 1950, we moved from camp to Fawcett and lived across the river with Cecil's Mom and Dad until we built our own shack on our homestead. Cecil worked wherever he could around the Fawcett area, sawing lumber for this farmer and breaking land for ourselves. Then he bought a brand new WD9 I.H.C. Tractor that fall and a mill. He went to saw lumber for Cecil Ross in Spurfield timber using his new tractor for means of power. Mr. Junck from Grosmont did the logging and I cooked for the camp.

The spring of 1951, we went back to our homestead. We had some crop that year, a few chickens, some pigs and a couple of cows. We had some very good neighbors there, the Fred Stedels and the Elmer Mattice's.

The fall of 1951, we got wealthy again and got a 1949 Monarch car. Then at break-up, we went back to Spurfield for Cecil Ross, only this time, we sawed with our mill and two I.H.C. tractors and Laurence Ellefson did the logging. Our very close friends, Bob and Myrtle Patterson and their boys, Hughie and Davy, were there with us. Bob used his horses to skid



Back row: Joan, Larry and Wade. Front row: Wendy and Jandy Schoenknecht.

all the logs onto the skidway. Myrtle kept her boys and our children well occupied and Ada Drader was my flunky. 1952 was quite a winter with our fourth child on the way. That spring of 1952, awhile before break-up, we went back to the homestead to put the crop in. One fine morning at 4:00 A.M. May 7, I woke Cecil up and said we'd better get up and go to Mom's (at Hondo), because I'll be going to the hospital anytime. We got to Mom's in time for breakfast and then left for Athabasca with Mom along. I stayed with my sister and Cecil, Mom and the kids went back home. At 1:30 A.M., my sister and I walked up the hill to the hospital and Lois was born about 11:00 A.M., May 8. When I was able to get out, I went to my sister's and Cecil, Mom and the kids came for me. The kids had to see the new baby and when Garry looked at her, he said, "Can't you take her back Mom, she is so homely".

We went back home again with our new baby and finished up the spring work. In July, we packed up again and headed for Burgoyne's camp in Stelters timber with Cecil's brother, Ed and his wife. They would log for half a day and saw for half a day. Iona and I did the cooking. We left camp to do our harvesting. We came back that winter and I started cooking but, one night when I went out to the meat house, I broke my arm when I slipped and fell. So there I was with a six month old baby and two other kids; Linda was with Mom, going to school at Hondo. So, back home for me so Grandma Gaywood could take care of the baby.

The spring of 1953 we went back to Fawcett to put the crop in our land and some rented land. In the fall, Cecil and I did all the grain, cutting quite a number of acres. Jeff Croswell and I stooked all the barley with pitch forks — and oh how tired we were. In September of 1953, Linda started school at Chain School; the teacher was Mr. O. Shea. She had four miles to go so we took turns with the neighbors driving the children to school. In November, we headed back to Stelter's camp. We left Linda with my Mom to go to school at Hondo, on Uncle Lloyd's school bus. Mr. C. C. Martin was her teacher. That winter we were further up in the Stelter timber and set up camp on a hill. Cecil, with his mill and tractor, sawed again and I helped Cecil's Mom in the cook house. We were lucky that winter as we had lots of company in camp: the George Weinrich family, Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Peggy. This made the time go by quickly. But before spring arrived, Cecil and his Mom and step-father had a little dispute so we left camp with our few measly dollars and came to Papa Gaywood's. The kids and I stayed there and Cecil went to Spurfield to saw timber, until spring. We finished out the summer back and forth from Hondo to Fawcett. Garry and

Linda started school in Fawcett, their teacher was Mrs. Stafford.

We moved to Hondo the fall of 1954 and rented the old Fred Croswell place which at one time belonged to Charlie Coy. We didn't have much to move; a few chickens and a few 45 gallon barrels of grain. That winter, Cecil moved his mill to a "Special of Timber", east of Spotted Horse Lake. Grandpa Croswell had the Special Permit. We did the sawing, Uncle Ernie Croswell and Jeff did the falling and Uncle Lloyd hauled the lumber to Edmonton. Bob Poyser who did the skidding, and his wife, Gladys lived in camp in a small trailer. The mill-hands were Joe Bintz, Marlo Sands, and Hawley Croswell. I did the cooking. Garry and Linda finished off the school year at Hondo, again on Uncle Lloyd's school bus.

The spring of 1955, we put crop in both Fawcett and Hondo and finished moving our cows up to Hondo. That winter, Cecil sawed in Spurfield and Mom went cooking with Aunt Teany at Rognes camp, at Kinuso. Fern stayed with me on the farm and we did the chores. We had some really lovely times at the Christmas parties for the school and the Ladies Club. Everyone was made welcome and each had to participate in the program. The main item was dear Annie Patterson, a very large woman and she had a recitation. The party was in our old house so Annie gets up at the far end of the front room and does the actions and all to her skit, being a maid. She says, "Dishes to the right of me — Dishes to the left of me" and so on; it was really laughable and the actions were so good. We all had fun and gave out gifts and candy bags. We drew tickets on our raffle, then served lunch. The school concerts were always good.

In the spring and summer of 1956, we farmed. For entertainment, we had ball games, big picnics and fishing trips. We picked lots of berries and planted big gardens. Cecil always went hunting in the fall to get his moose or deer. I'd sell a few eggs off and on to Mrs. Finstead or Mr. Alec Young and get a few groceries for them. We shipped a few cans of cream by train, then after awhile by Silverwoods truck which stopped at Uncle Lloyd's little Grocery Store and Gas Station at Hondo.

The winter of 1956, Cecil sawed at Spurfield and I stayed on the farm. The neighbors horses would all come and eat our hay so he told me to shoot at them with the shot-gun. When I heard them, I would get up in the night, put boots on and go out to the barnyard. I'd try to get as close as I could to them before shooting; then I'd rock and sway from the gun kick. The horses would leave and I would go back to bed. George Paul bought some of these horses for mink feed and he said they had so many pellets in them, you could hardly grind the meat.

That winter, Victor Beauchamp and Mel Miller took our mill and sawed some lumber for Carl Hall. In May of 1957, I went to Spurfield to cook; they planed lumber in the summer. Papa Gaywood kept Garry and sent him to school, and Bob and Myrtle Patterson kept Linda and Joan.

In the fall of 1957, Marlo Sands took our cattle on shares and we all moved to Spurfield. The children were bussed to Smith school. Mr. Jimmy Brazeau was the bus driver. There were quite a few friends and neighbors living there: Buster and Annie Overacker family, Effie and Stan Lee, Ecker family, Herb and Hazel Meyns family, Bert Thompson family, Bob and Myrtle Patterson family, the Twins family, and several of the Cardinal families. Mr. Skrenek was our boss and his wife Betty worked in the store; their boys were Jimmy and Ken. We all had houses and electricity supplied for \$3.00 a month. We did our farming in the spring break-up and on week-ends. Lois started school the fall of 1958.

During the years I worked in the cook house, some of my helpers were: my Mom, Mrs Overacker, Mrs. Eva Paul, Annie Ecker, Mrs. Mary Raessler, Mrs. Lang, Frances Owens, Shirley Willis, Doreen Ness, Yvonne Twin, Shirley Meyns, the Overackers girl helped also. The Bull cook was Jimmy Nolan for a number of years, then he got sick so Mr. Lang took his place. He looked after the horses and planted the garden which kept the cook house going. We made gallon jars of beet pickles and 20 gallon crocks and barrels of sauerkraut. We cut all our meat by hand; sliced the bacon by hand. It was nothing to fry from one to two slabs of bacon a morning, and anywhere from 120 to 150 eggs and a big bread pan of pancake batter or else eight to ten loaves of bread, toasted. We had lots of work and all done by the good old "hard way". Wages weren't all that great; \$125.00 per month, gradually up to \$225.00 for the cook, and \$100.00 to \$175.00 permonth for the flunky. We had lots of fun and a few good laughs. Especially one, when the night watchman, Mr. Ecker would eat all the cake and cookies in the middle of the night when he checked fires. So one day, Mr. Skrenek brought down a package of Ex-Lax and I iced up a chocolate cake with it. The next day when Mr. Ecker was cleaning up at the planer mill, he spent a lot of time, you know where.

Mr. Skrenek, Mr. Overacker and Cecil spent alot of their hunting seasons together and always seemed to get their moose. The area they hunted is now the Canfor timber berths.

During our stay in Spurfield in 1959, we bought the farm we now live on with the help of good Mr. Skrenek because our pennies were few. After we paid him back, we bought the ½ section south of us from

Mr. Bill Strach. It, at one time, belonged to Alec Young who built the log house which still stands there. Then we bought, from my brother-in-law, Jack Dillabough, the ½ section north of us which used to be Bill Johnson's farm. One quarter of this also belonged to a fellow by the name of "Little Joe". We got the power put in, in 1960.

We then bought a "Nelson Home Package", and with the help of our good neighbors, we got our basement put in. Cecil, my brother-in-law Doug Black, and Papa Gaywood erected the house. Cecil did all the wiring and plumbing, Mr. Harvey Dixon built our cupboards and Mr. Reddin from Athabasca dug in the water line and sewer. We moved in on May 28, 1964.

The first big occasion in our new house was daughter Linda's wedding. It was on May 8, 1965. She married Hans Strid who is a brother to my sister Fern's husband. Reverend Miles Goudy performed the ceremony in our front room. I prepared a hot meal and Aunt Betty and Mrs. Raessler served it, also in the front room, to about 37 friends and relatives. Cecil's Mom and step-father had attended and in July of 1965, she passed away. Linda and Hans lived in Edmonton and they had two children, Blake and Carol.

In the spring of 1966, Swanson Lumber Company bought out Spurfield and we worked for them until the lumber was all planed and then we moved back home.

In August of 1966, Mr. Fred Urchyshyn came and asked me if I would work for him that winter. So, Joan and I cooked at his camp across the Athabasca River, while Cecil stayed on the farm. I made the first trip out to camp around November with Herman Hoffman and Mike Pall, the long way around, by the Mitsue route. Mike Pall had always said he never hit the ditch, but coming home one weekend, he proved himself wrong. We had to wait for an oil truck to get a pull. After the ice bridge was frozen over, we used it for the rest of the year.

That winter, in February, Garry married Linda Lee from Smith. They now have four boys; Allen, Brian and the twins, Garry and Larry. They lived in our yard until 1983 when they moved ½ mile north onto the old Bill Johnson quarter. Garry drove truck for sometime, then he purchased his own in the spring of 1980. During the summer months he farms with Dad and hauls gravel, and in winter months, he hauls trees for Zeidler Forest Industries Ltd.

Joan married Larry Schoenknecht, a nephew of Mrs. Bob Patterson on April 29, 1967. They bought the old Dan Schmode farm ½ mile west of our place. Larry works at the gas plant for Gibson and they had a dairy farm but disposed of it in 1983. They have

three children, Wade, Wendy, and Jandi. Joan and Larry are very active with the Mennonite Church in the Hondo-Smith area.

Now, Garry and Joan's children are bussed to Smith school on Uncle Lloyd's bus, repeating a generation.

In August of 1976, I worked at the cook house at Chisholm gravel pit for Jim Stingley of Dales Construction. We were finished in October and I went cooking for Swanson's up in Strand's house for about 16 men.

The fall of 1967, I cooked at the new cook house in Chisholm for Fred Urchyshyn. The sawmill ran a double shift so Mom Gaywood cooked for the night shift crew. Over the years, we worked a double shift, off and on, and some of the night cooks were Mom, daughters Lois and Joan, Vera Osis, Margaret Pukanich and Barb Romaniuk and of course our good old bull cook, Stanley Sloan. In 1972 and 1973, I wasn't able to work and Mr. and Mrs. Dahl cooked here.

The winter of 1969-70, Cecil worked across the Pembina River in Flatbush for Burgoyne and Burchett. He fell the trees and Garry had an edger and tractor. The next two years, 1970-72, Cecil worked at Wabasca for Mr. Tripp of North American Stud Company. He was the manager at the mill and had all native people working with him.

The summer of 1968, Lois cooked for Dales Construction in Chisholm with her great Aunt Tillie. She then took a hairdresser course in 1969 in Edmonton with the money she had earned. She boarded with daughter Linda at the time. The end of May, 1970, she married Dwayne McLeod from Smith. They have made their home in Edmonton and have two boys, Dayne and Mark. Lois works at a Beauty Salon and Dwayne is presently in Ceramic tiling. He also has a gravel truck, which he works during summer months.

For the last ten years or so I have worked for Wayne Urchyshyn in the cookhouse in Chisholm, about three or four months each year. A couple of these years, we ran a double shift at the cookhouse, which made a season longer. During this period, Cecil has stayed at the farm, building it up, accumulating new machinery, and caring for the livestock.

Howard and Jane King

After logging for many years we decided we would like to try farming. Howard was away from home so much when involved in the logging business, maybe farming would be something we could do as a family and be together.

Prices were too high to consider farming in the States. We had seen some advertisements in papers about Alberta, which sounded interesting. Should we try it?

Some of our relatives and friends weren't too excited about our adventure — moving to a far-away place in a cold climate. Howard's brother didn't want anything to do with our move, so didn't offer any assistance in helping load a box car on the train, to haul our belongings.

Leaving the State of Oregon December 26, 1956, was a day with mixed feelings and sadness.

When we arrived at Smith they were having a chinook, so it didn't seem all that cold, but we soon found out what 30 below zero felt like.



Ray, Doris, Lavon, Joan, Anne, Jane and Howard King.

Due to a railroad strike our belongings were held up in Edmonton for three weeks. During that time the W. R. Yoders opened their home to us foreigners. After our box car arrived in Hondo, we soon were able to unload and set up house keeping.

There were many things we needed to learn in a cold, cold country.

We did feel it was quite primitive, moving into an area without electricity. Our house had no plumbing, phone, lights, water or drain. Carrying water in and out was a task. It seemed the drain bucket was always full!

Using kerosene and gas lamps, sad iron, gas motor on the washing machine and heating water on the stove was a big adjustment for us.

How well I remember when I was gassed, due to the exhaust on the washing machine coming loose from the outside vent.

We also needed to draw water from a well with a rope and bucket. On hot summer days the well served as a cooler by setting a jar of milk in the bucket and letting it down part way in the well.

We had been used to daily mail service. There was no mail service. We did try to get to Hondo at least twice a week for our mail, unless a neighbor would bring it for us, which they did occasionally.

Serving tea anytime of day was another adjustment, which the community people did so generously.

There were times our four little girls ages eight to two, became lonely for their grandparents and cousins. They kind of adopted the W. R. Yoders for such.

One time Howard brought a big collie dog home and he seemed to get along quite well with the family. One day, Doris, age five, was outside alone. The dog jumped up on her and started biting her quite severely, tearing her lip in two, leaving a wide gash on her nose and another rip on her chin which took ten stitches. Of course, it was 54 miles to a doctor. She still has the scars.

We had Sunday School and church service in a little church, Sunday afternoons. The little church was located on the corner of our place.

There were times we used the tractor for transportation due to muddy roads, because of rains or spring break-up. There was no gravel on the roads.

Farming was hard, especially at hay making time. Loading and stacking was all done by hand. A change was made when we purchased a pull type combine to use instead of a threshing machine and crew.

Winters provided more leisure time and was enjoyable. We would read a book aloud to our family, sing together, visit neighbours and carol at Christmas time.

How well I remember our first winter. Howard was the only man at home in the community. Others were away working in lumber camps. There were times he needed to take neighbours to the doctor, day or night. We were glad to help where needed.

Moose meat was plentiful, and sometimes bear! We did enjoy the moose meat, but bear was a different story for me.

We enjoyed the lovely moonlight evenings, especially when the ground was covered with a blanket of lovely white snow.

Hearing the coyotes yipping at night, gave one a shivery feeling and yet were enjoyable to hear.

In the spring time we enjoyed the new little calves frisking about.

There are many pleasant memories of our stay in Hondo.

Editor: The Kings moved back to Oregon in the early seventies. They still contact their many friends in the Smith-Hondo area.

The Oscar Nock Family **by Inga McPherson**

Oscar Nock came to Canada at the age of seventeen. He was the only son of a Church of England minister. He had a very strong adventuresome spirit. His father sent him to Canada to find adventure and a future here.

He came to the Athabasca area in 1920. There he bought a team of horses and a sleigh. In the winters of 1920 and '21 he freighted machinery by team up the Athabasca River, and the Slave River, then across Lesser Slave Lake to Grouard for farther north.

After this, he took a homestead in the Grosmont area, and married his wife Lottie, in 1925. She soon died on the operating table in the Athabasca hospital during an appendectomy. Later he married Mrs. Norah McPherson who had a small son, Donald.



Oscar and Norah Nock on their homestead.

Oscar had borrowed money to buy machinery for his now prospering farm when the depression hit. He had a good crop of wheat with which he had intended to pay his debts. When wheat dropped to 25 cents per bushel he couldn't make his payments, so he lost his machinery and farm.

In 1932 he took another homestead in the Forest View area near Hondo. He moved to his new home by team and wagon with his family, a cow, and a few belongings. There, he built a log house with a sod roof and started again. His wife, Norah, always had a

big garden and the shack was covered and surrounded by vines and flowers.

In 1949 Oscar took sick suddenly and soon died. He was buried in the Hondo Cemetery. His wife stayed on the farm for a while and then sold the homestead to the Frank Nipshank family. Nipshank's kept it for about three years before selling it to Ernie Heinz, who still lives there.

Meanwhile Norah had a house built on the corner of Joe Beecroft's farm. She lived there for a couple of years and then she married Halvar Paulson from near the town of Hondo. While in Hondo, Norah always took an active interest in the Forest View Ladies' Club and many local events. In 1952 she moved to Beaverlodge, Alberta, where she worked as a housekeeper for a farm family. She had a house built in the town of Beaverlodge, but still worked at the farm for over twenty years.

In 1980 she moved to the Hythe Senior Citizen's Lodge where she is still very active and in good health despite her age of 93 years.

Her son, Donald, married Inga Strach from Flatbush in 1949 and homesteaded there. They raised seven children. Donald and his family still farm there and raise Shorthorn and Angus cattle, keeping from 100-170 head.

Bill Patterson (Andrew William Patterson) as told to Hugh Patterson

Bill was born to John and Frances Patterson in 1899, the third of a family of seven (see writing under Bob Patterson), and had much the same childhood as Bob. Because Bill was older, he did not have the opportunity to attend school very much. As a result Bill never did learn to read or write, but he still was a smart little tyke.



Annie and Bill Patterson, 1946.

Bill left home when he was 17 and went to work on a farm for a neighbor. About mid-summer the neighbor sold out, so Bill moved on and worked the rest of that summer for another farmer. That fall he decided to go to work in the bush, so he went to the Edson area and got a job hauling ties to the railroad. The following summer he returned to Wainright and went to the farm where he had first worked and hired on with the new owner. He remained working for this guy for about two and a half years. Then he rented the three quarters of land and farmed it for about two years. The farm again was sold. From here Bill went to work on a large sheep and cattle ranch in the area. Then in 1927, he got the call of adventure, so he, brother Bob, and two other fellows, set out for the north. They trekked across country to Athabasca, since this was the only trail to the north country in those days. Athabasca or Athabasca Landing, as it was known then, was pretty well developed by this time. It was one of the major stopping points for the big boats that hauled up and down the Athabasca River for the Hudson Bay Company and others.

From Athabasca they took a trail heading west from town, getting stuck in the mud several times and hearing many a story from others who had tried the trail. By the time they reached Lawrence Lake, which was basically the end of the so called trail, they had gotten discouraged and decided to return to Wainright.



August and Jennie Weinrich.

That winter Bill was to marry a girl from the Irma area, Miss Ann McLean. On December 2, 1927, the knot was tied. The following spring he bought his very own farm north of Irma and farmed there until the call of adventure hit him once again. In the fall of 1931, Bill, Bob, and a neighbor by the name of

August Weinrich, set out again for Athabasca. From there they headed north across the river up into the Calling Lake area in search of suitable homesteads. They found that all of the suitable homesteads that had been surveyed had already been taken, so they returned home to Irma.

In the fall of 1932 Bill and August set out again for the Peace River area, only this time they sold their farms in Irma so there would be no turning back. Bill bought an old Chrysler car, loaded up his wife, Annie and a few personal belongings; picked up August, his wife Jenny and four of their children: George, Anna, Dorothy and William; threw in what bedding, clothing and food they could fit in and headed north to Athabasca.

While in Athabasca, they met with a guy by the name of Charlie Severeid and told him they were heading to the Peace River Country in search of a homestead. Charlie told them of all the wonderful homesteads in the area where he lived. (Charlie lived in the Forsest View Area on the NE5 70 26 W4 where Marlo Sands now lives).

Convinced, they set out for Forest View and spent the night with Charlie and his wife. The following morning they walked about in search of a place to call their home. They decided they would take adjoining quarters, the east $\frac{1}{2}$ 34 69 26 W4. Jenny took the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 34 69 26 W4 and Annie took the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 35 69 26 W4. (This was 1932 and they became some of the last homesteaders in the area.) Others such as Fred Gaywood, Carl Sandstrom, Ben Klassen, Tom Pizzey, and Mark Berry were already homesteading in the area and became very good neighbors.

They stayed with Severeid's while they put up a shack on August's homestead, a shack made of pine logs with poles and dirt for a roof and a dirt floor. After about three weeks of hard work, long days, a lot of sweat, and with the help of Severeid's team, Bill, Annie, August, Jenny, and the children moved into their brand new home. It was a little crowded as it was only about 16' $\times$ 20', but they made out the best they could.

By spring, they had gotten out enough logs to build another shack on Bill's homestead. Charlie had a small mill, so they hauled a few logs over to his place to saw, in order to get enough lumber for the roof and floor. Tar paper was to add the finishing touches to the roof, and along with some mud to chink the logs, Bill's new home was ready to be occupied.

Tom Pizzey, who lived on the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ 4 70 26 W4, had a shingle mill so the following summer Bill and August took out enough logs to make shingles for both their homes.



Bill and Jenny (Weinrich) Patterson.

Now that they had a roof over their heads it was time to take up the task of clearing land, in order to prove up their homestead and receive the title for the land. Homesteading requirements stated that in order to get your title you had to have thirty acres broken in three years and you had to live there six months of the year. Few people ever proved up in the three years, as it was more work than there was time for.

By the 1930's the land was all covered with a very thick growth of small poplars and older willow. There was also a lot of old large pine trees laying on the ground. They were about two or three feet in diameter, and rotted about six or eight inches in, with the center of the tree about half petrified and too wet to burn.

The country side had all been destroyed by fire, I would guess, about 1905 or before. The information received from the Department of Natural Resources revealed the land was surveyed about 1910 and at that time it was all covered with a growth of light poplar and fire killed pine.

In order to clear the land the poplar and alder was cut with an axe and lots of sweat, then piled in order to burn. (Nowadays most of it would just be plowed under and left to rot.) The big pine trees had to be cut in short lengths and stood on end in order to dry out enough to burn. With the ground being covered with thick bush, it seldom got dry enough to even grow a decent garden. Also there was a lot more rain and much harder rainstorms, than we get now-a-days. The bush was thick enough in places that the sun never hit the ground except in winter and the wind had very little effect on the ground moisture, thus making clearing, or even transportation, very difficult in some places.

By 1933, Bill had managed to clear about fifteen acres and he hired Marceau Chapotelle to come out

from Hondo with a 15-30 Case tractor to break it for him. He made a very good job of breaking except for where he had to go around a few rocks that were too big to be pulled out.

In the spring of 1934 Harvey Beauchamp, who had come up from Vimy with some horses and a bit of machinery and who, at that time, was living on Ben Klassen's place, rented the land from Bill and put in the first crop. Bill got the seed wheat on loan from the government. The wheat was shipped from Peace River to Smith on the railroad. Bill was to pay it back in the fall. The first crop turned out to be a complete failure as the grain never headed out.

The following spring Bill put in his own crop with the use of horses and machinery that he borrowed from Fred Gaywood and Mark (Shorty) Berry. He helped them out whenever they needed it. It turned out to be a very poor crop, so Bill mowed it off and stacked it for feed.

The following spring Tom Pizzey took over Bill's land on a share basis and Bill was to supply the seed. When Bill went to Smith to pick up the seed wheat on government loan again, the agent wanted some collateral as Bill had not yet paid back his last loan. The agent asked Bill what had happened to the last crop. Bill told him that it did not turn out too good so he mowed it off and fed it up. The agent asked, "What to?", and Bill replied, "to the horses." At this point the agent thought Bill was stringing him a line, as he knew that Bill did not have any horses. After he was told that Bill had used Shorty's and Fred's horses and that the horse had to be fed, he understood a little better.

That year he had a pretty fair crop, that was cut by Dick Pizzey, and was later threshed by Dick and Bill Holden. Bill hauled his share of the grain to Smith to the government agent, who was to take half to pay against the seed loan. He was to pay Bill cash for the other half so he would be able to buy the few things that he needed such as flour, sugar, salt, matches, or what ever. Since Bill had not paid anything towards the first seed loan he had taken, the agent took all the grain against the two loans which left Bill kind of heartbroken. Upon returning to Hondo he stopped at Ole Finstads, who owned the local store and post office. Bill was telling Ole about not being able to pay Ole what he had charged up, because of what had happened in Smith, so Ole went to Smith to talk the agent out of being so harsh. However, the agent told him he was too late, as the deal had already been finalized. If it were not for people helping people it would have been impossible for most to make a go of it.

That winter Bob, who had been working out, bought a team of horses down around Holden and

had them brought to Edmonton. One day when Orval Hayes was in Edmonton, Bob got him to haul the team up to Bill's. Bill bought an old walking plow and some harrows and was all set to do his own farming. He still had to hire a drill and someone to take the crop off but was on his way to prosperity. He farmed with the help of neighbors, until Bob moved to Forest View in 1946. Then he and Bob farmed together. (See writing under Bob Patterson).

In the early years they did get some relief from the government, but not much, as the government did not have much either. One winter Bill and Annie got \$4.00 a month relief. They worked off the relief money the next summer, clearing brush for the Edmonton-Mirror Landing Trail, later known as the Chisholm Trail or later as Highway 44. For this they got \$2.00 a day.

Bill also went out to harvest a couple of times. Once to Daysland with Ed Pizzey and once with Fred Gaywood to Innisfail. If he was lucky he might make about \$40.00 for his two or three months work. This forty dollars would be spread pretty thin by the time anymore money was to be had.

In 1938 Bill applied to prove up his homestead so an inspector came out. He had no real trouble proving up even though he had only twenty-five acres broke, instead of the required thirty, for he was able to use his buildings and fences. The inspector did, however, hassle him over some overdue taxes. However, when Bill explained to him that he didn't even have a road, the inspector dropped the issue.

Bill and Annie made many a meal out of straight berries in the early years. Often the ground was too wet to grow a garden and game in the early years was not that plentiful or easy to spot. They walked to Hondo, which was nine and one half miles away, many times, and carried a hundred pounds of flour or sugar home on their backs. They also walked to Hondo many times for a dance, danced all night, then walked home again. The story is told of one time Annie had sprained her ankle and was hobbling around on crutches. When they decided to go to Hondo for a dance, she set out on her crutches. Along the way someone spotted her and offered her a ride because they felt so sorry for her. Upon reaching the dance, she threw her crutches away and danced all night.

Another time Bill was walking to town when the preacher caught up to him and offered him a ride, providing he would attend church on Sunday. Bill said, "No thank you," and walked off. So the preacher said, "Come on, I'll give you a ride anyway."

The story is told of one time when Bill, Annie, Bob and Myrtle were picking berries about a mile

north of Bill's place, when Annie slipped and sprained her ankle badly enough that she could not walk on it. She was a very big woman so the men could not carry her nor could she hop home. They had to go home, get an axe, and clear her a trail so that she could crawl home on her hands and knees.

In 1946, Bob and Myrtle moved up to Forest View and Bob and Bill decided to farm together. In 1947 Bill moved next door to Shorty (Mark) Berry's place as Shorty was getting up in years and needed some caring for. Shorty had bought the shack that Bob had built in the pines and moved it up to his place. Later, Bill built an addition on to it. It still stands at Don Strid's, although it is getting a little shabby. I remember one time when Arthur Dixon came out to baptize Shorty, and I, being just a little kid, wondered how a bunch of people could just stand and watch Arthur Dixon drown an old man in a horse trough. Shorty passed away in the fifties, and is buried in the cemetery at Hondo.

Bill and Annie later went down to Drumheller and moved Annie's stepfather up to live with them. George Arnold lived with them only a few years then he passed away. He is buried at Hondo.

Bill used to have a 1946 Dodge truck which I took many a ride in, some times as far away as Westlock. It took all day to make the trip, because Annie, weighing as much as 385 pounds would cause the truck to steer fairly hard, so Bill always drove very slowly and carefully.

We were all very saddened in February 1961, when Annie passed away. Bill became a lost soul, almost giving up. He spent the first winter living with us and returned home in the spring. His brother-in-law Johnny McLean came up and spent a couple of years with him but they were growing tired of each other, so Johnny moved on. Later, Bill moved into a little shack across from August Weinrich's house and if not for the support from Weinrich's would have given up.

About 1967, Bill sold his farm to Don and Fern Strid. He married the widowed Jenny Weinrich in 1969 and moved to Westlock, where they bought a house and are sharing their retirement years happily together.

David Patterson

written by Hugh Patterson

David Patterson, the oldest son of Bob and Myrtle Patterson, was born in Edmonton in December, 1945, and was raised in the Forest View area. He attended school in Hondo and Smith to Grade 11 then went to Athabasca for grade 12. From there, he went on to university for a couple of years.

He has worked at various jobs including marking

grade nine departmental exams, working for the Research Council with Bob Patterson, at a service station, on delivery service, doing Income tax and upon completion of a correspondence course, he is now a freelance accountant doing income tax, bookkeeping and accounting. He opened an office in Edmonton this fall, 1983, under the name Big Red since he is red-headed.

He makes his home with his mother and dad, is not married but has lady friends.

He is very active in such things as square dancing, round dancing, volleyball, baseball, a singles' club and a clean air club.

Hugh A. Patterson

by Hugh Patterson

I, Hugh, the youngest son of Bob and Myrtle Patterson, was born March 5, 1947, in Edmonton. I was taken into the Forest View area about five days later and remained there until I was about seventeen. At that time I couldn't wait to get out of the bush and into the big real world, but I wasn't away too many years until I would have given anything to return to the life I knew and loved.

Following is a list of special memories of mine, which all have a story to tell and I am sure each and everyone of you could tell your own story about each subject that I mention. These are some of the many things that helped to shape me into the person I am today.



Hugh and Elaine Patterson with Wayne, Bradley and Chad.

Crawling around on board floors
 Playing in the mud holes — losing rubbers
 How the farm animals were part of the family
 Raising and caring for pets
 The losing of pets
 The chores associated with farm animals
 Hearing the old log house crack on a cold winter
 night
 The smell of fresh baking
 The smell of wood drying in the oven
 The smell of the smoke from fires
 The smell of snow melting on the cook stove for
 bathing or washing clothes
 The sound of the gas lamp
 The sound of the clock
 The sound of the old drycell radio crackling
 Banging my shins on the oven door or coal pail
 The cold winter mornings when the fire had gone
 out
 Breaking ice on the water pail in order to get water
 to wash in
 All those funny clothes we had to wear
 Being taught to take care of clothes, shoes, etc.
 The joy of someone giving me something
 Seeing my first bear
 Being so frightened by the sound of thunder
 Getting anything new
 Getting Christmas presents from relatives
 Staying over night away from home
 The Eaton's catalogue or Free Press in the outhouse
 The sound of the horse's hooves on the frozen
 snow
 Riding to town in the wagon box cuddled around
 heated rocks watching the sky go by
 The keeping of meat in a brine barrel or in a pile of
 grain
 Butchering animals
 The happiness and joy radiated by the birds or
 chipmunks
 The joys of seeing a full moon
 The joy of a winter chinook
 Helping my mother with washing, baking, etc.
 The picking of weeds in the garden
 Canning time on the farm
 Having the neighbors over for a visit
 Going to dances and hearing real live music
 Helping mother make quilts or ironing clothes
 The annual picnics
 The ladies' clubs
 The Sunday ball games
 The Saturday night house parties
 The death of some one close
 The early days of harvest
 The annual wood cutting and hauling
 Going from place to place to buck wood up

The terrible roads in the area
 All the mosquitoes
 The daily chores of home
 Drawing water from the well
 Falling through the frozen ponds
 The toys we had and those we didn't
 My first encounter with the dentist or doctor
 My early days at Bible School
 The learning about the Bible
 My first days of school
 The many teachers I had over the years
 My first ever real trip
 The wind singing as it blew through the chicken
 wire on the ball diamond backstop
 Trips to Westlock and having lunch along the
 roadside
 Sliding on the sawdust piles
 Skating on the river
 The many childhood diseases
 The many times I got hurt because I did not listen
 to good advice
 The pain, sorrow, agony and grief of life
 The people that cared about me
 All the great people I came to know
 The precious moments spent with friends
 My first car
 My first job
 My first love
 Upon leaving Forest View I went out to work in
 different places and eventually wound up in Edmon-
 ton where I still work.
 On January 3, 1969, I married the oldest daughter
 of Armand and Noma Beauchamp, Elaine.
 Elaine and I have three fine sons; Wayne, Bradley
 and Chad, and reside on an acreage just south of
 Westlock.
 We both still have many good friends at Hondo
 and Forest View and area and we try to make it back
 as often as we can. We love you all.

Robert John Patterson **by Hugh Patterson**

Bob was born in Kinmont, Haliburton County,
 Ontario into a family of seven and losing his mother
 at birth he got off to a bad start. His father was not
 present when he was born as he had come out west in
 search of a homestead. He had chosen his homestead
 in the Wainright area of Alberta and upon filing on
 his homestead he returned to Ontario to bring his
 young family west. When he got back he learned of
 the death of his wife but determined to be a pioneer,
 decided to come west anyway.

In the spring of 1907 the family came by train
 from Ontario to Mannville, Alberta and then across



Bob, Myrtle and Davie Patterson, 1946.

country to Denwood near Wainright. There they stayed with their grandparents until such time as they were able to move into their new home.

Bob had a sister that was 13 years older than he was and on the passing of his mother he was cared for by his sister with a little help from Grandma, who did not live that close.

When Bob was two his dad married a local girl who became his stepmother.

Bob was more fortunate than most of his brothers and sisters as by the time he was of school age there were schools within walking distance (as far as six miles) and he was able to attend school when he wasn't needed at home to work.

In those days there wasn't a lot of time for playing like children have now because times were fairly hard. It was believed that if you could walk there was no reason you couldn't help do your share on the farm, so each child had his job or chores assigned to him.

Bob was usually up at the crack of dawn to milk cows, feed pigs, and clean the barns, before he could go to school every day. After school he wouldn't dare stop along the way home to watch a bird or play with frogs, etc. as he was expected home to work. If he didn't come promptly he would get a reminder for the next time and it is for sure there would not be a next time.

You could well imagine what school was like because after doing their morning chores they did not change clothes so they would be clean for school as there were no clothes to change to. A parent never heard "I want to wear this", or, "I want to wear that."

Bob stuck it out at home until he was about seventeen. He still had one sister at home whom he felt he should stay home and take a few beatings for. As soon as she left so did he.

When he left home he went to work for his brother Bill for a short while then moved on to work on a sheep ranch. After a couple years of being a shepherd it was time to move on so he then went to work for another brother, Art. Then it was time to hit the rails, so he became a hobo for that winter. He took many a cold dirty ride on the coal tankers as he moved about British Columbia in search of employment, but his search was all in vain. In the spring he returned to Irma, Alberta, to work for another farmer.

In those days, there were lots of hobos and the railroad cops didn't take too kindly to people taking a free ride, so if anyone was caught they would surely do some time. Therefore, you would bail off onto the gravel or into a bush about a mile before you got to town. The bailing off wasn't of any great significance, but some of the landings surely were. Bob did manage to survive without any broken bones, just a few bruises and a lot of memories. He also did spend a couple of nights in the cells for getting caught. The railroad was not too particular in the building of landing pads and in some places it would be safer to do time than to chance jumping.

After working for the farmer in Irma he went to stay with his brother Bill again, who, by this time, had a farm north of Irma. They spend most of the winter making moonshine but did not turn up any gold mines as by the time the moonshine was ready for consumption they had accumulated too many friends.



Bob, Myrtle, Hugh and Dave Patterson, 1982.

In the spring of 1929 Bob went to work for a chap by the name of Dave Glasgow, who had a farm just south of the town of Irma. It was here that he saw something that he thought should be his, so he patiently went through the period of yearning until he was ready to make his move.

It was here that he met Miss Myrtle Glasgow whom, after a three year courtship, became his blushing bride. Bob worked off and on for Myrtle's dad for about three years. In 1931, he, brother Bill, and August Weinrich got the call of adventure and headed across country to Athabasca, heading north from there into the Calling Lake area in search of a homestead. They found that all the suitable farmland that had been surveyed was already taken, so the boys decided to return home to Irma.

It was on October 20, 1932, that Bob said, "I do," and he and Myrtle became one. From this point on, whatever happened to Bob's life happened in Myrtle's too.

The start of history for Bob and Myrtle was 1933 in the Forest View Area. They did not realize it at the time, because it was during that summer that they ventured into the Forest View Area to visit Bill and August who had by that time taken up homesteads in the area. (**See Bill Patterson Story**). It was on this visit that their mind started to yearn.

In the spring of 1934 they returned to Forest View to take up a homestead of their own where they would live in happiness on (NE 23-69-26-W4). Here they built a log cabin and cleared a bit of land. With fall fast approaching, no food stored up, and no money to be found, they decided to return to Wainright and work for yet another of Bob's relatives. They cleared land all winter for a mere \$15.00 a month and room and board. (Bob's homestead was about 2 miles south and 1½ miles east of where Billy Weinrich now lives.)

In 1935 they decided to give up their homestead as it was not as suitable as they had hoped for. So they took to the rails again and worked wherever they could. Myrtle often grabbed the axe and worked alongside the men or did whatever had to be done.

In 1936 they returned to Forest View and squatted on SW 2-70-26-W4, which is about one mile north and one mile east of Bill's. They waited for the previous homesteader (unknown) to give up his homestead so they could file on it. Incidentally this quarter was cornering Bill's quarter. Anyway before the homestead was given up, the Alberta government had shut down homesteading for that area.

While they were squatting on this quarter they moved their log cabin from their previous homestead and rebuilt it. They dug a well and were all prepared to make this their new home. Anyway, they lived

there for one summer and about four winters and made this home when no work could be found.

They existed on berries, garden supplies from Bill's, and had biscuits which were made from flour carried from Hondo on their backs, as this was their only means of transportation. Even horse trails, or horses for that matter, were scarce.

They left their cabin in the pines in 1940 and moved to Edmonton where Bob worked for Burns Packing Plant until 1946. Once again they returned to Forest View where they bought Tom Pizzey's homestead (SE 4-70-26-W4) for the total sum of \$500.00. It was here they spent the best years of their lives.

In the early years they were classed as mixed farmers but after having some bad luck with cattle they became what is now known as the hobby farmer. They were forced to work out in the winters in order to raise enough money to raise a family and upgrade their farm.

Bob spent a couple winters working for Andy Ellefson in such places as Calling Lake and east of Art Dixon's place at Otter Creek. He also spent many winters, and in the latter years even a few summers, working for CR Ross Lbr. Company of Spurfield. He worked there until he had a wagon load of lumber fall on him, crippling him up pretty badly.

Every fall they would hire someone to move them up to the lumber camp. They usually moved a cook stove, heater, lamp, clothes line, washing machine, tub, axe, swede saw, shovel, beds, potatoes, canned vegetables, and enough clothing to keep them warm for the winter. They didn't want to take too much as the shacks that were usually for rent were only about 14' x 16'. If they were lucky there might even be a cross partition. If not a piece of wire was strung across the room and blankets were hung in order to obtain a little privacy.

In the lumber mills Bob usually ran what was known as a "bicycle saw" consisting of a large blade out front which was turned by a gas motor mounted on a frame similar to our garden tiller only with bicycle wheels.

Only you can imagine what it was like pushing a thing like this around a log decking yard, over limbs, bark, and ice in order to buck up the trees short enough so they could be sawn. Incidentally this saw was made all of iron and the winters were much colder then, so it was kind of a thankless job.

In the later winters at Spurfield Bob operated what was known as the suicide saw, which consisted of a large overhead circular saw that he would pull down in order to buck up the trees as they came up a chain conveyer.

The last winter Bob worked at Spurfield, which was 1963-64, he received the highest wage he had

ever received. This was one whole dollar per hour, which made a monthly salary of \$216.00 gross.

When Bob and Myrtle first started farming in the Forest View area in 1946 they just had a few acres which they farmed with a 15-30 Case, steel-wheeled tractor and some older horse machinery. In 1947 Bill (Bob's brother) moved up to SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 4-70-26-4 and he and Bob started farming together. They did some of the field work with horses and some with the old tractor. In 1952 they bought a brand new rubber tired 44 Massey tractor, about a three plow unit, and a six inch one way with seed box, which made farming seem like heaven. It was quite a change from farming with the old 15-30 or horses and oxen as Bob was used to in his earlier days of farming.

Since money was in short supply and farming was not all that profitable in those days, and more machinery was needed, Bob and Bill went into partnership with Fred Gaywood and Billy Weinrich. They bought a brand new 8' John Deere disc; a new 8' John Deere power binder was also added to the line of machinery which sure added to the enjoyment of farming. In order to complete their farming in a suitable manner they decided they should have their own threshing machine, but could not readily afford such, so they went into yet another partnership with Joe and Bob Beecroft and Earl Drader in order to purchase a new 28" Case threshing machine. This along with a set of harrows, an old three bottom plow, and a wooden float made up a full line of farm machinery.

I think if they were to farm with the big machinery that is used in today's farming operations, they would surely start chewing their finger nails as they would not know what to do with all their spare time.

With all this machinery and not that much land, as Bob only had about 60 acres broke on his quarter and Bill only had about 100 acres on his two quarters, they decided they should rent land in order to pay for this machinery. They rented three quarters from Ole Finstad, two quarters from Sam Beecroft, and two quarters from Bill Strach which made up about 700 acres in all.

With this much land and with the amount and size of machinery they had, this meant a lot of 20 hour days in order to get the crop in or off, and many a hard day spent stooking or picking rocks.

In those days renting land was not that good, as all the land they rented was a few miles from home and they would have to spend a lot of time repairing roads in order to move the machinery from place to place.

It was not until the late 1950's that there were any roads built in the area. Before that, there were trails hardly even wide enough to pull an eight foot binder

down. Without cutting a lot of bush along the way or filling quite a few holes, the table could be pulled off or dragged on the ground.

In the fall of the year they would go from place to place threshing and it didn't make much sense to go home at night even though the furthest distance was only about 5 miles. With no automobiles and the fact that the horses were tired from hauling bundles all day, it would mean quite a fair jaunt morning and night, so a small bunk house was built for the men to sleep in. The food was supplied at the place where they were working. Bob's eyes still light up when you mention such things as a field being dotted with stooks, horses and bundle racks going to and fro, or the early morning coffee breaks when lunch was served out in the open field by the ladies.

Bob and Myrtle were both fairly active in their community. They were involved in such things as the cemetery club, ladies club, annual picnics, and Sunday ball games which were usually held at our place; the "Bat for Hondo" club. They seldom ever missed a good old Saturday night house party. They also served as school trustees and returning officers during elections. At election time, when it came time to get the names for the elector's roll, it took a fair amount of time because they did not own a vehicle until 1964. They would have to use the tractor to travel with, even out to Ranch.

If ever they wanted to go any great distance such as to Athabasca or Westlock or wherever, they would either catch a ride with someone or hire someone to take them. This was not all that easy as they seldom went anywhere without their children.

After Bob got hurt, as previously mentioned, they spent most of the summers on the farm and the winters in Edmonton where Bob worked at various jobs such as saw sharpening. He also worked for the Research Council which meant he would go all over the north and central part of the province testing ice on the various rivers.

He also spent a couple of summers up at Hondo as flagman on the highway and one summer at Drayton Valley flagging on a bridge job.

In 1969 they sold their farm (I think the sorriest day of their lives) to Don Strid and made Edmonton their official home. Bob continued working winters for the Research Council and summers working for me or with me on weekends at various jobs until 1976 when he supposedly retired to enjoy life and TV and their grandchildren and friends. In 1977 I bought an acreage in the Westlock area and Bob became my right hand man on weekends or whenever I was home. He did not officially retire from work until 1980 when it was discovered he had contracted cancer of the prostate gland. After two operations and

seven weeks of agonizing radiation treatments, he had to quit all forms of work, thereby losing most of his enjoyment of life. By the summer of 1983 he was starting to pick up a bit and learning to enjoy some of the finer things in life when suddenly, on August 31, 1983, he lost his wife, his partner of 51 years, which made him almost give up on life. At the time of this writing, January, 1984, he would much sooner give up.

Bob and Myrtle had four sons, two of which died in the early years. He enjoys the other two: David of Edmonton and Hugh of Pickardville and their families.

William and Margaret Pizzeby by Cecil Pizzeby and Peggy (Pizzeby) Cox

William T. Pizzeby left Foxwarren, Manitoba in late fall of 1923 and settled on the George Falloon farm, two and a half miles north of Daysland. They had a family of six boys and three girls. Ed, the oldest remained in Foxwarren and came to Daysland in 1925 and bought a farm southwest of Daysland. The other children were Tom, Alf, Peg, Dick, Bill, Lillian, Cec, and Emily.



Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pizzeby Sr.

Dad and some of the boys and Tom Scott travelled from Manitoba in the stock car on the train, with the horses, cattle and our old dog. Mom and the rest of us, with Mrs. Scott and Ellen, came on the passenger train a few days later.

Dad farmed at Daysland and ran the threshing machine for Mr. Carbee until the spring of 1929. The



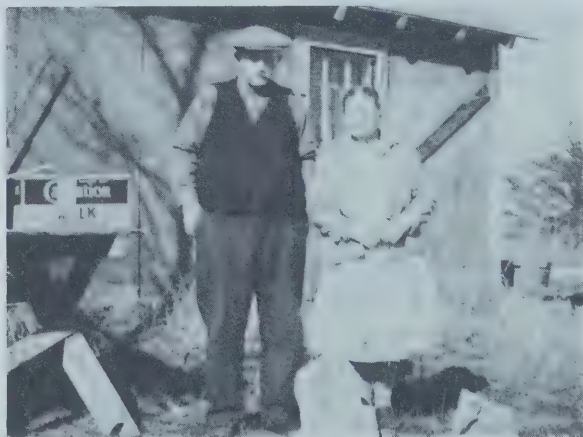
Margaret, Emily and Will Pizzeby.

family then moved to Grosmont, Alberta on a rented farm for two years. In the meantime, Dad took a homestead at Hondo, Alberta and built a log house, barns, etc. We moved there in December 1931.

Dad was instrumental in establishing and building the Forest View School shortly after we moved there. Charlie Severied sawed the lumber. Norris and Cecil as boys, hauled the logs to the mill and helped nail up the lumber. Dad was also involved in getting a nurse for Hondo and building her residence. It was here that Nurse Drummond Hay, lived and practiced for many years.

Dad was also called the country vet, back at Daysland and Hondo. He was called to attend sick cows and horses at all hours of the day and night. He was noted for his love and care of animals, especially horses. He had some beautiful stallions.

Mom was the busy mother and housewife. She was never too busy to stop and make a cup of tea and chat with anyone who dropped in, which was often.



Margaret (Pizzeby) Woods and Albert Woods.

The family grew up, married and moved away to various parts of Alberta and B.C. Due to poor health, Dad and Mom moved to Ladysmith B.C. where Dad passed away. Mom returned to Hondo and later married Albert Woods. They moved to Bawlf, Alberta where they spent the remainder of their lives. There is only the two of us left now, Cecil lives in Enderby B.C. and Peggy lives in Creston B.C.

Martha and Cecil Pizzeby **by Martha and Cecil**

Martha and Cecil Pizzeby were married June 3, 1941 and moved to Chisholm shortly after, where Cecil was working in the mill.



Cecil and Martha Pizzeby, 1968.

A year later he was called into the army. He was stationed on Vancouver Island for two years, then went overseas. He returned in the early spring of 1946. Cecil did not get his job back at Chisholm mills, only odd jobs trucking here and there.

We lived for about a year in Olaf Finstead's house in Hondo. Then we moved to Chisholm again, until 1950 when my father passed away. We moved to the Grosmont district. There we bought some land. We also bought some land near Baptiste Lake from the V.L.A.

We were always familiar with the Hondo and Smith districts, where we visited friends. My brother Melvin Sveen and Cecil's sister and folks were living there.

In 1960 my brother, August passed away leaving Mother alone. We then decided to sell the farms and moved to Dawson Creek, where Cecil had worked as a car salesman for many years. But when Mother passed away and Cecil's health wasn't so good, in



Vernon, Bill, Myrle, and Cecil Pizzeby.

that cold windy climate and the water wasn't the best, we decided to move to a warmer climate and spring water. We came to the Okanagan Valley in 1964 and have lived here ever since.

We have been back and forth to visit friends and relations many times, and always think of that area as home.

Anyone coming through here are welcome to stop and see us. They are welcome, the same as in the Pizzeby and Sveen homes in the past.



Eddy Dumont and Rema, Cecil Pizzeby and friend.

Marlo and Virginia Sand **as told by Virginia Sand**

Marlo and I were living on the Joe Beecroft place in 1946. Marvin was just a little past a year old. We were expecting our second baby. In December Friday the thirteenth we sent for Nurse Maines; the temperature was below 60 F. She came as far as Hondo by train, was transported more than six miles by team and sleigh bunks with boards laid on them. She froze her hands and feet during the trip. By the time she

arrived, the baby (Arlene) had been delivered three hours earlier by Mary Gaywood, assisted by my mother, Nellie Ulm, who had come to stay while the baby was young. Nurse Maines stayed with us for three days and left everyone in a satisfactory condition.

In 1947 we moved into our own first home, a one room log building that had been built by Fred Speed. We had one team of horses and a cow. The winter was cold with lots of snow. Our winter supply of wood was hauled by team and sleigh, and the neighbors brought a buzz saw and sawed it for us. They were Bill and Bob Patterson and Fred Gaywood, helped by Dan Hathaway. Dan lived with us for many years.

We built an addition of a front room and two bedrooms in the spring. Later we added two more bedrooms. The rest of our children were born while we lived in this house. It was replaced years later by a house moved from Chisholm, that had belonged to Len and Ivy Severeid. We added a front room and two bedrooms and a porch and are living in it today.

Warren was born in Slave Lake at my parents home, with Nurse Attrux attending. The day after I arrived in Hondo with my new baby, the women's club came in and did all my canning. We still find this thoughtfulness in our neighborhood today and appreciate it very much.

Samuel Schmode

written by Hugh A. Patterson

Sam was born in Edmonton, Alberta in 1908, to Augustine and Florentine Schmode who had come to Edmonton from Warsaw, Poland in the late 1800's. Sam was the third child in a family of four; Sally, Dan, Sam and Bill.

Upon the passing of his father in 1916, Mrs. Schmode and family moved north to the Pickardville area where Mrs. Schmode became the housekeeper for one Mr. Rudolf Borm. She later became his wife. From this union came two children, Hazel and Albert Borm.

Sam learned to farm from his stepfather Rudolf, and upon leaving school he stayed home to help out on the farm. Sam's stepfather could see that since the boy's were getting older they were going to need more land. Since there were no more homesteads available around Pickardville he was keeping his ears and eyes open. One day when he was in Westlock, he bumped into a fellow who told him about some available homesteads in the area where he lived. The fellow was a guy by the name of Ole Finstad who lived in the Hondo area. So in the fall of 1926 he and his stepson, Dan, boarded a train to seek fame and fortune, on a new homestead but returned home to put in the winter.



Sam and Irene Schmode and family.

After the harvest in 1927, they, along with Sam and Bill set out again to Hondo, to select their homesteads.

Mr. Borm took the N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ -30-69-26-W4.

Dan Schmode took the S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ -30-69-26-W4.

Sam Schmode took the N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ -20-69-26-W4.

Bill Schmode took the S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ -20-69-26-W4.

Mr. Borm had picked out these quarters the previous fall, and upon the approval of the boys the homesteads were applied for. Sam is not sure just why his dad had picked this particular area, but the reason he picked these quarters was because it was some of the only highland in the area. The other highland in the immediate area was homesteaded by Elkhorn, the S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ -30-69-24-W4. In those early years, there was a lot of rain and all the low land was literally a swamp. Sam's quarter was covered with a lot of thick polar about five inches in diameter and about fifteen feet high. There was also a lot of willow and quite a few sloughs, which was to be an advantage in time to come.

Sam was to spend his summer in Pickardville and after harvest he would return to his homestead in order to prove up for his title.

The first fall he was there, he built a shack of spruce logs with a pole roof covered with moss, tar paper, and sod. Hand hewn poplar was used on the floor in place of a shag carpet. Sam was often to take the place of a horse in order to skid the logs to his building site, as he did not yet have any horses up there. After about a week's hard work and a lot of sweat, the new home was at the stage where it did

offer some shelter. The logs had not yet been chinked and the wind blew straight through, but it was still better than sleeping under the stars.

When Sam left Pickardville he loaded up an old Chev truck with an old cook stove, a tin box heater, a few bags of potatoes, some meat and eggs, some vegetables, what ever bedding he thought he would need, enough clothes to keep him warm, a few other things such as sugar, flour, salt, matches, and an old coal oil lantern, and what ever else he could think of. Needless to say he probably wished he had brought some other things before the cold hard winter was over.

Since there was no trail north of Flatbush, he had to go around by Athabasca, which made a hard, long trip as the going was pretty rough. He went to Worthing's place, just west of Hondo. He transfered his stuff over to Worthing's wagon as Worthing was going to haul his stuff out east for him. They followed a trail out to the knoll just south of where Armand Beauchamp now lives (S.W. ¼-29-69-26-W4). There he dug a hole and buried his perishables, covered his bedding and clothing with leaves, and just left the rest there until the shack was completed. Then he carried everything to his new home which was about a half a mile from where it had been unloaded.

After he got settled in, he did a little moose hunting and took out a few logs for the barn, cleared a little bush, and waited for spring, when he would return to Pickardville for the farm work.

The following winter he built his barn and another shed and cleared a little more bush.

Sam spent several hours telling tall tales to friends of his, from Westlock, who had come up for hunting and stayed for quite a while. They played several games of hockey on Dancing Lake with willows and frozen horse manure. They also walked to Hondo for many a dance and a chance to meet some familiar faces. Some of these friends were Jolivettes who filed on homesteads east of Sam's (W ½-23-69-26-W4), and stayed at Sam's while they were building shacks on their homesteads.

In the spring of 1929, Sam was to have some of his first guests when Myrtle and Denzil Conrad and baby Gordon, called in and asked if they could stay the night as they were heading for their new homestead just southeast of Sam's (NW9-69-26-W4). A couple of days later, Conrads were still there. Sam was out in the yard building something, when he was called to come in for a coffee. Upon entering, he got quite a surprise as Mrs. Conrad had scrubbed the floor, so that Gordon could crawl around without getting too dirty. Sam went back to Pickardville for

the summer and let Conrads stay at his place, while they were building a shack on their homestead.

About 1931 Sam sent a bunch of wire on the train to Hondo. He would later pick it up with his team, which he was to drive up by way of Athabasca. He had a lot of fun, as the wire was quite heavy and the trail was poor, so he ended up getting stuck a few times. This meant unloading the wire to get out each time. He spent most of the summer fencing and the following summer he brought about twenty horses to pasture. On the way up with the horses, he decided to stop over at Perryvale for a little shut eye. He secured the horses, set up his tent, and proceeded to catch a few winks. About midnight he heard the sound of hooves on the bridge deck. He bailed out of bed in his underwear, mounted his saddle horse, and the chase was on. He managed to get ahead of them and bring them back to camp. Every fall he would take the horses to Pickardville where there was feed and straw for them, then back to the homestead in the spring.

In 1933 Sam built a new two story log home on his homestead. As the shack was starting to leak already and he would need a few more buildings anyway, he decided to build a permanent home this time. This home was later sold to Mr. Gormly and still stands as the little church out in the Forest View area.

In 1935 Mr. Borm passed away and left two quarters of land to be divided between the three older boys, so Sam ended up with one hundred and six acres of land at Pickardville and decided to stay and farm for his mother and himself.

In 1936 he built a log house on his farm (Pickardville) for he was starting to get bright eyed and bushy tailed for a girl by the name of Irene O'Brien. Sure enough they tied the knot on November 5, 1937, and made good use of the new home where they still live today.

He continued farming for his mother until her passing in 1940 at which time her land was rented and later sold.

In June of 1938, they went back to the homestead, to prove it up. They took four horses with them, borrowed a plow and a disc from Mr. Pizzey and worked around a large slough about fifteen acres in total. They then lit a brush pile that was in the middle of the slough. The slough had dried out and the burning caused quite a ground fire. When he applied for the title to the homestead, the inspector came out and asked Alex Young, Sam's neighbor, about Sam. Alex verified that he had broken up the whole slough and that the fire had burnt up all the top soil. This along with the buildings and a few horses got Sam his title.

The homestead sat idle for quite a few years.

Then in the late 1960's Sam refenced it, dug a pit for water, and rented it out for pasture until about 1974 when he sold it.

Sam often talks about some of his early neighbors at Hondo (now Mount-Batten) such as Sid and Bill Owens, Elkhorn, Clyde Olson, Conrads, Bill Johnson, Frank and Alex (no relation) Young, and others. He tells a story of the time he and the Jolivettes decided to take some horses and a wagon up the other way through Flatbush. They came to the end of the trail at Flatbush so they decided to take the railroad as far as Tieland where they might hit some old logging trails. They waited until late night, so the possibility of getting hit by a train wasn't so great. At Tieland they struck an old logging trail heading to Hamilton's Mill, through to Cassidy's camp, and about eight miles further in towards Spotted Horse Lake. They held up at Cassidy's camp with the wagon and rack. Then Sam and one other guy went on ahead, to see if they could get through to the lake. When they got there they ran into an old Indian trapper who had a cabin there. It wasn't too bad for a saddle horse but for a team and wagon it was a tough old pull, as there were quite a few large snow drifts and after leaving Cassidy's camp there was a lot of bush to cut. The Indian was sure surprised to see that they had made it through with the teams. This brought them to the south end of the lake, so they went up the lake as far as the trail by Conrads and from there they were home free.

They had been told by someone that Hamilton's Mill and Cassidy's camp had all been deserted. They were determined to open a trail through there so they could get some slabs, lumber, nails, or what ever to haul to their homesteads. They found out the only thing that Hamilton took out was the basic mill and steam engine. The rest of the stuff was left just for the taking. It seems as soon as they had a trail through, everyone in the neighborhood was out there salvaging what ever they could get.

Sam Schmode tells about one time when Alex Young was courting Lucy Beecroft. Sam and Alex decided to go to a dance in Hondo, so they hitched up the team to the sleigh and struck out for Hondo, picking up Lucy along the way. On the way home Alex and Lucy were sitting on the back bunk and Sam was driving, when they were going up Maurice's hill. Sam looked around and he could see Alex and Lucy with their arms all tangled around each other. So he nudged the reins a bit and the horses jumped and lifted the front of the sleigh, tossing Alex and Lucy to the ground and they rolled to the bottom of the hill. When Alex got back to where Sam was he said, "A guy could surely get hurt." Sam said there must have

been a rabbit that went across the road and scared the horses.

He tells of one time in the early years when he returned to Pickardville and left his team for Alex Young to use. One day they decided enough is enough and decided to take off. Alex got all worried when he found out they were missing, so he walked off after them. He followed them as far as Long Island Lake. There a fellow told him that there were a couple of horses there earlier. He thought maybe they had run away as one of them had a leather rope around its neck. Anyway Alex went on back home and wrote a letter to Sam telling him what had happened. He walked to Hondo and mailed it. The next day Sam just happened to be in town and got this letter in the mail from Hondo. Upon reading it, he figured he better take a saddle horse out the next day and start searching, somewhere in the direction of Athabasca. The next morning when Sam went out to the pasture to fetch his saddle horse there was the team, one horse in the pasture and one horse just looking over the fence. It took them just five days to make the trip.

One time Sam was out moose hunting and almost shot August Weinrich, who did a fair amount of trapping around the area. This one day he saw something moving, something the color of a deer and was about to shoot, when August, who had been resetting his trap, stood up.

Sam and Irene had five children who still all live within forty miles of home. They now have ten grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Sam spent most of his life farming, except for a few winters in later years when he worked in the lumber mills or oilfields. In 1972 he quit farming but continued to work for a neighbor in the spring and fall, until 1977, when he officially retired. He has a few hobbies such as woodworking, raising a few calves, taking care of a garden and berries, chasing magpies and playing with his garden tractor.

The Sleuter Family **by Inga McPherson**

Mr. Hartwig Sleuter came from Germany in the early 1930's. He homesteaded approximately six or seven miles south east of Oscar Nock's, way back in the bush.

There he lived, with his Russian born wife, and their daughter, Natalie.

He raised a few cattle and some sheep.

In the late 1940's Mrs. Sleuter and Natalie left for Edmonton. Natalie went to work at a dog kennel. Mrs. Sleuter also worked.

Mr. Sleuter stayed on at the farm for a few more years, then he also went to Edmonton.

Donald McPherson, Oscar Nock's step-son met Mr. Sleuter in Jarvie in the mid 1970's, working as a gravel checker at the Jarvie stock-pile.

A year or two later, we heard that he had died in Edmonton.

Bill Strach

by Inga McPherson

Willy Strach came to Canada from Germany in 1927 with his brother, Frank. His brother, Adolf, had come to Canada in 1926 and was doing well, so they came to join him. They first came to Leduc, where they took on a clearing and breaking contract. When this was done they all moved to Flatbush using two teams and wagons to move all their belongings.

They homesteaded at Flatbush, since that is where Adolf already had his homestead. Soon, two sisters also came. One married a farmer in Bittern Lake, near Camrose, and Verna married Ed Elgert of Fawcett. Frank soon brought his bride Hulda from Leduc.



Bill Strach visiting his sister in Germany 1964.

When Bill got his house built on his homestead he sent for his wife, Irmgarde, from Germany. Their only son, Lothar, was born in Flatbush.

Bill was active, working in the bush during the winters. He first had tie camps in the Tieland and Hondo areas. In the early 1940's he bought the old Alex Young homestead, in the Forest View area, near Hondo. This he cleared and broke. He hired several local men every summer.

During the winters he still worked in the bush,

hiring many local men and boys. Many a young farmer's son found his first job working for "Uncle Bill," as he was affectionately called. In the mid-forties he started operating lumber camps; first at Spurfield and later at Fawcett Lake, for Swanson Lumber of Chisholm. He used to hire from twenty to thirty men. They came mostly from Smith, Hondo, Flatbush and Fawcett areas. Many a local farmer made his winter's stake at Bill's camps.

In the mid-fifties he sold his land in Hondo and moved back to Flatbush to his farm. Later, he retired to the hamlet of Flatbush and after that to Westlock. Meanwhile his son grew up in Edmonton, where he now has a wife, Verleen, and five children. He is an engineer and designs and builds oil refineries, etc.

"Uncle Willy," as his many nieces and nephews called him, was always eagerly awaited, on his visits to Flatbush because he always had many interesting stories and episodes to tell.

He died in Westlock in 1974, at the age of 79.

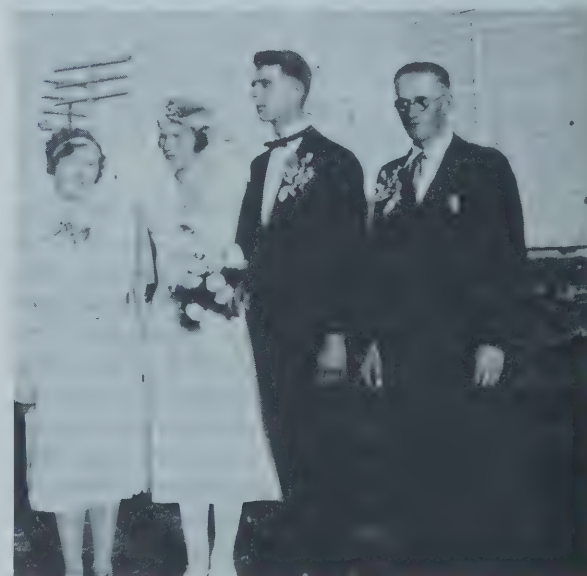
Frank and Hilda Strach

by Erika Heinz and Fred Strach

Frank Strach was born June 10, 1907, in Germany. He came from a family of seven. He came to Canada with three of his brothers in the year 1927.

Hilda Maron (Strach) was born September 13, 1911 in Germany. She came from a family of three. Hilda came to Canada on December 8, 1922 at the age of 11 with her parents and two sisters.

Frank and Hilda were married on November 4, 1931 in Leduc. They were blessed with seven children, three of which died at childbirth. The oldest, a



Hilda and Frank Strach, 1931.

daughter, Erika Margot born on November 30, 1932. Edward Norman was born September 29, 1935, Fredrick Karl was born October 22, 1937, and Helmut Irvin on October 9, 1938.

Frank brought his bride north to his home in the Flatbush area and there spent many hard years. Frank would work away from home during the winter and Hilda had farm chores and small children to look after day after day. In 1940, Frank and Hilda moved to a new location along Highway 44, where they set up a beekeeping operation. Frank also drove a school bus. The beekeeping operation was sold to the Davis Partners about 1947. Frank took up a homestead four miles north and one mile east of the Chisholm tower in 1947, but moved his family to the hamlet of Hondo in March, 1948 because there were no living quarters on the homestead. While living in Hondo, the winter of 1949-50, Frank worked on the oil rig and Hilda cooked for the rig crew in the old Worthing house. Dorothy Gladeau (Lennie) and Erika helped Mom cook for the crew. In the winter of 1950-51 the Strach family moved to Spurfield to operate a lumber camp for Willie Strach, Frank's brother.



Mr. and Mrs. Karl Maron and three daughters, Hilda, Anna, and Matilda with Hilda's four children, Erika, Edward, Fred and Helmut.

In the summer of 1951 the whole family moved to the homestead. Here Mom and Dad began their farming. They built a new house in 1952. Mom and Dad farmed until 1969, when they sold their farm to Jack and Nora Lebeau. They planned to move to Westlock but Mom passed away August 12 at the age of 57 and was buried August 15, 1969. The day after the funeral, was the farm auction sale. Then Dad moved to Westlock and lived there until his death January 13, 1974 at the age of 66. They are both resting in the Westlock cemetery.

Erika, the oldest and only daughter, married Ernest Heinz of Hay Lakes, Alberta and they were blessed with two sons; Robert Ernest on February 12, 1956 and Russel William on July 29, 1961.

Edward married Carolla Benson Chipuik and they have a son, Norman John and a daughter Charmaine.

Fred married Christine Litwin from Colinton and they have one daughter Holly.



Flatbush Band, 1945-46.



Frank Strach and his bee business at Flatbush.

Helmut married Lena Taresavich from Athabasca; They had 3 daughters, Carla Marie, Beverly Anne and Sheila Diane. Helmut and Lena were divorced and have since both remarried. Lena lives at Grimshaw, Alberta and Helmut at Surrey, B.C.



Document.

Sveen Family

by Martha (Sveen) Pizzey

In 1933, I was only 12 years old but I can well remember the poor crops and the low price of grain at that time. When the threshing was finished that fall it left us with very little money, so my eldest brother, August, decided to go trapping into the Pelican region. My other brother, Melvin, decided to take a homestead in the Hondo area. It was a very lonely winter for us with them gone, so many letters were written.

The following spring, August came home from trapping with very few furs. He was very thin, as the winter had been a severe one and supplies had run out; he and two other trappers almost starved to death. Not being able to help with the spring work and seeding, Melvin came home to help Dad get the crop in. He had been staying with the Pizzey family for awhile.



Melvin, Tommy, Lyn and Emily Sveen.

When the summer holidays came, I went with Melvin for a visit to see the Pizzey's (Emily was about my age). Martha Berg came to visit while I was there and we went and stayed with her also. Melvin was building his house at that time, very near the Beauchamp place. He had built it on the property line, therefore he had to move it later on, near the road on the east line. The land was cleared later, and Dick Pizzey broke the land with six horses. I believe this was in 1935. They were happy times it seemed.

During those years, we went to quite a few dances held in various houses and school houses. The one dance I remember the most was held in Harvey Beauchamp's house when his relatives from Quebec came to visit one summer. His two nieces were very fine violin players. My two brothers, who also played the violin, were at the dance. The dance was all square dances and tunes none of us had heard before.

Eugene Beauchamp was just learning to play the violin at that time and would practice at Melvin's shack. He later could play very nice music.

On November 22, 1939, Melvin and Emily Pizzey were married. I was the bridesmaid and Cecil Pizzey the best man, whom I had never met before. Melvin and Emily's wedding dance was held in the Forestview school. There was a large crowd, and I can remember dancing with the six Gladue brothers. Dances lasted until daylight in those days. Two years later, I became Mrs. C. D. Pizzey.

On May 17, 1941 I can remember how happy my Mother and Dad were when they got the news that they were grandparents. Melvin and Emily had a baby boy, Thomas Melvin, named after my Dad and his Dad.

Time seemed to pass quickly. The war was on and with moving around, we missed seeing Melvin and family. Every opportunity we had we would try to see them or have them come to see us. However, horses were slow and 40 miles was a long way. Lots of times, we rode the freight from Chisholm, Smith, or Westlock and walked the six miles to Melvin's.

With the war over, the men were brought home again. There were less jobs for awhile until times got better with logging, farming, etc.

On March 14, 1950 my Father passed away. A little over a month later, April 18, Melvin and Emily had a baby girl, Lynn Marie. We were all so happy to get this news.

It all seems strange to me now when I look back over the years and so many of these people we danced with are no longer with us. Lynn, her two children, and myself, are the only survivors of my Dad's family. Lynn, her husband, and family live at Rocky Mountain House, Alberta.

My husband, Cecil, passed away August 9, 1983. I still reside at our home six miles east of Enderby, B.C. and the welcome mat is always out.

Hondo

General Interest



Hondo school ready to move.



Ole Finstad's Post Office and Store.



Sam Schmode's second house — now Forest View Church.



Mary Raessler and Nurse Drummond Hay with Sunday School Class.



Reverend Parks (built church on Croswell's corner) and Grandpa Croswell.

Mike Baron Story

by Mike Baron

I was born in Poland on September 23, 1911. By the age of three, I had lost both of my parents; my Father in the war and my Mother from disease. I lived with my Grandmother until the age of nine, at which time my Aunt brought me to Canada in May 1921. I lived with her until I was 15, then I set out on my own and travelled extensively across Canada.

During my teenage years I worked at many different jobs. I travelled with a circus for about one month. This circus, called "Sells Floto Circus and Tom Mix Himself", travelled across the country in their own railway cars. Tom Mix was an actor in silent western movies in the 1920's. I received \$5.00 per week plus room and board. I also worked in the



Back: Louise, Sylvia, Steven, Phillip. Front: Olga, Mike, Alvin, Marguerite Baron.

pulp industry cutting pulp with a swede saw near Hurkett, Ontario (18 miles from Nepigeon where the Ontario Hydro Plant is situated). We had to pile the pulp into cords and received \$2.25 per cord. I also did assessment work for prospector claims north of Schrieber, Ontario (Duck Lake).

Finally, in 1930 I came to Smith from Gibbons, where I was working for farmers. The same day that I arrived in Smith I met two fellows, who were staying with Mel Cole at Hondo, and went with them to stay at his cabin.

I spent the next several years trapping in the winter (which I still do and have done for 54 years) and working for other people in the summer. I spent five seasons working for a farmer in the Berwyn area during harvest in the 1930's, and always returned to the Hondo area to trap in the winter. In these early years, I spent ten years living in my cabin, which was situated across the Athabasca River from the Owens farm, and only came out for groceries when necessary.

In 1937 and 1938 I worked in Chisholm for Swanson Lumber, part time on the log boom and on the jack ladder that took the logs from the Athabasca River to the pond. In 1937 I received .22¢ per hour and in 1938 the rate was .25¢ per hour. We worked 12 hours a day from Monday to Saturday with only Sunday off.

I married Olga Skoro in 1940. We lived in a 12 by 16 foot shack made of logs with a board and tar paper roof. We eventually took over Olga's Dad's farm (three miles north of Hondo) where we still reside.

We have six children, three boys and three girls.

Margo — is a solo entertainer (country and western); has two children and lives in Westlock, Alberta.

Alvin — owns and operates his own trucking company. He and his wife, Valerie, have two daughters and one son and reside in Slave Lake.

Louise — married Roy Thorogood; they have five children and live in Ladysmith, B.C.

Sylvia — married Dennis Foss; they have three children and live in Edmonton.

Steve — is still single, works as a truck driver and resides at home.

Phillip — married Melody Elgert and they reside in Slave Lake.

The Harvey and Rose Beauchamp Story as told by Laura Willis

Hervé Fabian Beauchamp was born in Clarence Creek, Ontario in 1894, one of a family of four boys and one girl. Their father was a shoemaker. About 1902, they moved west and settled in St. Albert. The reason for this move is not known, nor what the father did while they were there. But shortly after that they moved to the Edison district, east of Westlock, where they homesteaded.

My mother, Roselia Hamels family, came from Ontario and settled on a homestead west of Legal, where Mom was born in 1902. She was the 5th child in a family of 18. She attended the Springfield school. Mom and Dad were married in September of 1918, and settled on a farm in the Edison district. They had eight children while they lived there: (Laura, 1919; Eugene, 1920; Irene, 1924; Armand, 1923; Victor, 1925; Alice, 1928; Clara, 1930; and Frank, 1932.)



Harvey and Rose Beauchamp.

When the depression set in, and Dad was having difficulty making ends meet, he was bitten by the homesteading bug. The Jollivette and Schmode boys had filed on homestead quarters east of Hondo. During the summer of 1934 Dad and Bud Arnold travelled to Hondo, where Dad chose a quarter of land and filed on it. It had been taken as a homestead prior to this and some clearing and breaking had been done. However, it had been abandoned and had grown up to bush. Dad and Bud worked at re-clearing, while living in a small cabin that had been built by Ben Klassen. The homestead inspector made his rounds about this time, and upon finding that some improvements had been made by the previous homesteader, informed Dad that he would have to pay for them. Money was scarce and Dad couldn't meet this demand, so he gave up and went back to Westlock. He was not going to be deprived of his move to Hondo though, so when the crop was harvested that fall preparations were made for the move.

On November 2, 1934, we left Clover Valley. A Bennett buggy with a caboose on it was equipped with an air tight heater, cooking and eating utensils, and bunks for the family. There was also a hay rack loaded with personal effects, another loaded with feed for the stock, and a double wagon box divided into crates for pigs and chickens, with bags of grain stacked on top, and a democrat towed behind. They led two cows and a bull.

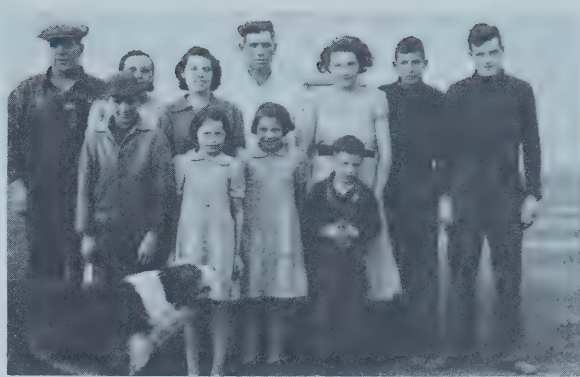
At the time we left Clover Valley in November, 1934, the weather was nice throughout the day, but it would freeze at night and the hills would be very icy in the morning. The horses were not shod. It was necessary to double up, and hitch four horses on to each wagon in turn, to make it to the top of the hill. This was very time consuming. One horse was laid up for a while with sore feet, and because there were no spare horses, this meant laying idle until it could travel again. Dad was unable to travel for a few days because of lumbago; another time the wagons needed repair work done. Some of the furniture had to be unloaded into a granary belonging to a farmer in the Lahaiville district, as the horses were playing out.

Throughout this time Mom cooked for 12 people on that air tight heater. Rabbits and partridges were the main source of meat on the journey.

On November 14th we arrived at the little shack that Dad had lived in during that summer. It had taken us twelve days to cover the distance from Clover Valley, via Athabasca, to Hondo, a trip that would today take a few hours.

The cabin was about 12' x 16'. Space was at a premium, so Dad laid boards on top of the ceiling stringers, and some of the children slept up there.

During the winter Dad suffered the loss of the end



Back row: Harvey, Rose, Laura, Cecil Willis, Irene, Armand, Eugene. Front: Victor, Clara, Alice and Frank Beauchamp.

of one thumb when his gun barrel burst. He treated the wound himself by soaking it in salt water and by keeping it bandaged until the flesh grew back.

Fred Gaywood brought our furniture from Lahaiville that winter.

All in all, we had a good winter, the neighbors were friendly and house parties were common with a floor of sorts to dance on. Mel Sveen and Mel Berg played the violins and Clarence Berg played the guitar.

In March we moved to Alf Jolivette's house three miles south where we lived for the spring and summer. Denzil and Myrtle Conrad were neighbors at that time.

Dad had chosen another quarter of land to file on that summer of 1935. He rode the freight train to Edmonton with ten dollars in his pocket and filed on his land. A log house was built, ready to move into before winter.

The children didn't get back to school until the spring of 1936, when they attended school in Hondo. They walked the four miles to and from school in the summer, and during the winter months they drove a horse on a toboggan.

Dad accepted "relief" which amounted to eleven dollars per month for the people. We were fortunate in that Dad had had some of his own grain ground into flour before we left Westlock, and Mr. Bombenger stored over a ton of flour for us in one of his dry buildings. We used 200 pounds each month. By eating wild meat, potatoes from our own garden, and wild berries for fruit, Mom managed to stretch the relief money over the month. During the summer months Dad worked with other men from the community, clearing road allowances, to pay back the relief money they had accepted.

We grew big gardens, picked wild fruit, raised our own pigs, chickens, and cattle. We had several milk cows, and I can remember Ole Finstand buying Mom's homemade butter for ten and fifteen cents a

pound in exchange for groceries from his General Store in Hondo. Later on we shipped cream to the Northern Alberta Dairy Pool. The cream would be picked up by the passenger train twice a week. The empty cans would be brought back on their return trip and unloaded in the little station house. Flour sacks were made into many articles of clothing; they were dyed a dark color for men's and boy's shirts, and brighter colors for dresses and blouses for the women and girls. They were also used for sheets, pillow cases, tea towels, and with a bit of embroidery for tea cloths, runners and even curtains.

During the summer months our home was a popular place for ball games for the younger people, with horse-shoe pitching and card games for the older ones. John Anderson, the Gladeau family, and the Conrads all loved to play cards. Nurse Drummond Hay was also a frequent visitor as she was interested in soft ball and was coach of the younger peoples ball team.

In December, 1943, Clara passed away in the Westlock Hospital as a result of complications from the measles. She is buried in the Westlock Cemetery.

In January of 1951 Mom passed away in the Westlock Hospital at the age of 49 and is buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Westlock.

Dad stayed on the farm for a few years but eventually moved to the Senior Citizen's Chateau Sturgeon in Legal, where he passed away December 31, 1975 at 81 years of age. He also is buried in Westlock. Laura married Cecil Willis and their story is told separately.

Eugene married Grace Gladeau. They had two sons, Ernest and Larry. Eugene died in December, 1966. Grace and Larry live in Joussard, Ernie in Edmonton.

Irene married Jesse Raines, they now live in Pibroch. They had four children: Marvin, Patricia, Eileen and Daniel.

Armand married Noma Finstad, their story also appears separately.

Victor contacted polio in October, 1960. He was in the polio ward in the University Hospital, Edmonton, for about two years; he needed assistance with respiratory problems. Eventually he was able to leave the hospital and by taking his rocking bed with him he spent a winter with his sister Alice in Spruce Grove. He then came back to the family farm at Hondo and stayed with his brother Frank. He was there for three and a half years. In 1967 he moved to our place and lived with us until May of 1972. He was a great help to me; he was able to do light chores both outside and in the house. However, he had to return to the hospital and has resided in the Aberhart Memori-

al Hospital in Edmonton ever since, except for short visits.

Alice married Hans Leuzinger. They have one son Dean, and they reside in Spruce Grove.

Frank married Carol Finstad, and has a family of six children: Alvin, Brian, Deborah, Dale, Terry and Linda. Frank and Carol are living in Hondo at the present time.

Melvin Whitmore Cole

Mel was born December 12, 1896. He was a teacher in Waterville Ohio, and had spent some time in the U.S. Army in 1920, World War I.

He homesteaded three and a half miles north of Hondo in 1921.

Mr. Vincent, a saw filer, was his nearest neighbour and a very good friend. Henry Willis, Sam Simmonds and later, John Skoro's family were also neighbors.

Mel's first job was hacking ties at O'Rourke Creek (commonly known as Deep Creek). From July to early spring his gross wage was \$600.00. The camp supplied the C.N.R. with 63,000 ties in one year.



Wayne, Elsie, Mel Cole, Albert Willis, Sandy Cole and Jim Willis.

He was injured on the job that winter, and spent one month in bed. There was no Compensation at that time and he didn't know the labour laws.

Mel and his partner, Sam Simmonds built a log cabin on the homestead. They only cleared an acre or two of land that first year, as they had to go to work.

It was easy to get firewood then, as the whole country had been swept by fire. Mel and Sam used one horse to skid the logs in. One man stayed in the bush to hook the chain onto a log, the other one stayed at the wood-pile to unhook it. They sent the horse back and forth.

Mel Cole, Mr. Vincent and Cecil Willis cut the logs for the school in Hondo. Others skidded them out and hauled them to Hondo. Ole Finstad built the school.

Use This Page															Month of April 1937																			
Time Book for the																																		
NAMES	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	Total Time	Rate	Amount
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M. Cole	10	10	10	X	10	10	10	10	10	10	X	10	5	10	10	10	X	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	2	12	12	12	12				
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In 1930 Miss Sara Allison Black (known as Elsie) came from Edmonton to be the first teacher of the new school. There were eight to ten students.

In 1932 Miss Black and Melvin Cole were married, and Elsie resigned from teaching for the time being.

In 1934 their eldest son Hughie was born. Their second son Wayne was born in 1937.

In 1938 Elsie went back to teaching, in Smith. In 1940 Mel and Elsie had another son Melvin Alexander (Sandy). Elsie's sister Bella stayed with Elsie and the boys in Smith at that time.

In 1945 or 46 Elsie began teaching at Forest View. The family moved out there and lived in an addition built onto the school.

Hughie contacted polio, and was confined to a wheel chair. He never regained his strength, and passed away in 1951.

About that time Elsie was once more hired to teach in Smith. They moved into half of Guy McCumsey's house, which had been a cafe, and then a meat market. They lived there for several years, until they purchased a lot from Bill LaFrance and built a house on it.

Mel did carpenter work for others around the country. He was an active member of the Canadian Legion, acting as Secretary Treasurer for many years.

Elsie passed away in 1967 and was laid to rest in the Smith Community Cemetery.

Mel, managed on his own for many years even though he was becoming more and more crippled with arthritis. He passed away in 1982 at 85 years of age and is also buried in Smith.

Wayne took his high school education in Athabasca. Soon after graduating he was employed

by the Alberta Forest Service, and took his training as a Ranger.

Wayne married Lynn Babkirk in 1967. They had a daughter Christie. Wayne is still with Energy and Natural Resources, and resides in Smith with his daughter.

Sandy married Mavis (Hart, Overacker) in 1969. He has worked as a mechanic for many years. They are living on the Cole farm at Hondo, with their daughter Brandy, and son Melvin. Sandy is employed by Joe's Oilfield Service.

Denzil Conrad Family by Florence Hall (nee Conrad)

Denzil Siras Conrad was born in Winterset, Iowa, U.S.A. in 1896. He came to Canada with his Mother and family. They settled in Tees, Alberta, where he worked doing farm work.

Phyllis Myrtle Bradshaw was born in Tees, Alberta, in 1910. She attended school at Tees and Calgary. She married Denzil Conrad on December 16, 1927, at Lacombe, Alberta. While Denzil was away working, Phyllis helped with threshing and worked for Frank Knights at Clive, Alberta.



Back row: Myrtle and Denzil Conrad. Front row: Doreen, Maurice, Gordon, Teddy and Marion.

On December 8, 1928, Gordon was born at Clive. They moved to Busby, where Myrtle stayed with her sister-in-law, while Denzil went to work at Jasper, building the highway to the Pochantas Hot Springs.



The D. Conrad House on the homestead.

In March 1931 the family moved to Hondo, to a homestead which Denzil had filed on in February of that year. The land description of this homestead was N.W. 9, Township 69, Range 26 West 4. When they left Busby, the only road north was by way of Athabasca. They had bad roads, as it rained most of the way. They had to unload some of their things from the wagon and hitch another horse on to get up Long Lake Hill. They got to Joe Beecroft's place March 17, 1931. They lived at Sam Schmode's place until their house was built on the homestead.

Denzil and his family brought with them one cow, some chickens, and three horses. Their first gardens were poor, as the soil had been burnt from forest fires. They had mostly fish and wild game for food. Doreen was born while they were on the homestead on August 3, 1931. Marion was born November 11, 1933. They moved into Hondo in 1935 so Gordon could go to school. Edward was born January 12, 1936. They moved to the present Conrad farm in



Myrtle (Conrad) and Ken Towns.

1936. Stan was born on December 26, 1947. They lived there until Denzil passed away January 2, 1959. Myrtle stayed on the farm until she sold it to her son, Maurice. She then moved to Entwistle.

Myrtle married Ken Towns of Flatbush, Alberta, on April 29, 1969. She resided there until she passed away January 10, 1982. Ken now resides in the Senior Citizen Lodge in Westlock.

Doreen went to school in Hondo for some time, then stayed home with her Mother and helped with the rest of the family. In 1970 she moved to Edmonton to take special schooling, where she still resides.

I, Florence, was born on September 11, 1941 at the home farm at Hondo. I took my schooling at Hondo School. I worked on the farm until I was 16 years old; then I went out to work. In 1958, my first job was for Swanson Lumber Company at Chisholm where I worked for three winters. In 1959 I married Jack Hall and we lived in Smith. In 1966 I moved to B.C. where I worked until I moved back to Barrhead, Alberta, in 1978. I moved to Slave Lake in 1981 where I still reside.

Ted (Edward) and Rose Conrad and Family

by Rose Conrad

I came to Smith in April of 1963. I was employed by Orville and Delphine Hayes doing domestic work. That was where I met my future husband, Ted.

We were married November 15, 1963 in the Anglican Church of Our Good Shepherd in Smith by Rev. Beaver.

Ted was working on Highway #44 when they were making it wider before paving it. The same summer, he worked on road construction between High Level and Fort Vermillion. He also worked in the bush camps for Bill Rempel.



Ted and Rose Conrad. Sons, Leander and Carmen.

In the spring of 1965 we moved to Slave Lake. He was employed by Dave Mackey who worked for Stelter Lumber of Smith. He drove grader doing maintenance on the roads between the old town of Slave Lake and oil leases; he was employed by H & B Construction and Anchor Construction of Drayton Valley. He then went to work for Braidnor Construction Ltd., where he worked for seventeen years. He is now self-employed in his own company, Ted Conrad Construction Ltd.

We have two boys, Leander, 12 years old, was born April 30, 1971. Leander is in Junior High at Roland Michener school. Carmen is in Grade three and attends E. G. Walstrom School. Carmen is eight years old, was born November 4, 1975. Both are active in hockey and golfing.

Maurice, June Conrad and Family **by June Conrad**

We moved to the family owned farm on April 20, 1964, from Fort St. John, B.C.

Maurice and I were married here at Hondo on December 24, 1957. We then lived at Fort St. John, B.C. We had our two girls, Shannon, born February 2, 1959 and Maxine, born April 29, 1962, when we moved here. Kevin was born at Westlock on July 28, 1966.

Times weren't easy when we moved to the farm. We had to cut a watering hole in the ice on the Hondo



Maurice and June Conrad 1957.

Lake for our cattle twice a day. We had to take the girls along, as it was too far from the house to leave them. We heated our home with wood and coal, to keep warm in the winter. We would sit next to the stove and keep turning to warm all sides of us. Maurice was working on the oil rigs at Red Earth. The winter of 1964-65, I remember very well. It was very cold and much snow. Maurice would shovel his way in the drive way and by morning, had to do it over to be able to leave for work.

We've been in mixed farming since 1964. Life on the ranch has been good.

Our girls are now married and away from here. Kevin will be helping his father carry on the farming trade.



Maxine, Maurice, June, Kevin, Shannon (nee Conrad), Robin McDonald and Grandson Jason.

We celebrated our 25th Wedding Anniversary at Hondo Hall, but not in the same hall as in 1957. That one was demolished about 10 years ago.

Shannon married Robin McDonald on October 24, 1981. They now live at Paddle Prairie, Alberta where Shannon is teaching school. Maxine is getting married on August 4, 1984 to Linwood Laughy. They are living at Bonnyville. We also have one beautiful spoiled grandson, "Jason". We've spoiled him very much, but have loved every minute of doing it. Jason was born on October 20, the same birth date as his Papa, "Maurice".

My dad, John Eleniak, is now residing here on the farm. He has his own little cabin. We enjoy his company and wise words of wisdom.

Charlie Coy as told by Mary Raessler

Charlie and his young daughter, Connie, came to Canada from Lancashire, England, in the 1920's it is

believed. Charlie's wife had perished in a fire, when their house burned down. Charlie had taken his baby daughter out for a walk, and returned too late to save his wife.

It is not known where all their travels had taken them. The first place Mary remembers hearing him talk about was Grosmont. Charlie and Connie lived with Peggy and Clyde Olson. Peggy cared for little Connie, while Charlie worked on the new highway being constructed.

They eventually got to Smith, where Lois Landon remembers them living in John Henneghan's house. She thinks Charlie worked on the railroad.

Connie went to Edmonton when she became school age. She later came back under the guardianship of Nurse Drummond-Hay who was living in Hondo by then. She lived with Drummond-Hay and worked for her and also helped her father who was also living in Hondo.

Charlie carried the mail for many years in Hondo. Later, when Forest View school was closed down, he drove a team of horses on a wagon, delivering school children from that district into Hondo. He was janitor of that school as well.

When Charlie retired, he went into the Senior Citizen's Home in Athabasca. He passed away and is buried in the Athabasca area.

Connie married Bob Beecroft. They lived in Hondo for a while, then they moved to the Ranch district and lived in Bill and Anne Fraser's house. Bob drove school bus for awhile.

From there they moved to Edmonton. Bob passed away quite a few years ago. Connie died in 1982.

They had three sons, David, Eric and Maurice. They are all married and live in Edmonton. Eric has two children.

John Hagen by Beulah Prenevost and Bill Willis

John, had been deafened by a shell explosion during the first World War. He had come to Hondo from Ponoka in the 1920's. He was a painter by trade.

He lived in a small cabin in Hondo. Beulah says he made the best bread and cooked the best rice.

He could talk, but he didn't realize what tone of voice he was using, which proved quite funny at times.

He then moved east of Hondo, near Hondo Lake.

It was quite comical to be around him when he washed his dishes. He used enamel dishes which he stored in a large wooden box. As he dried each plate, cup etc., he tossed it across the room into the wooden box. He didn't realize how much noise he was making.

He always smoked a crooked stemmed pipe.

One year in early fall John disappeared.

His friends and neighbors searched the country side but were unable to find him. The next summer someone found his body. He had been lying against a log, in a restful position, with his pipe.

Lloyd and Peggy Croswell **by Peggy Croswell**

Lloyd was born in May, 1929 in Newbrook, Alberta. He is the youngest of nine children born to George and Ettie Croswell. In 1936, they moved to Lawrence Lake, where his Dad went into partnership with Reinhart Stelter in a sawmill business. In 1940, they moved to Hondo and purchased a homestead from Mr. Ole Finstad, where Hawley and Betty Croswell live today.



Back row: Barry Pendrak, son Marty, Lloyd Croswell and son Allen. Front: Crystal and Faye Pendrak (nee Croswell), Peggy Croswell, Evelyn Croswell (nee Gervais), with daughter Marie and son Hal.

I was born in May 1928 in Daysland, Alberta, the eldest of ten children. My parents were Edwin and Mary Pizzey. In 1942, we moved to Rosalind, Alberta. In 1945, I came to Hondo to spend Christmas with my Grandma Pizzey and other relatives and that is when I met Lloyd. In November 1947, we were married at Rosalind. In 1950, we bought our first truck, and in December of the same year our son Allan was born. Then in 1951, we bought our first school bus and after 30 some years, we are still trucking and driving school bus. In May 1954, our daughter Faye was born.

In 1954, we bought my Grandmother's house at Hondo Corner. In June 1960, we built a service station there which we operated until April 1971,

when we sold out to Harry VanBuskirk. We then purchased an acreage from Maurice and June Conrad and set up a trailer home, which we live in today.

In September 1971, our daughter Faye married Barry Pendrak. They have two children, Martin and Crystal, and they live on the old Beauchamp home place. Our son, Allan, married Evelyn Gervais in May 1972. They have two children, Maria and Hal, and live in Grande Prairie, Alberta where Allan is employed by Proctor and Gamble, hauling trees.

Ole Finstad History **submitted by Isabel Willis**

Ole Finstad was born in Norway in 1875 and came to the States when he was twelve years of age. Edith Finstad was born in Iowa in 1879. They were married in 1901, and came to Canada in 1912 and settled in St. Assiniboine. My mother taught school there for a time. In 1929 they lost their home and all their possessions in a fire — they then came to Hondo where they lived until their deaths, mother in 1957, dad in 1959. When they came to Hondo, they travelled down the river on a raft. Dad said when they first came, he walked the railroad to Smith where they got their mail.



Edith, Ole Finstad. Mr. and Mrs. Bodnachuk (1957)

In 1930, he was appointed Hondos first postmaster and also had a small general store. I remember the store as a centre for nurse's clinics, picking up relief vouchers, church services in the home, also fur buying and selling. Shopping for supplies in the early years was a day's chore for many. They'd come with horses and wagon or sleigh, depending on the season. The horses would be unhitched, watered and fed while their owners would shop, get their mail, visit and have a bite to eat before getting ready for the trip home in late afternoon. The mail, in the early-times,



Back row: Derin, Allen and Roberta Rempel, Dale and Sandy Willis, Edie and Marvin Raines, Wendy and Elvin Yanish. Front row: Robyn, Isabel Willis, Rhonda Raines, Bob Willis, Brent and Mark Raines.

came by train which my dad met with hand sleigh in winter and a two-wheeled cart in summer.

Bob and I both attended the old one room school in Hondo. (I went to high school in Edmonton.) It was always exciting, each new term, when we'd have a new teacher. There was one teacher for grades 1-9. We always spent a lot of time in preparation for the Christmas concerts and always had a big picnic when the term was finished. Bob and I were married in 1957, we have four children who all live in Alberta. I took over my Dad's store and Post Office in 1959. We closed the store in 1972, but still run the Post Office.

Helen and Bob Haase by Helen Haase

We moved to Hondo in 1931 or 1932. We lived in a little log house about a mile east of the Athabasca River. We got busy and cleared about ten acres of land. At that time we were a family of five; Bob, Helen and our three boys. We had two boys going to school. Eugene was still too young but he started in a couple of years.

We left Hondo for a couple of years and came back in 1935. Then we built another log house. This time the logs were hewed and we had a lumber roof.

In order to make some money so we could have some food on the table, Bob went to the bush to make ties in the winter. He also cut down small logs for fence rails.

Bob went hunting so we could have some meat and we always had a big garden. The whole family used to go down to Big Creek on Sundays to do some fishing, so we also had fish. In the spring we would send to Edmonton for some baby chicks. We got a milk cow in exchange for cutting rails.



Bob and Helen Haase and family.

As time went on we also got a team of horses, in foal. They both had lovely colts. Before we got the horses, we would walk to Hondo with a little child's wagon and would haul our groceries home with that. Bob would go harvesting every fall so we could get our clothes and foot wear. By now we had two girls, Doreen and Annette, so we had five children.

To get our cows to come home for milking, we just went to the top of the hill right north of our house and called the bell cow's name. Soon we would hear the bell and they would come home to be milked.

We stayed in Hondo until October, 1946. Then we left. We enjoy coming back often for visits to see how everyone is.

Bert and Julia Jahnert Family by Marie Schmode (Jahnert)

In October 1948 Mom (Julia), Dad (Bert), Bob, Phyllis and I moved from our homestead at Fawcett to Hondo. That winter Dad worked in a sawmill, Bob and I went to school and Mom and Phyllis kept the home fires burning. The next spring Dad started on the railroad as a seasonal section man. He worked summers on the railroad and winters in the bush camps until 1952 when he became a permanent section man on the railroad, by bidding to Tangent. By this time the twins, Rodney and Richard, had joined our family, and were two years old. We travelled to Tangent (300 miles) by car which was quite an excursion in those days. We lived there fourteen months before Dad had a chance to bid back to Smith. We moved back in October 1953 and bought Homer and Stevie Bruyere's house.

In 1955 Dad bid to Hondo so we sold our house to Bill and Verna Willis and moved back to Hondo where we almost doubled the population of the town by our arrival. Dad continued on the railroad and

Mom ran the "Hondo Trading Post". This was the store owned by Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Finstead and contained the telephone office with the only telephone in Hondo. The number was Hondo IATT meaning one attended telephone. This step into modernization was very exciting at least to us kids. A long distance call was the topic of conversation for days. When a call came in for someone in town, Mom would recruit one of us kids to run the message to whoever it was for and hurry back with the reply. We were able to charge a delivery charge for this service and there was never any trouble getting us to **run** a message. Most messages were delivered for five cents much to our delight. We also had gas pumps and bulk fuel (purple) and kerosene. This was delivered from Westlock, by Roy Brown from the B.A. Agency, owned by Dunk Roberts, to our tanks. The farmers came in with forty-five gallon barrels. These were filled and hauled home to put in crops and take them off. I can remember Mom charging gas to the farmers to put in crops and again to take them off before getting paid. Many families had charge accounts which were paid on payday or whenever people could give something. This proved not to be very profitable but we still liked to think "our store" was an important part of the community. In the fall of moving to Hondo I went to Athabasca to High School, but weekends and summer holidays gave me fond memories of the "Trading Post." I remember being open from the time we got up until the "passenger train" went through at ten o'clock p.m., the five cent bottle of Coke, three for a penny nigger babies, the people dropping in just for a chat and the closeness of the community. When Mom closed the store in the fall of 1959 she closed a chapter on the history of Hondo.

My sister Verline, was born in December of 1959 and my parents separated the next year. Dad was in Jarvie working for the railroad. Mom and the rest of the kids moved to Peace River in July 1960. I was in Westlock and worked for Alberta Government Telephones. Mom remarried, becoming Mrs. George Armstrong and my sister Bonnie became the last addition to our family. Mom and George moved to Dawson Creek, B.C. and still live there.

Bob married, has five children, Ted, Donna, Robbie, Charlene and Karen and lives in Peace River. He operates a towing service and Carole is a legal secretary.

I (Marie) married Stan Schmode. We have two boys, Dean and Darrell and live on an acreage just south of Westlock. We operate an excavation business.

Rodney is married, lives in Berwyn and has one daughter Alana. His wife Bev is a nurse.

Richard is single and lives in Westlock, just moving here from Vancouver, B.C.

Phyllis married Basil Schmode and lives in Slave Lake. They have two children, Michelle and Trevor. Basil is a mechanic and Phyllis is a teachers aide.

Verline is single, lives in Slave Lake and works at the Sawridge Hotel.

Bonnie is single, lives in Slave Lake and works at a local newspaper.

Dad continued working for the railroad in Jarvie, Fawcett and Flatbush and passed away in 1975. He is buried in Fawcett cemetery with my brother Theodore and my sister Elizabeth, who both passed away in infancy.

Doreen Ness (nee Pizzezy)

Some of my memories of the years 1946-47 include walking three and one half miles across country from Grandma Pizzezy's house to Uncle Mel Sveen's place; attending Forestview school; our teacher Mrs. Cole and the 15 pupils from grades one to eight in one room. Some of these were Mary and Barbara Weinrich, Gary and Lloyd Drader, Melvin Miller, Ada and Elmer Drader, Elsie, Joe, and Leona Bintz, Etta Miller, Hugh, Wayne and Sandy Cole.

About 1948, I worked in the laundry at Chisholm Mills for Swanson Lumber Company under the supervision of my Aunt Lillian (Bubs) Strand. I heated the water with steam, washed clothes with an old wringer washer, and dried the clothes on wire lines strung up near the rafters for 40 to 50 lumberjacks. We also kept a barrel type heater "fired up" to dry the clothes, and ironed 50 to 75 shirts a week. I usually got the laundry done in three days so I could hop the 6:00 P.M. Wednesday freight train to Hondo. It cost me .40¢ whenever they remembered to charge. I spent my time visiting Betty and Jean Young when they came home from attending Athabasca High school. I also visited my sister Peggy and her husband Lloyd where they lived on "Little Joe's Homestead". I caught the 3:00 A.M. Sunday passenger train back to Chisholm or caught a ride with Aunt Bubs in her Model A Ford down the "old Chisholm trail".

1950 was the year Regent Drilling was drilling for oil across the Athabasca River at Hondo. I was helping out at Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Finstead's, doing housework, helping in the store and babysitting Maxine (Bubs and Johnny Matras's energetic two year old).

Bubs, Katie Matras and I had the opportunity to ride across the Athabasca River on the ferry the oil company had installed. We went to the oil site where I saw my first drilling rig in operation.

On June 29, 1964, I married Wilbert Ness from



Doreen Ness, son Bob Dafoe with wife Georgia and Nicholas.



Donna (nee Dafoe) Marion and children, Trevor and Bobby.

Dawson Creek, B.C. At that time he was working near Mitsue Lake for Arrow Drilling where Betty Crosswell and I were also employed as cooks from September 1964 to April 1965. My husband and I and my two children (from a previous marriage) moved to Dawson Creek in July 1965. My children are Donna Dafoe, born June 8, 1955 and Robert Dafoe, born June 24, 1957. We lived nine miles from Dawson Creek on an acreage until June 1970 when we moved to Anchorage, Alaska. We drove our 1967 Chevrolet pick-up and 1965 Dodge station wagon up the dusty Alcan highway loaded down with our household effects and personal belongings. We arrived at the Thunderbird Motel at 2:00 A.M. June 22, the longest day of the year. It was still daylight so we couldn't get the kids to settle down and go to sleep.

My husband was employed with Peter Bawden Drilling and since, has worked for various oil companies. He also worked on the Trans-Alaska oil pipe line until it was completed.

Shared memories of Donna and Robert Dafoe:

- Riding on Mr. Yoder's bus to the Smith school
 - Our teachers, Miss Long, Miss Litwin, Mrs. Drader and Mr. Lund, the principal
 - Attending Mr. Yoder's Bible School
 - Enjoying Aunt Betty's homemade bread and hot cakes
 - Spending Christmas in an oil company camp where Aunt Betty and Mom were cooking.
 - Swimming in Hondo Lake and getting the "itch"
 - Robert and friends on bicycles chasing after Allan Crosswell on his first motor bike.
 - Donna and Faye having cookies with Mrs. VanBuskirk Senior when they lived by Hondo Lake.
- Donna married Rene Marion in December 1975

at Dawson Creek. She has three sons and now lives at Beaverlodge, Alberta.

Robert and Georgia were married on December 10, 1977 and have one son, born on December 28, 1980. Robert is employed with Allied Van Lines and they reside in Anchorage, Alaska.

At the present time, I am still residing at Anchorage with my son Robert and his family. I've been employed with Nakoyia Health Care Services since October, 1974. Nakoyia is an Eskimo word meaning "Love to Others".

The most outstanding memory I have of Hondo and district was the great community spirit, the sharing and caring. When I retire I hope to return to spend my last days there.

Harrison (Buster) and Annie Overacker:

Harrison Overacker was born in Therien, Alberta in April, 1911. Annie was born Annie Slorach, in Ashmont, Alberta, in September 1917. We were married in 1938. We lived in Ashmont, Alberta until 1939, when we moved to Athabasca, Alberta. We lived there until 1957 and then moved to Spurfield, Alberta.

Harrison had been working for Hales H. Ross Lumber Co. for a few years before moving the family there. He was mechanic and welder there for thirteen years. Annie also worked as cook or cook's helper at the mill as well as in the bush camp.

We had several experiences while there. The one most remembered was when our youngest daughter was married. The bridge across the Slave River was taken out by high water and debris. A boat was rigged



Overacker Children 1948. Coreen, Donna, Clarence, Betty.

up with a rope and pullies. When anyone wanted to cross they had to pull themselves across in the boat. It was similar to a ferry. We had to take everything for the wedding across this way. It was quite a chore: the wedding was held in Smith, Alberta.

In 1962 we bought a farm near Smith. We farmed and Harrison worked at Federated Co-op until 1970. We sold the farm and moved to Hondo, Alberta, on an acreage. We still reside there.

We raised four children, Coreen, Clarence, Donna and Betty. They were all born in Athabasca, Alberta. Coreen married Antonio Teixeira. They have three children, Kimberly, Selena and Carlos. They live in Ontario. Clarence married Mavis Hart



Four generations 1963. Mrs. Custance, Annie Overacker, Betty Dixon, Dorey Dixon.

but drowned five months later. Donna married Leonard Zaplotinsky of Abee, Alberta. They have three children. Glen, Mark and Cindy. They now live in Westlock, Alberta. Betty married Don Dixon of Smith, Alberta. They have three children. Dorey, Tony and Troy. Dorey married Tracy McConaghy of Smith and has a son Brent. Coreen spent three years in the R.C.A.F. and trained as a R.N.A. before her marriage. Her daughter Kimberly is now taking her training in the R.C.A.F. in Ontario.

Bill Owens

Bill was born May 5, 1907 in Kirkella, Manitoba, the oldest of a family of 12 children. Bill and his brother, Syd, came to Hondo in 1931 and took up homesteads about six miles east of Hondo. Bill spent many years as a cook in lumber camps, tie camps, etc., while Syd stayed home on the homesteads.

He was known famously around the district for his fig wine.

In 1939, he joined the armed forces and went overseas, and served as a cook.

When he returned to Canada after the war he went to B.C. and went into the grocery store business in Richmond. He lived and worked there until he retired in 1963.

When he was in his late fifties, he married Edna Taylor, who had two teenage children from a previous marriage.

He passed away in 1980, but Edna still resides in Richmond.

The Owens Family

Bill and Syd Owens came to Calgary from Manitoba in 1930. They worked on a dairy farm there for a year. There they were paid \$25.00 each a month. In



Ken, Cathy, Fran and Sharon. Front: Mildred and Syd Owens.



Kenneth Owens going to school (1945).

1931 they bought four horses and a colt and headed for Hondo with horses and wagon. It took them two weeks to make the trip. It took them one full day to go across Edmonton. The little colt sometimes walked on the sidewalks, which thrilled the youngsters. They bought a farm at Hondo. Bill worked as a cook in bush camps and Syd ran the farm.

Bill joined the army and went overseas in the Second World War.

Syd married Mildred Willis. They had four children. Kenneth, of Edmonton; Catherine of Maidstone, Saskatchewan; Frances of Edmonton; and Sharon at Chisholm.

Halvor Paulsen



Alex Young and Oliver Paulsen at 50th. Wedding Anniversary party for Mr. and Mrs. Ole Finstad.

He was a Norwegian seaman and adept at putting ships in bottles. He came to Hondo in the 1940s, and lived on the old Hagan place on Hondo Lake. He made a number of row boats, and the only sailing boat to sail Hondo Lake.

Mary and Guy Raessler Story

This all began in Hanna, Alberta, on December 1, 1931, when Mary and Guy were married. This was the early years of the depression when people had no money and were very hard pressed. There was no rain and the dust storms and grasshoppers took over.

The provincial government came up with the idea to help the people move north to the Peace River country. Mary had a sister living at Grosmont who encouraged us to come there. We were young and newly-weds, so we accepted the challenge and came north in April, 1932.

While at Grosmont, Guy chanced to meet Orland McMaster, who was hauling straw from Grosmont but lived in the Hondo district. He told the men that there was homesteading land available in the Hondo district. So, Guy and Bob made a trip and liked what they saw. They then went to Athabasca, filed on the land and we were in the farming business on the S.E. 21-Twp. 70-Rge. 1-W5th M. It took some getting used to the insects, "no-see-ems" and such.

Guy and the neighbors put together a small two room log shack, which Guy willow stripped and mud plastered each year. Mary and Guy's first two children, Leo and Patricia, were born in this shack. In 1942, Guy built a frame house in which Rheta and David were born.

They lived here until 1965 when highway #2 was completed to Slave Lake and divided their farm. They then moved to the N.E. 23-Twp. 70-Rge. 1-W5th M. Mary and Guy kept matching their wits in



Leo, David, Patricia and Rheta, Guy and Mary Raessler, December 1981.

farming with the elements, and educated their four children via Hondo elementary school and Edwin Parr Composite school and on to higher goals.

Mary organized the first girl's club in Hondo. They met on Fridays after school; some of the club members were the Ulm girls, Edna Baumberger and Florence Orrick. The first ladies club was organized by Lucy Young, Alison H. Long (teacher) and Mary. It was the Women's Auxiliary affiliated with the Anglican Church. The first community club executives were Verna Willis and Mary.

Guy served on the school board for 17 years; was mail carrier for four years and also supplied the town people with fresh milk.

Now, in 1984, Mary and Guy have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and are living in retirement on the N.E. 23-Twp.70-Rge.1-W5th M. Mary is on the board of directors of the Half-Century Plus Club for the Drop-in-centre; also for the Smith and District history book; a volunteer for Community Outreach Program for the Elderly and Gentle Ben. She canvasses for the Red Cross and is a member of the Smith Anglican Church Women. She is also treasurer of the Smith Anglican Church and a member of Bethany Mennonite sewing circle.

Leo became a surveyor and married Margaret Fleming. They have two children, Ross and Rhonda. Leo and his family have taken over the farm.

Patricia is taking a course in day-care work at Grant McEwan College. She married Melvin Miller and they have five children: Darwin, Janice, Dean, Alton and Melvena.

Rheta became a secretary. She married Marc Lapierre and they have two children, Guy and Tiffany. They live in Yellowknife where they both work. Their son, Guy, goes to the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

David is a mechanic. He married Carol Forshner and they have one child, Melanie. They manage a garage in Edmonton.

Gerry and Thelma Scott and Family by Gerry and Thelma

We moved to Hondo in August 1978, after living in Fort McMurray for a year. Gerry was born in Saskatchewan and raised in Southern Manitoba on a farm near the Assiniboine River. Thelma was born in Westlock, but raised in Wainwright. Our daughter, Coralee Lynn, was born in Calgary on July 2nd, 1970, and our son, Jeff, was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming on June 20, 1973.

After spending a summer, cooking under the trees, and sleeping in our van, our trailer arrived at the Hondo Post Office! Between moving in and trans-

porting our farm machinery from North Battleford, Saskatchewan, we were relieved to put down our roots at last.

Gerry found that he needed to keep working as an iron worker in various parts of the province in order to finance the setting up of our farm operation. Thelma is the farm manager, while Gerry spends much time away working. In the six years that we have lived here, we have managed to clear 100 acres to grow feed grains, and hay, and to form a solid mixed farming base with cattle, pigs, and chickens.

In the spring of 1979, Thelma initiated the Hondo Pathfinders for boys and girls six to ten years old. With the help of Faye Pendrak, and other mothers, it grew and grew. Moving to Smith in 1980, it reached a peak membership of 31 by the fall of 1982. Both of our children were members and now they have moved up to the Junior Forest Wardens; Thelma has resigned as leader. Now, both of us are very actively involved in the Hondo Community Hall with bingos, dances, etc.

Coralee is now in grade eight, very interested in animals, while Jeff is in grade five, keeping up his past achievement record of top student in his grade.

We are proud to be part of this history book, and would like to thank the pioneers of the Hondo area for their helpful advice!

Arthur and Nellie Ulm by Lila Mae

Arthur and Nellie Ulm (nee Madison) were born in Nebraska, U.S.A. Nellie was teaching school when she met and married Arthur. They took up farming. They had six children, Fern, Clyde, Virginia, and Lila Mae were born in the U.S.A. Fern died of polio at the age of three and one half years and is buried in Nebraska. Elizabeth and Eugene were born in Canada.

The lure of land, one hundred and sixty acres for ten dollars, in a new country, brought them to Canada. The first trip was made by Arthur Ulm, John Ragan and Dwight Anderson in Arthur's car. They were headed for Peace River but took the wrong turn at Clyde corner and ended up at Fawcett which was as far as the road went. They filed on homesteads across the Pembina River and in 1923 brought their families by car.

We lived in a tent until the log house was built. The first snow and cold weather came unexpectedly. Waking with frost on our eyelashes was a new experience. Arthur went out harvesting for money to live on, and after working on a farm in Saskatchewan he moved the family there for two years. Elizabeth, (Betty) was born in Weyburn, Saskatchewan. In 1929



Eugene, Arthur, Nellie and Betty Ulm.

we returned to Fawcett and rented land about a mile from school. By then three of us were going to school. Eugene was born in Westlock Hospital and in 1931 we moved to Hondo. Clyde had finished school so only Virginia and I were going.

Pete and Wilfred Gladue were the first students we met in Hondo. They were doing janitor work, they came early and started the fire in the log school. Their friendliness, that made us feel welcome in a new school, will always be remembered. The stove was made from a forty-five gallon barrel laid lengthwise with iron legs and a door in the end. It burned good sized logs. The water was carried from the well in a pail and there was a big dipper to drink from.

Our first teacher was Alison Black (later to become Mrs. Mel Cole). She lived in a small building in the school yard. We looked forward to Friday after last recess when she brought her phonograph (portable) to school. We enjoyed the music. The machine had to be wound up frequently by hand to keep the records from playing too slowly.

Teachers were hired to teach grades 1-8 but would take classes over if the students had the proper text books. Upon completion of grade eight, a diploma was issued by the Department of Education. Most pupils quit when they finished grade eight or were fifteen years of age. A few took some high school. No one could afford to go away to attend high school. All the students walked to school some three and one half miles, regardless of weather. In the fall a harvest supper was held in the school, which served as a community hall. Everyone brought food, it was served buffet style. After supper the floor was cleared for the dance that followed.

Dances were the main winter entertainment. There was no entry fee, whoever put the dance on supplied the coffee and cream and sugar and sand-

wiches for midnight lunch. They cleaned the hall after the dance. Those who could, brought cake and sandwiches to help with the lunch. Music was local, usually violins and guitars. Cecil and Bill Willis, George Gauthier and the Dumont boys, Pete Gladeau and Eugene Beauchamp were among the most popular. A hat was passed around for a silver collection which was given to the musicians. The dances usually lasted until the early hours of the morning. One exciting event was the Christmas Concert by the school children, followed by Santa's visit with candy for the kids, the evening ended with a dance. Transportation was by team and sleighs, along with lots of blankets to stay warm under during the trip.

Ball games were popular in the summer. Hondo had a men's baseball team and alternated games with Smith. Arthur was an avid baseball fan and can be remembered pounding the ground with a bat near third base as he encouraged the runners to leave their bases and get some runs in. Money was scarce, our team had a game to play at Flatbush. The passenger train went through Hondo around 2 P.M. the team hid behind a log pile on the siding until it stopped at the station, and aided and abetted by a Hondo lady who was Chisholm bound, managed to get all the team players on the engine and blind baggage for a ride to Flatbush by unknown courtesy of the N.A.R. I wonder if the trainmen ever learned the reason that it took one lady so long to collect her baggage and board the train.



Clyde Ulm with bear cubs, 1940.

In the summer we picked berries. One year when they were plentiful we sold the surplus after canning our winter's supply. Olaf Finstead bought them at six cents a pound for blueberries and four cents a pound for cranberries.

We lived about a mile from Hondo but the homestead was six miles east, one spring my Dad, Virginia and I planted an acre of netted gem potatoes. They did really well; in the fall he plowed them out with horses and a walking plow. We picked them and bagged them. The field was soft. We had four horses on the hayrack and made a trip from home to the homestead and back every day for a month. We ended up with a cellar and half of one bedroom full of potatoes. Clarence Topley bought them for twenty-five cents per bushel.

One winter Dad was laid up with sciatica rheumatism and Clyde was away trapping, Virginia and I hauled feed for the stock at home from the homestead with a team and a sleigh with a rack on. We took a shortcut across Hondo Lake. It used to boom when we crossed, we always kept the horses on a trot (just in case) but nothing unusual happened. We helped in the bush too. When we were cutting telephone poles, we had notched the tree with the axe, then sawed opposite the notch with the crosscut saw. It didn't fall fast enough to suit us so we chopped the axe into the trunk and pushed hard. Instead of falling, it hopped off the stump and stood straight up. We had an anxious moment or two, but it finally fell where we wanted it. We didn't try that again.

Selling wood was one way of earning money. It was cut in log lengths and hauled by team and sleigh to the railway siding. Henry Gladeau had a buzz saw and he and his crew sawed the logs into stove length pieces and tossed them into an empty box car. Virginia and I piled it in tiers to the roof of the car until it was filled. The price was forty dollars a carload.

In the summer we swam in the creek, I learned to swim there. When the water was low it was icy cold but after a rain, it overflowed its banks and was really warm.

The first of July was celebrated with a picnic. Everyone brought food and it was placed all together on a table made from planks. There were races and sporting events for all, always ball games followed by a dance in the evening.

Wild game was plentiful and it was the main source of meat for most of the homesteaders. In the winter it was kept frozen and in the summer canned in sealers in a hot water bath. Hot work with a steaming boiler over a wood stove with no air conditioning but no one complained and were thankful for the food.



Virginia Ulm, 1939.

No one will forget Nurse Drummond-Hay, a Scottish missionary nurse, who tramped the snowbanks in sub-zero weather, sometimes carrying a lantern in the dark to bring cough syrup and magazines to the kids when we had a measles epidemic. The sickness was brought to Hondo by a boy who came home, sick, from another community; passed to his sisters who went to school and from the school kids to their families at home.

One year the Government held a clinic at Smith School for removal of tonsils and adenoids. The children were transported by team and wagon eight miles to Smith, had their operation, were wrapped in blankets as soon as they recovered consciousness, loaded in the wagons and returned home. No complications followed.

In the winter the young folks went skating or skiing, the boys would clear a patch of ice free from snow and if the weather was really cold a bon-fire would be built. Some of the skis were homemade. Clyde, Fred, Irvin Baumberger and Kenneth Worthing were the most adept. Worthings would bring a team of ponies with a stoneboat, all the younger ones who didn't ski (and some who did) would pile on and slide down the big hill, then the horses would pull the stoneboat to the top ready for another trip down.

In 1940 I went to work in the Chisholm box

factory, the shift was ten hours a day, the wages twenty-two and a half cents an hour. I stayed there two years. Arthur Ulm passed away in Slave Lake in 1948. Nellie returned to Hondo and passed away in 1978, age 86. Both are buried in the Hondo cemetery.

Clyde was Communications Officer for the Alberta Forestry when he died in 1975. His wife Virginia died in 1978. They had eight children, Valerie, Joyce, Vicki, Arthur, Maureen, Dianna, Devin and Adrienne. Vicky lived in Calgary. The rest in Edmonton. Clyde and Virginia are buried in Slave Lake.

Virginia married Marlo Sands, they had seven children. Marvin, Arlene, Alvin, Warren, Dennis, Danny (who was a twin brother to Dennis, and lived only three days, is buried in Hondo) and Orin. Marvin and Alvin live in Hondo. Arlene, Warren and Orin live in Slave Lake and Dennis in Westlock.

Emil Sherbaniuk and I were married in 1942. We had three children, Linda, Judy and Glenn.

Linda married Adrian Waters, they have three children, Shelley, Don and Kelly. They live in St. Albert.

Judy married Robin Shyback, they have two children, Jode and Robbie.

Glenn married Vicky Oslund they have three boys, Scott, Todd and Kelsey. Both Judy and Glenn live between Red Deer and Innisfail.

Betty Ulm married Hawley Crosswell, had two children, Sharon and Doug. Sharon lives in Edmonton, has three boys, Rodney, Ricky and Christopher. Doug lives in Williams Lake, British Columbia, has three boys, Kelly, Jason and Timothy. Betty and Hawley have lived in Hondo since they were married and have kept foster children for fourteen years.

Eugene married Ethel Norris, they have four children, Elaine, Arthur, Kenneth and Roy, and three grand-children. They live in Sangudo and raise Arabian horses.

I returned to Hondo in 1976 and have been driving a school bus for the past three years.

William and Helen Van Buskirk **by Sharon Van Buskirk**

William Van Buskirk was born on September 16, 1895 in Selkirk, Manitoba. He left home at the age of 16 to make his way in the world.

My mother, Helen Van Buskirk (nee Paulson), was born on October 1, 1900 in Reisor, Norway, to a family of seven brothers. My mother came to Canada with her family by ship when she was twelve, to a homestead in Fawcett, Alberta. When they got off the train in Fawcett, my mother and her brothers were distressed to see nothing but tree stumps.



Helen and William VanBuskirk.

When they were first married and for many years after, my parents lived in McLennan, Alberta, where my dad owned and operated the first electric light plant. He wired the school, hospital, houses and the streets for street lights. My two sisters and brother were born and raised in McLennan. Later Mom and Dad moved to Edmonton, as Dad worked for the N.A.R. I was born in Edmonton.

When Dad retired from the N.A.R., after 39 years of service, we moved to Hondo. My mother's



Jack Conroy, Harry VanBuskirk, Evelyn holding Carol, William and Helen VanBuskirk, June and Albert Payton, Sharon, Darlene and Lynn (June's girls).

brother, Oliver Paulson, lived on a farm there. It was the summer of 1956, when we unloaded our furniture from my brothers gravel truck. He backed the truck into two large holes dug in the side of a hill, where our house was situated. In the years to come bonfires were built in those holes for weiner roasts.

Mom and Dad sold the farm in 1969 and moved to Westlock for a year. Dad's sight failed even more and they moved to Senior Citizens Apartments in Edmonton.

William Van Buskirk passed away on January 11, 1983 and is buried at Fawcett's Mount Pleasant Cemetery. He is survived by his wife, Helen, who lives in Edmonton, his daughter, Evelyn of Calmar, his son Harry of Hondo, his daughter June of Edmonton and his daughter Sharon of Calmar.



Sharon (nee VanBuskirk) and Harry Baggs (1983), December 10.

The Willis Family

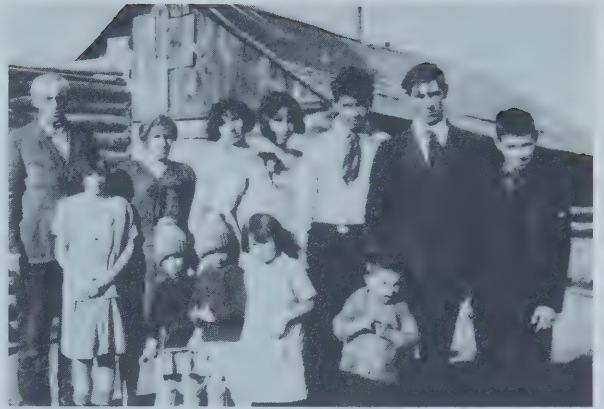
by Mildred Owens (nee Willis)

Henry Willis was born in Ireland, July 18, 1887. Agnes Hunter was born in Republican City, Nebraska, December 24, 1882.

They grew up, met, and were married in Nebraska in 1904. Pa farmed there.

They moved to Leopoldville, Alberta in 1913. Pa worked as a farm hand for Mark Brothers there. Between 1914 and 1916 they moved to Deville. I guess the pastures didn't look green enough there because they moved to Mirror Landing (now known as Smith) in 1919. Pa homesteaded here.

When they arrived in Hondo there were only four people; Mr. Vincent, Mr. Roy, the section foreman and section man. All four were bachelors. Mel Cole



Back row: Henry and Agnes Willis, Mary, Beulah, Cecil, Bill, Sylvester. Front: Mildred Willis, Alice and Grace Plishka, Fay and Bob Willis.

and Sam Simmons arrived in 1920, they were also single. Then the Dubois family arrived followed by Gladeaus and Worthingtons.

Between 1919 and 1930 the nearest grocery store and post office were in Smith about 10 miles away. This was quite a trip with horses and wagon over very poor roads.

By 1924 Hondo was named and in 1930 the post office was put in and mastered by Mr. Ole Finstad. He also had a small general store.

By 1928 Mom and Pa had been blessed with ten children of which eight are living; Mary, Cecil, Bill, Beulah, Sylvester, Mildred, Fay and Robert.

The first school in Hondo was built in 1930. It was a one room log building. Some of us had to walk three miles to get there. Our desks were tables and benches made by the parents. The first teacher was Mrs. Cole (nee Miss Black).

The main entertainment those days were the annual old time picnics, where we ran races. I don't know how it was managed but the winners got a few candies. I was glad I was a good runner. In the winter tobogganing down the hill was enjoyed by parents and kids alike. We also had dances in the little log school house. Everyone brought lunch, with sandwiches that were made mostly with ground up moose meat and home made bread, of course. The music was supplied by Mom on guitar, Cecil and Bill on violins. The dances usually started about 8:00 P.M. and went until three or four o'clock in the morning. A collection was taken which usually netted between one to three dollars. I think one time they got \$3.25, big pay for playing all night.

It was unknown to have linoleum on the floors in the houses. The boards had to be scrubbed with a brush. Mom made brooms out of fine brush tied to a stick to sweep with. We also used a goose wing, whenever we were lucky enough to get a goose.

Mom carried water up the river hill, we helped her when we got big enough. She washed clothes on a washboard, using soap she made herself.

We went barefoot in summer. In winter Mom made moccasins for us out of moose and deer hides that she had tanned.



Back row: Bob, Sylvester, Bill, Cecil. Front row: Fay, Mildred, Beulah, and Mary Willis.

Wild fruit was plentiful in those days, some families picked blueberries by the washtub full. They would go out and pick all day.

Pa trapped fur in winter and kept us well supplied with moose and deer meat. He was a very good shot. Of course, those days Sundays were the days for target practice. Shells were cheap then.

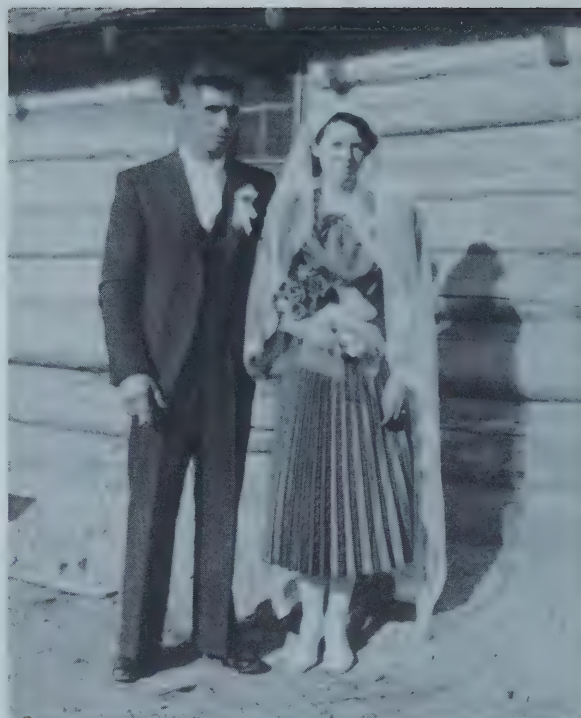
All the travelling the folks did to get here was done by train, which was very slow, because the railroad tracks were very poorly constructed; it was rough.

People had to work very hard to raise a large family on very little income. They had to grow their living; there were no fancy frills then, I can tell you. The only good thing about it, everyone was in the same condition. The kids were happy, but the parents must have had some terrible worries I'm sure.

Pa pssed away in 1939, Mom in 1959 and they were both laid to rest in the Hondo Cemetery.

The Cecil and Laura Willis Story as told by Cecil and Laura

I, the eldest son of Henry and Agnes Willis was born in Huntley, Nebraska, U.S.A. on January 22, 1909. In 1913 the family moved to Alberta. My dad had made the trip earlier, and in August my mother, my sister, Mary, my brothers Robert and Bill and I came by train to Leopville, Alberta. After a few more short moves we eventually landed in Smith, again following my dad. This was 1920, Dad was



Cecil and Laura Willis's wedding.

working at a sawmill run by a man named Gauthier. The mill was on the west side of Athabasca River by the Big Island.

Times were hard, I can remember trapping with my Dad, when I was 12 or 13 years old. When I was 14 I worked with Mel Cole, falling trees, with a crosscut saw. The logs were hauled down the Athabasca River to Harry Kemp's mill in Smith. Joe and Bill Holden hauled the logs on sleighs, with eight foot bunks, pulled with a Hart Parr tractor.

I shot my first moose when I was about 16 years old, with a 25-20 rifle. Moose were plentiful in those days, you could go out and get one whenever you needed meat.

I went to work on the railroad at Tieland in 1928 for a short time, then in 1930 I went on full time. I worked eight hour days, five days a week for thirty three cents an hour. Out of that the Railroad took 15 percent off our wages. I can't remember what for. I know we were supposed to get it back later, but we never did get it.

In 1935 I left the Railroad and went washing gold with my brothers, Bill and Sonny, and my brother-in-law Sam Beecroft. We worked on the west bank of the Athabasca River just above Syd. Owens'. We sold our gold to Willard McKenzie, who owned a store in Smith, part of the time, but often we shipped it to the Smelter at Trail, B.C. The price varied from twenty two to thirty two dollars per ounce.



Back: Jim, Cecil, Laura and Albert. Front: Jean and Leonard Willis.

Around 1930, I bought a Model T Ford from Marceau Chapotelle for \$15.00. The car was in Fawcett and I wanted to bring it home via the shortest possible route, which was the Railroad track. Bill and I got the bright idea that if we equipped it with flanged wheels we could drive it to Hondo on the rails. We fashioned some wheels out of Ford rims and exchanged them for the regular rims. It took us all day, and then we found that they didn't fit the rails. The next day we drove to Flatbush on an old logging trail, then we straddled the rails and drove on the ties to Chisholm where we stayed overnight. The next day we came on as far as Mile 120, where we left the track, and not too soon either, as a train came along. We had not even enquired as to train schedules. My next car was a 1928 Chevrolet touring that I bought in about 1931 for \$65.00. The old cloth top didn't want to stay on so I put a tin top on it. Around 1934, I bought a 1928 Essex car from Steve Chandler.

In the winter months cars were of no use to us, our roads weren't snowplowed in those days and we didn't have anti-freeze for the radiators. I had a team of driving horses, Maude and Nell, they could cover the miles in a hurry. We always had strings of sleigh bells on the harnesses for winter driving. Everyone's bells seemed to have a different tone, you could often tell who was coming for a visit even after dark, by the sound of the sleigh bells.

In later years, after I was married and had started farming I needed a tractor. I bought pieces of an Old Fordson tractor from Joe Roskevich at Bear Lake. I used the rear end and front axle of it, then I remodelled a frame from an old Titan tractor. I mounted a T 120 Industrial, Chrysler motor and a



Back row: John Gladeau, Don McCumsey, Irene Beauchamp, Lottie Bryan, ? Haase, Vic Beauchamp, Marjorie Finstead, Bob Willis and Gordon Conrad. Front row: Eugene Haase, Alice Beauchamp, John Matras, Frank Beauchamp, Zane, Finstead, ? Bomburger.

truck transmission on it, and had myself a tractor. Later I fashioned a blade on the front end and cleared land with it. I used that tractor until I got an Allis Chalmers about 1953. I still have the old one and it still runs.

In later years after our boys had grown up and left home, I had no one to ride either the binder or the tractor. I extended the steering column on the tractor so that I could sit on the binder seat and steer it. I would set the throttle at the right speed for the binder to run properly, then I would put the tractor in gear with a rope on the clutch pedal, pulled tight. When I was settled and ready to go I would release the rope and I was away. It took a little practise all right, to maneuver through gates and around corners but I managed. I had the clutch pedal rope hooked up so that when I pulled on it it disengaged the clutch to stop the tractor.



Cecil Willis driving tractor from the binder seat.

I will turn the story telling over to Laura to finish.

I was the oldest of Harvey and Rose Beauchamp's children. I went to school at the Clover Valley school, until we moved to Hondo. I didn't go back to school when the rest of the children attended school in Hondo. I helped at home until 1936 when I worked for Dan and Olive Schmode, and later for a family at Clyde where I was paid \$6.00 per month.

On October 17, 1938, my nineteenth birthday, Cecil and I were married. My parents were moving back to Westlock that fall so we stayed on their farm. Our first son Albert was born there, January 13, 1941. Miss Maynes delivered him.

Cecil had rented one quarter and a fraction of land from his brother-in-law, Stanley Plishka, but there were no buildings on it. My parents came back to their homestead in the spring of 1941 so Cecil and I and our baby lived in a small cabin on his mother's place while he built our house. We later bought the land from Stanley, and added a kitchen on to the house. As time went on I leased a quarter of land on the south side of our home quarter. NE. S27-T70-R1 M5.

Our second son James was born in April of 1944, in the Westlock Hospital.

The following winter Cecil was on the trap-line and I had 15 head of stock to feed and pull water for, with a rope and pail. I will be forever thankful that nothing happened to the children, left alone in the house many times, while I did chores. Although many women had to do it in those days and you took all the precautions you could, it was still a worry.

The winter of 1947-48 Cecil worked for his brother Bill and Camille Rochon at their lumber mill in Slave Lake. My sister Alice stayed with me, she was help as well as company for me through the long winter.

Our third son Leonard was born in July of 1948 in the Westlock Hospital. I can't recall what Cecil did that winter but the following fall he went to work for Bill Strach as millwright. My brother Frankie stayed with me and did chores until he got a job at Christmas time. From then till spring Bob Willis did the chores for me.

I had to leave for Westlock again in December 1949, and on the day before Christmas our daughter, Jean, was born, on her Grandma Willis's birthday. Finally, I could make some frilly little dresses as well as boys overalls. They had to be starched and everything had to be ironed, but we were used to that.

When Albert started school he walked the three miles to Hondo during the summer months, and he rode with Marguerite Baron who drove a horse on a cutter in the winter. By the time Jim started school we got them each a bike, then in the winter they drove

their dog, "Sport", on a toboggan. We eventually had to buy another bike, and I believe we added another dog when there was three going to school. The fall of 1954, Cecil went to work falling for Swanson Lumber Co. at Camp eight. We took the boys out of school and we moved up there with him. My brother Eugene and his family stayed on our farm to feed the stock. We got Correspondence School lessons for the boys, for the two winters we spent in Camp. The second winter Bob Willis and Grandma stayed and did chores. When spring break came up they would go back to school. Cecil continued to work for Swansons with his brother Bill until the winter of 1960-61 when they shut the Camp down. The children and I stayed home after our two winters away, as Eugene and Grace moved to Camp. The boys were old enough to help me by this time.

Albert quit school and went to work, but the three younger ones, were still going when they phased out the smaller schools and bussed them all to Smith.

Albert worked at Spurfield and for Stelter Lumber in Smith. He eventually got on pipeline work and ended up in Sundre where he apprenticed and got his mechanics licence. He married Victoria Ross of Sundre, they had two children, Kim and Blaire. They were later divorced and Albert has since married Shirley Meyn. They live in Ft. Nelson, B.C. where Albert still does mechanic work.

When Jim quit school he worked in Spurfield, then for Canada Dry, and eventually apprenticed for his mechanic's licence under Aaby Transport in Edmonton. In 1965 he married Arlene Rempel, they have one son Warren. After a few years working at Ft. Nelson and Ft. Smith he came back to Hondo and has taken over the family farm. He still does quite a lot of repair work and he gets in a bit of trapping as well.

Leonard first worked for John McDonell who crushed gravel for the piers on the new No. 2 Highway bridge. He, too worked for Aaby Transport in Edmonton before moving to Ft. Smith, where he worked for a number of years. He married Judy Rempel, they adopted a boy, Allen, while they were in Ft. Smith and had two girls, Tammy and Crystal. They are now divorced. Leonard and Bridgette live in Pibroch and have a daughter Michelle.

Jean finished high school in Edmonton. She worked for A.G.T. and then moved to Ft. Smith where she worked for the Government. She married Don Boxer, a Fish and Wildlife Officer and they are back in Ft. Smith after several moves around the Northwest Territories. They have two children, Don Jr. and Sherri.

Cecil and I are still on the farm, we built a new, modern house in the early sixties. I raise broiler

chickens every summer and usually have one cow to milk. I still can, pickle and or freeze all of our fruit and vegetables. During the winter I make quilts and crochet.

Cecil does a lot of the gardening now, he specializes in growing tomatoes, but he also has raspberries and strawberries. He has always loved fishing and still does. He traps every winter with his brother, Bill.

The Worthing Family Story **by Irene Worthing (Mrs. Ted Nyhus)**

Father, Ralph Sherbourne Worthing, was born at Pine Island, Minnesota, on January 29th, 1871. Mother, Anna Mabel Williams, was born at Matley, Minnesota, on November 15th, 1885. They were married in 1902, and homesteaded first in North Dakota, then moved to Youngstown, Alberta, in 1910. We came to Stettler by train and then on to Youngstown with two teams of oxen and wagons a distance of 80 miles. Breaking the land and putting up buildings was exhausting as Youngstown was in the dry area of south east Alberta.



Ralph and Mabel Worthing.

We had little crop until 1915, which was an excellent year and renewed our hopes in the land. This was short lived, as we had total failures and little crop until 1922 when we were compelled to leave the homestead. Realizing almost nothing for horses and machinery, etc., we moved to Drumheller, where Father and my brother, Ernest, worked in the coal mines. Life here was much better as we could enjoy some of the amenities such as electric lights. Work in the mines was long and hard and Father seemed to have a wanderlust.

Striking out north, we arrived at Hondo, where he homesteaded N.W. 16-32-8-W4. He sent for Mother and the family but when we arrived we had no home or shelter to live in. The following years were harsh indeed and when things began improving, the world depression struck. Some work was available at Chisholm Lumber Mills at times but wages were low, down to 18¢ an hour. We had to apply for relief which for five youngsters at home was five dollars per month.

Following is the chronology of the family.

George Bertram, 1903-1981.
Ernest Clark, 1904; Surrey, B.C.
Florence Ruth, 1906-1951.
Fred Earl, 1907; Harrison Hot Springs, B.C.
Floyd Warren, 1911-1922.
Myrtle Eva, 1912; Riondell, B.C.
Laurraine Clarence, 1914-1929.
Kenneth Lyle, 1917; Campbell River, B.C.
Irene Mabel, 1919; Mrs. Ted Nyhus, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.
Ralph Vyron, 1922; Washington.
Edythe Marie, 1924-1981.
Harold Lynn, 1926-1978.

George farmed in the Wainwright area; there was a large family. They enjoyed many musical hours with George's musical ability and beautiful violin. Ernest worked at various jobs including the N.A.R., (Northern Alberta Railroad) cooking in lumber camps and mining camps in such places as Yellowknife and Red Lake, Ontario. At Red Lake, he owned a dance hall and bowling alley in partnership. He retired to Surrey, B.C.

Myrtle married Budge Crick; they had three children and now reside at Riondell, B.C.

Anne, Kenneth's first wife died leaving a family of five. Ken and his second wife, Sylvia, now reside at Campbell River, B.C.

Edythe, my sister, married Joe Brewer; they had a boy and girl. They lived in Seattle for many years where Edythe died in 1981.

Harold and Pauline had a family of four. Harold worked in southern B.C. for many years.



Edith, Mr. Worthing, Harold and Vyron Worthing, 1940's.



Ted and Irene Nyhus, 1938.

I, Irene Mabel, married Ted Nyhus of Dawson Creek in 1938. After having a store for a short time, we went back to Saskatchewan. With ten years experience buying grain, Ted got a job with the Saskatchewan Pool. We lived near Estevan for three years, at Crane Valley for four years, then Ted got promoted to the Extension Division of the Pool. After 30 years (24 of which he worked in the Extension Division with the Co-ops, Credit Unions and 4H) he retired in 1970. We had three girls and two boys. Gwen worked in social services; Thelma and Shelly are married and live here in Moose Jaw. Shelly's husband works for the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railways) and they have two little girls. Thelma married an electrician and he teaches at the Saskatchewan Technical Institute. They have two girls and two boys. Gwen has



Back: Thelma, Laurie and Shelly. Front: Gwendolyn, Irene, Ted, Ted Jr. Nyhus.

her degree in Social Services and plans on studying for her Masters. Ted, Junior, is in Computer Data Processing in Calgary. He has two boys and two girls. Laurie has a degree in Education and one in Physical Science. He retired from teaching and now is a Minister in a Toronto Church. While studying in England he married an English girl and they have two boys and one girl.

Ted was away from home a great deal of the time so the responsibilities of raising the family was a heavy load, but our children and their families are a great joy. We have had rewarding years together and many pleasant experiences with the grandchildren; also many happy family get-togethers.

Ted and I retired in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. We are celebrating our 45 anniversary this August, 1983.

Hondo holds many happy memories of the beautiful lake, swimming, fishing, our school days, our teachers, Christmas concerts, dances and house parties. The story of Hondo and this period would not be complete without mentioning Nurse Drummond-Hay. Without her loving help and care, attention and generosity, life would have been difficult indeed for many people in the community and she is lovingly remembered by many for her work among us.

I am sure there are many people who remember Mother for her help in time of illness, and bringing little ones safely into the world, where so little professional help was available. Mother was visiting us when Thelma was born. We had a terrible three day blizzard; some cattle and horses were completely drifted over with snow and the nearest Doctor was 40 miles away, but with Mother there all went well. In a ravine below town and in a distance of a mile, Ted counted 156 pheasants that coyotes had dug up from the snow.

To those who read this short story, we wish we could share an hour with you, happy memories and God Bless each of you.

The Alex Young Family (and the Beecroft Family)

by Betty Giles

It was in 1929 that Alex Young filed on his homestead and soldier's settlement at Hondo; Section 14, Township 70, Range 1, West of the 5 Meridian. He had met Bill Johnson in Edmonton who told him about the opening of land east of Hondo. Alex had passed through this area in the early 1920's shortly after he returned from five years of active service in Europe during World War I with the 26th Battalion from St. John, New Brunswick (his home province). He later spent several winters hacking ties at Chisholm and near Springfield, and once walked all



Alex and Lucy Young's Wedding, August 17, 1931.

night from Smith to Chisholm following the N.A.R. Railway. One of his employers was Dimsdale, who had the tie contract, and payment was by piecework. The average wage was about \$30.00 a month. In these days before power saws, skills with a broad axe were very highly rated.

The Beecroft family arrived in Hondo from Yorkshire, England, in June, 1930. Mrs. Beecroft, recently widowed; Lucy, Bob and Sam had followed Joe Beecroft who had come to Alberta a year earlier. It was a chance meeting with Olaf Finstead that led Joe to file on a homestead three miles east of Hondo. He then urged his family, and his fiancée, Betty Greaves, to join him. He had written home that his place was "three miles from town", and in their ignorance, they had imagined a town like Doncaster, England. A one-roomed shack, for the ladies and a tent for the boys were their first home. It was a far cry from their English home they had left. Like all early settlers, they adapted quickly, and although Mrs. Beecroft did return to England briefly in 1931, she soon rejoined her family in Hondo; and later married Mr. Albert Wood. Mrs. Beecroft never discarded her English housekeeping habits, and many early single homesteaders were served tea and scones from her fine English Bone china. She died in 1947, and Mr. Woods died in 1953.



Lucy and Alex Young with daughters Betty and Jean (1938).

Lucy Beecroft married Alex Young in August, 1931. He got up nerve enough to write to her when he was away harvesting in September and October, 1930. He later proposed to her during a blueberry picking expedition. The rest of the family had rushed off home due to a bear scare, and Alex took the opportunity to "pop the question" while sitting on a windfall. Lucy rushed him off to Athabasca to be married at All Saint's Anglican Church by Archdeacon Little. The ceremony was witnessed by student minister, Reginald Pierce, who later became Bishop of Athabasca.

The first winter of their married life was spent in the one-roomed log shack with a sod roof, that Alex had constructed. In 1932, with the help of the Schmode brothers and the Beecroft in-laws, he built a much more substantial log house which is still standing today. It had dove-tailed corners (see picture), a brick chimney, built with the help of Mr. Mapletop, and cedar shingles. The lower logs were tamarack, and the upper levels were spruce and jack-pine, all hewn by hand during the previous summer. Lucy soon learned to milk an increasing number of cows; to prevent them from "kicking the bucket over"; and to avoid getting slapped in the face by their swishing tails, a "smudge" often had to be built to help drive away some of the mosquitoes, and huge horse flies.

Lucy and Alex Young's daughter Betty was born in 1933 and Jean in 1936. They all continued to live on the homestead, one mile from Bill Johnson's cabin, and three miles from Oscar and Nora Nock's until the girls were ready for school. They found themselves five miles from Forest View School, and outside the organized school district. Correspond-



Lucy Young with daughter Betty, 1931.

dence lessons, and living away from home with the Beecrofts were tried at first, but later the family moved nearer to Hondo, to the Hagan place right around Hondo Lake. Betty and Jean have fond memories of learning to swim at “the beach” with Barbara and Danny Schmode, and of berry picking with the Conrad family, who lived at the opposite end of the lake. Competitions were held to encourage the children to pick faster; the coveted prize being to ride the saddle horse home. The wonderful picnic lunches were the best part of the expedition. Most of the berries were canned for the winter, and the increasing number of jars stacked down in the cellar was a great source of pride to all the family.

Alex continued to farm the land on the homestead and was forced to haul loads of hay from there to the Hagan place. He soon became well known for breaking the trail across Hondo Lake each winter. Eight to ten inches of ice was considered safe, and he would go ahead of the team to check the thickness. This route through Conrad’s farm shortened the journey from Forest View to Hondo by about two miles compared to the usual summer route over Nick’s Mountain, a hill that had been referred to as a mountain by Mr. Nick Bintz, another early settler.

During these early years Alex served as road foreman, timekeeper, school board member, enumerator and election clerk. He later became cemetery committee secretary and mail carrier. The mail had to be put on and collected from the passenger train coming north from Edmonton each night about 11:00 P.M., and it was often very late necessitating a lonely vigil beside the pot-bellied stove in the one-roomed station. He was also a founding member of the Smith Legion.

In later years, Alex and Lucy Young ran a General Store in Hondo. Lucy remained a committed member of the Church of England (later the Anglican Church of England) and always provided a warm welcome to the summer student ministers, and the “van ladies”. Later she was instrumental in the building of St. David’s Church at Hondo, and organized the Sunday School for many years.

They moved to Edmonton in the early 1960’s where Alex (now 89) still lives. Lucy died in August, 1974 and her ashes are buried with her mother’s in the Hondo Cemetery. Betty Young married Ted Giles in 1954. They have three children and live in Calgary. Jean married John Hudson in 1964. They now live in England, and have two children.

Francis Young

by Hugh Patterson, Jean Hudson and Betty Giles

Frank Young came to Hondo in the early thirties, from Lincolnshire, England, through a friend of his, Alex Young (no relation). Frank homesteaded on NE¼ 8-69-26-W4.

Jean Hudson and Betty Giles recall him being a great reader and thinker. Frank also was an early health addict. “White bread and white sugar were killers of the human race” according to Frank. Later he was badly burned when an oil stove exploded, while he was working as a night watchman at a lumber camp near Fort McMurray. He was in the hospital for months, but later returned to Hondo. He never did succeed in reforming “the capitalist system” but certainly never stopped trying.

Hugh Patterson tells that Frank remained a bachelor until the late sixties, when he moved to Saskatchewan and got married. He travelled with horses until the late sixties, when he bought a van. He never did have a tractor of any kind.

He passed away a few years ago.

Several incidents are told about him.

He used to peddle moonshine at dances in Hondo and Forest View.

One time after he got his van, the R.C.M.P. picked him up for not having a driver’s license. After he was summoned to appear in court in Slave Lake, he asked if he could drive up.

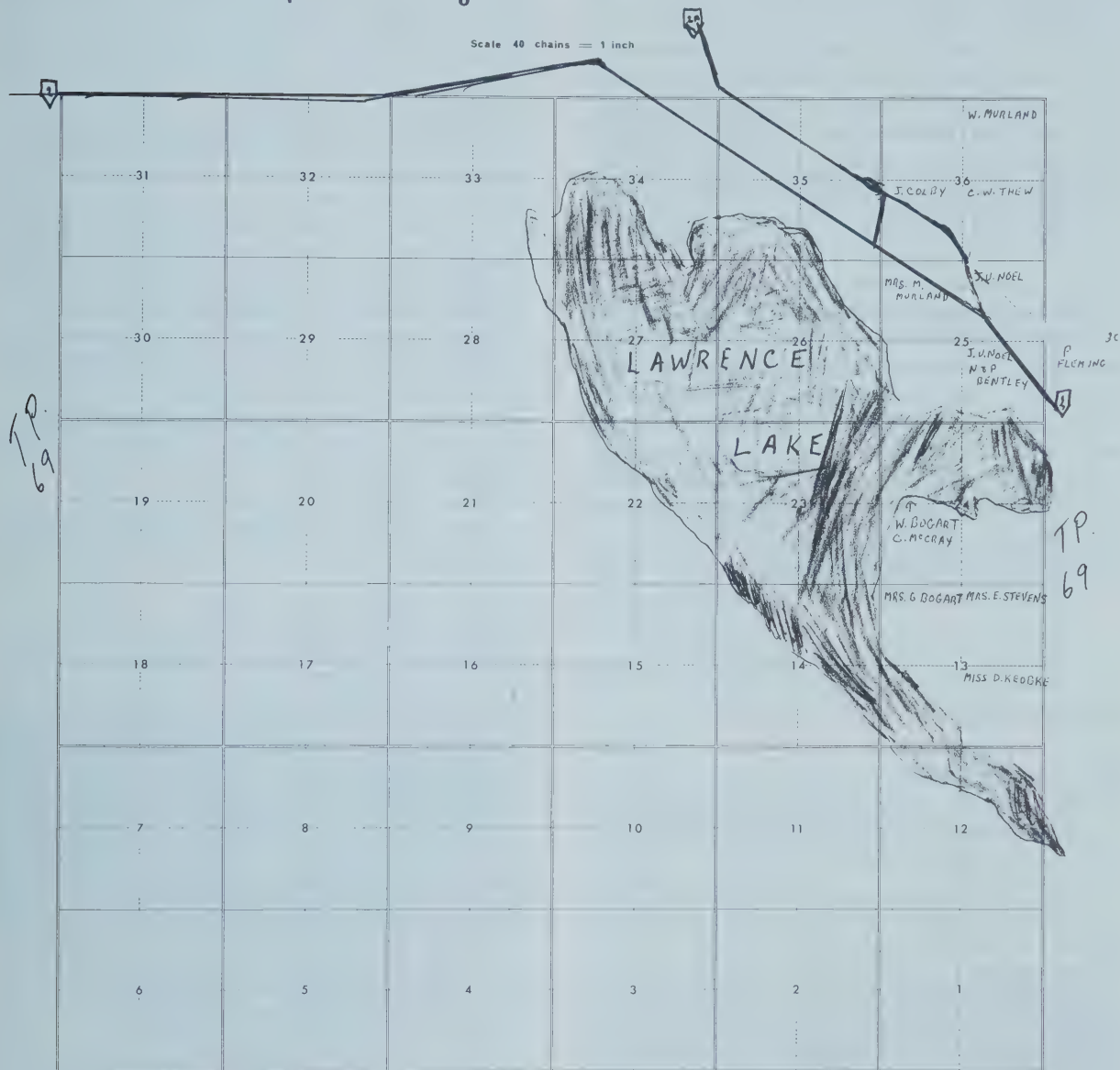
One day he was coming out of Smith with a jag of coal on. He rolled his van on Ole Anderson’s curve. When he got out you’d have sworn he had just come out of a coal mine, he was so black.

Hugh Patterson remembers him visiting their place often.

Lawrence Lake

Tp. 69 Rge. 25 West of 4 Mer.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch



RGE 25

Fleming, Paul and Dora by Margaret Raessler (nee Fleming.)

Paul and Dora were married April 8, 1937 and moved to the Lawrence Lake district in 1942, from Newbrook, Alberta, where they had worked as farm helpers. (The move was made by Eugene Cramer and his lumber truck.) Paul was employed with Stelter's Sawmill at Lawrence Lake. Paul and Dora moved

into a small house across from where the Lawrence Lake campsite now is; and built onto it as required. They later moved to the north end of Lawrence Lake. In 1944 they purchased Fred Crosswell's log house and quarter section of land near the campsite. When highway No. 2 was moved, their house was torn down and they moved into the log house on the present site.

In 1942 the road through the area had no gravel and was mud most of the time; logging trucks were mired down on numerous occasions, and Ellefson's "cat" was brought over to pull them out or they stayed there until other help came.

The mail came to Grosmont Store — seven miles away. Paul picked up mail and necessary groceries in all weather with his bicycle, including 50 lb. bags of flour and sugar. Paul and Dora Fleming later bought a horse and used a democrat in summer and the cutter in winter for travel. Horses were used until 1955 when Mr. and Mrs. Fleming purchased their first car, a 1938 Chevrolet.

The game warden was Bill Richardson.

Paul worked in lumber camps at Ellefson's and Keobke's (later Swab's) and Stelter's. Dora kept the farm going and did all else around home. Paul and Dora netted fish and sold them to Mr. Crawford. There was an ice house near the campsite where fish were stored in sawdust and ice until Crawford picked them up. When Fleming's lived at the north end of the lake, they had to haul fish by horse and cutter and store them in a shed at the road for Mr. Crawford to collect. They also cut pulpwood on their home quarter for Lepage Lumber Co. for three to four years,

with their children's help. They obtained a trapline in 1944 which was at times their only source of income.

Picnics and ball games were held at Lawrence Lake campsite area; dances at Martin Rosekewich's place, Grosmont Hall and later at Island Lake Lodge.

There were no churches in the area, and no nurse. If you needed medical attention, you had to travel to Athabasca 30 miles away.

Paul and Dora had four children, Margaret, Victor, Norman and Alice. Dora taught Margaret and Victor for Grades 1 and 2; Mrs. McEvony taught in the early 1940's. Mrs. Ivy Noel taught in Lawrence Lake School in the late 1940's and early 1950's. For Grades 7, 8 and 9 and the children travelled by bus to and from Lahaieville School every day. They finished schooling in Athabasca High School.

Margaret married Leo Raessler, they have two children — Ross and Rhonda and are moving to the Raessler farm at Hondo, Alberta.

Victor married Lorraine Kitteringham; they have three boys, Richard, Gregg and Todd and reside in Calgary, Alberta.

Norman passed away at age 21 years.

Alice married John Toth; they have two children, Jacalyn and Craig and live on their eighty acres near Morinville, Alberta.

Moose Portage

Harry Adams as told to Oliver Olson by Lawrence Adams

Harry Adams was born at Athabasca about 1889. He married Elnora Nadeau in 1922 or 1923, while the Nadeaus lived in the Grosmont district.

Harry homesteaded a quarter there, and lived there for sometime, but never proved up on the homestead. He moved to Fawcett Lake about 1924 or 25. He trapped for a living, and worked at odd jobs for settlers in the area.

Harry was a fair carpenter and built new fox pens for Auntie Goodwin, when she moved from her place on the river to the Dick Main farm. Archie and she had purchased the farm in 1930 just before Archie Goodwin died.

Harry also cleared quite a bit of land for Jack Hagerud and others.

Harry would sell his furs in Athabasca, especially muskrats. He would then buy his summer groceries from Bill Curtis at the Grosmont store and hire Bill to take him to Smith. There he would build a raft and float down to Moose Portage.

Ruby Goodwin would then haul Harry and his groceries to Fawcett Lake with team and wagon.



Lenora and Harry Adams.

Harry used to go to Athabasca in the fall harvesting. When his son Lawrence got big enough, he would go too. They would build a raft at the Portage and float down river to Athabasca. They made a fire pot of soil on the raft and cooked and made tea right on the raft.

Harry died in 1956. They had 10 children. Elsie married Jim Savard; Lawrence married Annie Auger; Edward, single, died at Calling Lake in the 60's; Emil, single, died at Calling Lake in the 60's; Delia married Cameron Alexander, who died in a sawmill fire; Evelyn married Albert Bellerieve; Margaret married Frankie Nipshank and lives in Edmonton; Yvonne, single, lives in Edmonton; Norman moved to Edmonton and was killed in a car accident.

Elnora Adams died in 1967.

Lawrence Adams as told to Oliver Olson

I was born at Moose Portage in 1925 to Harry and Elnora Adams. I grew up at Fawcett Lake and never attended school, so I am unable to read and write. I went trapping with my father as soon as I was big enough to set a trap.

I married Annie Auger in 1945 and lived on Olaf Neilson's place for awhile, then later got a permit and built a house on land presently owned by Bill Graham, SE¼-2-26-72-W4. We made this move so our children were able to attend school; they rode the school bus to Smith.



Elsie and Lawrence Adams.

We lived in that house for 19 years, then moved to Smith in 1973, where we still reside in a mobile home.

We raised five boys and seven girls, all still

living. Only Marlene and Lillian are married, we have four grandchildren.

Marvin, Lloyd, Larry and Chris all live in Vancouver. Jack, Ruby, Lois and Rhonda live in Edmonton. Sonya goes to C.V.C. at Smith, and Corrine goes to school in Smith.

John Anderson by Oliver Olson

John Anderson came to Moose Portage with the Walter and William Oneil families from Red Deer in the summer of 1931. He homesteaded the N.W. Sec. 15 Twp. 72 Rge. 26 W.4.

He assisted the Oneil families in getting houses and barns built. I believe he only stayed a year or so, then went back to the Red Deer area. He just dropped his homestead which was later taken over by William James Hutchinson on March 23, 1933.

Reuben Attfield by Robert Attfield

Reuben was the fourth child born to James and Sarah Attfield. He was born on August 26, 1905, in Essex, England. Reuben had four brothers; Jim, Bill, Fred and Kenis and four sisters; Florence, Louisa, Ivy and Marjorie.

The Attfields came to Canada from England in 1907. They spent their first winter in Saskatchewan. The next spring they came to the homestead north of Vermilion.

In 1947, Reuben married Helen Lundquist. They had five children; Robert born October 1, 1948, Lillian born July 4, 1950, Roy born July 15, 1952, Gerald born October 3, 1955 and Iris born September 2, 1961.

Reuben and his family farmed in Vermilion, Rocky Mountain House, Hughenden and Smith.



Iris, Roy, Lillian, Helen, Robert, Gerald and Reuben Attfield.

They also lived a short while in Wainwright where Reuben worked, building a new wing on the hospital.

In 1965 Reuben bought the Ed Guenette farm and the Cecil Miller farm in Moose Portage. In May of 1965 Reuben and son Robert came to the farm. They had to make repairs to the house. The fences also had to be repaired before the cattle could be brought up. The machinery was shipped up on the train. The cattle were trucked up by Reuben's brother-in-law and a neighbour.

After the end of the school term Helen and the rest of children arrived.

In 1974 Reuben retired from farming and turned the farm over to his sons. He continued to live on the farm and give us advice on farming. At times he got very discouraged with us all. Especially with our way of doing things. His last few years were spent in the house mostly as he was not able to walk around very well. Reuben passed away on June 12, 1983, at 77 years. He is buried in the Smith Community Cemetery. At the time of his death Reuben had ten grandchildren.

Robert and Sandra Attfield

by Bob and Sandy

I, Robert, was the first child born to Reuben and Helen Attfield. I was born October first, 1948, in Vermilion, Alberta. Over the next fourteen years two brothers; Roy and Gerald and two sisters Lillian and Iris were born.

When I started school I went to the Sugar Bowl Country School and my mother was my first teacher. It was a one room school with Grades one to twelve. I also attended school in Amisk and Hughenden.

The first time I ever came to Smith was about 1956. We had come to visit my grandmother, Johanna Strandberg.

In May of 1965 Dad and I came to Smith to get the farm ready. We made many trips back to Hughenden

to move up the household furniture, etc. Dad and I had to do a lot of repairs on the old house, as it had been empty for about ten years. We didn't need an alarm clock because the mosquitoes would wake us up at three in the morning.

In 1966 Dad and I started to build a new house. Ross Parsons helped us pour the cement for the basement. It took a long time to build and we were able to move in the spring of 1967.

In the winter of 1965 I went to work for Federated Co-op in the bush, then in the saw mill. In the fall of 1974 I worked with Joe Hugo, as a welder's helper. In 1975 I worked as an apprentice welder under Joe. In December of 1977 I received my welding certificate. For about five months in 1983 I worked for Alberta Stake and Lath Mill. Presently I am employed by Vanderwell Contractors.

On October 25, 1969 I married Sandra Reay.

I, Sandy, was the first child born to Sydney and Ivy May Reay, I was born August 1, 1947 in the Athabasca Hospital. I have one sister Brenda and one brother Wayne.

We lived for a number of years on the farm in the Smoky Creek area. We finally moved into town to stay in 1959.

Those earlier years of my life on the farm I will never forget. They were hard times for my parents but we enjoyed them all the same.

Our home was heated with wood and coal. In the fall Dad would always cut a big pile of wood but it never seemed to last all winter. Mom and us kids would then have to go out and drag in trees, then saw them up. Usually one of us would help Mom with the saw while the other two sat on the log to keep it still. Mom would often stay up all night in the winter to make sure the fire kept going so that it would be warm for us in the morning.

For lights we had kerosene lamps or lanterns. The biggest chore with them was to keep the insects, especially moths, away from the mantles so that they didn't break them.

I can remember helping Mom wash clothes with a washtub and scrub board. The washing machine must have been in need of repair. This same washtub served as a bathtub. In the summer Mom would set it in the yard and in the winter it was put in front of the cookstove in the kitchen for us to bath. If we weren't careful and the tub did not get emptied as soon as we were done bathing one of us would end up back in the tub fully clothed. This happened a few times.

We had to haul, mainly, our drinking water from the near-by Smoky Creek. Mom always caught rain water in a 45 gallon barrel and we melted alot of snow in the winter, for washing with.

There was no television to watch so we listened to



Back row: Laurie, Sandy, Bob. Front row: Tammy, Andy Attfield.

stories on the radio. We hoped that the big old battery would last through the story. Our phonograph was the good old hand cranked type, with a broken leg. If you got cranking too fast and were not holding on right, it would tip over.

Mom always planted a large garden. She grew her own raspberries and gooseberries. In the bush around the house were all the wild berries we needed. We would spend a good part of the summer picking berries, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries and saskatoons. Mom always made sure we had lots of jam, jelly and canned fruit. She also canned all her vegetables and most of the meat, as there was no refrigerator or freezer to keep it in.

When Dad was working away from home, we had no way of getting to town other than walking or getting a ride with my Uncle John Reay on his tractor. He had a platform of some kind put on the back of the tractor. No matter if we walked or rode Mom would always take her knitting along. I think she knitted most of our socks while walking into town. She could knit one sock in the time it took us to walk the five or six miles into town. One day we got a ride with Uncle John and somehow Mom's ball of wool landed on the road. By the time Uncle John got stopped quite a bit of it had come unrolled.

While my Uncle John worked nights at the Hotel he used to bring out our mail and any little bits of groceries that Mom needed. For a while Mom and Grandma Reay used to buy a lot of the groceries from Alberta Trading Co. in Edmonton.

We kept ourselves well entertained in those days. We often would visit the neighbors. Mostly the Duponts and Holdens and then the Letourneaus when they moved into the area.

In the winter we would make a skating rink in a hollow spot in the pasture, if it had filled up with water in the fall, or on the creek. In the summer we would go swimming in the creek. Once in a while we would go to Lawrence Lake. After a few years, the creek swimming became just wading, as the beavers had built a dam on the creek. Every once in a while we would go to a show in Smith. One time we went with Uncle John and his family. There were about twelve of us in his car. It was in the winter and the twins were just babies. On the way home my Uncle rolled the car, fortunately, nobody was injured.

When I started school in Smith, Mr. Dixon was our bus driver, Mrs. Cole was my teacher and Miss O'Dwyer was the principal. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were the janitors. My first classroom was a one room building in the present school yard. In the winter it was heated with wood and coal. On really cold days we would sit around the big pot bellied heater, near the back of the room. The wash basin sat on top of the

heater, so that we could wash our hands in warm water. The other grades were in the larger building that had four classrooms. This is now the upper-most floor of the present school. I went to Smith School from Grade One through Eleven. I took my Grade Twelve in Athabasca, that was when they took grades Eleven and Twelve from Smith. The students had to board out in Athabasca. We were bussed home Friday nights after our bus driver had finished his regular run and we were bussed back to Athabasca Sunday nights. I lived with Rev. and Mrs. Glen Ash.

My first job was secretary at Smith School. Mr. Bob Swabey was principal and Mrs. Olafson was the vice-principal. Mr. and Mrs. Guenette were the janitors. This was a big adjustment for me because I was now working with teachers that had taught me; Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Boisvert. I also worked for one year for Mr. LaFrance in the store. In 1980 I worked part time for the Athabasca Health Unit in the Smith Nurse's Office until I started my present job for Joe Hugo in his office.

Bob and I bought a house in Smith from Steve and Elsie Pendrak and lived in it until August of 1971 when we moved to Bob's dad's farm in Moose Portage. We spent a year on the farm and then moved back to our house in town. In 1975 we bought a mobile home and sold our house to Joe Hugo. In August of 1978 we again moved back to the farm to stay. The farm is now owned by Bob and his two brothers Roy and Gerald.

We have three children; Laurie, born May 30, 1967, Tammy, born July 19, 1970 and Andrew (Andy) born July 15, 1973.

We plant a large garden every year. I can all our vegetables, and all the preserves. We have a few cattle, pigs and chickens.

James Auger as told to Oliver Olson by Mary Auger

James Auger was born in LacLaBiche. He came to Wabasca where he met Caroline Young, who was a widow with three children. Marva who married Jack Holden, and died in child birth leaving Jack with a daughter Geneva, who is now married and lives on a farm in the Jarvie area. Johnny Young married Eva Swan. They are both now dead, having lived all their lives at Fawcett Lake, Moose Portage and Smith.

Michael Young broke through the ice while skating and drowned when he was still a young man, about 1934-35.

James Auger was a big strong man. He used to go harvesting in the Westlock area. He helped area residents with land clearing and haying. Jack Hagerud relates how Jim would pick up a whole

haystook and lift it into a rack; he broke a lot of fork handles. Jim was also a very good hunter and trapper.

Jim died from cancer in an Edmonton hospital in 1951. They had nine children. Mary, Henry, Lisa, Anne, William, Jack, Dorothy, Florence and a girl who died as an infant. Mrs. Auger died November 19, 1967.

Ted Boyer

by E. Landon

Ted came from the United States to Travers, Alberta. He married Mrs. Ida Landon in 1929. They had a son, Melvin, born the same year.

In 1931 they moved to Moose Portage. A few years later Mrs. Boyer and Melvin returned to southern Alberta.

Ted stayed on his farm in Moose Portage until 1963 or '64, when he died in the hospital at Westlock. He was in his late 70's.



Mrs. Ted Boyer and Melvin, 1936.

Ned Brazeau

Ned Brazeau and his wife lived on what was known as Spitler's place for sometime before 1919. They moved to Mirror Landing where they lived for many years and raised their family; Theodore (Tuff), Joe, Jimmy, and Billy Mullins. Ned was a ferryman on the Athabasca River for years. He passed away about 1928-29. He is buried on the (Goodwin) McKinnon place by the Athabasca River at Moose Portage.

Jim and Betty Burns

as told by Eloise Landon

Betty Burns came to Moose Portage late in 1919 with her father, Nick (Dad) Riggins from Montana,



Betty and Jim Burns, 1924.

U.S.A. The Burns lived on the Jake Gerhart place (now Oliver Olson's) until 1921. They then moved to a homestead just west of the Robertson place — later owned by Ross Parsons. Jim's son, Ernest Burns, was with him. He homesteaded the quarter south of Robertson's (later owned by Rene Guenette) but never built on it. Burns' daughter and husband, Beulah and Ernest Walker lived in Smith for about three years. I believe he was a section man with the railroad.

The reason the Burns' came to Canada was that it was supposed to be a good place to make a new start.

Burns' and Walkers all left around 1923-24 and moved back to Billings, Montana. Betty Burns and Beulah Walker passed away not long after that. Herman Walker passed away several years later. Jim Burns later moved to Whitefish, Montana where he passed away around 1964-65 at nearly 100 years old.

The last we knew of Ernest Burns was that he lived in Seattle, Washington.

Jess and Widel Burns and Son

by E. Landon

Jess and Widel Burns and son came to Moose Portage from Roundup, Montana, U.S.A. about 1919. He was Jim Burn's brother. They lived with Jim's family and he worked for awhile with the railroad section gang at Smith. They went back to Roundup about 1922.

Marie and John Flooren

by Marie (Malone) Flooren

My parents were living at Calling Lake at the time I was born. When I was three months old, my dad and mum moved to Smith, Alberta. There I grew up and attended Smith school for nine years. When I

first started school, I remember walking out to the main road to meet the bus. Those days our roads were not maintained and the bus would get stuck. Standing out on the road waiting for a school bus when it was 20 below was not very pleasant. Many times I thought my hands and feet were freezing. Those days the bus did not come on time like they do now. If the bus got stuck at the other end of Moose Portage, it would be very late and I would get tired of waiting and freezing, so I would go home and miss school that day.

In 1964 my parents moved to Wabasca and later to Desmarais, Alberta. There I spent my last year of school, and then I helped my mum with the business. There I met John Flooren, who at the time was working there. Later I went to work in Edmonton and I met John again. John's hometown was Goodsoil, Saskatchewan. A year later we were married and settled down on a farm at Dunstable, Alberta. We farmed there for a while and by then we had two children. Later we sold out and rented land in Smith. John had a brother in Fort Vermillion, who encouraged us to move there, too. After several visits up there, we moved there and started to homestead. We then had two more children. We are foster parents and have had many children come and go in the past few years. We adopted one of our foster babies I cared for. She's five years old now. Our family consists of; one daughter Cathy, three boys, Ernest, Dean and Larry and one adopted daughter Shawntell.

Dan Foley

as told by Amy Murland

Dan Foley, a bachelor, traded quarters with Bill Murland and gave Bill an old army jeep to boot. He would go to Edmonton every year, usually by jumping the freight. He would come home with clothes from the Salvation Army.

He was found dead on the railroad tracks, near Edmonton. Story has it he had \$16,000.00 in the bank. He had lived like a hermit.

Jacob Gerhart

as told by Oliver Olson

Jake and Mrs. Gerhart came to the Moose Portage district in 1911 or 12. They came by team and wagon from the Dakota's in the U.S.A.

One of the wagon wheels broke somewhere close to Moose Portage, so they stayed for the winter.

Jake was a shrewd businessman and saw the opportunities of trapping and dealing with the natives here. He homesteaded the NE¼ 18-72-25-4. He put up hay which he sold to the Government to feed the lineman's horses. The telegraph line went right across this land that Jake had.

He also built two little log houses, one for storage and one for his store. In 1919 he built a larger log house for himself. But that same year he bought the store at Fawcett Lake and rented this land to John and Ruby Goodwin. By this time he had also acquired the SE¼ 18-72-25-W4 from a Mr. Spitler.

In 1926 he sold his store at Fawcett Lake to Bill Freeman. Jake moved to Jasper Place. His home was in the vicinity of where Meadow Lark Shopping Centre is now.

Jake started raising silver fox at this location. Later on he and his wife spent three winters in the Arctic trapping white fox alive. They brought back five fox from these trips, but were never successful in getting them to breed in captivity, so he never had any increases.

In the late thirties, fox furs, like everything else, were worth very little, so Jake quit fox and started mink ranching.

In March of 1942 I, Oliver Olson, went to Edmonton to see Jake, as I was interested in buying his land, since Bill Golby was leaving. Jake told me he had been renting this farm out for the last 18 years and it was just costing him money, as he received very little revenue. He told me to move on to the place, and farm it. He would come up in the fall to see how I was doing. Jake never did come, but he wrote and sold me the place for \$2,000.00, with no interest. I had to pay up the back taxes, as well, which were \$80.00. There was no specific amount I had to pay per year. It took ten years for me to get the title.

I guess the city was starting to encroach on his property, so he sold out in 1946 or 47 and moved to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. He purchased a fishing boat, and went into commercial fishing.

After I paid up on the farm in 1952, I never heard from Jake again.

They never had any children.

Jake was of Dutch origin and Mrs. Gerhart was a Norwegian.

Archie and Maggie Goodwin

as told by Eloise Landon



Archie and Maggie Goodwin at Tomatoe Creek, 1919.



Lee Goodwin with a catch of silver fox, 1920.

Archie and Maggie (Auntie) Goodwin moved to Moose Portage in 1922. They lived on the river below Oliver Olson's place. In 1927 he bought Dick Main's place. They hadn't yet moved when Archie died. Auntie Goodwin lived there until about 1950 when she moved into Smith. She lived on the corner by Kitsy Hugo's place. She passed away around 1952.

John Graling as told by Eloise Landon

Johnny and Maude Graling with their son Claude and daughter Eloise (Lois) came to Moose Portage in February 1921, from Roundup, Montana. He home-



John Graling.

steaded about seven miles from Smith where he lived until 1937.

In 1931, Maude and John separated and she went to Edmonton. Later, after she married Ed Guenette, she returned to Smith.

In 1939, John moved to Canyon Creek. He later married Ruth Treverton. They moved to Calgary where he passed away in 1960.

Maude lived at Smith and Moose Portage until she passed away in 1970.

Donald Guenette by Donald

I, Donald Guenette, am the eldest son of Rene and Eleanor Guenette. I started working for the N.A.R. on July 29, 1948 in Smith, Alberta for John Nikipilo. I was then transferred to Sexsmith in 1949 to work for the N.A.R., where I met Agnes Wrzosek and was married on August 14, 1951. I then moved to Gundy, B.C. and worked there for four years and then moved to Wembley, Alberta where I worked for six years. In 1966, I quit the railroad to become a custodian for the separate school where I am presently employed, in Grand Prairie.
1943

I remember when Dad and I took a load of grain into Smith to deliver to Mr. McCumsey. As we crossed the ferry, we encountered a U.S. convoy. The convoy stretched from the river up and beyond Duncan's old store. We delivered our grain and on the way back. Dad picked up a case of beer. Upon arriving back at the ferry, Dad said to me, "Son, we are going to be here for ages before we get across with this convoy here". A sargeant approached the wagon and asked if we would like to get across and dad said "yes". Looking in the wagon box, he saw the case of beer and said, "Would you like to sell it" and dad said, "No, I don't think so". The sargeant said, "I'll give you five dollars and you can cross right now". So dad handed him the case of beer and received the five dollars. He took the gunney sack and I took the team and the wagon and crossed the river. He went back and picked up another case of beer and crossed the river again.

In different locations as we were passing the convoy, a blanket was spread out and four or five or more soldiers were playing craps or dice. A cable had been hooked to the ferry on both sides of the river. A jeep was pulling the ferry from one side across and a four by four had a cable hooked up at the other end and was pulling the ferry back and it moved along quite swiftly.

Another incident I remember; Dad sending my sister Audrey and I into Smith to pick up a chester-



Back row: Bob, Kenneth, Wilfred, Dwayne and Diane. Front row: Shayne, Sharron, Agnes, Donald and Brenda Guenette.

field and chair that they had ordered from either Eatons or Simpson's. Selmer Olson, the brother of Oliver Olson, now living in Smith (or Moose Portage at the time) went with us. Selmer was a very good friend of mine at that time. We went into Smith, picked up the chesterfield and chair and found out there was a Christmas Concert and dance that night. We stayed for the Christmas Concert, then decided to stay over a little bit longer for the dance. A gentleman there asked us if we knew how cold it was outside. The kids were having lots of fun, so we didn't really pay much attention to this. When he told us, we decided we had better head for home, so we got the horses and the sleighs and headed for home. My sister, Audrey, now Mrs. Bill Brown thought she was going to be quite smart and sit in the chesterfield and cover up with blankets. We didn't get very far before she started walking. It was 42 below. We got down to the river. One of the horses we had was a black horse named Chub and when things got tough sledding, he decided he wasn't going to pull the sleigh up the hill, so we had quite a time. If it hadn't been for the other bay horse, I think we would still be sitting there.

We got home about 4:00 A.M. the following morning, which wasn't too well received by my Mom and Dad. Especially by Dad!

Another time Mom and Dad went into Edmonton with a double decker load of pigs. My sister, Audrey, and I and the wee ones at home had to stay behind and take care of the farm. We got a message by one of the neighbors to pick Mom and Dad up on this certain day. So I took the team of horses and sleigh and went to Smith to pick them up. When I got to the river, Jimmy Brazeau, who was the ferry man at the river, said the ice was still in. So I waited there for I don't know how many hours, then Jimmy finally asked if I would go across the river with him to pick up a row

boat. Giving me an oar, he said, "you do exactly what I do" and so we started to cross the Athabasca River. The river was open above where we were walking, and below, and he said "hold on to the oar and if you go through the ice, just hold on and the oar will not let you go underneath". So we walked across the ice, got to the other side, which would be on the town side of the river and by the time we got the row boat off the shore and into the water, there was open water between the ice we had walked on and the shore. We pushed the boat into the water and proceeded across the ice, pulling the boat on top of the ice and pushing it across to the other side. As we were doing this, the ice was moving and I was scared out of my wits and everytime the ice would move, I kept jumping into the boat. Jimmy told me that I had better start pushing or we would end up in Athabasca. So we pushed the boat across to the other side. Twenty five feet or so from shore, we had to push it into the water and rode it to shore. Mr. Brazeau told me that I might as well go home because he wasn't bringing anybody across the river that afternoon or evening, so the trip was for nothing. I had to go home without Mom and Dad, who a couple of days later came home with one of the neighbors. Talk about being scared that day.

Another thing that comes to mind, is Dad and I bringing two loads of grain by horse and sleigh and wagon box to Smith. The roads out to Moose Portage had lots of snow on them, until we got to the main highway which is the old highway now. Coming down the river hill was bare and the horses were pulling these loads on gravel. We got to the railroad crossing, Dad went across and I was behind. We just got right in the middle of the railroad crossing when the black horse (the same one that wouldn't pull us up the hill when it was 42 below) balked and would not pull, so we tried everything to get him across that crossing, but he just stood there and jumped around a little bit. All at once, I heard a train whistle blow which naturally was quite a distance, it was at the far crossing east of town. Anyway, I pulled the horses toward the ditch to get them on the snow so I could get off the railroad crossing and naturally tipped the whole load of grain into the ditch, which didn't make dad very happy. After getting most of the grain back into the box, we proceeded on to our destination and unloaded.

We still look upon those days as good times even if we didn't have any of the luxuries people do nowadays.

My wife, Agnes and I have eight children; five boys and three girls.

Robert was born on August 1, 1952 and is now a heavy duty mechanic.

Kenneth was born on September 4, 1954 and is an automotive partsman.

Wilfred was born on January 30, 1958 and is an electrician.

Diane was born on January 3, 1960 and is an X-ray technician.

Sharon was born on July 29, 1962 and is a secretary.

Brenda was born on October 14, 1964 and is a secretary.

Twin boys, Shayne and Dwayne were born on March 7, 1967 and are still in school.

Edward and Zenaide Guenette by Elenor Guenette

Edward Guenette was born in Quebec in 1886. He married Zenaide Beaudry, an American by birth. They had 17 children altogether but when they came West, they had four boys and five girls. Each male filed on homesteads near Spruce Grove.

After a long time spent in and around Spruce Grove, they moved to Millet. They stayed there five years before moving to Wetaskiwin. They returned to the Spruce Grove area to Winterburn.

In November, 1930, Edward and Zenaide moved to Smith with their four youngest children — Theresa (15 years old), Laurier (or John, 14 years old), Oscar (12 years old), and Marie (10 years old). Edward worked for Harry Kemp and Sam Eccles in the sawmill all winter. In the spring of 1931, they settled on a half section in Moose Portage, using the Soldier's Settlement Agreement.



Edward and Zenaide Guenette.

Oscar and Marie went to school in Sunshine Valley, and then John, Oscar and Marie went to Moose Portage school. Theresa didn't stay very long at home — she went back to Edmonton to work.

Edward and Zenaide farmed for eleven years. They moved to Edmonton in 1941 and retired there. Edward died when he was 83 years old. His wife, Zenaide, stayed with Oscar for some time and died when she was 93 years old.

John went to work in Sundre in a lumber camp after his parents moved to Edmonton. He joined the army in May, 1942. His brother, Oscar, had joined a month earlier. After being discharged, Oscar worked for Palm Dairies in Edmonton for many years. After he quit that, he worked for one branch of the Canadian Legion in the city. He passed away in 1981.

(John) Laurier Guenette

I was born in 1915, and lived in Spruce Grove, Millet and Wetaskiwin. In 1930, Dad, Mother, Theresa, Marie, Oscar and I came to Smith where Dad worked for Harry Kemp in the sawmill. The next year, Dad bought a half-section of land in Moose Portage and farmed there for eleven years. In 1942, Dad sold the farm and bought a house in Edmonton. Oscar enlisted in the army in April, 1942. I joined in May of the same year, and came home in September, 1946.

I married Claire St. Jean and stayed in Edmonton. I worked at the power plant for fourteen years. We have four children and I have now retired. I am known to most people that will read this book, as John.

Gus Gustafson as told by Eloise Landon

Gus Gustafson had a tie camp down on the river flat at Moose Portage, below Ernest Malone's place in 1923 or 1924. It helped create employment for quite a few people.



Gus Gustafson and friends, 1924.

Bob Guynup and His Father

by E. Landon

Bob Guynup and his father came to Moose Portage in the late 1920's or early 1930's. They lived at Deep Creek or on what is now Ebba Malone's place. Bob's father passed away there in the thirties. It is not known when Bob left or where he went.

Gerhard Hagerud

by Oliver Olson

Gerhard Hagerud was born in Norway some 50 or 60 miles north and east of Islo near a place called Magnor. Bert Olson and Gerhard went to the same school, although Gerhard was several years older than Bert.

Gerhard was known to everyone as "Jack". He came to the Camrose and Holden districts from Norway about 1907 or 1908. He worked for some time with a family called Burnstad, who were building telephone lines from Big Valley, north to Edmonton and to the eastern border of the province.

He joined the army in 1916 or 1917 and served overseas with communications Branch of the army. When he returned he married Ragnilde Burnstad and came to Moose Portage in 1919. With help from the Soldier Settlement Board he started farming on the south half of section 19-72-25-W4.

He came into the country with four good big horses and two heavy wagons. He supplemented his income by freighting fish from Fawcett Lake.

In 1930 when I, "Oliver Olson", came into this country, Jack was about the biggest farmer in Moose Portage.

I worked for Jack Hagerud from January 1931, to November first, 1931. This is where I got data for this story.



?, Mrs. G. Hagerud, Aury Goodwin, Mary Goodwin. Front: ?, J. Hagerud.

Mrs. Hagerud's parents lived at Holden, Alberta. They became ill in January of 1930, and Mrs. Hagerud went to nurse them. Her father died at this time and Mrs. Hagerud never came back to Moose Portage. She had the place her parents left her just outside of Holden and she sold milk, butter and eggs for a number of years. She must have been in her 90's when she passed away.

The 1930's were hard on Jack Hagerud and he gradually ran out of hogs, cattle and horses.

He bought a Fordson tractor but had a lot of trouble as he had no knowledge of motors.

He became ill in the late '40's and spent most of the winter in an Edmonton hospital, where he had an operation. He came back in the spring but his health kept going down hill and he died not long after. I believe he had cancer.

After 30 or so more years on this farm his debt to the Soldier Settlement board was more than when he started. Another victim of the Dirty '30's!

Evert and Agnes Heavener

by E. Landon

The Heaveners came to Moose Portage from Missouri about 1925. Their homestead joined Jack Malones on the west. They built a house close to the rim, above what we used to call Blueberry Flat.

They lived there for about two years, then they went back to Missouri.

Hutchinson and Tate

by Edith Landon

Robert Hutchinson, son Jim; and daughter Sarah Tate and family of four, Edith Johnny, Bryan and Lucy landed in Smith August 8th, 1931. They all came from the prairie around Finnigan, Alberta, where they were dried out in the dust bowl. The Hutchinsons originally came from Belfast, Ireland, about 1908, where they had a dairy farm.

There were several families from the prairies who came up on the freight train with their belongings and stock to homestead in the Moose Portage area. When we were still in Smith living in box cars, many families went down the Athabasca River on a scow to pick raspberries. There was a lot of wild fruit in that country.

Sarah Tate and Jim Hutchinson bought Uncle Logan's farm with the Post Office. Sarah Tate was Post Mistress and Jim Hutchinson hauled the mail back and forth to Smith every Friday. Later Sarah added a little grocery store.

Hard times were had by all. Horses died with swamp fever, horses and cattle got down in the muskegs and couldn't get out. Some years, feed was scarce and the animals died of starvation.



Jack and Sarah Tate, ?, ?.

One year it rained so much there was water all over. They had to build a swinging bridge from the road into the school. In 1933 there was a big hail storm; stones as big as golf balls, broke windows and flattened crops.

One time Bill O'Neil found a small boat floating down the Athabasca River about four miles up from the Portage. Dorothy O'Neil and Edith Tate were with him. They came around a corner and found a log jam. They couldn't get around the jam so they had to bump the boat into the logs. They jumped onto the logs and the boat went flying down the river. They had to jump from log to log to get to shore. The water was high, swift and dangerous; they could easily have lost their lives.

In the summer, families got together with teams and wagons and went to Fawcett Lake to have picnics. There were holes in the road; so big the wagon would almost tip over. Other times families would get together and play ball on the school section next to the Post Office. When they finished they would go to our place (Tate's) and get ice a foot thick out of the well and make ice cream.

One year Eloise and Claude Graling, I Edith Tate, Dorothy and Bill O'Neil went up the Driftwood River with team and wagon to pick blueberries and cranberries for a few days. Eloise shot prairie chickens and a deer so there was meat to eat. It was cooked over a camp fire.

In winter time there were tobogganing and

dances. Lyle and Leslie Landon, Bert Olson and the Burfield boys at times would play for the dances. They may get 25¢ each to play all night — not four hours but eight hours. A good time was had by all. "Happy" Jones would be the floor manager and we would have sing songs. Charlie Parsons and the Murland boys would also sing songs. They had a big wash boiler of coffee brewing on the pot bellied stove, and the ladies brought the lunch. Sometimes there would be pie or box socials. The boxes made by the ladies were fantastic.



Hutchenson, Tate and Harrison Families, 1936.

Johnny Tate, Bill O'Neil and Bill Morgan went down the Athabasca River to get a moose which Jack Grant had shot. The raft was six inches under water but they still crossed the river. At that time we all depended on moose or deer for our meat.

Every spring people had to go across the river on ice to Smith for groceries and mail. The ice was very dangerous at break up time.

Murl and Leslie Landon drove a herd of horses to Moose Portage in 1931. It took about three weeks from Travers, Alberta. Some of the horses died on the way.

Edith Tate left for Brooks, Alberta in June 1935, and married Lyle Landon in September 1936. Lyle worked in the honey business in Brooks.

Lyle Landon came to Smith every winter to be with his mother, Mrs. Boyer, as well as his sisters and brothers; Leslie Landon, Murl, Marjorie, Audrey, Evelyn and Melvin. They all left with Lyle in April 1935, to go to Brooks. The Smith roads were so bad they had to put their car on a sleigh and take it out with a team as far as Athabasca.

The winters were long and cold. There was lots of snow and temperatures went as low as - 72 degrees F. The trees would just crack in the cold all through the bush.

Lyle and Edith had four children; all girls; Shirley, Marilyn and Donna who now live in Fort St. John, and Colleen who lives in Kelowna with her mother and father.

Robert Hutchinson died at age 79 in October 1936.

Jim Hutchinson died at age 52 in September 1946.

Sarah Tate died at age 70 in April 1961.

Robert and Jim Hutchinson were buried out at Moose Portage and Sarah Tate in Smith.

Mrs. Ida Boyer (mother of Lyle) died in 1977 at age 91 in Brooks, Alberta.

Bryan and Johnny Tate went into the armed forces during the war. Bryan was in the Air Force and Johnny in the Army. After coming back Johnny spent four years in the sanitorium in Calgary with tuberculosis. When he came out, he came back to Moose Portage to farm and he now lives in Smith. Bryan is in Edmonton.

Lucy married Walter Pflughaupt and is now living in Edmonton.

Dick Jackson by Oliver Olson

Dick Jackson came to Moose Portage with the Hugo brothers in the early 1930's. He stayed and helped Jim Hutchinson and Sarah Tate for a number of years.

I believe he came from the Onoway area and went back there about 1941 or 1942. I heard that he was farming and that he had married.

Les Landon by Les Landon

This is the beginning of our move to Moose Portage. We were living in a small town called Travers, Alberta. Ted Boyer married my mother some time in 1928 or '29. There were six of us Landons: myself (Les), Lyle, Murl, Marjorie, Audrey and Evelyn; then there was Melvin, who was Ted's son, a half brother.

Things were very difficult on the prairies; drought, grasshoppers, no grass for stock. Ted decided to go north so he went to Smith. Everyone it seemed, landed at John Graling's, who had been living in Moose Portage for some time. Mr. Graling was the one to show all the prairie people land available for homesteading.

Ted found a quarter section and filed on it. Then he went back to Travers, packed and loaded everything in a box car and shipped it to Smith. Everything except twenty-nine head of horses went. This is where I come in. I, my brother, Murl, and a young



Lorne, Loretta, Eloise, Nadine, Les and Margaret Landon, 1980.

fellow, Johnnie Briggs, drove these horses across country from Travers to Smith. We started on August 12, 1931, and landed in Smith a month later.

Now this trip wasn't any pleasure trip. There were many surprises. I was sort of road boss — I drove the team and wagon with our tent, bedding and grub. We were somewhere around Rockyford when we ran into a hail and rain storm in the evening. We had bedded down for the night. After the storm quit, there was about two inches of the mattress above water. Great camping!

Almost every night we tried to camp on the south end of a road going north and south, which gave us two miles for the horses to graze on; those horses were very determined to go back. They would go to the north end, either go a mile east or west and go back six or eight miles. This slowed us down somewhat. We tethered the team and the saddle horses, otherwise we never would have made it.

Finally, about three weeks from the starting time, we landed on the south side of Edmonton. Of course, it was on Saturday about 10:00 P.M. so we couldn't cross Edmonton because of traffic. We waited until about 4:00 A.M. Sunday morning. There were only a few horse-drawn milk wagons. The way across the High Level bridge took a little time but after that we had no big town to go through.

There was only one highway from Edmonton to Smith and that was through Athabasca. It started to rain around Colinton and it rained most all the rest of the way.

We camped at Lawrence Lake one night. We made a makeshift corral this time. We put all the horses in with the team and saddle horse. Sometime

during the night they got away. There was no sign of a horse. I started to walk back, I finally caught up to them at Island Lake. I managed to catch one of the saddle horses and started the herd back to Lawrence Lake. It was about 6:00 P.M. when I got back so I told Murl and Johnnie to saddle up and head for Smith. I had a bite to eat and started after them. It was around 1:00 A.M. when I came to the place around where the grave yard is now. They had tried to get the horses into the stock yards but somehow didn't make it. We lost five head that turned back. We rounded up the rest but the next big task was to get them across the Athabasca River on the ferry. Somehow it worked out.

This was one trip I would not like to repeat. I was ready to go back to the prairies. We arrived in the Portage with 17 head out of 28 horses. Some died, besides the ones that went back.

The first couple of years in the Portage were not all milk and honey but better than the prairies. There was moose meat and lots of berries so we fared not too badly. All the new homesteaders would buy the rifle shells and John Graling would shoot moose. He was quite popular.

Things went on for two or three years, then Ted and our mother separated. Ted stayed on Garhart's place, Mom and the rest of us moved onto Martin Nelson's place. There was a small log house with a sod roof and when it rained it was worse inside than out. Then we moved into Dick Riggin's small house. Ted, in the meantime moved onto his homestead.

My brother, Lyle, got a place back in Brooks in 1935 and Mom and the kids moved back there.

Shortly after that, we all moved to Smith. I met Lois Graling and we got married in 1935 in Edmonton. Abe and Nellie O'Neil were going south and they stood up for us. Fred Tredrey was there, too. He took us out for supper the evening before. We never saw him again.

Ted lived on his homestead alone until he became sick with a heart problem. He stayed with us for a couple of months and then we took him to Westlock to the home in 1963. He remained there until he died about 1964.

Lois and myself moved back and forth from Smith to Brooks; one year in Calgary, two winters in Sundry. Then we moved back to Smith in 1949 and stayed until 1965 during which time we bussed the Portage kids to Smith. We were living in Smith at this time. I farmed Ted's place for a couple of years. Lois worked for Bill LaFrance in his store. I ran the school bus while she worked and she ran it when I worked part time for Joe Hugo. We moved away to Terrace, B.C. in 1965. We now live in Creston, B.C.

Ray Lang **by Oliver Olson**

Ray Lang and his wife came into the area about 1932 or 1933. They were living on the Abe O'Neil quarter in 1934 and 1935.

Mrs. Lang played the guitar quite well and she and I, Oliver Olson, played for many dances at the Portage and in Smith during the winter of 1934 and 1935.

I believe they left about 1937 and went to B.C.

Ray and Lotty Lang **by Eloise Landon**

Ray and Lotty Lang came from B.C., maybe Penticton, around 1932-1933. They lived just back of the Miller place. It is not known when they left or where they went.

Vince Logan **by E. Landon**

Vince Logan and his first wife, May, came to Moose Portage in 1924. He took the quarter known as the Hutchinson place, where the store and post office used to be. They lived there for about five years. They separated and both left the district.

Vince returned to Moose Portage about 1931 and stayed for five years, then left again.

Alfred Lundquist **by Oliver Olson**

Alfred Lundquist was Danish and was born on an island in the Baltic Sea called Bornholm. He came to Canada in 1926 and worked for a farmer at Star City, Saskatchewan. On December 6, 1928, he filed on a homestead in Moose Portage, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ -10-72-26-W4. He and his brother, who had a wife and son, built a log house and lived there for about a year. They worked for a logging outfit along the Athabasca River.

In 1930 Alfred built a house out at Fawcett Lake. This is where Alfred, Anton and Anton's family lived when I first knew them.

In August of 1931 Alfred came to work for Jack Hagerud, where I was working. Alfred and I, Oliver Olson, got along real well. On November 1, 1931 we left Hageruds and together with his brother, Anton, we went trapping north of Fawcett Lake, up as far as where the Gas Plant is now.

Alfred and I quit trapping at Christmas time. We stayed with my folks, who were living on the Dad Reinbird place. We spent the rest of the winter building a house and barn on Bert Olson's homestead.

In August of 1932 Alfred and I rode the freight

out of Smith to go harvesting. Alfred got off at Endiang, while I continued on to Hanna where I had a job promised.

Alfred worked around Endiang for about a year. Then for awhile at Munson, for a dairy farmer, in 1933. In 1934, the last time I saw Alfred he was putting up hay for a rancher out of Rowley, Alberta.

Alfred moved to Vancouver that fall and went fishing. I heard later that he got married there and that he died there.

Alfred was 36 years old when he and I were together in 1932.

Anton Lundquist

by Oliver Olson

Anton Lundquist was born on the Island of Bornholm in Denmark. He got married there, while working on a dairy farm. His son Berger was born there.

His brother Alfred, who was working on a farm at Star City, Saskatchewan, sent for Anton to come over to Canada as there was lots of work.

Anton, his wife (Johanna) and son (Berger) came over in 1927 and worked on the same farm as Alfred.

In 1928 they all came to Smith and the Moose Portage district, working at logging that winter.

Anton became a good trapper. He was real handy in making snowshoes and moose hide shirts, pants and jackets. He was real good at sewing, and was also good at building. He took great pride in his work and built a few good boats.

Anton joined William Freeman commercial fishing. He was also good with motors and taught William to drive his first truck in 1931.

One day, I believe in 1946 or 1947 a storm came up on the lake. Anton had too big a load of fish and the boat capsized. Anton was wearing hip boots and was drowned. Edward Adams was with him, but he hung onto the boat and survived.

Berger Lundquist and Helen (Lundquist) Attfield

Anton, Johanne and Berger, aged two years, arrived in Halifax, Canada in 1928 from Denmark. They moved to Moose Lake, Alberta where they trapped and fished. They had a daughter Helen born in 1929. Anton Lundquist passed away in 1943 when he drowned while fishing on Moose Lake.

Johanne remarried in 1945 to Uno Strandberg. He was an engineer on Northern Alberta Railways. They had two children, Eric and Alice.

Uno passed away in 1968 and Johanna in 1977.

Berger married Olga Laskiwski and had five children, Anton, Sharon, Gerald, Allan, and Debbie.



Anton Lundquist.

Helen Lundquist married Reuben Attfield and had five children, Robert, Lillian, Roy, Gerald, and Iris.

Robert and his wife Sandy (nee Reay), have three children (Laurie, Tammy and Andrew), Roy, Gerald, his wife Margaret (nee Knahs) and two children (Erin and Colin) all reside in Smith.

Lillian and her husband Pat, and five children (Penny, Dawn, Joy, Sherrie, and April) reside in Taylor, B.C.

Iris and Helen reside in Prince George, B.C. while Berger and his second wife Stella are residing in Clearbrook, B.C.

Dick Mains

by Ruby McKinnon

Dick Mains moved to Moose Portage from the Westlock area, around 1920. He lived on the quarter west of the big hill going to Fawcett Lake. He married one of Ned Brazeau's daughters, Mary or Maggie who passed away before 1920.

Later on my close friend Ruth, who was a nurse, came from Washington to visit me, around 1924. She married Dick and a year later they had a daughter Virginia. By this time Dick had become sick. He passed away around 1927. Ruth took her daughter and went back to Everett, Washington. She now lives in Canyonville, Oregon.

Dick is buried on the (Goodwin) McKinnon place on the river flats.

Judy and Art Malone

by Judy Malone

My name is Judy and I was born in Whitecourt, Alberta to a family of five, to George and Catherine Gairdner. My family moved to Slave Lake in 1963, where my dad was a cook for the forestry. I met Art Malone, the son of Ernest and Emma Malone of Smith, in Slave Lake where he was working for Swidley Construction. We were married a year later

at the Roman Catholic Church. Art then went to work for Tower Trucking. Our son was born in 1967 in the Westlock hospital. Slave Lake didn't have a hospital then. We named him David Arthur. When David was a year old we moved to High Level, where Art drove gravel truck for a year and a half. We lived 35 miles outside of High Level in a bush camp. Then we moved back to Slave Lake where Art went to work for K. M. Construction. Then he drove tank truck for Spilaks.

In 1970 our daughter was born in the Slave Lake General Hospital. We named her Ronda Gayle. For the next eight years we lived in Slave Lake in the Slave River Trailer court. Art always wanted to get back to the farm, so in 1978, we moved to Smith. David was in grade six and Ronda in grade four. They enjoy going to school in Smith very much.

We now have eight acres of land and live ten miles east of Smith on the Moose Portage road.

Our son is now going to school in Athabasca in grade twelve. Our daughter is in her last year here in Smith in grade nine. Art has been working for G and E Services in Slave Lake for the last seven years grading roads in Marten Hills. As for myself I take care of our acreage. We have chickens, geese, and ducks. This keeps me busy till the children and Art come home at six. We hope to be here for many more years to come.

C. A. Malone by Mabel Harrison

C. A. Malone was my father. He sold out, north west of Barrhead, and moved to the Smith district. In 1938 he arrived with two teams and two wagons. His two sons James and Ernest and one daughter, Bertha, with him as well as a neighbor Jack Istertag.

They lived on the meadows north of Fawcett Lake for a year and a half. Then my father rented a farm in the Moose Portage district. Bertha went back to Barrhead to finish school. That meant Dad and my two brothers had no cook, so they batched and farmed. My other two brothers George and Frank moved into the district from Barrhead.

In Smith, George married Ann Anderson and raised four sons; Cliff, George Jr., Michael and Roger. To support his family George worked on the Smith and Athabasca ferry. Then George went to work for the Forestry. He continued to work for the Forestry until he retired and then moved into the town of Athabasca. George Malone passed away March 10, 1975. George Malone Jr. was killed in a car accident near Slave Lake in 1974.

Frank Malone worked on the railroad and in logging camps. Then he married Tina Thomson and moved to Athabasca. They had no children. His wife

passed away in Athabasca. Frank now lives in Eckville in the Manor Home.

Mabel Malone married W. H. Harrison in 1934. They have one son Roy (Lucky). The Harrisons moved to the Smith area two years before any other members of the Malone family.

James Malone married Ebba. They had three sons; Bennett, Donald and Stanley. James farmed in this area until he was killed in a tractor accident on the river hill just north of Smith. His wife Ebba remained in the area where she raised and educated their three sons. She still lives on the same place.

Bertha Malone married Cecil Miller and they have two children; Chris and Judy. During the second world war Cecil Miller was in the service overseas. Bertha just had Chris at that time. I, Mabel Harrison, was living on the farm in Moose Portage with my son Roy. Bertha and Chris came to live with Roy and me on the Harrison farm until our husbands returned from the service. When Cecil Miller returned from the service he and his wife farmed in the area for about ten years. Then they sold out and moved to Vanderhoof, British Columbia, where they still reside.

Ernest Malone married Emma Anderson. They have a family of five boys and two girls, Marie, Arthur, Richard, Robert, Barry, Grace and Kevin. Ernest and his family farmed in the Smith district and still farm there.

My Mother, Grace Caroline Malone passed away on the fifth of December 1933 at Mossy. My father C. A. Malone passed away the fifth of December 1954.

Ernest and Emma Malone by Emma

I, Emma was born at Tawatinaw, Alberta and later moved with my parents to Rochester, Alberta. There I attended a small country school by the name of Irish Creek School. It was a one room school house, heated by a big barrel wood heater. We had approximately fifty students, ranging from Grade one to Grade eight. Our school desks were made for two students to sit together, although later we got single desks. I had to walk almost two miles to school. During the coldest part of the winter my dad and our neighbour would take turns hauling us to school. Our small post office was called Analta and the post master would go once a week to Rochester for the mail.

In 1944, I came to Smith with my sister. I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Duncan in the store and caring for the cabins he used to rent out. Later I met Ernest Malone who had moved to Smith several years prior

to that. Ernest was born at Linfield, Alberta (near Barrhead, Alberta). Ernest and his dad came up to live at Fawcett Lake when he was about 14 years old. There he trapped for his living, and during summer he cared for their cattle. Later his dad bought two farms. Ernest finally thought he needed a wife around the farm, so it put an end to my working out. We farmed for two years, then we thought there was more money in mink farming. We sold our cattle and moved to Widewater where we bought mink. We stayed there for a few months, then moved to Calling Lake. A year later our first child was born. I did not like mink farming so we sold out and moved back to the farm in Smith. We engaged in mixed farming and during those years we had five more children. In 1964 we sold our livestock and moved to Wabasca, Alberta. We started a small store there and a year later we bought a store, garage, filling station and post office at Desmarais, Alberta (near Wabasca). I could not handle the whole business myself, as Ernest had to spend a lot of his time on the farm in the summer months. The children were all going to school then, so I let the post office be transferred to another party. That year there was a big oil boom around there, so we put up a small coffee shop and lunch counter. The coffee shop was a great thing in the evenings. I had to get up real early because the truck drivers were lined up in front of the coffee shop for their breakfast. As soon as breakfast was over and everything cleaned up, I would lock it up till evening, because it was time to open the other business. I was kept very busy, but I enjoyed every minute of it. Two years later my two oldest children got married. Marie went to Edmonton and got married. Arthur went to Slave Lake and got married there. Richard and Barry went to Grouard Vocational School where Richard took cooking and Barry took Forestry. Then I was left with only Robert and Grace. By that time I was unable to continue with the business myself, so we sold it and moved back to Smith. One year later, we were blessed with a bouncing baby boy, Kevin. Then one by one the other two children got married and left us with only Kevin. The six married children gave us 21 grandchildren and one adopted grandchild.

We still have Kevin home with us, he's 15 years old and attending Sr. High School in Athabasca. He has to ride the school bus every morning and night. The long trip is very tiresome, more especially during the winter months. With all the moving around we did, we still prefer Smith to live in. The people here are very nice.

Jack Malone

by E. Landon

Jack Malone came from the United States around

1921-22. He lived on the quarter west of the road that goes down to Drader's flats. Mrs. Malone left and went back to the States around 1932. Jack returned to the States between 1940 and 1945.

Mrs. Malone was a sister of Mrs. John Henneghans.

Robert and Laura Malone and Family

by Robert

My parents lived in the Moose Portage district at the time I was born. Since my father was a farmer, there was always something for us children to do. I also spent my first few years of school in Smith.

When I was nine years old, my parents and we children moved to Wabasca and later to Desmarais. There I took the next three years of school. We were kept very busy after school and on week ends, helping my parents with the business. After three years my parents sold out and moved back to our farm again in Smith. My dad bought eighteen dairy cows. These cows were milked by hand so my brother Barry and I had to help with the milking before we went to school, and also after school. While I was attending school in grade seven, I met a beautiful young girl who had just moved to Smith too. Her name was Laura Schoenknecht. Our friendship grew stronger and stronger as life went on. In 1970 at the age of fifteen years I quit school and started working for Federated Co-op. In 1971, Laura and I were married. We bought a quarter of land from my dad. We then bought a trailer and lived in it, at the same time we were building our first home. With me working, I could only work on the house in the evenings and week ends, but with the help of my wife doing a lot of the work on it herself, we soon had our house built.

I worked at Federated Co-op till they sold out, and later on the mill was shut down in 1977. Then I went to work at High Level for three months in the planer. I was then offered a job at Zeidlers in Slave Lake so we moved back to our farm and I am still employed by Zeidlers. In our years of marriage, we have four beautiful children. Tammy age 12, Trina age 10, Trevor age 9 and Travis age 5. Our children are attending Smith school, being bussed there and back everyday. We enjoy living in Smith.

Arthur Marchand

by Oliver Olson

Arthur Marchand was living with Ted Boyer on the Jake Gerhart place when I first met him. He was an old man then. He owned a nice grey team of horses that he was really proud of. I believe he may have made a few dollars freighting.

One day in the winter of 1937, Bert Olson was

helping Arthur saw wood with a cross-cut saw. Arthur complained that he wasn't feeling too good and went into the house. Bert split wood for awhile, then went in to see how Arthur was feeling; he was lying on the bed, dead.

Kathleen Elizabeth (Hugo) McClanaghan by Kathleen

I spent my first three years on the farm that we are currently residing on. My father bought a garage and we moved into Smith where I took my schooling from grade one to grade eleven. To complete our grade twelve we were supposed to go to Athabasca, but the High School principal at the time, Alice O'Dwyer, allowed three of us to complete our grade 12 by correspondence. She spent her spare time tutoring us. The three students were: Rachel Showalter, Lorraine Villeneuve and myself.

On April 1st, 1960 my sister, Mary, and I joined the navy. We had seven weeks of basic training in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia. From there Mary was transferred to H.M.C.S. Naden in B.C. to take her Medical Aide training, and I was transferred to H.M.C.S. Stadacona in Halifax, Nova Scotia where I studied Radar. On completion of my branch training I worked in Canflagrant, in the dockyard. Here, I met my future husband, George Edward McClanaghan, who was also working there in the Crypto Centre. We were married on April 14, 1962. I was released from the Navy in July of 1962 and George was released in October of 1962. We came back to Smith upon George's release. He got a job working for R. Stelter at the mill and worked in the evenings as a waiter in the Smith Hotel. On February 18, 1963 we had our first son, whom we named George Joseph. George worked at Stelter's mill until April of 1963. Then we moved to Victoria, B.C. and he worked in a plywood plant. We moved back to Slave Lake in March of 1964 and George worked as a Radio Operator for Alberta Forest Services. On April 7, 1964 our second child, Mildred, arrived; and on May 3, 1965 Colleen arrived. We bought an acreage off Paul and Habie Salé and moved out of Slave Lake but George continued his work in Slave Lake. Patrick Sean was born on February 25, 1969 while we lived on the farm. George got a job as scaling foreman for Federated Co-op in Smith. We bought the Red and White Store and moved back to Smith. I ran the store until it burned down on Mother's Day in 1975. When Federated Co-op sold out to Zeidler's, George went into business for himself and now operates under J and G Forestry Services.

Our oldest son, George (Nip as everyone locally knows him), married Rose Marie Barthel on July 4,

1981 and we are now grandparents of a little boy Donald Ross born December 2, 1982.

Mildred and Colleen completed their schooling in Smith taking grades 1-9 in the Smith School and grade 10 by correspondence and grades 11 and 12 through the Smith C.V.C. Upon completion Colleen took C.F.B. naval reserve training and has enrolled in the Grande Prairie Regional College school of Nursing.

Mildred has joined the regular Armed Services and is in Cornwallis taking basic training. From there she comes to Edmonton in June to take her branch training as Air Traffic Technician.

George Edward McClanaghan was born on September 18, 1941 in St. George, New Brunswick. Kathleen Elizabeth (Hugo) McClanaghan was born November 28, 1940.

Ruby (Goodwin) McKinnon as told by Eloise Landon

Ruby and her mother (Aunt Mary) came to Tomato Creek in 1916 from Fernwood, Idaho, U.S.A. They went up the river as far as Mirror Landing, on either the Northland Echo or Northland Call. Then they took a team and wagon as far as Soto Landing on the Slave River. From there they went on a smaller boat, Lily of the Lake, on to Sawridge (Slave Lake). Here they worked in a hotel. Next spring they went back to Everett, Washington, U.S.A.

In 1918, Ruby and her mother returned to Tomato Creek with her husband John Goodwin. He was Archie Goodwin's son. Then in March 1921 they moved to Moose Portage, and lived on the river flat below Oliver Olson's place.

In 1931, John left Ruby and went to Edmonton to live. Ruby and Aunt Mary lived in Moose Portage



Archie and Ruby MacKinnon.

until 1955. Aunt Mary died in 1954. Ruby married Harry McKinnon in 1942. They left Moose Portage in 1955. Harry passed away in Fruitvale, B.C. in 1980. Ruby is in a nursing home at Nelson, B.C.



Back: Archie and Maggie Goodwin, Lee and Mary Goodwin, Arthur Marchand. Bottom: Ruby and John Goodwin, two children (1923).

Recollections of Bertha (Malone) Miller

When I was eleven, my family moved from Bloomsberry to the north side of Moose (Fawcett) Lake. In the spring of 1936, two brothers, Ernest and James, and a neighbor, Ruby Ostertag, and I drove 60 head of cattle to the other side of Moose Lake called the Meadows. My father, Cliff Malone, drove one wagon and Ruby's Dad, Jack, drove the other wagon.

That summer, one-half of the cattle died from weed poisoning. The following spring Father, along with the family, moved to Moose Portage. In 1937, I left home to work in Moss Side, Alberta.

In 1941, I went to Whitecourt, Alberta. There I met and married Cecil Miller.

In 1942, World War II was on so my husband joined the army and went overseas. I moved back to Moose Portage in 1943 with our son Chris, who was born in 1942. My husband returned from overseas and we then moved to Lawrence Villeneuve's farm to take care of cattle. In the spring of 1947, we moved to Charles Pflughaupt's mill and Cecil worked there.

We moved to a homestead, leased through V.L.A. in the spring of 1948. It was the old place of Lee Richter's. Our daughter, Judy, was born in that year and our son started school at Mirror Landing. His first teacher was Mrs. Cole.

While at Mirror Landing which is now called Smith, my husband farmed, trapped, and worked in sawmills.

In 1952 there was an epidemic of rabies among



Bertha, Chris and Cecil Miller (1948).

the wild animals. Cecil, a trapper, with a pack outfit and dog team, worked for the government on Rabies Control. One day, Cecil and Chris were looking at cyanide sets close to home. One set looked like it had shot off. My husband went checking to see what had set it off while Chris came back to take out the supposedly empty set. Off it went in his hand breaking the skin. Cecil and I rushed him to Smith and the District Nurse and what a ride that was! The nurse phoned the doctor at Athabasca to enquire as to what to do. The doctor said to wait and see as there was no antidote for it. We waited for two hours and there were no ill effects, so we went on home. Chris remarked, "Well I didn't get killed on the ride to Smith or get cyanide poisoning, so I guess I'll live for a few years yet, eh Mum"?

In 1954 Judy started school with Mrs. Cole as her teacher. We lived at Smith until 1957 when we sold out and moved to Port Coquitlam, B.C. In the spring of 1959 we moved to Prince George, B.C. Then in 1975 we retired to Cluculz Lake, B.C.

Charlie Millins by Eloise Landon

Charlie came to Moose Portage about 1919 from England. He lived on the quarter north of Robertson's place. He married Myra, who had come from England, around 1919 or 1920. They had one son, Charles (Chum).

They sold their land to Bill Murland and moved to Smith in the late 1940's. Charlie bought a lot from Harold Duncan, where Orval Hayes (Haysie) lives now. He had a beautiful yard of flowers and shrubs. He was an avid gardener.

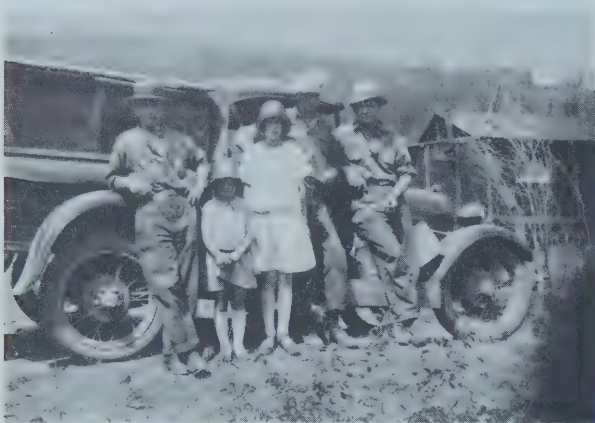
Charlie passed away in the 1950's. Myra moved to Ontario where her son lived in the early 1960's and passed away not long after.

Charlie Millins was Alice Freeman's brother and Myra was Alice Lee's sister.

The Morgan Family

by E. Landon

The Morgan family came to Moose Portage around 1929 from B.C. They lived on the quarter that Abe O'Neil took later on. I think people by the name of Kenny's lived there first. They stayed only about a year and went back to B.C.



The Morgan family.

Bill and Amy Murland as told by Amy

Amy Knott was born in Coulsdon Surrey, England, in 1905, one of five children. Amy received her schooling in Croydon, England. When her mother passed away, 16 year old Amy went to work doing housework in private homes. She also worked with a veterinarian for three years.

In 1928, Amy, along with her sister and her two daughters, sailed for Canada. They were brought over on a Farmer's Scheme, a sponsorship program backed by the Canadian Government. Amy's two brothers were already in Canada; one brother sponsored Amy's sister, the other brother sponsored Amy's nieces. Amy was sponsored by a Mrs. Condon of Camrose. Their passage cost \$75.00 for the four of them. They sailed on the Empress of Scotland. The voyage was enjoyable until a case of diphtheria was discovered on board. When they reached Canada's shores, the ship anchored off shore for two or three days, to be sure there were no more cases. When they were allowed to go ashore, the passengers were all taken to a hospital where their throats were



Bill and Amy Murland, 1931.

checked. An Immigration Officer took them in hand providing bathing facilities with a change of clothing before putting them onto the train for the remainder of their journey to Camrose.

Amy remembers the train ride as being very rough. They were met by a brother in Camrose and taken to his farm at Duhamel. Amy went out to work in several places until she eventually met Bill Murland.

Bill was an Irishman, born in County Down, Ireland, in 1905. There were twelve children in the Murland family. The father was a labourer and their mother was an adept seamstress. She sewed all of her family's clothing, often working until two or three o'clock in the morning.

Bill went to school in Scotland. It seems the family lived in Scotland part of the time.

In 1928, the whole family came to Canada to try out a new land. They settled on a farm in the Redwater area of Alberta. The government gave them two cows, a team of horses and some farm implements. Times were hard and Bill worked in coal mines in the area during the off season, and worked on the farm during the summer.

Bill and Amy were married in Edmonton in 1930.

In 1932, several of the Murland family, including Amy and Bill and Bill's parents, moved to Long Lake, west of Athabasca. It turned out they had a very poor piece of land. They used a horse and a cow as a team to break a piece of land for a garden. There were so many stones that it was impossible to do anything with it.

People from Smith area often stopped at their place over night when they hauled feed from that area. Walter O'Neil was one of their guests and he convinced them that there was much better land available in the Moose Portage area. So, in the spring of 1933, they moved to Moose Portage.



The homestead at Moose Portage — Amy, Bill, and Bobby Murland.

They stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Bill O'Neil until they filed on their homestead. The neighbors held a building bee to help get two log houses built, one for Bill and Amy and one for Bill's parents.

While the crew was busily working, Bill asked Amy to bring some sandwiches and tea for afternoon lunch. On her way through the bush with the lunch, she happened upon an old mother bear with three cubs. Amy had a few anxious moments, but the old bear was not in the mood for any friendly gestures and wandered off.

Another time, Amy went out picking strawberries. She was wearing a black sweater. Her black dog was with her. She found out later that she had almost been shot at. A group of men thought they saw a black bear with a cub. She had stood up at just the right moment. Bill warned her to always wear something colorful. She did from then on!

After they got settled in their new home, they converted their old 1929 Chev. chassis into a Bennett buggy, and used the motor to run a buzz saw. Bill and his brother, Jim, buzzed wood for many in that area. Sometimes they were paid with chickens; sometimes a bag of potatoes.

Amy decided she would help out by clearing land in her spare time. She worked away in the heat and flies, and cut the brush, piled it all and burned the piles. She felt so proud of herself, then they discovered she had cleared Mrs. Tate's land!

In 1939, Bill joined the Army as a volunteer. He trained in Sarcee Camp in Calgary, then went over-



Gordon Murland in Cadets.

seas to finish his training in Scarborough, England, in the Transport Division.

While Bill was overseas, Amy lived in Edmonton. She did janitorial work for a group of lawyers.

In 1940, Amy adopted a little boy, Gordon, to fill the empty spot in her life. She worked afternoons from five to nine, so she took Gordon with her.

When Bill came home, he also got a job doing janitor work in the Empire Block.

Gordon was about four years old when they moved back to Moose Portage. In a few years, Bill's arthritis was making it too difficult for him to keep the homestead so they bought Charlie Millin's farm. They were only there from the fall of 1953 to the spring of 1954 when they lost their house by fire. They lost \$296.00 in cash, besides \$100.00 worth of groceries which had just arrived the night before. They were not able to save anything; the building burned so fast.

Next, they bought a quarter of land from Dewey and Lorraine Brown. This land was just across the river from Smith. They re-built the house, added on three more rooms, and put in hot and cold water. Amy says they had the first phone across the river.

They kept cows and sold milk, cream and butter. The Railroad men bought a lot of cream; some of them took it back to Edmonton with them for friends on the Calgary-Edmonton run. They also had about 800 chickens. Bill delivered eggs to everyone around Smith for years. This is how they made their living.

When Bill could no longer handle the work, they sold all of their land, except for ten acres where their buildings were, to Jim Murland.

In 1968, they took a trip to California to visit Amy's nephew. When they returned, they sold their ten acres to Vance Strebsky, and moved to Edmonton. They bought a mobile home and lived in a Trailer Court for seven months. They moved back to Westlock from there, where they eventually bought a house.

Bill died in 1980 after many years of poor health. Gordon married Georgette Michell and has a daughter. He lives in Edmonton.

Amy lives in an apartment in Westlock. She still keeps busy with handicrafts. Amy has many kind and helpful friends.

Melvin and Mabel Nelson's Pioneer Days at Moose Portage

by Mabel Nelson

We left the six hundred acre farm we had rented in the Hand Hills! My husband Melvin, took the children and I down to stay with Grandad and Granny Nelson, at Burfield, where the children Clare and Violet attended school for a month. Then we continued our journey the rest of the way by train to our new home at Moose Portage. Melvin had two wagons loaded with household goods and odds and ends of equipment, five horses and the children's dog.

I don't recall how many days it took to make the trip. He went ahead of us so he could have things prepared for the children and me! Well our first problem was when Melvin took us down to Grandad Nelson. We were driving along enjoying the car ride after the fuss and bother of packing, when all of a sudden a wheel came off the car. The jolt gave Clare a big bump on the head, but we managed to go a little further to a friends place where the car was repaired, and they fed us. We finally arrived at Dad's.



Mabel Nelson.

It must have been in the spring of the year when we left Dad Nelson's at Burfield to go by train the rest of our journey! Dad had to take us in a wagon. The road to Drumheller was quite new so you can imagine how sticky that gumbo was, as it was raining. By the time we arrived at Drumheller our shoes were double

in size. What a mess to clean off. We stayed overnight in Drumheller; then went to Calgary by train. Melvin met us a day or two later at the Smith station. Our new home was about twelve miles from there. We had to cross over the Athabasca on a ferry to get there.

When Melvin met us at the Smith depot he was so black. Well! I felt like taking the next train to far away places. I was beginning to wonder what we were getting into. We stayed in Smith one night and left for the farm the next morning. He told me about clearing and burning around where the farm buildings were to be. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. No doubt I did a little of both. Ours was about the first log building I had seen, it was a little two roomed cabin.

Mr. Petit, the school teacher, arrived on the same train as we did. We became very good friends. He had taught school in places similar to Moose Portage; he wondered how long we would stay. Times were so rugged in the thirties and early forties.

After coming from a settled country with no tall trees, being in a timbered country was frightening. I was sure I could hear a wolf or bear behind every tree. There was never a dull moment for the children. They soon had their dogs, cats, skis, toboggans, and ponies. They weren't old enough to know the pressure of the parent's responsibilities.

It was a very beautiful country at Moose Portage, still like the Creator had made it and not spoiled by man. So much was involved to start a home in a new country, that mixed farming seemed to be the only safe way, as there would be some kind of food grown and meat, also. What was needed first was to clear the land of trees and brush and cultivate the land and this Melvin did, eventually.



Moise Villeneuve, 1913.

It was shortly after we arrived at the Portage that we had a bad wind and rain storm. The children were at school. I saw it coming and the trees were falling as

if a scythe was slicing them down. There were trees all around our building, so I ran out into the open where there were no trees. I ran so fast I lost my shoes but didn't stop for them.

I was sure the children wouldn't make it home from school, as bridges were being washed out, but the teacher kept them until the storm had abated and fed them cookies. Melvin had been in town, and had a difficult time as there were many fallen trees across the highway. Our horses in the pasture were fine.

The school house was made of logs and many a dance and concert was held there. Melvin served on the school board one year but found it too much of a hassle so he resigned. Church services and elections were held there also. The elections were just as exciting and enjoyable as they are now.

Many community picnics were held at Moose Lake. I recall that at one outing a fur trader, Mr. Freeman, had a large motored scow. About twelve of us crossed Moose Lake and tracked through the bush to a little lake called Perch Lake. Those fish were sure hungry. We caught all we could fry and eat there. Then we caught hundreds to take home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerud took us under their wing the first year and we sure appreciated it. If I remember correctly it was Charlie Millins that had the first cup of tea with us. Melvin's parents moved up soon after we did, and lived near enough that we could check on them every day to see if they were o.k. We had many fine neighbors there.

We soon had a mixed farm in operation. We milked several cows. The cream was sent to the creamery at Athabasca. I learned to make cheddar cheese. I tried making syrup out of sugar beets but it wasn't a success. We tried everything when money was so scarce. We had to sell most of what we produced, so we had to use the native produce. We relied on the wild berries for fruit. There were at least a dozen different kinds. We had wild meat: moose, deer and bear, besides the smaller game. We had a large variety of foods.

The problem was to find the cash to buy clothing and other necessities, as farmers received very little for their produce in the hungry thirties. We had a year round deep freeze on our creek bank. It was perma frost, so we had ice for making ice cream and for cooling purposes.

Back to the berry patch: one year the whole settlement picked berries in one patch, including the bears. A friend of mine, the school teacher Sadie Wreggitt and I would ride out to the muskeg and pick cranberries. We tied white rags along the way so we wouldn't get lost. Some years the berries were so thick they could be scooped up.

In a new country like Moose Portage people were

always willing to help each other. Here is an interesting little episode. Our children lived at Chisholm. We had been down to see them and we got caught in a flood rain storm on the way home. Our poor old soft-top ford wasn't made for that kind of weather. We continued as far as the Willis farm and seeing we couldn't go any farther, we waded through the mud down to Willises to see if they would shelter us for the night. They were very hospitable and took care of two almost drowned human rats. When we left the next morning the sun was shining. We had lunch at the little cafe in Smith. When we arrived home in the afternoon, we saw that some one had stayed all night and that they had milked the cows and fed the calves. Later we found out it was Mr. McCumsey. It wouldn't be safe to leave doors unlocked today. We had a very helpful Health Nurse when we were there. She was almost as good as a doctor. Her name was Miss Maynes. We all liked and appreciated her very much. Had it not been for her, many long trips to doctors in Athabasca would have had to be made. Melvin's parents passed away and were buried in Camrose. Melvin died in the year 1975 and was buried here at Keremeos. I am eighty two, in poor health as many are, but still carrying on in my little home in Keremeos, I am happy and content as I have many fine lovable friends.

Memories of Moose Portage

by Leonard Olson

I was born on August 15, 1943 in my parents' little log house on their farm in Moose Portage. Apparently my dad went to Smith and brought back the Public Health Nurse to assist my delivery.

I do not remember many things about my early childhood days in Moose Portage other than it seemed beautiful and quiet in the summer, and very cold and lots of snow in the winter. I do recall my dad working out in the fields with a team of horses and when my mother had dinner ready, she would go out the front door and holler to my dad, "Ole, Ole, dinner is ready."

I recall one very distinctive embarrassing incident that happened to me when I was three or four years old. My dad had built a new frame house and it was heated by an airtight heater in the living room. I do not recall what I was doing prior to this incident, but I backed up to the heater and burnt my bare bum and had to wear one of my sister's dresses for a few days, because wearing trousers would just irritate the burn and prevent it from healing. I stayed well out of sight of any visitors we had during this time.

Another incident I remember is that I was playing down by the creek, which was about 100 yards south of our house, with my younger sister, Gloria, older



Leonard, Anne, Patricia and Darryl Olson.

brother, Roger, and a dog we had, named Laddie. Well, I lost my footing and slipped into the creek; the water was fairly deep and over my head, but I managed to grab onto a willow and was dangling in the creek. Our dog Laddie raised such a ruckus barking, my mother came out of the house to see what was going on and came down to the creek and pulled me out. I believe this ended with me getting a good spanking for playing so close to the creek.

Another time I was with my dad, brother and sister picking potatoes in the garden which was about a quarter mile north of the house. My dad had an old Hupmobile car and we loaded the trunk with sacks of potatoes to haul home. When my dad drove into the yard, I jumped out before it had come to a complete stop and my legs whipped under the wheels and he ran over them. I was screaming and hollering so much my dad thought the back wheels were on top of me so he put the car in reverse and backed over my legs again. Dad then came and dragged me out from under the car and carried me into the house. I believe this also ended with a spanking for jumping out of the car before it had stopped.

My grandparents, Dad's mom and dad, had a homestead about a mile north of our farm up a fairly steep hill and I used to go there quite often. We used to refer to my grandparents' place as Uphome and our place as Downhome, which used to confuse some people that were not familiar with the term.

My grandparents had a great influence over me

during my boyhood days and I will never forget them as they were more like second parents to me. I know we did not always see eye to eye, but as I sit back and think over the many great times I spent with them, I am grateful and feel very fortunate to have such wonderful grandparents. Even though at the time I did not agree with them, I now know they were right and they were always fair and honest. I can also say the same thing about my parents; they did what they thought was right and in my best interest even though I didn't think so at the time.

My grandfather was more of a trapper than a farmer and I went with him quite often on his trap line. I learned a lot about the bush from him and how to set snares for squirrels. He was also a deadly shot with a gun and I watched him pick off many squirrels. By the time I was 11 or 12 I had my own little trap line and my dad allowed me to take the single shot twenty-two as long as I was alone, and I eventually became a pretty good shot also.

My grandfather used to cut hay in the summer time at a hay meadow about two or three miles northeast of his homestead and I would go with him on occasion. In the evening when we came home, he almost always brought a load of hay home and I used to lay on top of the hay and watch the clouds and stars in the sky. It was so peaceful and pleasant laying there as the horses pulled it home, I will never forget these occasions.

I also recall many evenings or Sunday afternoons, my dad, mom, sister, brother, and I would take a walk down to the river to watch the beavers working, skip stones on the water or just sit and watch the river go by. These were very peaceful and pleasant times as there was no such thing as T.V. and I don't believe we had a radio at that time, so these walks were a form of entertainment.

When I was old enough to go to school, I attended the Sunshine Valley School up to grade three and in grade four we were bussed to Smith. The Sunshine Valley School was about three miles west of our farm and we either walked or rode a horse to school. In the winter, my dad drove us in a sleigh fixed up with a caboose. This is what he used when he went to Smith every Saturday to get mail. My dad was the mailman for the district. I remember riding that horse to school, as I got dumped off many times. The horse's name was Patsy and she was quite shy and if there was a stick laying across the road or if the bushes would move suddenly, she would shy and dump us off. We usually ended up walking the rest of the way home because we could not get on again by ourselves.

When I was in grade three, I remember our little school burnt down and the church, which was about 200 yards south of the school, was renovated and

utilized for a school. All of the church furnishings were stored in a small room at the front of the church which was partitioned off from the school room. There was a window in the little room and we used to crawl through this at noon hour and play the old pump organ.

Teachers were not all that plentiful in my younger days either and some difficulty was encountered obtaining a teacher every year who would stay for the full school term. I slightly recall a couple of the teachers we had. One was Mr. Quance, who was quite elderly and partially deaf. I remember some of the older students playing tricks on him because of his deafness. He couldn't always hear what went on in the room unless he was looking at the students. The other teacher I recall was Miss Hill, who was from Washington, United States. She always wore a brooch that was a capital "H" made out of a redwood tree. There were times when we were without a teacher and had a supervisor that assisted us with our correspondence lessons.

Of the 20 or so students that went to this little country school, only about five or six of us were white, the rest were Metis or Indian. They used to talk Cree quite a bit outside of the school and I learned quite a bit of Cree and could understand it and talk it pretty good after three years. Then we were bussed to Smith and the majority of the students were white and I forgot most of the Cree I learned.

When I was ten years old (1953) we started school in Smith. An old bus would pick us up every morning and bring us home in the evening. This was quite a change for me as the only world I was used to was the community of Moose Portage although I had been to Smith several times before. This was a new experience, to go every day and see and meet people I never knew before. It was almost like a small cultural revolution to me. Les Landon was our bus driver and I doubt if I will ever forget him, as he drove the bus when I first started and was still driving it nine or ten years later when I finished school in Smith. We finally got a better road built from Smith to Moose Portage after it became a regular school bus route. For the first few years I recall the bus getting stuck many times, especially during the spring as the roads were quite muddy then. Most of the time, the bus ride to and from school was just routine, but there were a few occasions when these trips were not so boring. I remember this big Indian boy, August Nadeau, who had been going to school for about six or seven years and was still in about grade two. He was kind of a bully at times and this one day he started picking on a smaller boy, Lawrence Guenette. Although Lawrence was just as old as August, he was quite a bit smaller. Well anyway, August had been threatening

to beat up Lawrence one afternoon on the bus trip home and kept this up until just before the bus stop to let Lawrence off. August then made his move; Lawrence ducked August's swing and as quick as can be, Lawrence up and popped August in the face. Everyone was surprised, but not as surprised as August, who finally realized he had met his match and this put a stop to his bullying other kids.

I remember going to dances, box socials and Christmas parties at the old school house. Everyone seemed to go to the dances in those days, even the children and babies. There wasn't any such thing as babysitters. Whenever there was a dance in the summer we used to go with the team of horses and wagon and in the winter, my dad would throw some hay in the sleigh box and we would get in and cover up with blankets and we were as snug as a bug in a rug. Transportation was a little different when I was a young lad growing up on the farm than it is now. There were very few automobiles around, and most everyone used horses. The people that did have automobiles, such as my dad, stored them away every fall for the winter and left them until the following summer. The roads in our community were not all that good and I do not recall ever seeing a snowplow until after I was about ten or 11 years old.

There were many school dances during my teenage years, and I don't believe I missed one of them. They seemed twice as exciting if you had a girlfriend to take to the dance, especially if the girl was not a local one, then you would be the talk of the school for a while and your name would appear in the school newspaper that was printed monthly. Also, during my later days of school, Elvis Presley became a big singing star and half of the girls at school would go around in a daze listening to his music and songs.

Now there were more and more people that had cars and the communication gap between neighboring communities and towns seemed to be closing. My dad had an old bullet 1952 Chevrolet which he traded for an old 49 humped-back Ford. In the spring of 1954, my dad bought a new Ford car and I found this to be quite an exciting time as there were quite a few cars and trucks around by now, but very few brand new ones.

The next years of my life in Moose Portage and going to school were quite exciting and there were many memorable moments. Also, there were moments which may best be forgotten, such as one Halloween night a group of us were prowling around and we drove out to Hondo. Beside the railway station there were a bunch of barrels neatly piled up on a hillside and only held in place by a couple of posts. We pulled the posts out and the barrels all rolled down the hill over the railway tracks and made quite a lot of noise, so we headed out of there fast.

My last year of school in Smith was 1960-61. The following year I went to High School in Westlock, then took a short business course at NAIT. After this I went to work in various places around the country and in 1971 I went to work for the Alberta Government in High Prairie. This same year I met and married my wife Anne. In 1973, our daughter Patricia was born. In 1974 we moved to Edmonton, and I went to college for a couple of years and tried a different line of work. In 1978 our son Darryl was born and in 1979 we moved to Grande Prairie. The boom in Grande Prairie didn't last long and in the spring of 1981, I was out pounding the sidewalks for a job along with about a third of the people that moved to Grande Prairie. In the summer of 1981, I took a job with the Alberta Government, again in High Prairie, and moved my family there that fall and now, the spring of 1984, we are still in High Prairie.

Occasionally, I drive to my parents place in Moose Portage and no matter where I live in the future, I will visit there as long as I am able to. When you live in cities and towns as I have, there is always a certain amount of pollution that is quite noticeable at times and we somehow become accustomed to it. Every time I travel to Moose Portage I feel the difference as the air there seems so clear and refreshing, I feel revitalized. I feel fortunate to have been brought up in the community of Moose Portage.

Martin Nelson

as told by Oliver Olson

Martin Nelson came to Moose Portage in the spring of 1930. He drove his brother Melvin's wagon from the Hand Hills in southern Alberta to Moose Portage.

He filed on the S.E. ¼ Sec. 13 Twp. 72 Rge. 26 W.4 and built a log shack but lived in it very little.

He stayed with his parents, Pete Nelson, and helped them and his brother Melvin, quite alot.

He became mentally ill and was taken to either the Oliver Institute or Ponoka, where he passed away.

Peter Nelson

as told by Oliver Olson

Pete Nelson came from the Dakotas in the United States and settled in the Burfield district about 35 miles south of Hanna, Alberta. He came there at the time of the first World War or shortly thereafter.

Pete was a huge man, over six feet tall, broad and heavy. His wife was real tiny, hardly five feet tall.

I, Oliver Olson, worked for Pete in the fall of 1929. Pete, at that time was 72 years old and I was 15. The crops were poor and he had cut his wheat with a box on the binder and had dropped it in piles. I was

helping him pick up these piles for stacking. Pete had six of the finest Percheron horses I had ever seen and he really took good care of them.

Pete came to Moose Portage on September 30, 1930, just a few months after his son, Melvin, and homesteaded the N.W. ¼ Sec. 10 Twp. 72 Rge. 26 W.4. He left there and moved to Lake Wabamun, right after Melvin left in 1943. He lived there awhile and then went to Edmonton, where I believe they both passed away at over 90 years of age.

They had four sons: Amos, Martin, Melvin and Grant.

Bert and Mary Olson Family told by Oliver Olson

Bert Olson was born in Magnor, Norway in January, 1891. He came to the United States at 18 years of age where he had an older brother there, living in the state of Iowa. He said it took seven days to cross the Atlantic Ocean and that he was sick all the way. His brother Carl and he moved to Minneapolis in 1910. Carl got work in the street-car shops, where he worked for 30 years. Bert worked at different jobs in Minneapolis where he met and married Marie Knutson in 1913. Marie's parents farmed at Princeton, about 50 miles from Minniapolis, with seven sons and eight daughters.



Left to Right: Selmer (behind Mary), Mary (mother), Merle, Bert (father), Philip, Viola, Floyd, Oliver Olson, 1954.

Bert and Mary worked on farms for some time. Three children were born to them in Minnesota: Oliver on April 11, 1914; Viola in 1916 (she died of pneumonia at one year of age); Floyd born on March 12, 1919.

In March of 1920, the family emigrated to Canada. They came to the Morrin area of Alberta where they worked for Edwin Hildedahl, a distant relative of my grandparents, on a farm. I went to the Hills-green School here for a short while during the fall.

In March, 1921, they purchased land six miles southeast of Hanna in the Red Rose School District, where I went to school from April to October. Mary's brother, Christ, was a partner in this venture. He had come from the United States that summer and had just married that spring.

1921 was a terribly dry year with no crop so Bert went to work in a coal mine about seven miles southeast of the Red Rose School in the Bull Pound School District. There was an empty shack right by the school and Bert and Mary moved into it for the winter. Bert walked about one and a half miles to the mine everyday.

In the fall of 1922, Bert made a deal and purchased this quarter section with no money down and one-third crop payments. By this time, Christ had quit farming after two years with no crops. He and Bert divided up the cattle and horses and Bert got what little machinery there was. Christ hauled coal all winter, then sold his horses in the spring and went back to Minneapolis. Bert continued to work in the coal mines for the next eight winters and sometimes, for a month or two in the summer. I attended Bull Pound school until the spring of 1926.

In 1926, we rented a half-section in the Hand Hill Lake School District. By this time, Bert and Mary had another son, Merle, born in 1923. The only good prospect for a large crop was in 1927 and they were hailed out in August and hardly had feed left. Viola was born to them on this farm in September, 1926 and in February, 1928, Philip was born. I went to the school in this district during 1926 and 1927.

Bert and Mary moved back to the Bull Pound district in April, 1928 and Carl Selmer was born there in April, 1930. I then had to ride about four and one-half miles back to the Hand Hill Lake school to finish grade eight as I didn't want to change schools.

Bert had left with four other men, (one of them was his nephew, Olaf) for the Peace River country. When they reached Smith, the river hill and approaches to the ferry were just being built for highway #2. The foreman on this job was a man named Anderson, who came from the Hand Hill Lake country. They went to work on this job and during the summer, Bert met Gerhard Hagerud, a settler out in Moose Portage. Bert had known Mr. Hagerud in Norway and he persuaded Bert to homestead on a quarter adjoining his, to the east.

Thus, it was on November 19, 1930, Bert and family landed in Smith, with three horses, one cow, a



Philip, Selmer, Viola, Oliver, Merle, Floyd, Mary and Bert Olson — 70th Wedding Anniversary.

few chickens, a Model T Ford car, a set of harrows, one seed drill, a set of discs, some furniture, about six sacks of flour and six children. He had kept four horses to bring up but one died during the move to the railroad at Hanna. Bert, Floyd and I (Oliver) rode in the box car with the livestock and Mary and the four younger children came by the passenger train.

The ice was forming in the river. The ferry had been dry-docked so Bert couldn't get his stuff across to Moose Portage. He made a deal with the Holdens and left the livestock there for about ten days. The river had frozen over at the Portage then, so he followed a trail on the south side of the river to the Portage, and thus to where we settled in a log house on land homesteaded by William "Dad" Rainberd, now owned by Mr. Hagerud.

They lived there until the spring of 1932 when they had a house and barn built on the homestead.

Bert and Mary lived there until 1955, when they retired to Edmonton. They purchased a house in Jasper Place and lived there until 1972. Then they sold the house and moved into Senior Citizen housing in the northeast corner of Edmonton. In 1976, a new Senior Citizen Housing High Rise was built in Jasper Place and they moved there, where they still are, 92 and 90 years of age in 1983.

On September 25, 1983, Bert and Mary Olson celebrated 70 years of marriage. The event was held on July 24 so that relatives from the United States could attend with children out of school. There were 60 people in attendance from Minnesota, South Dakota, Michigan and Washington. Altogether, there were 160 people present.

At this time, there were six of the Knutson sisters left, Mary being the oldest at 90 years and Ruby, the youngest at 71 years. Mary's oldest brother had died a month earlier at 98 years of age.

Bert and Mary, in 1983, had six children, 25



Bert Olson and trophies, aged 92.

grandchildren, 38 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. One set of five generations consists of: Bert Olson, Oliver Olson, Gloria Horton, Glen Horton, Jarred and Tom Horton.

Bert had learned to play the two-rowed accordion when he was 14 years old in Norway. In southern Alberta, the Hanna district, he played for dances for eight years. When he moved to Moose Portage, he played for two or three years until larger bands became the order of the day. His accordion was about wore out by that time as well.

When he retired to Edmonton, he got himself a better accordion. He played at Senior Citizens' Lodges in the city and then four of the seniors formed a band and played almost every Monday night for five or six years. The piano player died on Christmas day in 1975 or 1976 and they broke up after that.

In 1981, Bert entered an accordion contest in Camrose and won 1st prize in his category, at 90 years of age.

In 1982, he went to the Kimberley Accordion Festival and won 1st prize in the Senior's division at 91 years of age.

In 1983, he again entered at Kimberley, B.C. and came away with 1st prize again, at 92 and a half years. He was encouraged to enter these contests by a Norwegian friend of his, who is a professional player on a five-rowed accordion. His name is Olaf Sween.

Bert has also received two or three awards from different Mayors of Edmonton for entertaining in Nursing Homes and Lodges.

Oliver — While living at the Bull Pound place in

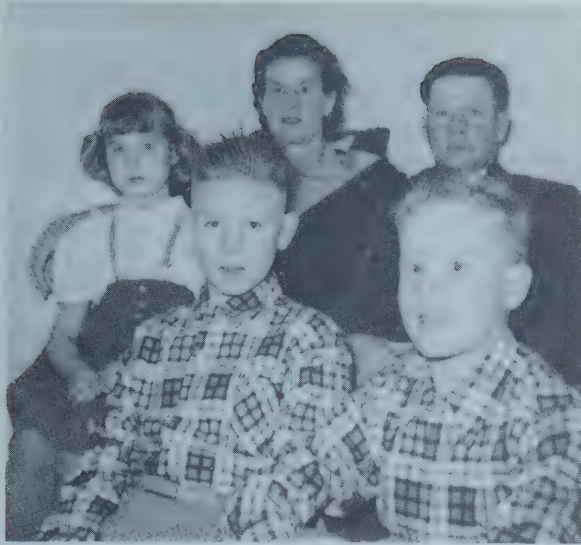


Great-great grandfather Bert Olson, great-grandfather Oliver Olson, grandmother Gloria Horton, father Glen Horton, baby Jerrod.



Great-great grandmother Bessie Crick, great grandmother Viola McIntyre, grandparents Gloria and Garry Horton, parents Glen and Sherry Horton, baby Jerrod.

1927, I worked out in July for a farmer, Mike Jones, for \$1.00 a day. I summer fallowed most of the time and did a little stooking. He had a very poor crop. In August, I worked for another farmer, Mr. Cy Bower. He had about ten big percheron horses; I drove six on a cultivator. These horses were big and lively and could have run away with me anytime they took a



Back: Elnora and Oliver. Front: Gloria, Roger, Leonard Olson.

notion, but I think they knew I was just a kid and I never had any trouble with them.

When threshing started, I hauled grain to Hanna, right from the separator with a team of these horses. I followed the machine from place to place and didn't get back to school until about November 1st. I hauled about 90 bushels of wheat per load in a grain tank.

I took grade nine at the Bull Pound school in 1928-29. I did the same in the fall of 1928 as before, working out for Frank and Carl Olson (no relation), cultivating, stooking and hauling grain. This way, I purchased my grade eight and nine books, as well as my winter clothes. My grade eight text books cost just a little over \$9.00 and the grade nine text books cost about \$11.00.

I got my grade nine diploma in 1929 and never went to school again.

We put up a lot of hay for sale in the Fish Lake area that fall. This is where I met the first of the Montgomery family. Stella Montgomery was cooking and raking hay for another haying outfit. I threshed with Frank Olson's outfit in the fall of 1930, starting out at their place at Hanna, then in the Fish Lake area, where they also had land. This is where I first met Nora Montgomery.

In November, 1930, when we moved to Smith, there was six inches of snow on the ground and the ferry was out so we walked across the railroad bridge. We crossed the Lesser Slave River at the old site of Mirror Landing.

I worked for G. Hagerud during 1931 until November 1st, then went trapping with Alfred and Anton Lundquist until January. Then Alfred and I built a log house and barn for my father on his



Oliver, Jimmy and Elnora Olson.

homestead. I worked for Roland McCormack during May, June and July, until August 10, 1932, down by the oil wells, past Sandy Coulee.

In August, I went back south to Hanna and Fish Lake, working for the Olson brothers again. I worked for them until the fall of 1933. Then I went to work for A. T. Davis on his ranch at Fish Lake.

In the spring of 1934, I had a hernia operation. In those days, they kept you in bed for two weeks and I was not supposed to work for two months.

I came back to Smith in September, 1934. I trapped and worked in the bush that winter. 1935 was the year of the big rains, when the old town of Slave Lake was under water and the highway was washed out. I worked on the road for two weeks, then it rained again for two days and nights; all our work was washed out again and we were sent home.

The river went down in September, enough to explore the gravel bars. Pete Penner and I washed about \$100.00 worth of gold during September and October at the Moose Portage Landing.

In December, 1935, Mr. Davis wrote to me to come to work at his farm south of Drumheller. I stayed with him a year and a half.

In July, 1937, Elnora Montgomery and I were married and we ran the ranch for Mr. Davis until June, 1940. We then shipped some machinery, four cows, and six horses up to Smith and I built a house on my homestead. We went back harvesting to Drumheller and Delia. I drove truck for my brother-in-law, Ralph Gaunce and Nora and her sister, Loretta cooked in a cook car for a threshing outfit.

The winter of 1940-41, I drove truck for another brother-in-law, Art Hunley, at Rocky Mountain House. We hauled logs, ties and lumber. During break-up and the month of May, I worked in the planer mill for Atlas Lumber Company in Rocky Mountain House.

In June, we came back to the homestead at Smith. I finished the house and we moved into it for the winter. Nora went back to Drumheller for the birth of our first child, Roger, born April 26, 1942. I purchased the half section known as the Gerhard place and moved into the old log house there in April.

Our next two children were born in this old house with Nurse Maines in attendance. Leonard was born August 1, 1943 and Gloria was born July 27, 1944. We lived here until 1947 when we moved into a new frame house. This house burnt down in March, 1953 and we built another one and moved into it in December, 1953 and are still in it (1983).

Over the years, we sold cream, hogs and a few cattle. Nora cooked in lumber camps for fifteen winters and I delivered milk to Smith by the quart for about one year. This way, we managed to educate, feed and clothe our family.

I went to work for the Provincial Government, December 1, 1966 as a log scaler, until 1970. Then I spent two months as relieving Colony Manager at Paddle Prairie. Upon returning to High Prairie, I had a car accident and broke two vertebrae in my back and I was in the hospital for 70 days. I spent another month and a half in Edmonton going to the Compensation Rehabilitation Centre. When I got back to High Prairie, I worked in the office until May, 1971.

On May 6, 1971, I moved to Paddle Prairie as Manager of the Metis Colony. In October, 1972, I was promoted to Colony Manager II and moved to Lac La Biche where I looked after Kikino and Caslan Colonies.

On August 1, 1977, I moved back to the High Prairie office again where we looked after East Prairie, Gift Lake, Big Prairie and Paddle Prairie Colonies.

In August, 1978, I took medical leave because of my asthma and arthritis in my knees. April, 1979, I was officially retired after 12½ years with the government.

During most of this time, Gloria and her family lived on our farm until the spring of 1974, when they bought a trailer house and moved onto their own place. During 1974 to 1978, Nora divided her time between home at the farm and the houses at Lac La Biche and High Prairie.

In 1973, we took in a foster child and in 1979, we adopted James David Olson.

Roger married Yvonne Chaisson of Cape Breton in 1966. They have two children, Denise and Marcel. Roger worked for the Forestry in Alberta for 13 years and is now a Fire Fighting Instructor for the Province of Nova Scotia.

Leonard married Ann Thompson of La Glace, Alberta. They have a girl and a boy, Patricia and

Daryl. He took over my position in the High Prairie office as a Colony Manager.

Gloria married Garry Horton of Westlock and Chisholm. They have two children, Glen and Bonnie. They live on the farm and drive school bus. Glen married Sherry Womacks of Slave Lake and they have two boys, Jarred and Thomas.

God has been good to me. I have been blessed with a very resourceful wife; a good housekeeper, a good mother and able to do most any outside work required on a farm if necessary.

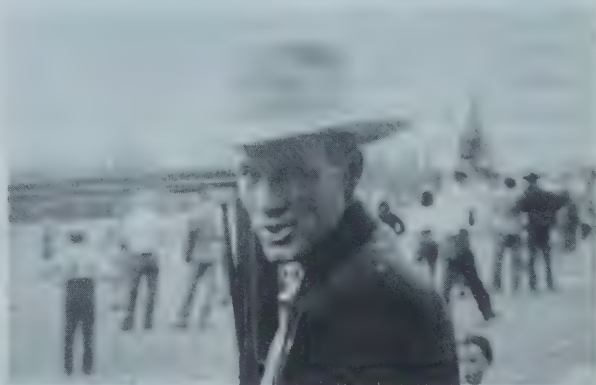
In this year of 1983, I have six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. My parents are still well at ages 92 and 90. My brothers and one sister are all living and well.

We still live on the farm, do some farming, feed a few calves and three colts.

Over the years, I have enjoyed music. I learned to play the accordion at age 14, and the violin at age 18. I have played for dances since 1935 and still take a turn at it.

Floyd Olson — I arrived in Smith with my family on November 19, 1930. Because of the cold weather and deep snow, my brother Merl, and I only went to school in the summer and had holidays in the winter for the first year or so. We had three miles to go to school and it was hard going for some of the younger ones. Our school was the community hall which also served as a church and dance hall. In 1931, the class was very small until the fall of 1931 when settlers came from the south, around Hanna and Brooks. Our school population doubled in 1932.

Mrs. Wregget was our first school teacher. She and her husband Jack came from east of Drumheller and homesteaded for a couple of years, then went back to Drumheller. (I saw Jack in Italy during the war. Ken Parsons and I went to see him, but I lost track of them since.) Some of the other teachers were a Mrs. Dye, Miss Brown, Mr. Henry Little, Glen Carmichael, and another Miss Brown.



Floyd Olsen, Smith Sports Day, 1946.

When we moved in, the people living in Moose Portage were: Ruby Goodwin, her mother and aunt were living on the Gerhart place where my brother lives now. Auntie Goodwin lived a mile west at the foot of the hill and is, I believe, the stepmother of the woman who wrote the book "Silence of the North" (also made into a movie). Martin Nelson, a bachelor, had the quarter south of hers (Bill Graham owns it now). Fred Tredree lived south and east of Martins' and sold out to Jim Hutchinson, who sold to Johnny Tate. I don't know the people living there now. Vince Logan, a bachelor, had the store and post office and hauled the mail from Mirror Landing once a week. He sold to Jim Hutchinson and his sister Mrs. Tate. The place is vacant now. Across the road from the post office was our combination club house, school and church. I finished my schooling there. Melvin Nelson's family lived west and north of the post office and his dad, Pete, lived west of him. The old folks died and Melvin moved after the war. Further on was Charlie Millens, an early settler, who sold to Bill Murland, and moved to Smith where he died. The Guenette family lived there for some time until Mr. Guenette retired and moved to Edmonton where he died. Phil Riggins family lived west of Guenettes' but they moved out to Calgary. Johnny Grayling and family lived farther down the valley. Dick Riggins family lived west of them, then moved up the hill. Lee Richter lived up on the hill and across the road from him lived Tommy Sonne. Guynup lived at Deep Creek on the south side. He had one crippled arm. The next year Walter O'Neil, Bill O'Neil and their families moved in and later, Abe and Herb O'Neil. Jim Hutchinson and Mrs. Tate and family came and Charlie Parsons and family. Rene Guenette came in a couple of years later. Hugo brothers moved in with a sawmill. They had the first threshing machine in Moose Portage. It was a hand feed machine. Several other people came and left.

The early 1930's were tough. The winters were cold with lots of snow and the summers had lots of rain. Dad hauled feed from Grosmont, mostly straw. We cut hay with scythes, and raked and stacked with forks. There was no work so Dad used to go south, harvesting to get money for winter clothes. We used to get relief in the winter which we worked off in the summer doing road work. Also, our taxes were worked off the same way.

Dad was a good hunter so we had meat year around — canned meat in the summer. Also, we made a little money trapping and hunting squirrels. I think the squirrels were .04¢ apiece; weasels could bring \$1.00 if they were big, and muskrats up to \$1.25. (My dad used to go back to Smith every winter to hunt squirrels, even up into his mid-seventies.)

One summer, he worked on an oil rig about ten miles down river. Hagerud had a tie camp one winter and Dad skidded ties for him. Oliver also worked for him and peeled ties the next summer. We never suffered, although we only had about half the clothes we wear now.

We brought three horses with us, but one got sick and we never used her much. That left Toby and Bell. Toby was a pet pony, unpredictable and balky. Bell was a Clydesdale mare, a real work horse. We rode them to school a lot and Toby used to take tantrums and try to buck us off. He bucked me off once and kicked me in the back of the head; the only place that wouldn't hurt me. Another time, Merl and I were doubled up going home and we came across a deer. Toby wheeled back and the saddle turned. Merl was dumped in the middle of the road but I was dragged for a little ways. Toby used to balk a lot, but Dad always managed to get things done. I think that team did more than any other team in the country.

We used to have quite a few dances in the club house. My dad was about the only musician. He played the accordion for the collection that was taken up at supper time. If he went to Smith or Moose River he would get \$3.00. Dances lasted about six to eight hours. In the summer, they lasted from sundown to sunup. The Landons moved in and some of them used to change off playing. Also, the Burfields used to come and help play.

We depended on the ferry to take us across the Athabasca River in the summer to Smith, and crossed on the ice in the winter. There would be about six weeks in spring and fall when the ferry was inoperable. When the ferry was pulled out, Harold Duncan had a scow to cross with. Henry Reason used to work on it. Alec MacDonald was ferryman for many years, then Jim Brazeau, and Dan McPherson. I believe George Malone was the last. Mike Reep ran the ferry during the war. I didn't know him then, but met him here in Edson where he now lives. His brother Bart used to grade our roads and he lived north of Athabasca. He now lives in Medicine Hat.

I spent the summer of 1936 working on a farm south of Delia for \$15.00 a month. I came home and trapped and the next summer teamed up with Pete Penner to wash gold on the Athabasca River. That fall, we went to Canyon Creek where I worked for mink ranchers and fished (with dog team). I left for the south in the spring, but Pete stayed on and died there in the 1950's. I worked for a farmer for \$25.00 a month and in the fall, moved to Fish Lake and worked for a rancher farmer with my brother, who was foreman. There, I got \$25.00 a month in the summer and \$10.00 a month in the winter, feeding cattle and breaking horses. I spent another winter

fishing. I had a 1928 Chev van that we used. In the summer, I went home and broke about 12 acres on a half section I had bought. I went back to Delia and worked for a trucker, then joined the army where I spent the next four years, mostly overseas.

There were quite a few people who joined the army from Moose Portage. My brother Merl, and I, Johnny and Brian Tate, Bill, Hector, and Stan O'Neil, Ken and Ross Parsons, Charlie Millens, John and Oscar Guenette, Jack Hugo and Bill Murland. Everyone came home.

I was going to start trucking but it was impossible to get a truck, so I started logging. My brothers and I bought a sawmill and we sawed lumber and farmed.

In 1948, I married Shirley Reason from Otter Creek. We had seven children. Randy, our fifth child died before his fourth birthday. The others are Beverly, Donna, Bradley, Gwen, Wade and Barry.

I helped start up the Legion and was President for over two years and Secretary for two years. I ran the picture shows for nine years. Over the years, I trapped, sawed lumber, drove log truck, logged and worked for the Forestry for two summers.

In 1965, I started working for a trucking company hauling in the oil patch out of Slave Lake. That fall, we moved to High Prairie for two years. Barry was born there. We went back to Slave Lake for a year, then moved to Edson in 1968. I quit driving truck and worked in a warehouse as a forklift operator. We bought a house and I intend to live here the rest of my days. We go back to Smith to visit two or three times a year.

Beverly married Frank Darr and lives in Peace River. They have three children. Frank is manager of the I.G.A. Store.

Donna is married to Larry Berube and they have two children. She is secretary to a charter aircraft company and Larry is a Forest Officer here in Edson.

Bradley is married and he and Debbie have one child. He is working for Luscar Sterco Coal Mine.

Gwen has two children and she is a cook in the Mountain Pizza and Steak House, of which Shirley is the Manager.

Wade is greenskeeper on the Edson golf course, and Barry is finishing high school.

Merl Olson — When we came to Smith, I attended school, and in 1937, I completed grade eight. The new school was open that year and I believe it burned down in 1949. After I finished school, I worked for farmers around Drumheller and spent winters and summers at home helping around the farm and trapping in the winter.

I remember the good dances we had around the country before the war and after the war. I joined the army in 1942 and served overseas mostly in Italy with

the British 8th Army. I went to Holland during the last part of February, 1945. I returned home in 1946 and took some land through the Department of Veteran's Affairs. We, Dad and I had a small sawmill. I also trapped with Dad for a couple of falls. Around 1950, he had a registered trapline.

I moved to Edmonton in 1955 and drove truck in the oil fields until 1967. Then, I started working for the City of Edmonton where I am presently employed.

I married in 1962 and have two step-children who are married and live in Hinton, Alberta and Trail, B.C. I hope to retire in August, 1984.

Bernard Edward O'Neil

Bernard Edward (Bernie), as he was known, started his schooling at Shady Nook school near Red Deer. He was the 9th kid in Moose Portage school when they moved to the farm. He often talked about his younger days and his school friends and how he would have liked to join the army with his buddies but for health reasons, he couldn't.

He farmed with his dad and Stan and worked in camps in winter for Swansons and trapped in early spring and fall. Bernie also drove freight and gas truck for Orval Hayes from 1965 to 1974. He drove for Bill Brown delivering fuel from Esso bulk station to farmers and oil rigs, from 1974 to 1979 when the bulk station closed. Bernie then settled down to farming and trapping. He enjoyed the Drop-in-Center where he spent a lot of his time playing cards, pool, shuffle board or just visiting.

He had many friends as he talked to everyone and never refused anyone who asked for a helping hand.



Bernard and Irene O'Neil.

He got his own quarter of land N.W.10-72-26-W4th and farmed and trapped until his death on May 8, 1983.

He married the former Marie Emma Irene Lemire on August 27, 1962.

Irene first came from Falher to Smith in the fall of 1944 to visit with her brother, Eugene George Lemire who was employed by Swanson Lumber at the west end of Fawcett Lake.

Her brother worked for Swanson for 12 years and got his mechanics license. He then went to work for Mannix for 15 years in Edmonton, then transferred to Calgary.

Irene had two sons by a previous marriage: Richard Emil Dupuis, born in McLennan June 4, 1939. He has three children: Richard Dion born April 12, 1965, in Dawson Creek, B.C.; Michelle Annette, born April 11, 1966, in Edmonton, Alberta; Paul Emil, born June 14, 1968, in Hay River, N.W.T. Irene's second son, Paul Sylvester Dupuis was born November 30, 1941, in McLennan. He has three children: Paul Sylvester, born November 6, 1964; Douglas Dean, born January 3, 1966; and Tara Lynne, born February 3, 1972; all three were born in High Prairie. Irene also had a daughter, Dorothy, born September 18, 1940 in McLennan. She died April 3, 1942 in McLennan.

In 1965 Bernie and Irene moved into town on Lot 8, BLK 3 Plan 5626 N.W. which they bought from Bill LaFrance. They bought their house from Emil Stelter and moved it onto the lot.

While in town, Irene worked in the Wheel Inn Cafe for Jim Guenette. She babysat for Delphine Hayes and did house work for Nurse Haworth, Mrs. Gene Earl, Mrs. Mel Cole and Nurse Camp. She quit working when her eyesight started to go. She enjoys the Drop-in-Center and she likes playing cards, hooking rugs and visiting her neighbors.

Lorraine O'Neil

Lorraine worked on the farm until she was nineteen. She married Dewey Brown, May 17, 1950, and moved to Edmonton in the early 1950's. She worked at the Alberta Hospital three years and at the Misericordia Hospital for ten years. She has been working now for McCoys for fourteen years. She has been married to Ted Normand since April 15, 1972, and resides on an acreage west of Edmonton.

Lester O'Neil

Lester was born February 8, 1952, in Athabasca. He lived on the farm until 1967 when he moved to Edmonton and finished school. He worked for Macleod's for 12 years and now is working for Lily Dale



Lester, Shawn and Betty O'Neil.

Poultry. He still farms the family farm and Bernie's farm at Moose Portage.

He resides in St. Albert with his wife Betty and son Shawn.

Stanley James O'Neil

Stanley James farmed with his family. He also worked for Swanson Lumber for ten years in the winter only. He hauled lumber for Greenwall. He got married to Emma Schneider on December 10, 1963. They farmed for one year, then moved to Edmonton where he is working for the City Water Department.

Walter and Irene O'Neal by Lois (O'Neal) Shannon

Walter O'Neal was born and raised in Cumberland, Ontario. Irene Bird was born and raised near Birch Hills, Saskatchewan. Walter came west to Saskatchewan as a young man where he met and later married Irene Bird. They lived in Saskatchewan for a few years before moving to the Red Deer, Alberta, area.

Our family lived there until the first part of July 1931 when we moved to Moose Portage where Walter had taken up a homestead. We moved north with teams and wagons. We would travel quite steadily for a couple of days and then stop for a day's rest for the horses and to give mother a chance to do some baking and catch up on the laundry.

There were seven children in the family then, Bill, Dorothy, Hector, Stan, Peggy, Art and Lois.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Neil, Hector, Dorothy, Lois, Bill, Peggy, Stan, Art and Joyce.

I remember my mother telling us, that every morning, Art who was about three and a half years old at the time would ask, "Are we going to get to the homestead today?" When Mom would tell him, "No, not today," he would say "Do you think it's worth it?"

Mother remembers the first day in Smith. We camped by Duncans, the kids picked blueberries and she made pudding for supper.

We arrived at Moose Portage the latter part of August, 1931. The first family that we met were the Gralings, who invited us to have supper with them.

We lived in tents on one of my Uncle's homesteads, and close to where Dad's brother Bill, his wife Edith and their family were living. When it got cold in the fall, a very kind neighbor "Auntie Goodwin" asked us to spend the winter with her, which we did.

Her little house which still stands today was well filled. During the summer of 1932 we built a log house on our own homestead. We moved there and started clearing land.

The log house was burned to the ground and we lost everything in 1950. When a tragedy such as this happened in the community there was no doubt about the kindness of wonderful neighbors and friends from Moose Portage, Smith and other surrounding districts.

Another daughter Joyce joined the family in 1936.

Mrs. Tate and her brother Jim Hutchinson were postmasters and mail carriers for many years. It was always a real treat to be allowed to go to their place on Saturday afternoon and get the weekly mail.

There were many broken bones, illnesses and hardships on the farm in those days but none that



Back: Jimmy Murland, Big Stan, John Guenette. Front: Violet Nelson and Dorothy O'Neil.

Mom and Dad could not cope with. When I was two, I fell out of my high chair and broke my arm. Dad was away working on the road, so Mom walked, carrying me, one and a half miles to Vince Logans and he drove us to town. Mrs. MacDonald who had one of the few cars in the district took us to Athabasca.

Wayne joined the family in 1944.

Bill, Hector, and Stan were all in the army during World War II and Bill also served in the Korean War.

Stan decided to try his hand at farming when he came home from the Army. He got some land and machinery, including a tractor. Dad had never had a chance to drive a tractor before, but he decided to take the tractor and do some field work. All went well until he drove up to a gate that was closed, the tractor wasn't as well trained as the horses that Dad was used to driving and all Dad's hollering "whoa" wouldn't stop the tractor. Needless to say he drove right through the gate. We all had a good laugh about that and I don't think Dad drove the tractor much after that.

The family left home one by one, scattering in all



Merl Olson, Lucy Tate, Bernie O'Neil, Viola Olson, Ross Parsons, Charles (Chum) Millens and Peggy O'Neil.

directions. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil sold their farm in 1964, bought a house and moved to Smith. They had many good friends and neighbors there.

The oldest son Bill passed away in September of 1962, Walter in February, 1970, Stan in October, 1976, Hector in June 1978, and Dorothy in May 1981. All are buried in the Smith Cemetery.

Mrs. O'Neil now lives in Extendicare Nursing Home in Athabasca, Lois at High Level and Joyce in Athabasca, Peggy at Hay River, N.W.T., Art in Athabasca, and Wayne in Hinton.



Lorraine, Lois O'Neil and Audrey Guenette, Joyce O'Neil, Geraldine and Lawrence Guenette.

History of William (Bill) James O'Neil and Family

Bill O'Neil was born in Cumberland, Ontario to Ed O'Neil and Abigail (Streach) O'Neil on August 13, 1896. He was the 9th of the family of 16 children.

His dad was a carriage maker by trade and farmed in southern Manitoba where Bill was raised from the age of ten years until he joined the army in 1915.

While he was in the army, he met Edith Ada Finch, born January 10, 1899 in Leatherhead, Surrey, England. They were married in England, May 18, 1918. Edith came to Canada with other war brides and lived with Bill's folks until Bill came back from the army in 1919.



Edith and Bill O'Neil.

In the fall of 1919, Bill and Edith moved to Red Deer, Alberta. There, Bill ran a livery barn with his brother and later, looked after dairy cattle on the nearby Indian Reserve.

In the spring of 1921, Bill and Edith moved to their farm in Shady Nook, west of Red Deer and farmed there for ten years. While they were at Shady Nook, their three children were born. First Bernard Edward was born December 20, 1921, in Red Deer. Edith went back to England to visit her folks. On the way back, Stanley James was born April 13, 1927, in the middle of the ocean on the ship Corona. Lorraine was born July 29, 1930, in Red Deer.

In April, 1931, Bill, Edith and the family moved to the Smith district. They got a quarter of land in Moose Portage. Bill also did some trapping with Bernard and Stanley. Bill served on the school board, hauled the mail in the early 1930s from Smith to Moose Portage and was foreman on road building. Mrs. Tate was Post Mistress when Bill hauled the mail.

When Bill's health started going in the 1940's, they moved into town and lived by the river where



Left to Right: Bernie, Edith, Bill, Lorraine and Stan O'Neil.

they had very nice gardens. Bill died May 17, 1956, and is buried in Beachmont Cemetery in Edmonton with the veterans. Edith sold the land in town to Tommy Walterhouse and moved to the city. She lived here for many years before she passed away May 13, 1980 and is buried in Beachmont Cemetery.

Alex Oscarvitch and John Karos by Ruby McKinnon

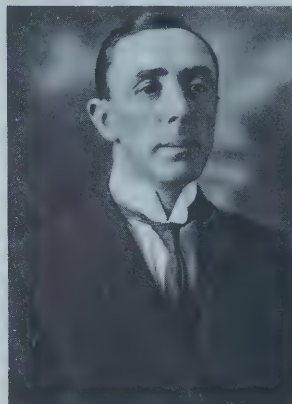
Alex Oscarvitch and John Karos ran a herd of cattle across (Moose Lake) Fawcett Lake close to Crooked River (Fawcett) in the 1920's. Late in the 20's John Bloom and Jack Hayes bought them from Oscarvitch and Karos.

Charlie and Louise Parsons

Charlie Parsons was born in 1879 and died in 1949. Louise Parsons was born in 1886 and died in 1949 and both are buried in the Moose Portage Cemetery. Charlie came to Canada from Wales. He landed in Ontario and came to Alberta in 1912. He worked in Bassano on the dam, then homesteaded in the Burfield area of Alberta from 1913 to 1931. He met Louise Chambers, a dressmaker, in Calgary and they were married in July, 1917 in Calgary. They left because of drought and dust storms. The government paid for moving the stock but anything else was left.

They landed in Smith in July of 1931 to homestead, with 24 head of cattle and 18 head of horses, and no place to put them. They stayed one month in Smith, then ferried the live stock across the river to the Moose Portage area where they stayed the winter with Charlie Millens. During the winter, they built the log house and moved into it in the spring. Charlie and Louise both took out a homestead which they paid \$10.00 for and had to clear 10 acres in five years to own the land. They cleared this with axes and the

horses. Three years after arriving in 1934, about 90% of the horses caught sleeping sickness and died. Ted Boyer broke two steers and used them with his horse to make a full team. They were a mite slow but got the job done.



Charlie and Louise Parsons.

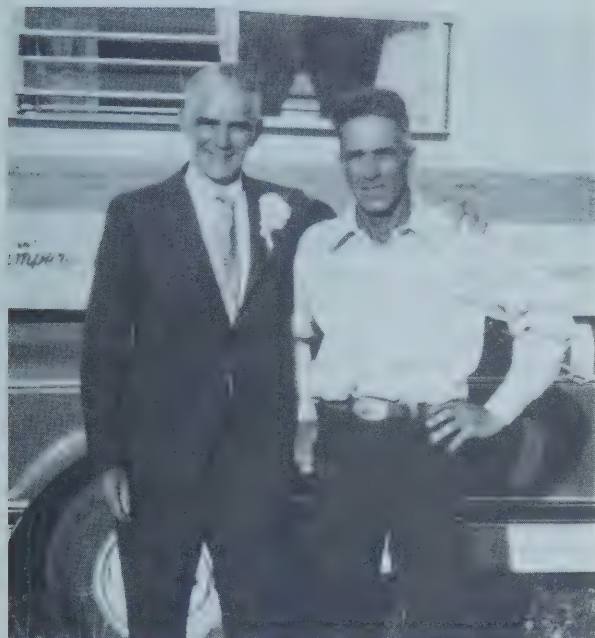
The Parsons had two sons, Ken, born July 12, 1919, in Calgary, and Ross, on July 8, 1922 in Burfield. They both had schooling in the Sunshine Valley school. The Community hall was used as the school. Their teachers were Sadie Wrigget, Mrs. Porter (this one Ross prided himself in running away from when kept in after school), Mrs. Dye (who left in a state of mental confusion), Mr. Carmichael (who came with a set of boxing gloves to show the kids who was boss), and Trix Morris, who was the last teacher they had. In the summer, you either walked or ran, barefoot, of course, and in the winter, dog teams were used and left tied up outside. The practice of the kids bringing their 22's and lining them along the wall was stopped and they then had to leave them stashed in the bush. If they were lucky, they'd catch a chicken, squirrel or rabbit on the way home.

Ken, at age 16, finished school and went trapping. In the summer he cleared land. Ken remembers the time that, during the clearing of land, his dad set a bucket of stumping powder under the brush pile during a rain and then, after, decided it was a great time to burn the piles. Everything flew sky high. Ken joined the army in March of 1941 and went overseas. He came back in November, 1945. He met Audrey Jardin and was married in June, 1946 in Toronto. They have one daughter, Lois, born December, 1950. They have lived in Ontario ever since.

Ross Parsons

Ross, finished school, went trapping, worked in bush camps or cleared land. He bought his first quarter of land in Moose Portage from Charlie Millens in 1939. He joined the army in November of 1942,

served overseas and came back in February of 1946. He met Edna Doupe in Calgary in 1943 and was married in Edmonton, in February, 1947. After getting married, they lived with Ross's folks for nine months while Ross got logs out to build their home.



Ken and Ross Parsons.

They have lived in Moose Portage ever since where Ross has farmed and trapped. He also worked at bush work and worked at the Federated Co-op Sawmill for 11 years. Since he started trapping in 1937, he has seen many changes; from 2-5 dogs in a team to a 340 Yamaha and a Honda trike. While on the trap line the entertainment at night was to shoot the mice as they tried to crawl in through the holes, a tasty tidbit for morning.

Edna Doupe was born April 15, 1920 at Alliance, Alberta. She took training at N.A.I.T. in Edmonton, in sheet metal, hydraulics and soldering. She then worked at air craft repairs in Edmonton, before joining the army in January, 1943. Edna took her driving training at Red Deer and was stationed at Calgary where she drove ambulance and staff cars until going overseas in June 1944. She was sent to Nimagin, Holland, worked in a Repatriation depot for seven months, then joined occupational forces in Aurich, Germany. She came home in June of 1945 and was discharged in May, 1946. She then married Ross.

Edna remembers the house parties and visiting neighbors as an important part of their entertainment in those days — also the box socials. One time Ross and Bernie O'Neil carefully prepared a delicate

lunch of muskrat and bannock, tucked in a birch bark canoe. Johnny Adams was the lucky fellow who bought the box. The canoe was later seen on a set of deer horns in his home.

Ross and Edna have seven children. Joyce, born January 2, 1948; Linda, born March 24, 1949; Barb,



Debbie, Fay, Arvilla, Ron, Barb, Linda, Joyce, Edna and Ross Parsons.



Top: Joyce, Michelle. Bottom: Danny, Shane and Verrill Handfield, 1983.

born August 8, 1950; Ron, born January 17, 1952; Arvilla, born December 21, 1952; Fay, born January 24, 1955; Debbie born December 15, 1955.

Joyce Handfield (nee Parsons)

After Joyce finished school, she took Nursing Aid training in 1967-68. She worked at the Royal Alex Hospital in Edmonton in 1970. She married Danny Handfield on October 2, 1970. They lived in Smith while Danny worked for Federated Co-op at the mill until 1977. Then they moved west of Mean-

ook and settled on a farm in 1978. They have three children, Michelle, born in 1971, Verrill, born in 1975, and Shane, born in 1978.

Linda McCann (nee Parsons)

Linda took her schooling at Smith and Athabasca. She married Malcolm McCann in 1970. They have two children, Karey born January 21, 1971; Shawn, born March 19, 1973. Linda is working at a Group Home in Slave Lake which deals with problem adolescents.

Barb Schendzrelorz (nee Parsons)

Barb went to school in Smith and Athabasca. She trained for a nurse in the Royal Alex Hospital in Edmonton. She married Herb Schendzrelorz in 1974 and moved to Leduc where they still reside. They have three children, Belynda Dawn, born Jan. 22, 1975, Travis Richard, born January 14, 1977, and Chelsey Ann, born 1982. Herb works as a framing carpenter.

Ron Parsons

Ron took his schooling in Smith and Athabasca. Then he took a heavy duty mechanics course at N.A.I.T. Now he runs his own company, R.R.P. Construction, which is mainly road and oilfield construction. He still lives at Smith.

Arvilla Sloan (nee Parsons)

Arvilla went to school in Smith and Athabasca. This was not the greatest highlight in her life. She moved to Edmonton when she was 17, and did assorted jobs, then worked in Daycare for five years. She met Peter Sloan in 1972. She moved to Slave Lake in 1975 and continued in Day Care and received her certificate in Early Childhood Education and Development.

She married Peter Sloan on September 8, 1978, and they have two children, Hailey Marie born January 7, 1980, Lee Ferris born March 5, 1982. She is presently employed in a Group Home that deals with problem adolescents. Peter is employed with Acklands, in Slave Lake.

Fay Roe (nee Parsons)

Fay went to school in Smith and Slave Lake. She married Richard Malone in 1971, and had two children, Sylvia Ann, born January 1972 and Alvin Richard born December 1972. She was divorced in 1975. She took hairstyling through N.A.I.T. and graduated in 1980. She worked for three years and then married Ron Roe in 1982. They have one son born in April of 1981. Ron is a heavy duty mechanic. They live in Spruce Grove.

Debbie Parsons

Debbie lived most of her life in Smith. She went to N.A.I.T. in 1978-79 and received papers in cooking. She worked and then travelled in various countries and moved back to Smith in 1982.

Harry Reamer and Family

by Eloise Landon

Harry Reamer with his wife Amanda; sons, Lester, Walter, and Harold and daughter Gladys came from Illinois to Calgary, then to Moose Portage in 1913. They settled on the school section at the corner of John or Vince Logan's quarter, where the Clubhouse was built. He raised fox for a while. Sometime before 1918 they moved to Grosmont.

Walter married Alta Goodwin in 1920. She is the author of *Silence of the North*.

Olive (Goodwin, Reamer) Frederickson

(Olive) Alta Goodwin, nine years old, was with her mother when she died on December 1, 1910. The family had moved to Edmonton from Wisconsin, in the spring of 1909. Before Mrs. Goodwin died, Archie Goodwin and three of the boys went to Lesser Slave Lake for the winter. It was five months before they got the message that Mrs. Goodwin had died.

It was after this, that Alta with her father and brothers travelled the Athabasca Landing trail and along the north side of the Athabasca River, enduring the rigors and hardships of the trail that so many pioneers endured. They stopped at Tomato Creek. They never reached the Peace River country, their original destination.

The Goodwin farm, not far from the Athabasca River, became known as Goodwin's Halfway House — a busy and popular stopping place for teams coming north.

Besides attempts at farming and running the Halfway house, the Goodwin boys raised foxes (captured from the wild) until 1918, when fur prices fell and the fox business ended.

Alta had a carefree childhood at Tomato Creek, riding horses and teaching colts and calves to lead. Secretly, she learned to break some of the colts, a task not considered fit for a teenage girl.

In 1917, Archie Goodwin went to Wisconsin to marry an old school chum, Maggie Miller. She proved to be a good stepmother.

In 1918, Elmer, Menzo and John Goodwin left home to go to work. Willie and his wife went to live on their own homestead, across Tomato Creek.

John married and brought his wife, Ruby, to Tomato Creek.

John and Ruby, Lea Goodwin and Alta took some cows and horses and went to Moose Portage, to homestead. Archie Goodwin made Lea and John, Alta's guardians until she became of age.

Alta Goodwin first met Walter Reamer in 1913. The Harry Reamer family had come to Canada from Illinois and stopped for awhile at Tomato Creek. It



Back: John. Front: Vala and Olive Fredrickson, 1982, at home in Vernon, B.C.

was Alta who taught Walter about the trapping and hunting that he vowed he would do when he grew up. The Reamers left Tomato Creek, lived at Moose Portage for awhile, then moved to Grosmont.

After Alta moved to Moose Portage with her brothers she met Allen Elliott, a foreman in the railroad yard at Smith. Although Alta finally consented to marry him, she was never serious about it. In the spring of 1919, John and Lea returned from a trip to Athabasca Landing and Walter Reamer was with them. In the course of events, Alta broke her engagement to Allen Elliott and in 1920, she married Walter Reamer in Athabasca Landing. From that time on she used her first name, Olive.

The details of these events and the rest of her life with Walter, the birth of her three children, Olive, Vala and Louis, her valiant struggle to survive, alone in the British Columbia interior after Walter was gone, her marriage to John Frederickson, are all told in Olive's book, "Silence of the North". This book was made into the movie of that name. Parts of the movie were made in the Smith, Moose Portage and surrounding areas. Quite a few local people were employed as extras.

William (Dad) Reinbird

as remembered by Oliver Olson, Eloise Landon and Ruby (Goodwin) McKinnon

William (dad) Reinbird came from around Souris, Manitoba about 1918. He left his farm to his family there and came to Moose Portage when he was past middle age. He homesteaded N.W.¼ 17-72-25-W4 — east of the Jake Gerhart quarter. He broke about 30 acres of land in 1928-29. He traded this land to Jack Hagerud for a house at Fawcett Lake that had belonged to Mrs. Hagerud's uncle. Jack Hagerud



Dad Rainbird on Jake Gerhart's place (about 1922).

paid some to boot in the form of eggs, butter and pork.

Dad Reinbird died sometime in the early thirties.

Lee Richter

by E. Landon and Mae Elgert

Lee Richter came to Moose Portage in 1929. He lived on what many call the Miller place. He trapped, fixed shoes, made snowshoes, and dug seneca roots. Sometime in the early forties he moved across the river from Moose Portage to below Otter Creek.

Lee bought his land from Harry Gordon and his wife who had moved to the Ranch district. He lived there until his death in 1954. Eric Elgert bought the Richter place from Lee's sister, Mrs. Babcock of Elk Point.

John Riggins

by Eloise Landon

John and Edith Riggins came to Moose Portage from Billings, Montana sometime in 1922. They lived with Dad Riggins. They had one daughter Millie. While they lived at Moose Portage they had two more daughters, Amy and Ava. John trapped and cut railroad ties. They left Moose Portage in 1924 or 1925 and returned to Billings, where they had a son Lloyd born to them. Lloyd now lives in Sidney, Montana. John passed away in 1954 or 1955. Edith was living in Colorado, the last I heard about her.

Nick (Dad) Riggins

by Eloise Landon

Dad Riggins was my grandfather. He came to Moose Portage in 1919 from Roundup, Montana. He lived on a quarter south of John Graling's homestead and at Fawcett (Moose) Lake part of the time. He trapped and fished. Later he lived with his sons and daughter. His sons were Dick and Phil and daughter was Maude (Graling) Guenette. Maude and Phil



Back row: Nick Riggins, Betty Burns, Mrs. Gerhart, and John Graling. Bottom: E. Graling, Claude Graling, Widd Burns. Back of Widd: Jack Burns, and Maude Graling, 1921.



Nick Riggins and sons, John, Phil and Dick.

worked in a logging and mill camp in the winter around Sundre, Alberta, where Phil took Dad. He passed away at 84 years old in 1935 at Didsbury hospital.

Phil Riggins as told by Eloise Landon

Phil, Donnie and Jimmy (son) came to Moose Portage from Oklahoma City, U.S.A. in 1925. He took up the homestead that Jim Burns had let go just

west of the Robertson place (later Ross Parson's). He cut railroad ties and trapped. They moved to Calgary about 1936, where he worked for Lever Brothers soap company for several years. He passed away in the late 1950's or early 1960's. Donnie and Jim still live in Calgary.



Donnie, Jimmy and Phil Riggins, 1926.



Donnie, Jimmy and wife Isabell Riggins, 1970.

Dick Riggins as told by Eloise Landon

Dick and May Riggins came to Moose Portage with his father, Nick (Dad) Riggins in 1919 from Roundup, Montana. He homesteaded the quarter east of where Ernest Malone lives now. They lived here most of the time until he passed away in the early 1950's in the Athabasca hospital. May moved to Smith about 1960 where she lived until she passed away in 1961 or 1962.

Smith Alberta — And Surrounding Area by H. D. (Dunc) Roberts

Dunc Roberts, who was living in the Athabasca area in the fall of 1940, was called to work hauling lumber for Chisholm Sawmills at Chisholm. We were hauling from two diesel camps, Camp 1 and Camp 2, southeast of Chisholm, into the town of Chisholm. We spent the winter there and moved to Slave Lake in the spring of 1941, to start setting up a Diesel Mill south of Slave Lake, to be known as Original Camp 7. Later Camp 8 was also set up in this area. In late 1941, Chisholm Mills started to set up a steam mill at the west end of Fawcett Lake, which became operational in 1942. In the meantime, the company was long logging along the south side of Fawcett Lake, in preparation of the steam mill starting up.

My Dad, Murray Roberts, was brought into Fawcett Lake during the winter of 1941-1942, to drive pilings into the lake for the various log pockets. He had been involved for many years in building bridges for the C.N.R., and for the Alberta Government Highways Department. After he finished the Fawcett Lake job, he was moved to Chisholm where he ran the dry kiln for several years. Dad was later killed in an auto accident near Wabamun in 1973.

As for my part, I helped finish the road into Fawcett Lake (west end) in 1942, and began hauling lumber into Smith, where it was loaded on flatcars, and shipped to Chisholm for grading, drying, resawing, and planing. At this time, my son Dale was born on May 17, 1942. We spent the summer at Fawcett Lake and moved back to Slave Lake to haul lumber from the diesel mills, into Slave Lake, where once again it was shipped to Chisholm. In the spring of 1943 we moved back to Fawcett Lake west end, and again hauled lumber to Smith. I parted company with the sawmill, and Fawcett Lake, and Smith, in the summer of 1943, and moved into Edmonton, where I joined B.A. Oil (which later became Gulf Oil). After a stint in Edmonton, B.A. Oil moved me to Wetaskiwin, then to Wainright, and then on to Westlock in 1948. It turned out that Smith was about the centre of my territory, so old ties were resumed, and once again we found ourselves spending time at Fawcett Lake, on holidays, etc. About 1957 I met Clarence Cottom, at Fawcett Lake east end and we discussed the possibility of opening a Resort there. Things went along, and in 1959, we brought in some cats and started cleaning up the beaches and the area, to which we had obtained a lease from the Alberta Government. Clarence and I each built a cabin to live in, and gradually assembled some small cabins to rent out, some boats, a small store, and picnic shelter. About

January, 1960, I sold out the B.A. Oil Agency, in Westlock, and moved to Swan Hills, still keeping Fawcett Lake Resort going, and gradually improving it.

I sold my interests in Swan Hills, and the B.A. Oil Agency in 1962 and returned to Edmonton, eventually setting up R & M Chemicals Ltd. in 1964. About this time Clarence Cottom (my Fawcett Lake partner) died, leaving his wife Eileen, and I to further develop the Resort. We kept improving the Resort, and in 1969, I sold my interest in R & M Chemicals Ltd., and moved to Fawcett Lake to give it my full attention. By this time, Eileen and I had married, and we added aluminum boats, and motors, docks, and fish house, to the facilities of the Resort. By 1972 we had more cabins, running water in the fish house, a large diesel electric plant, refrigeration, street lights, and plug-ins, at the resort. It was starting to shape up and attracted people from all over the continent. It was a very interesting life and though we took winter vacations in Mexico and Hawaii, the hectic pace of running the Fawcett Lake Resort was becoming a heavy load, as I was then in my fifties. We finally sold the Resort, in 1972, to a much younger couple, Bruno Schmitz, and his wife, who later sold out to Frank and Terry Brown, and they in turn sold it again.

Eileen and I returned to our home in Edmonton in 1972, but Eileen's health was starting to fail. My son, Dale, and I started up a company known as Big Axe Clearing Co. Ltd. in 1973, and I am still active in this field. My son, Dale, died November 25, 1983, and Eileen passed away December 14, 1983.

To all of our old friends and associates of Smith, and surrounding area, we wish you all the very best, and thank you for a lot of pleasant memories.

Fred Robinson

by E. Landon and Ruby MacKinnon

Fred Robinson and his family came to Moose Portage around 1918 or 1919 from Edmonton. They lived on a half section nine miles from Smith, now known as the old Guenette place. They had three children and left Moose Portage to return to Edmonton in 1924 or 1925.

George and Fae Roe

by Fay Roe

George was born on April 26, 1924 at West Branch Township, Ogemaw, Michigan, U.S.A. He came to Canada with his parents, Bill and Myrtle Roe, in the spring of 1926. They settled in the Moose River district where he went to school. The land had been given to the school board by his father. One of his first teachers was Lawrence Peacock.

I was born at Gliechen, Alberta, in January of 1926 and moved to Kinuso with my parents, Sherwood and Lillian Helmer, when I was three years old. I received all my schooling in Kinuso. In 1941 I worked in the cook house at Fawcett Lake for the summer, and moved to Vancouver in 1943. I met George in 1961 and in August of 1962, we moved to George's farm in Moose Portage. His first farm was bought from Bill Murland plus some land from Mrs. Tait. His favorite animals were pigs.

George spent most of his life around Smith; farming, working in logging camps, doing cat work for farmers, and road work. He also worked for Feder-



George and Fae Roe.

ated Co-op for a few years. George also worked in Edmonton, Hay River, Fort Simpson and Keremeous, B.C. but was happiest on his farm in Moose Portage.

George and Ron drove out from Cloverdale, B.C. to Edmonton in a one ton truck loaded with furniture and three cats. One night on their way out, they camped out, and the mosquitos were so bad that Ron got up and went into the cab of the truck. George hadn't heard him go so never missed him. Later on, George decided to move some things in the cab of the truck so they could both sleep in the cab, but as he opened the door Ron sat up and scared George so bad that he never got any more sleep that night.

Ann and I followed by train to Edmonton where we met up with George and Ron. From Edmonton, George drove the truck and I drove the car he had left there. We also picked up George's nephew Gerry Lemire and he spent one school term with us. We arrived in Smith on the sixth of August after a big rain. We had no trouble until the last mile of road to the farm. The car got stuck and I had to walk about a half mile in the sticky mud. My shoes got so caked

with mud that when I kicked one foot to get rid of the mud my shoes flew up the road, so I took the other shoe off and walked bare footed to the house.

The first house we lived in for six weeks had no windows or doors but we had lovely weather all the time. Every morning the cat would leave a half eaten rabbit in front of the stove, but luckily we weren't hard up enough to have to eat her offerings. We also had two Bantam chicks that Bryan Scratch had given my daughter, Ann, and they became so tame that when George and Ann sat down to play cards they would perch on their shoulders or heads. With the dog, three cats, and two chickens running around I used to refer to us as "Ma and Pa Kettle". We spent eleven happy years there until we sold the farm to George's sister and her husband (Myrtle and Len Walton). We had bought Stan O'Neil's farm.

George really enjoyed hunting and I remember one amusing event that happened one hunting season when we were camped out by Crooked Lake for a few days of hunting. About 5 A.M. on the day we were leaving for home a young man from Edmonton came by and stopped for a cup of coffee with us. While we were sitting drinking our coffee George said "I guess I'd better get you home before my old lady finds out about us." I looked at the young man and he was blushing, so I said, "You won't tell on us will you?" He was so embarrassed he just shook his head and left. I bet he had quite the story to tell when he got back to Edmonton.

I had two children by my first husband. Ron was born in 1948 in New Westminster, B.C. and went to school in Cloverdale, B.C. and Smith. He is a Heavy Duty Mechanic and lives in Spruce Grove. He is married to Fay Parsons and has two children: Tracey Anne, born in 1968 (from his first marriage), and Clayton Ron born in 1981. Fay has two children by her first marriage, Sylvia and Alvin.

Adriann (Ann) was born in 1949 in Vancouver, B.C. and went to school in Cloverdale, B.C. and Smith. She married Melvin Boyer in 1968 and had two children: Teddy (Melvin Ronald Edwin) born in 1969 and Terri-Lee Dawn born in 1971. Melvin was born in 1930 and died in 1976 and is buried in the Smith Cemetery. In 1977 Ann married Murray Gilmour and they live at Enterprise, Ontario.

George passed away on August 29, 1981 and is buried in the Moose Portage Cemetery. I still live on the farm.

Clarence Rotto by Oliver Olson

Clarence Rotto came to Moose Portage from the Hay Lakes or Camrose area in 1933. The records

show that he homesteaded the S.W. ¼-Sec. 15 — Twp. 72 — Rge. 26 — W. 4, on June 26, 1933.

Clarence was a jolly Norwegian fellow. He played the violin, holding the bow in his left hand.

He did not stay on his place very much and about 1941 or 1942, he left and never came back. He spent his winters here.

James Malone took over his land.

Victor and Therese Sholtz

Vic's Story

I was born in Calgary, a little cow town in south western Alberta, 88,000 population at the time.

I was the youngest of a family of four; one girl and three boys. I came on the scene away at the tail end. The other boys were nearly grown up when I came and my sister Gertrude had already departed from this world. It was an appendix attack that was her undoing. She became sick in the dead of winter. There was no way to get her away in time, as the only means of transportation was by team and sleigh over the snowbanks. She arrived at the hospital far too late and her appendix had ruptured by then.

My dad was a dairy farmer, but he also raised horses, horses everywhere it seemed to me. Saddle horses, work horses, driving horses. I can remember him driving off to get the mail and groceries with his beautiful team and shiny democrat. The horses were of Suffix Punch breed. I don't suppose the breed is still in existence today, but they were beautiful horses, Belle and Butte, with their arched necks and slim legs.

Dad loved horses and clung to them until his retirement, he had no use for tractors and pick-up trucks and never really learned to drive them.

If I was a good little boy I'd get to go along with Dad and he'd buy me a bag of candy, 5¢ worth, but what a bag full it was! More than you can get for several dollars today. This had to last me a week (supposedly).

Dad was manager of Model Dairy during the late 20's or early 30's, about the time I started public school. He actually started Model Dairies from the very modest beginning, eight bottles of milk. I remember the old bottling machine, eight bottles at a time.

Sometime during the mid or late 30's, Dad decided to leave Model Dairies and move to his own farm, about 40 miles north west of Calgary, in the foothills country, near the town of Cochrane. It was here that I grew up and remained until the age of 25. My brother Art still lives on part of this land.

I attended West Brooks school at Cochrane and Elbow River school at Spring Bank, Calgary. Both

old schools are gone now giving way to larger and more modern structures.

My life on this farm consisted of caring for the livestock and all its complications. I did not leave the place until my folks decided they had enough of it and decided to sell the place and retire, to live in Cochrane.

My brother Art acquired part of this land where he still lives. I took my share of the proceeds and bought a half section of land at a place called Hussar, about 70 miles east of Calgary.

In November 1942, I was called up for military service. My career there was short lived, however, and I found myself "back behind the plow" with a leave of absence. Dad had gotten hurt and the folks at home were unable to manage the work alone. There was no help available at the time, as everyone was engaged in some strategic work or in the services.

In the spring of 49 I moved to my new prairie home. Rolling, treeless, prairie, quite different from my old haunts. Things went quite well for me, with a good crop right off the bat. I spent two years in a cabin that I had bought in the village. It was convenient to live in the village as the farm land was only a half mile out.

I was no cook, however, and I missed my mother's cooking. Mom was a wonderful cook, she had cooked for 30 men during their stint with Model Dairies.

Now I decided to build a house and everybody was saying to me, why are you building that big house? Are you getting married? You don't need a house like that.

I first met Therese in Edmonton, at a social affair that we both attended. She invited me out to their farm at Picardville to meet her folks and the family.

We were married in 1951 on August 30, which also happened to be my birthday. She must have chosen this day to save buying me a present.

Shortly after our wedding we decided on a trip to Grand Prairie, to visit a cousin of mine, whom I had not seen since we were last together at Mewata Armouries in Calgary. This was supposed to be our honeymoon. This took us through Smith and I remember my first impressions regarding the village. Where is it? Is this all there is to it? Just a hotel and a store? You don't actually see much of Smith just driving through.

We drove north across the bridge and climbed that Smith hill in our 35 ford pick-up, and I remarked to my wife. "Hope we never have to come to live at Smith and cross this bridge and climb this hill everyday." Little did we know how ironical this would turn out to be. In time to come I would have to eat these words.

Things were tough on the prairies from 1959-1963, there was a drought on, no one had any crops to speak of, except grasshoppers, russian thistle and tumble weeds.

We heard about our present place at Moose Portage through Therese's mother, who met Mrs. Harrison at a doctor's office in Westlock. She had the place for sale, so we came up to see it and decided to buy it. That was in October 1962.

In 1963 we sold our prairie farm. We were offered a good price for it so we let it go.

We kept our house in Hussar and remained there until July 1970 when we moved up to Moose Portage to stay.

Our reason for staying in the south so long after selling the land was that we had a family now, one girl and three boys. They were going to school, just three blocks from our house and we were reluctant to move them for fear of setting them back in school.

After selling the farm land, I worked on construction and on the railroad 1963-1970, four years on construction and three years on the railroad.

In July 1970 we moved up to stay. We spent the first nine months at Garry Horton's, in Floyd Olsen's old house. In August 1971 we moved on to our own place into the cottage we had moved in from Chisholm. Here we are today.

Therese's Story

I was born at Vimy, Alberta, second in a family of six, two girls and four boys.

My dad, Joe Beauchamp, owned a farm about mid-way between Vimy and Picardville.

He homesteaded this land. When he first received it, he could walk across it from one end to the other without touching the ground, walking on dead falls. He cleared this all by hand, to make the fine farm it is today.

He cleared it mainly with horses and an axe. When he got stuck on a stump, he would have to wrestle the plow back out of the stump to try again after four horses had pulled it in.

I was raised on this farm. I attended Clover Valley school. This school is gone now. I think it went to Westlock. I helped on the farm, and worked here and there around the neighborhood for a few years, then I went to work in the city of Edmonton.

My first job was at a Day Care Centre called the Creche and what a place it was! A real slave market and my boss was the root of all evil.

I worked on split shift, admitted approximately 50-60 kids each day, alone, before any of the staff members arrived to help. I put up with this for a long time, but it finally got the best of me and I ended up having a nervous breakdown.

I quit my job there, then and went home to rest for a while.

After a time at home I went back to the city on a new job. Shortly after this, I met Vic in the city. We were married in August, 1951 (just forget what he said about the present).

We decided to go to Grand Prairie on our honeymoon, where Vic had a cousin. We never arrived there. The highway at that time was a mire of mud and ruts as it was raining cats and dogs. We got as far as Kinuso and decided to turn back, that was the end of our honeymoon.

After our beautiful honeymoon we went to live on our farm at Hussar where we raised wheat and barley and four children. There we remained until 1970, almost 22 years.

Many of you know our children, the boys at least. They all finished off their schooling at Athabasca and Slave Lake, all but our daughter Cherryll, who had already completed her schooling in the south country.

Our daughter Cherryll is married to Terry Jensen and lives on a farm at Rosebud near Drumheller. They have three children.

Ernest, our oldest boy lives in Slave Lake and works at Mitsue for Chevron Oil.

Kenneth lives at the top of Smith hill on an acreage and works for Graling's; he is married to Gail Reason and they have two children.

Warren and his wife and family live at Yellowknife. He works for Clark Construction.

All in all we have seven grandchildren and hope for more to come.

William Spitler by E. Landon

William Spitler came to Moose Portage in 1919 from the London, Ontario area. He had the Ned Brazeau's place. He returned to Ontario around 1924-25.

Oliver Olson says he had a moonshine still in the muskeg on SW 17-25-72-W4.

Lester Sprague and Family by Eloise Landon

Lester Sprague came to Moose Portage with his family about 1927. He brought a bunch of horses in. They lived on what came to be known as the Abe O'Neil place. They came from Montana, stayed about a year, then returned to the United States.

John Tate

My folks came from the British Isles in the early 1900's. Dad joined the North West Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1910; he trained in Regina. He had different posts all over Southern Alberta and B.C. In

1928, my parents separated. Mother and we kids went to our Grandfather and Uncle Jim's farm near Finnegan. The first year we were there, the hail took everything; then the drought and depression set in and we moved to Smith in 1931.

We loaded up all the stock and household wares and machinery in box cars. From Finnegan, we had to go through Calgary and Edmonton. All the stock were unloaded at Edmonton to feed them.

I remember my Uncle Jim taking me to a cafe on the south side of the city for breakfast. I was a bit shy about going inside the cafe as I had on two different shoes. Besides that, my lips were all cold sores from the dust on the prairie. I noticed the waitress giving me quite a stare.

When we loaded up the stock in south Edmonton, there were 800 hobos getting on the same train, going north to look for work. The depression was in full swing then. The cows in the stock cars had to be milked. We did not waste the milk, as Charlie Parsons, one of the farmers with us, sat in the box car door, serving it out to the hobos; one big cup a piece.

When we got to Smith, we had to start unloading. Our first bedroom was under an upside down wagon box. We were not alone. There was quite a few farmers unloading equipment and stock. The hobos were all around us; some had little fires going in the bush nearby.

After a week or so, we had to move out to Moose Portage to find places to stay; to go to school and to look for meadows where we could cut hay for the stock, as fall was coming. We had to have feed for our stock for the winter. We managed that all right, but quite a few had to get houses built before winter. We were lucky; my Uncle had enough money to make a deal to take over another homesteader's farm. The fellow he bought the place from, had the Moose Portage post office. His name was Vince Logan. My Uncle and Mother took over the post office, along with the farm. The house we moved into had a sod roof which leaked every time it rained.

In 1935, the rain really came. That's when Slave Lake flooded over it's banks. Moose Portage was like a lake. We made a floating bridge across a low place to the school which was a good 100 yards. We made the bridge from dry jack pine poles and tied it to a fence which was over half submerged in water. The water stayed for three years; anyway, we had lots of swimming holes to play around in.

In 1939 the war started. I went to work on the prairie for a couple of summers, besides working in bush camps in the winter. Then I joined the army in April, 1941. I went to eastern Canada for a few months, then overseas. After two years in England, I caught pneumonia which turned to TB. From En-

gland, I was sent back to Calgary to the sanatorium. I stayed there for four years, taking treatment and convalescing.

In 1950, I came back to Moose Portage to try farming again. I bought a tractor and other machinery. I stuck with that for a few years but wasn't too successful so sold out except for a quarter section. After that I went logging; I worked in sawmills and for Alberta Transportation.

Now I am of retirement age; all I've been doing is playing cards, playing pool; I go fishing and travel.

Fred Tredree **by E. Landon**

Fred and Muriel Tredree and two children moved to Moose Portage late in 1929. They lived on the quarter where Bruno Schmidt lives now. Muriel left Moose Portage in 1931 and moved to Edmonton, where she lived until she died.

Fred moved to Vancouver in 1935. Oliver Olson says Fred had been in the English Navy in World War I.

Ruth Treverton **as told by Jessie Streit**

Margaret Treverton, better known as Ruth to all her friends, left Delia with two small girls and a baby son, children from her second marriage. She arrived in Mirror Landing, enroute to a homestead shack at Moose Portage. The cabin had a dirt floor and a dirt roof. When it rained, it rained inside for a week afterwards.

Mom (Ruth) worked for Mr. Duncan who had a store in Smith, and also worked in the hotel for Mr. and Mrs. Archie Vallee. George Treverton had left her with no support for their family.

Mom and Grandad Graling left Moose Portage to work for Clyde Olson in sawmill camps at Bear Lake



Ruth (nee Treverton) and John Graling, granddaughter, Beverly Dupont, 1947-48.

and Ghost Lake. Later, they moved to Canyon Creek to raise mink. Grandad was manager of the Fish Plant there for years.

In March of 1946, Mom lost two daughters and three grandchildren when the Red Deer River flooded. It was a terrible tragedy.

In the 1950's, Mom and Grandad moved to Calgary.

In May 1960, George Junior passed away, with cancer. The same year in October, Grandad Graling passed away from a heart attack. Mom lived until 1968, when she had a stroke and passed away.

They are all buried in the cemetery in Athabasca.

Mel Van Rompaey

by Margaret Van Rompaey

Mel and I moved to the Moose Portage area in July of 1973 with our three sons, John, Paul, and Marcel. After living in the city of Edmonton for seven years and with Mel working in the oil fields at Rainbow Lake, it got to the point where the farm looked like a better place to raise the growing boys. So when the Spildy farm came up for sale in the Edmonton Journal, we decided to have a look.

The only trouble was when we did come to look, the farm house had been destroyed by fire. We decided to go ahead and buy anyway and take our chances. Lucky for us the Moose Portage Church was still standing. It was rather cramped quarters with all the furniture and equipment plus seven people. Mel's Mom and Dad came to help us build our house that summer.

What a summer that was. It did nothing but rain. Bernie O'Neal came and levelled a spot for us with his cat so we could start building, but having to work in the mud was no fun. At one point, some time in August, we had company come, an old cousin from the U.S.A. and my sister and brother-in-law came up for three days. We made room some how. The boys slept on grain sacks full of seed. John slept between Grandma and Grandpa on a sheet of plywood and kept slipping in between the mattresses. That night all the beds shook with laughter as Grandpa tried to keep Grandma and John from giggling.

Every morning during August it was cool and damp but with the help of a little wood stove and a little co-operation from each of us we managed to keep warm for many days by that little stove even after we moved into the house late in August. The house was by no means finished when we moved in; just boards and plastic and two by fours. That fall we insulated it and put more plastic on the inside and it stayed that way as Mel worked at the mill in Smith, trucking logs.

We also harvested our first crop. Mel was combining and I was hauling and shovelling grain. One

time, as I shovelled, I missed the door way of the old church which was now converted from our home to our granary, and broke the mirror into pieces on the drivers side. Oh, I was prepared to walk off the job. It's funny how men seem to know this, but anyway I was surprised when the only comment was, "I see you had a little bit of an accident Dear."

The boys all went to school in Smith, travelling to and from school on Gloria Horton's bus which was a new experience for them. When they reached high school they continued to ride the bus all the way to Athabasca, back and forth, every day. They were on the bus at 7:10 am and home at 5:20 pm. but both Paul and Marcel finished their high school. John was not so fortunate; he couldn't take the long days, so he quit in Grade 10, but is continuing his education now.

Mel's Dad passed away in December of 1975 and after a little pestering from us, Mel's mother, Melanie Van Rompaey, decided to come and make her home on the farm with us. She moved here from Swift Current, Saskatchewan, in August of 1976. She's a great one for gardening, especially digging. Mel is always telling her she has to quit planting trees. He's trying so hard to get rid of them and she's busy planting them.

As for the boys, they're all grown up. John was married to Susan Bulas, a high school sweetheart, in June of 1982. Paul is working for Amoco Canada Ltd. and is living in Slave Lake. Marcel is at home helping me run the farm while Mel is out on the job. Mel works for Amoco in Kirby Lake. It's like they say in the papers, "We are the farmers of today; where the man goes to work to pay the bills and the wife stays home and holds things together. But what would one do without good neighbours. They are hard to come by these days. We have a few of them still around. We are thankful for Ross and Edna Parsons and Theresa and Victor Scholtz and Fae Roe for being our neighbours. They still have the old fashioned idea's of being a neighbour.

The land we now occupy once belonged to Walter and Irene O'Neil.



M. VanRompaey family. Back: Marcel, Paul and John. Front: Melanie, Mel, Margaret and Susan (John's wife).

Moose River

Kenis and Ethel Attfield

by Ethel

In November of 1966, Ken and I, and our three children Delhart, Darlene and Beverly moved to Smith. When we arrived Kenis had a job with the Northern Alberta Railway. After a few months he was able to get a job at the new Federated Co-op mill which was just being built. A short time after he started working in the mill, Kenis hurt his back and was on compensation for some months. Delhart was hired on at the mill and worked there for a number of years.

Beverly went to school in Smith for about two years. Beverly married Gerald Chambers on April 6, 1968. Jerry is the son of Mr. William Chambers of Smith. Beverly and Jerry bought the Roger Perry farm where they now live with their two daughters Kari-Lynn, born February 28, 1972 and Shelly born July 1, 1982. They also had a son, Raymond, born May 5, 1969. He passed away on June 1, 1981.

Darlene worked in a bush camp as cook's-help, the winter of 1967-68 and this is where she met Joe Key, son of Mr. and Mrs. Valois Key of Fawcett. Darlene and Joe were married October 11, 1968. They have two children, Jayde, born January 24, 1970 and Teena, born January 31, 1972. They lived at Smith for a few years but now live at Fawcett on the Key farm.

In December of 1969, Ken and I got two little boys from Social Services. As years went by, we got more children and finally had six at one time. The first two were Louis and Sam Cardinal, who were brothers. Then we got three sisters Simone, Connie and Myrtle Gamble. The last was Roy (Chuck) Jackson. We adopted Louis and Sam in 1976. We also changed their names to Darcell Fredrick James Attfield (Louis) and Dyland Leslie John Attfield (Sam).

In 1970 Ken and I bought a farm from Julia Johnson, known as Mrs. Mac. There were three quarters of land. The quarter where the buildings are on is NW¼ of 8-1-72-W5M, the other two quarters are NE¼ of 7-1-71-W5M and SW¼ of 16-1-72-W5M.

On July 10, 1971 Delhart married Elaine Key, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valois Key of Fawcett. They have three children; Darren born July 15, 1972, Devin born December 1, 1974 and Deneil born April 18, 1979. Delhart, Elaine and family live on the same farm as we do. Delhart is leasing a section of land for grazing, it is section 17-1-72-W5M. From what we have been told Pete Johnson owned one of these quarters.

Edgar and Gemma Cere

by Carole Michaud

Edgar was born in 1930 in Bois Franc, Quebec and Gemma (nee Page) was born in 1933 in St. Andre, New Brunswick. They were married in 1952 and lived in Ottawa, Ontario. They have two girls, Carole, born in 1954 and Dominique born in 1957.

Edgar, my dad, had a life-long dream of moving out west, so in July 1962, we packed our belongings and ventured out. We went as far as Peace River, met the Boucher family and Dad decided to go work for them at their sawmill in Manning. Mom worked as a cook. Months later they went to work for Ken Mitchell in Manning doing the same type of work. Again, that lasted only a few months. Mom then started cooking for the oil company while Dad worked on the oil rigs.

While Mom and Dad worked, Dominique and I went to the convent in McLennan and later went to Edmonton. We went to the convent for four years and hated it. In 1965, Mom and Dad bought a half section belonging to Gordon King from Slave Lake. This half section was eight miles northwest of Smith.



Carole, Dominique, Gemma and Edgar Cere.

Before building, we lived in McLean's two room shack thru early spring. I remember a mattress blocking the back door to keep out the cold, my parents getting up during the night to feed the wood cook stove to keep the place from freezing, and waking up with a very cold nose.

In May 1966 Dad built our house. We moved in one month later (the house not quite finished). Dad continued to work on the oil rigs until approximately 1976.

I left home, along with many pleasant memories, in 1973. I met Marcel Michaud, from Donnelly, and we were married in 1975. We now reside on the farm in the Kathleen area near McLennan.

Dominique left home in 1975, went to University and received her teacher's certificate. She is now teaching in Smoky Lake, Alberta.

Mom and Dad bought Paul Stark's place four miles north of Smith in 1970. In 1981 they sold their first place to Harley Rasmussen and built another house on what used to be Paul Stark's place. They built one of the first Low Energy Efficiency houses. They've retired to their new home with a beautiful view of the river.

George Donaldson **by Wilma Loseth (Roe)**

This story would not be complete without a bit about an old family friend, George Donaldson, which I'm sure others will add to. We met him when we first came. He must have been nearly sixty with long whiskers to keep off the cold — of course. He had been a rich surgeon's son in England, and never had to turn a hand until he was twenty-seven years old, when he came to Canada. He worked for years on survey crews north around Lake Athabasca. He ran a stage coach from Smith to Slave Lake and kept a stopping place at Moose River, where he had land and had lived many years when we met him.

He was an Oxford University graduate and really got exasperated trying to teach the homesteaders' kids some manners. It was Miss. Knapp, Miss Roe or Miss. Hayes, whichever girl it happened to be; very formal! However, after people moved into the district, he shaved off his beard and cut quite a natty figure. He taught most of the girls in the valley to dance and he always stepdanced at the dances. Could he ever step the Devil's Hornpipe! I think the first dance was held in his place. "The Cave" he called it as it was built into the side of a hill. I was about ten and was elected to crank and change records on the old Victrola.

It was nothing to see old George come over the hill to visit my folks in the early afternoon. He carried a smudge pail in one hand and an old lantern



George Donaldson, 1930's.

in the other, so we always knew he meant to stay the evening.

He just loved the way my mother cooked and always said no one could cook fish like Mrs. Roe could.

He even went swimming with the kids sometimes in the Moose River. Those first years he used to put up hay to sell, by hand, with a scythe, pitchfork and an old wooden rake and wheel barrow. It was the best hay in the country. He was beside himself the Hal-loeen the kids got a couple of cow bells and ran from hay stack to hay stack jingling them. Dark at night, he was out with his lantern looking for them blankety-blank cows of Hayes' and telling them what he was going to do with them. The words he used would have made your hair sizzle. He was an expert at cussing. The kids laid low for awhile after that. He was a wonderful, kind, old man, but I think he found it hopeless trying to make Lords and Ladies out of the valley children.

He said he had been in love and engaged to a beautiful young lady in England but she wouldn't marry him until he quit drinking. He wouldn't quit and a bunch of young fellows met him and went off to Ireland one night, to have some fun and hassle the Irish. It ended up in a big fight with shellalees, axes and whatever. After that, his Dad gave him some money and told him to hit for Canada.

He had many big medals that his Dad had won in the Indian War that we kids liked to look at.

As time went on and he grew older, he spent some time with the Knapp family, then with my brother, Jerry, and his wife. He ended up his last years with my folks. He was finally bed-ridden for some time and it was very hard for the folks to look after him as bedding had to be washed each day with no washing machine. However, my mother marvelled at him, as he remained a gentleman to his dying day. It was "Yes, please, Mrs. Roe", "No, thank you, Mrs.

Roe". When he finally passed on, the folks notified the nurse and the police who came out and signed the death certificate. There was no other help, so Dad rounded up some lumber to make a coffin to lay him in, dug a grave and buried him in a little grove which later became a grain field. This was at Moose Portage. Looking back, I often think how much poorer our lives would have been if we hadn't known this old gentleman and listened to the many tales he told. I only know of him getting one letter from the Old Country, from a niece, written in beautiful handwriting with violet ink.

I'll never forget the partridge stew and rice pudding he used to make. He would get some of the kids to come and clean his cave about once a month and he always served us lunch. Once he was slicing some of his good home-made bread for lunch for my sister and I, and giggling to himself all the time. Apparently he had rolled a mouse up in the dough and kept cutting off bits of its' tail with each slice. By the time we had enjoyed and finished our lunch, we coaxed him to tell us what he was laughing about. He sure thought that was a good joke on Florence and I and we still laugh about it.

George Donaldson **by Irene (Knapp) Lauder**

Now I would like to write some about this interesting gentleman who was a Scotsman, born in India and raised in England. He was a son of a well-to-do doctor. George Donaldson was a well educated man. Not very often would he talk about his life back in England. However, he did tell us about the fox hunts, and about the times he had ridden in them. He also mentioned that when he was a youngster, he was forbidden to speak to the servants at his home.

When the riverboats travelled the rivers, George Donaldson was in Moose River country, coming up the wagon trail to Smith. He had freighted overland with horses, and worked on freight scows. Some years later his family traced him through the Mounties, yet he would not go back home to England. He had become very fond of this part of the country and his own way of life in it.

When we knew him, he often went hunting for wild ducks, chicken, deer or moose. He usually carried a rifle or shot gun. He was seldom seen without a vest and watch and chain. George Donaldson could do a jig to the Sailor's Hornpipe. He liked dancing and music. In his younger years he could play the violin, also mandolin.

There were times when George Donaldson may have appeared slightly eccentric to a stranger. This just seemed to amuse him. Here is one instance of this. One time, he recalled, someone stopped by and

found him pasting pages from a magazine on the inside walls of the chicken house. He was asked why he was doing this. He replied "the chickens will look at the pictures and therefore will lay more eggs." The man left immediately, and reported the incident to the Mountie who was stationed some miles away. He thought that the Scotsman must be going insane. Sometime went by before the arrival of the Mountie, who asked Mr. Donaldson about this incident. George said that the man had asked foolish questions. He went on to explain how the paper did brighten the inside of the small chicken house but mainly it would help to keep out the bitter cold of winter.

Note —

As years passed there were a few others who actually did paper the inside of their own little houses with magazines to both brighten the inside and to help keep the heat in and the cold out.

George Donaldson seldom lost his temper. When he did, anyone within hearing distance would know about it.

At haying time, he cut the hay with a scythe. After some drying time, George would build a haystack. These were small round stacks. Sometimes he would cover them with a grey blanket, then tie each corner down with binder twine to stakes in the ground until the stacks settled and dried. Sometimes an unexpected shower caught him with an unfinished stack. This made him furious. He would look up at the sky and shout, "If you are going to be a God, then be a God, not a God damn fool."

My father used to invite the bachelors, Alex King and George Donaldson, for Christmas dinner often. One Christmas Day, George Donaldson, on his way home, noticed our old white gander and other geese wandering down the frozen river away from home. Thinking he would start them back in the right direction, he proceeded down the frozen Lesser Slave River. Suddenly, he broke through some shale ice and fell in. Using his rifle as a cross bar, he managed to crawl out onto the more solid ice to save himself from drowning that Christmas Day.

1928, George Donaldson was living on his own land at a different location. He built a small house. It was tucked into the side of a large hogback hill for warmth. This was just a short distance from the Moose River bridge. This river divided his land from his neighbors across the Moose River.

This old gentleman could bake bread that would make any woman envious. He always seemed to have fresh bread, jello and tea to offer his young visitors and adults alike. He mixed chewing tobacco with pipe tobacco for better smoking pleasure.

A few years passed, then George Donaldson, a

bachelor, moved on our land just a little way from our house, so he would not be alone and could get help. With my father's assistance, they built a little log house. Eventually, he left here to live with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Roe at Fawcett Lake (Moose Lake), Alberta.

When he died in the early 40's, he was buried in a lonely grave at Fawcett Lake, just a short way from the log home these people shared with him in his remaining years.

George Donaldson came to our house at old Mirror Landing one day in 1919, on skis. This was the first time I remember seeing him. He was the first person we met when we moved to Moose River. He remained a very good friend through all the years. We felt a great loss at his passing — he was like one of our family.

Jack and Elizabeth Hayes told by Kathryn Hugo

Andrew Jackson Hayes was born November 10, 1887, in Covington, Kentucky. He was one of a family of fourteen, seven boys and seven girls. His home was a cotton plantation, staffed by black slaves. His father also owned a bourbon distillery, and "Jack" and his brothers worked in it as well.

In 1912, Jack came to Canada, and to Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, where he started work in a coal mine.

Elizabeth James, was born in England, where her father was a fisherman. When Elizabeth was ten years old she came to Canada with her family. They had heard tales of riches a plenty in the New Land. They arrived in Nanaimo, a fishing port, but for some reason Mr. James went to work in the coal mine.



Jack and Lizzy Hayes.

Elizabeth eventually went to work for her sister Hannah, who owned a boarding house. This is where she met Jack Hayes, and they were married in 1914. During the next few years Jack owned and operated a store.

Jack and Elizabeth had three daughters, Mildred, Kathryn and Margaret.

In 1925 the family moved to Three Hills, Alberta, where Jack was a coal miner once more.

Jack's brother, Orval was living in the Smith area by then and after about one year in Three Hills, Jack moved his family to the Ranch district, where Orval had land. They moved into a granary in Orval's field, while Jack found work. Jobs were not as plentiful as Jack had been led to believe, nor was the money there to be picked off trees. Jack left the family there and went back to Three Hills where he worked in the mine again. He was injured in a coal crusher and spent some time in hospital; he came back to Ranch and moved his family into the town of Smith, into a house about where their daughter Kathryn now lives.

Jack hauled ties during the winter from up-river, into Smith. The next spring he got the chance to rent Alex King's farm at Moose River, for \$125.00 a year, which he did. The family was moved out to the farm. It was a struggle to make ends meet and get the farming going, but he was eventually able to buy it.

When the new #2 highway went through the late 1920's, it went through their land. Some of the road crew boarded with them and rolled their bed-rolls out on the hay in the barn loft.

About 1956, they sold their farm to Rod Rempel and moved into Smith, where he bought a house from Jack Hugo.

In March of 1966, Jack passed away, his body was cremated, and his ashes were taken back to Covington by his brother Orval and Orval's daughter, Anne, for burial in the family cemetery.

Elizabeth passed away September 21, 1976. Her body was also cremated and her ashes were sent back to Nanaimo.

Mildred married Dan Conloge, she had two daughters. She passed away in 1945. Dan's sister raised the children.

Margaret married Irwin Rafuse, they have three boys, Tommy, Cy, and Jack, and one daughter, who was killed in a car accident when she was twenty-one.

Margaret and Irwin live in Calling Lake.

Grant and Marcella Knapp told by Irene (Knapp) Lauder

Grant Knapp was born in Ontario. He enlisted in the army in the First Great War in 1916. He received the Military Medal for his service overseas. On his



Grant Knapp, 1956.



Marcella Knapp, 1950's.

return, he came back to Edmonton to his wife, Marcella and small daughter, Irene. From there, they went by train to Smith, Alberta, in 1919. They did not live at Smith but at Mirror Landing, looking down on the Slave River. For awhile, Grant and Dave Barr operated a sawmill.

Later, Grant with his wife, Marcella, and now two children, moved to Moose River, Alberta. Here Grant had a contract for railroad ties — to be cut and hauled out of the bush to the siding. A few years later, he had a contract for telephone poles.

Grant and family lived for a few years between

the Lesser Slave and the Moose Rivers where some farming was done. A son was born while they lived here. There was no one to care for Marcella. While Grant went to Smith to get someone, the baby was born.

From here Grant filed on a homestead; he also got some land from a Soldiers Grant. He built a fairly large house of logs. It had a smooth lumber floor. There was soon a family of eight children, three girls and five boys. Three were born in this log house on the homestead. Nearby was the river everyone called the Cawichicow (could be misspelled). We were told it meant driftwood or fallen timber in Cree. The Cawichicow emptied into the Lazy Moose River. Grant used to go hunting moose but did not trap at all.



Wally Knapp, Florence, Joe and Irene, 1926, Mirror Landing.

After the highway was built, Grant worked for the government maintaining the highway, rutted from the heavy rains. This was done with horses until machinery took over. In 1940-41 he worked at Medicine Hat where an airport was being built. During the war, Grant worked in bush camps as a foreman. About 1955, Grant was back in Medicine Hat and retired. He did not find this life to his liking so he took a job with Service Unlimited. This was much the same as the Commissionaires employed in other cities at that time. He worked right up until his death. Grant Knapp is buried in the Field of Honor, a military cemetery.

Marcella, a Mexican girl, came to Canada as a child. She married Grant Knapp during World War I. Marcella, a city girl, adapted herself to the lonely yet quiet beauty of the bush country when they moved north in 1919. Marcella was one of the first women to live in the area of Moose River, Alberta, at that time. She cooked for her family and for her husband's



Georgie Lauder and Sternye Knapp, with Hunter (dog).

hired men when he had the tie contracts. Learning to ride horseback and drive a team was no problem for her. She soon learned to shoot well and to trap. Her first moose was killed with a 30-30 rifle; the second she shot with a 22 rifle. Marcella shot wild chicken, and squirrels right through the heads. She caught coyotes and lynx in snares.

In the Depression, trapping and hunting were ways of life for many. It kept people off relief, as welfare was called in those days. Marcella held a trapper's licence, but her husband didn't at all. Sometimes her young sons would go on the trapline with her. Other times, they would go hunting just for one day. One day her daughter, Alice, carrying supplies, walked alone through the bush with no rifle or dog for company. It was almost dark when she finally caught up to her mother and brothers at their cabin.

Marcella's faithful dog was always with her, many times pulling a toboggan with supplies.

In later years, Mrs. Marcella Knapp cooked in some camps for a time. Eventually the family moved south, leaving the north for the Prairies. Many years later, she made a couple of trips to B.C. by plane. She said flying was a long way from the rough, dusty wagon trail she had first travelled to Moose River from Smith and old Mirror Landing.

Some years later after her husband Grant, died. Marcella was married again to Mr. Carson. She soon became a widow once more.

Marcella (Knapp) Carson died in May of 1982.

We lived by the Slave River, the Moose River emptied into the Slave just at the end of the field. I recall my father broadcasting the seed grain with his hand, from a wagon, over the raked soil.

Sometimes my brother Joe, and I followed him



Alice Knapp.

when he walked behind a plow drawn by horses. The lines would be around his neck and his hands gripping the two-handled walking plow as it turned the furrow over.

Our family lived here for a time before ever seeing a car. The first one that came through on the old wagon trail was a very exciting event for my brother and myself. I remember the two of us rushing to the house to tell Mother that there was some big black thing coming down the hill into the clearing not far from our house.

Dad and Mother often cleared land together on the homestead. Sometimes we were allowed to go along. Mother would make lunch and we would take along a jug of something to drink. This drink was made with water, ginger, sugar, vinegar, and soda. An old time recipe to help keep from getting very thirsty in the heat of the day. It was like a picnic until we'd get tired. We would pick sticks to throw on the burning fire. We older ones would carry much bigger loads.

Mother baked our bread in the old wood stove and washed clothes on a scrub board, I helped when I was old enough. Waiting for father to put up a clothes line, we made do with the new barb wire fence; no pegs needed! With a large family, mother did a lot of sewing. Sometimes she sewed way into the night, by the light of a coal oil lamp or a gas lamp, finishing a dress for me so I could go to a dance with a pretty new dress on.

When my father had no one to help him at haying time, my brother, Joe and I would. I drove a team of horses on the hayrake. Sometimes, after father made the foundation of the haystack, Joe and I would build



Helen Loza, Lettie Hudson, Kitty Hayes, ?, Sandy and Dorothy Petrovich. Front: Irene Lauder, Flo Knapp and Maggie Hayes. 1938.

the rest of the stack while our father pitched the forks full of hay up to us. Then he would finish the top.

When father was away with the horses, we carried pails of water from the river to a barrel at the house. Joe and I cut wood with a cross cut saw and split it usually with a double bladed axe. When my brother, Wally, got older, he took my place with the younger boys carrying the wood into the house to the wood box. When our sister, Florence, was old enough to do housework, she helped mother.

My brother, Sternege, the youngest member of the Knapp family, has fond memories of the times he went hunting with mother and his brothers. Also he remembers our father catching fish from the Cawichicow River near our home on the homestead by making a fish trap of rolled chicken-wire, netting the fish as they swam upstream.

Albert recalls one hunting trip with mother when our brother, Henry, accidentally shot his own foot. Mother had to make a crutch from a forked willow so he could walk. When they came to the river near home mother carried him on her back across it. The river was low at this point where we often were able to walk across.

One time my brother, Joe, fell into the Moose River while working on a river-drive. He was lucky enough to be fished out from between the logs with a cant hook.

One fall day, my mother and two young brothers left to go hunting. They had been walking for some time when suddenly their dogs startled a young bear from where it had been sleeping. The bear climbed a

tree. When mother knocked it out of the tree with a shot, it started to run right towards her. Mother fired again, but missed. She tried to reload but the shell stuck fast. With gun swinging like a baseball bat, mother threatened the on-coming bear with the butt of the rifle. To her amazement and, I would imagine, great relief, the bear ran right past her to disappear into the wood leaving two laughing boys and mother gazing after it.

Not to give the wrong impression, I must mention that we had good things, too. We always had white enamelled beds to sleep in while our parents had a brass bed. The kitchen had an oak table and a good stove. However, the rest of our living meant hard work at times.

We had many pleasures in that Moose River area where there was so much freedom. In spring we awoke to the songs of the redwinged blackbirds around the water of a slough near our house. We chased pretty butterflies and picked beautiful wild flowers and wild berries. There was lots of space to run, to play and to swim. We walked with snowshoes in deep snow in winter and ran crunching over snowbanks. We slid down the hills on sleighs and cardboard.

The rivers were always dangerous. My father,

Form 1-1-14-11 CARRY YOUR LICENSE WITH YOU

Season 1937-1938 Fee \$2.00 No. 4907 J

Resident Trapper's License

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Minister of Agriculture under The Game Act, 1932

Mr. Grant Knapp
of Moose River, Alberta
is hereby authorized to hunt, trap, take or kill Fur-bearing Animals, in the Province of Alberta, during the open season therefor and under the provisions of the law in that respect, between the 29 day of October, 1937 and the 15th day of April, 1938.

W. H. WALLACE,
Fish and Game Commissioner.

THIS LICENSE IS NOT VALID UNLESS SIGNED BY GAME GUARDIAN OR GAME LICENSE VENDOR AND LICENSE APPEAR THEREON.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES

Form 1-1-14-11 CARRY YOUR LICENSE WITH YOU

Season 1940-1941 Fee \$2.00 No. 11225 V

Resident Trapper's License

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Minister of Agriculture under The Game Act, 1932

Mr. Grant Knapp
of Moose River, Alberta
is hereby authorized to hunt, trap, take or kill Fur-bearing Animals, in the Province of Alberta, during the open season therefor and under the provisions of the law in that respect.

Date of Issue 16 Nov 1940

W. H. WALLACE,
Fish and Game Commissioner.

THIS LICENSE IS NOT VALID UNLESS SIGNED BY GAME GUARDIAN OR GAME LICENSE VENDOR AND LICENSE APPEAR THEREON.

Complete the Statement on the back of this Form and return to this Department before May 31st, 1941.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES

Document.

Grant Knapp, had a wager with another man. He would be the first person to cross the Athabasca River after freeze-up and the last person to cross before the ice went out in the spring. He nearly lost his life trying to save his little black Spaniel dog when it followed him to Smith one day. While Dad crossed the railroad bridge over the river, the dog swam across the open water dodging the ice floes. The dog failed to make it to the large mass of ice frozen to the far edge of the river.

Another time, my father tried to get into a boat with a bag of flour on his shoulder. He slid off the slippery shore. Mother watching from the boat thought that he would surely drown. He was pulled to safety by neighbors who were with them.

A man was drowned in the Moose River, just around the bend downstream from the bridge. While swimming, he must have got into a hole with a strong undercurrent. Three people looked on helplessly.

Another person drowned in the Slave River only a few miles from here. It was winter and assumed that he had slipped while dipping a pail into a water hole in the ice. His body was found in the spring on a sandbank a few miles downstream.

The old timber bridge over the Moose River was built in 1908. When the new highway was being built in 1928, the old bridge was considered not strong enough for the road building machinery and other motorized traffic. A new bridge needed to be built. So the caterpillar to be used in construction had to ford the Moose River at the lowest point. My brother, Wally, and myself watched this first caterpillar in our area splash across.

When the school first opened at Moose River, there was no sports equipment or anything to play on for the younger students, like there is today. So the girls played games, while the boys often wrestled sometimes ending in fist fights. Then Mr. Peacock would come out to put a stop to these.

Occasionally there would be a dance or a box social on a Saturday night. People came with horses from Smith, Moose Portage and other parts. These were happy times with laughter, music and dancing feet. Square dances, broom waltz, old onestep, tag two steps schottische were some dances to name a few. In the 1930's our musicians were different individuals. Most often, Bert Thompson and Vic Dumont played the violin and guitar. When Bob Lauder came to that part of the country, he would take his turn at playing the violin. A few times, Murl Landon from Moose Portage came with his piano accordion.

Grant and Marcella Knapps' Children by Irene (Knapp) Lauder

Joe, and his younger brother, Wally, joined the

Army in World War II. They went overseas and were in on the Invasion of Normandy, France, in June, 1944. Both returned home in 1945 with Wally recovering from being wounded. They went back north to work in bush camps for awhile. Both brothers became excellent cat operators.

Joe eventually went to B.C. to work. A few years later, he passed away out there.

Wally worked on the Trans Canada Highway as a buggy operator. Then he worked on oil rigs until he had a serious accident on a rig in Ontario. He now lives in Medicine Hat.

Florence lives in Calgary where most of her family live. She has one son overseas working on oil rigs.

Henry works on construction in B.C. as a cat operator. Henry is married.

Albert was a hunter, trapper and an excellent guide. He lives in Calgary now.

Sterner works on oil rigs, overseas in different countries but he is now in Alberta. He is married.

Alice married a Mr. Gordon and lived in Vancouver. On a visit to Alberta, her husband lost his way in a blizzard going to Peers. He froze to death. Alice died a little over a year later in Vancouver.

Irene married Henry Lauder. They celebrated their 50th anniversary in March, 1984. They have three children, three grandchildren and one great grandchild. Their son, George, and his wife, Rose, live in Vancouver, B.C. and have two grown up children. He works with automatic barges going as far up the coast as Alaska. Their daughter, Sharon, is a nurse who is married and lives in Vancouver. A second daughter, Alice, is a medical lab supervisor in Calgary. She is married and has a small daughter.

Henry Lauder by Irene (Knapp) Lauder

Henry Lauder, born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, was raised in Medicine Hat, Alberta. His father was born in Scotland; his mother was Irish. Henry's father was killed in World War I. After that, Henry was put in the Lacombe Home for awhile. He remembers when Father Lacombe died while he was at this home. Later, Henry was taken out of this home, and adopted by his aunt and uncle. Henry worked at the old Medicine Hat potteries when he was in his early teens. Coming from a sports-minded family, he did some boxing. Henry spent a few years working on ranches before going to Smith.

In the Moose River area, he filed on a homestead and built a log house on it. Since money and jobs were scarce in those years, he worked in the winter-time in a logging camp near Spurfield, for two winters. Another winter he cut ties for the railroad with a broad axe. Henry even tried his hand at trapping after



Mary Loza, Irene and Henry Lauder, 1934.

getting a trapper's licence. One summer, he worked on the road between Moose River and Slave Lake, with a four horse team on a fresno. In the spring, Henry went to the Prairies to work. Harvest time, he would be back for work on the Prairies again.

In 1939, Henry, with his wife and son, George, was working on a dairy farm in Medicine Hat when war was declared.

Henry joined the army in September, 1939. He did not return to Medicine Hat and his family until 1945.

He went in partnership with his brother Bob, in a bicycle shop business, but sold his half later. In 1949, Henry went to work at Suffield Experimental Station for the Defence research board. He worked here for 25 years, driving bus to Suffield and back to Medicine Hat for eighteen years.

Our son, George, even though he was still a child at the time, remembers one day that his grandmother came with the dogs and toboggan, to take us to visit the rest of the family. George was put in the box on the toboggan. We started on our way, with mother holding the rope while the two of us ran behind. Imagine my concern when mother stepped off the beaten pathway into the deep snow releasing the grip she had on the rope. There I was running behind the toboggan, yelling at the dogs to stop. This had a good end to it since the dogs eventually did stop without upsetting and throwing George out of the toboggan.

These are some of the people who lived in and around Moose River. Some lived almost half way between Moose River and Smith:

- i) Old timers, George Donaldson and Alex King.
- ii) The people who came a little later — Hugh and Dave McFarlane, Vern Anderson, John Bloom, John and Peter Johnson, Tom Larret, Leander Lax, "Old Louie" as all the older folks called him, and Paul Stark.

Petrovich family, Hayes family, the Roe family.



Jean Hudson and George Lauder.

The Loza family moved in about 1928. Their grown up sons could have been there a few years earlier. When I first met Mary Loza she was on her way to Moose River in 1927 or 28 with her parents.

iii) Mr. and Mrs. Small and son, Stuart. Mr. MacDonald who ran the ferry for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Vallie and son, Joe. They had a store and hotel combined. Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lee who had the Post Office. The Bisson family. Mr. and Mrs. Passmore who eventually moved to Westlock.

1923 at Mirror Landing, Mr. and Mrs. McLean and family. He had something to do with the telegraph lines, if I remember correctly. There was the Brazeau family too. In 1922, the Williams lived in Smith. Mr. Williams had the hotel.

One day while my father, Grant Knapp was in Vallie's store, Mrs. Phil Riggins came in with her small son, Jimmy. After a little, Mrs. Vallie gave Jimmy a cookie. His mother, wishing him to be polite, asked him, "What do you say, Jimmy?" His quick reply was, "It's hard!"

I recall Mrs. Dick Riggins who came from the States to settle at Moose Portage. She used to chew snuff or tobacco. I will always remember the quiet old Indian lady with the lively black eyes who smoked a pipe. She lived for awhile at Mirror Landing.

Irene (Knapp) Lauder by Irene Lauder

I was born in Edmonton. I left there with my

parents in 1919 to go to Smith by train. We did not live at Smith but at old Mirror Landing. I remember living in a white house looking down on the Lesser Slave River. This was not far from where the Slave emptied into the Athabasca near Smith. (Incidentally, in later years some of us spelled Athabaska this way.) I recall my father taking us for a ride in the motor boat.

A few years later when we lived at Moose River, my parents put me in school at Smith. I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Currans. When I first started school, I would get lonesome. Eventually I would be taken home or my father would come for me.

Next time, I went to school at Smith I was older. One morning in particular stands out in my memory. We students, the few that went from Mirror Landing, had to cross the Slave River by rowboat from an icy shore, then walk along the bush trail, finally climbing the embankment to the railroad bridge. Once, on the bridge, I looked down through the open spaces that I was supposed to step across. I just froze in my tracks. I had to be carried over the bridge by an older boy named Jimmy. I cannot remember if he was also on his way to school or just seeing us safely over the bridge.

A school was built at Moose River, about 1930. This meant a lot to my parents with a family of eight as well as to the other people with children who had settled in that area. All my brothers and sisters attended this school. My youngest sister, Alice, and brother, Wally, received their grade eight diplomas. Our first teacher was a Mr. Peacock. I remember him very well. Miss Mildred Hajek was the last to teach at the Moose River school. In between there were, I believe, three others, one a Mrs. J. Anderson.

The first of July celebration in Smith would bring quite a gathering of people. Adults and children would join in the sports together. Things were very different in those days. We travelled the old wagon trail there and back with team and wagon, about twenty-four miles return trip.

Henry Lauder and I were the first couple the young minister, Rev. A. F. LeDieu of the Church of England, had married. We were married March 7, 1934 in the residence of Smith's first nurse. Nurse Drummond Hay and Henry's brother, Bob, were our witnesses that day. My mother was with us.

The Archie McLean Family **by Margaret (McLean, Price) Kebalo**

Archie and Margaret McLean moved to Mirror Landing in the early 1920's.

Archie was telegraph operator at Mirror Landing for a number of years. He was also the line-man, and maintained the line from Mirror Landing down the



Mr. and Mrs. Archie McLean.

north side of the Athabasca River as far as Tomato Creek. He travelled with a team of horses and a sleigh during the winter, often having to break trail for the horses, presumably on snow-shoes.

There were eight McLean children, the older ones had to cross the Lesser Slave River by boat, then cross the Athabasca on the railroad bridge, to attend school in Smith. Later when the ferry was installed, they crossed the river by ferry, but still had a two and a half mile walk each way. They went to a one room school in Smith.

After the telegraph office was closed down, the family moved to the Moose River district.

Jessie and Margaret used to drive the nurse to visit patients, by horse and buggy or by sleigh. It was great fun.

Still later, Mr. and Mrs. McLean moved into Smith, Mrs. McLean was a member of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Canadian Legion for a number of years. They have both passed away.

Margaret McLean, married Tom Price who worked at Hugo's Garage.

Tom was also a truck driver. Tom and Margaret had a son Andy.

They moved to High Level where they lived for many years. Tom passed away in High Level.

Howard and Verbena Mutch **by Sam Mutch**

Howard and Verbena both came from eastern Canada, in 1914. Howard freighted supplies from Edmonton to the Peace River country via the Edson Trail, using horses.

Later he worked for Bill Menzie Sr. as a commercial fisherman. They lived in Canyon Creek at that time, and it was there that they lost their house and all of their possessions, including a lovely piano, by fire. They moved onto Dog Island, in Lesser Slave Lake, where they lived for three years. They had three children at that time.

In 1929 Howard homesteaded on the south side of the Lesser Slave River where the Otauwau River joins it. The river was their highway, and Sam recalls travellers stopping for over-night, a friendly visit and a warm meal. The hospitable Mutch family took care of their horses in the winter and welcomed them into their home. Often, when they left, a quarter of moose meat was loaded onto their sleigh. They raised nine children there, Olive, Irene, Bob, Harvey, Dave, Mary, Sam, Ernie and Howard.

Their post office was Spurfield, which was eight miles away. They had to walk to it as there was no road.

Once, when there wasn't a boat available, and a trip across the river was necessary, Mrs. Mutch sent two of the boys across in a wash tub, each with a paddle.

In 1935 the great Slave Lake flood brought the water up to the ninth-log on their house and sent the Mutch family to the high banks of the Moose River for fourteen days, where they stayed at Jack Hayes's.



Verbena Mutch holding her son Ernie. Olive — oldest daughter. Front, Left to Right: Sam, Mary, Harvey, David. Neighbour boy in immediate front.

Mrs. Mutch holds the distinction of being the only homesteader's wife to have killed a moose with an axe. This took place on a day when Mr. Mutch was out hunting, he had two shells and a Ross rifle — first world war type. When he got home in late afternoon empty-handed, his family was cutting up a moose that was killed on the river ice with just an axe.

In 1937, Mutch homesteaded on the north side of number 2 highway to have access to Slave Lake and Smith by road instead of depending on the river. It is now noted as Mutch's Creek.

Mr. Mutch died in 1941 from cancer and Mrs. Mutch married J. E. Jonson, who came from Sweden



Verbena (Mutch) and Johnson (1942-43).

in 1923 and came to homestead in the Smith area in 1926. Jonson was a trapper on Martin Mountain in the winter and ran a homestead in the summer. He was Smith's first school bus owner and driver. He made a bus from a 1918 Dodge touring car. He cut it down, and with lumber made a van for 10 kids, who rode to school for the first time. It had no heaters, but none of the kids seemed to mind.

Jonson was also the first trapper in the Smith area to use timber wolves as dogs. He once was almost killed by one — he still bears the ugly scars of that fight for his life, today.

He is now 84 years old and lives with his daughter, Mary Knudsen in Grande Prairie.

His original homestead is still in the family, owned by Rod and Sam Mutch.

Jonson's wife, Verbena died in 1973 leaving 33 grandchildren. All of the Mutch and Jonson family live in Alberta or British Columbia.

Three of the boys served Canada in the second world war, one of the three is still alive.

Harley and Debbie Rasmussen by Debbie Rasmussen

Harley came to Smith in 1973 from Okotoks, Alberta, where he had spent several years. He was born in 1954 and raised near Delburne, Alberta, where his family farmed. After working at various jobs, he now ranches seven miles out of Smith, along the old Slave Lake Road, on the old Loza Place. In 1979, Harley met Debbie Thomas, who was and still is nurse for the Athabasca Health Unit in Smith. They were married in October, 1980. Debbie came to Smith in 1979, from Edmonton and the North West Territories. She was born in Montreal in 1950 and

raised in Hudson Heights, Quebec. They are expecting their first baby in June 1984.

Bill and Myrtle Roe

written by Wilma Loseth nee Roe

Greetings to all our playmates, friends and relatives from the Old Smith and District area, also to those who came later.

This story is of the Roe Family who immigrated from the State of Michigan, U.S.A. at the time I was a little girl, five years of age so I will tell it from that angle.

The family consisted of Ma, 32 years old, Dad, 34 years old, sister Florence 13, Jerry 11, Elizabeth eight, myself — Wilma, five and the baby brother, Georgie, one year old, and our grandparents, consisting of mother's parents, Grandma and Grandpa Redfield, (English and Dutch) and Grandma and Grandpa Roe (Irish and Scotch).



Myrtle, son George, and Bill Roe, 1954.

The reason our family decided to leave Michigan was because it is surrounded by water on three sides and Dad had rheumatism so bad, that at times Ma had to drag him from room to room on a blanket. They decided that a different climate might help him to get well.

So, loading up the old car of the day (I don't remember what kind of car) with the family, and whatever else could be taken (the rest was given away to family and friends) we started out on our long trek. I can't remember too much about the long journey except crossing the Straits of Makinac on a big ferry that even took trains. Anyhow we headed west and I remember the camping, tenting out and losing a tire

off the old car which went rolling down the hill ahead of us. We made it to Montana, the first leg of our journey, where Dad worked in the harvest. This is where he tried to teach Ma to drive the car. She got her foot on the gas and headed down a fence line and every tiny post and barb wire went clickity click and I guess we would be going yet if Jerry hadn't got his foot on the brake. Needless to say, that was the last driving lesson.

Then, on to the westerly part of the State of Montana where Dad hunted and trapped to get money to continue on the journey.

We spent the winter at a place I think was called Homestead, Montana. That was the winter I got my baby doll for Christmas. It was ordered from the Sears and Rowbuck catalogue and Dad scratched her picture's nose to mark my choice. I was heartbroken, of course, to think Santa would be bringing me a Bylo baby doll with no nose. After Dad was so much better from the rheumatism, he was always joking around with us and when I handed him my teddy bear in place of the muskrats he was skinning, he ripped it down the leg. Sawdust scattered everywhere and I screeched "Dad, Dad that's my teddy bear". Ma mended it, so all was saved.

Through the winter, we received many brochures from Alberta asking immigrants to come to the land of milk and honey, where the white horse rolled in the wild strawberries and came up dripping red. So that was where we headed in the spring. We crossed the line in Saskatchewan, then on through Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat into Alberta. I remember the big thrill it was when we saw the Great Canadian Rockies from Calgary. Anyhow my family, having come from a wooded place, did not care for the prairies. As the land was mostly taken, they decided to head farther north where they could homestead on a quarter sec-



Jerry Roe, Age 18.

tion and build a home. We passed through Edmonton, which was a lot smaller than it is now, of course, and finally reached the little town of Smith.

We were headed for the Peace River country but we had to make eleven crossings of small streams from Smith twelve miles to Moose River or Fawcett River. By this time, the car was in bad shape and every one was travel weary. We managed to get living quarters in an old stage coach which was abandoned on the Lesser Slave River, where the stage met the river boats plying up and down from the Athabasca River to Slave Lake and Grouard. As we had very little money, we stayed and planted a big garden and Dad cut rail-road ties for 12 cents each.

You must remember, these times were heading into the Hungry Thirties. We were so short of money, my mother and I went and picked raspberry leaves for tea and, believe it or not, when my little sister, Alberta, was born she had a perfect raspberry on the back of her neck and a perfect leaf, red veined, on her side. She was born February 7, 1927, on the coldest day of the winter, with only Dad and Florence, now almost fourteen, to assist. The weather was so cold, Dad had to hang blankets around Ma's bed. The baby was perfect, however, and all went well.

Dad trapped again that winter but many of the coyotes were mangy and some had cruel, cable wire snare-cuts in their necks that were so bad the hides dropped in two pieces when skinned. We were all kept busy; Florence helped Ma in the house, Jerry and Lizzie cut wood and Georgie, the little fellow, three years old, and me, opened and closed the door whenever they came in with an arm full of wood. They also trapped some and fought and played a lot. There was the time Lizzie drove a stake in the ice. Jerry came sliding down the hill on his cardboard box which was split in two by the stake as he went racing down. She cut a wide swathe around him for a long time.

We had no school in the area and our nearest store was a small company store about four miles distant at Spurfield but first the Slave River had to be crossed by dugout canoe. One day the three older children were sent to buy a few groceries and pick up the mail and mail some letters. It was a fine day but as usual, the kids played around and by the time they came home about 4:00 o'clock, the river was running full of ice and slush. It was getting toward dusk. What could they do but try to cross. Ma called to them to wait on the other side until Dad came home from the bush. They decided to cross anyway. They had only one paddle which was quite all right as the current would swing the boat into the bank on our side. They got about one third of the way across when Jerry's paddle broke and they were helpless. We thought that

they were gone, but in the nick of time Dad came out of the bush and taking the situation in at a glance, cut across the river bend about a mile below. When the kid's canoe swung in near the river bank, Dad held out a pole to them which they grabbed onto and were pulled safely to shore. Had they lost their heads or not been taught to keep their cool, they would surely have been drowned. So ended the first winter in Alberta.

In the meantime, Dad had filed on a 108 acre homestead one mile south of the Moose River bridge but on the Slave River. It had some open land; about ten acres of which was an old stage coach landing. In the spring we were able to get the farm of Grant and Marcella Knapp to live on for the summer, so we would be near enough to build a log home on the homestead. The Knapps were staying in Westlock with their five children at the time. The neighbors and some bachelor friends all turned out to throw up a log house on the top of the hill near the road and we transferred the lovely garden we had raised at Knapps. Of course, there were the two pigs which followed us back and forth two miles for each load. We had to use a wagon to move, not like now-a-days with moving vans.

So we settled in and Dad worked in the bush and trapped. My folks managed to get a school board together and gave four acres on the corner of this place to be used as a playground and location for the school. I believe the school was not erected until about two years later. The cause of this was government red tape and lack of funds.



Roes and friends at Moose River.

We spent the winter in our new home when bad luck struck. It was a bright, windy, warm, May morning when we were eating breakfast and sparks began to fall from the ceiling. We rushed out to find that the whole roof was in flames. Dad and my Uncle Leo (Coon) were fighting fire up in the Drift Wood

River country. We managed to get everything possible out of the house and were all down over the hill, when Dad came out of the bush from the other side just in time to see the roof falling in. Dad was so happy and relieved to see us all safe and sound. He said "My God, Myrtle, I thought I had lost you all."

The only casualty was my teddy bear that Grandma Redfield had given me for my first birthday. He was sure nothing fancy but I loved him dearly. In fact, he had patches on his nose and all four feet. He also had one black button eye and one white.

We then had to move into the shed that Dad had partly built. Mother always said those were the happiest years even though we never had much of anything. We had very few clothes and definitely not much money. Dad spent most of the time trapping and Jerry had to help from the time he was thirteen. They always had 35 feet of fish net out in the river during the summer so that we could have a good supply of fresh fish. I remember many mornings that I would follow Dad down to the fish nets in my bare feet. The extra fish he caught, were put in a pool beside the river for future use. Dad had made the pool by damming up part of the river. The fish usually were river white fish, jack-fish, gold eye, lyng, cat-fish, and pickerel. All were wonderful, fresh out of the water. Each spring the folks would try and purchase 1000 pounds of flour, 100 pounds of sugar, some tea, coffee, salt and baking powder. With this, plus the garden, we all had a little to eat and that was better than nothing at all. It sure doesn't seem like much now. Besides the garden, Dad supplied meat; he was a very good hunter.

When I was ten year old, my sister, Faye, was born. It seemed like a miracle every time there was a birth in the family. She was little and blonde and gold. Another miracle to the family, I don't really know why, but maybe it was just because she was ours and perfect and we all loved her. It is so wonderful when babies can be born at home.

Ma was always lenient and we could always get around her. I can remember very few spankings and usually she would hit us a slap and make sure it was a glancing blow that wouldn't hurt too much. But when Dad told us something, we did it. He didn't get after us often but when he did we didn't forget and a talking to sufficed in between. We respected and loved him and he taught us many ways to take care of ourselves in the woods and on the ice. We all had to do our share at whatever we were able. Life was not without its' anxieties such as when Georgie was swept off his horse by a branch, onto a cut-off willow, causing a three inch horse-shoe shaped gash in his forehead just missing his eye. The district nurse was at Kinuso, about 60 miles away. He was bleeding

terribly; getting weaker by the moment. The folks had tried everything when Dad threw himself down in despair crying, "Why did a man ever bring his family into this God forsaken country". But, shortly, he leaped up and said "Myrtle, bring me a clean flour sack". He folded it diagonally and tied it tight around Georgie's head. Magically, the bleeding stopped and Georgie was saved. I have often wondered who or what told Dad to do this. Of course, we all had our cuts, bruises and childhood sicknesses. I was the runt of the litter and sickly until sixteen when I started to mature. I always had to tag along and get in my share of trouble.

Finally a volunteer nurse came along. She was a Scotch lady and a Godsend to the community, but well up in years. She stayed a couple of years until a District Nurse came. Nurse Drummond Hay went to live at Hondo and did what she could there for the people.

My sister, Myrtle, was born in 1933 with the help of Florence, Lizzie and a neighbor woman. We promptly nicknamed her "Fuzzy" which was soon changed to "Snookie" which still sticks with her to this day.

Times were tough and had it not been for the garden, wild fruit and Dad being a good hunter, I don't know what we would have done as he would not go for relief as some of the neighbors were forced to, especially so when people started migrating from the 'dried out, blown out or hopped-out prairies. Many, who stopped and rested their stock, consisted of whole families with maybe a tent stretched over a wagon. The older ones would bring up the rear on horse back or walk. Some wagons had crates of chickens and geese and the people usually had a cow or two along with extra horses. Dad always gave them any extra fish, meat or vegetables that we had. Some would bake bread in our old cast iron Hudson Bay cook stove which had a door that opened on each side like wings and had a reservoir on the back. This is where Myrt nearly poached a toad she had put in a mustard jar and I happened to open the oven and found it.

The winters were very cold and long with lots of snow. Dad and Jerry were away trapping, sometimes for as long as a month at a time. We kids always had a little trapline of a few miles which helped bring in a little extra to help buy a few clothes. The only help we had was a kind bachelor who would give us a few eggs or an extra chicken sometimes. Although we raised our own, there was never enough.

By this time, 1934, both older sisters were married. Florence went to Edmonton and Lizzie to Otter Creek. In 1935 Lizzie was brought home to Moose River to have her first baby, Frances. Nurse Stewart

was brought out from Smith. Lizzie was taken care of by Ma for the first two weeks after her delivery, then she was able to take her little girl and go home. Frances was just like a baby doll. It was a hard delivery and took ages but turned out well and everyone breathed a sigh of relief. By this time I was fifteen.

In 1936 brother, Bill, was born. He was born blonde and brown eyed and we promptly named him “Wimpy” as he had a brown spot on his belly like Wimpy of the funnies who loved hamburgers. The name stuck for many years.

By this time, Nurse Maines was stationed in Smith and felt that Ma had been through too much, to go through the delivery at home, so she sent her to Edmonton to stay until after Bill had been born and she was recovered. She came home a month later with our cherished baby brother. We surely missed her and it was a long walk to Smith, ten miles through April mud to get a hoped-for letter and send one. Of course, Dad, Jerry and George were away as this was the muskrat trapping season. By this time Florence had returned home with her adopted son and stayed with the family in Ma’s absence. Lizzie came over with her little girl to keep us company. She lived a good day’s drive away by team and wagon.

We lived on the homestead for ten years and many a bitter tear was shed along the banks of the Slave River when I learned we were leaving. The work situation never got better, till the war broke out and many of the young men went, as they couldn’t get a job anywhere else. Of course, they went for patriotic reasons as well.

I will sum this up by giving a brief history of Dad and Mom’s lives. We all married around the country except the last two. When fur prices got better, the folks went into the mink business and Dad worked for the Forestry. George and I were still at home at this time and did lots of fishing for mink feed on Moose Lake (Fawcett Lake).

Dad worked for Swanson Lumber Company for eight years on Moose Lake, then moved to B.C. where he worked on the highways from there to Edmonton. Then he moved on to Saskatchewan where he worked on the oil rigs running the boiler until he retired. They retired in Edmonton where they spent the rest of their life until Dad’s death in 1963. He is buried in the Edmonton Cemetery. Ma spent the next ten years of her life with the various kids: Bill, Myrt, Lizzie and myself in B.C. but she never stopped missing Dad. She passed away in the Jasper Hospital in 1973 and lies beside Dad in the Edmonton Cemetery. They had been married in 1911 and had spent 52 years together through thick and thin.

Florence raised three boys and now resides in the Red Willow Lodge at Valleyview, Alberta.

Jerry raised a family of ten and passed away at age 58 and is buried at New Denver, B.C. Jerry’s girl, Audrey Roe, was the first baby born at the west end of Moose Lake. She weighed 4½ pounds and was delivered by Nurse Maines, assisted and taken care of by myself. The only miracles in my life were when each one of my four children were born.

Lizzie raised two daughters and a son and lives in Kelowna, B.C.

I raised two daughters and two sons. The younger son was lost in a tragic plane accident while working for the parks in B.C. Part of my heart went with him. One daughter lives in Kamloops, B.C. One is in Grande Prairie, Alberta and the other son lives here in Valemount, B.C.

George spent most of his life farming at the Portage where his wife, Fae, still resides. We lost him at age 57 and he is buried in the Moose Portage Cemetery.

Alberta raised a family of eight and now lives at Leduc, Alberta.

Faye raised a son and has two daughters still at home. She lives in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta.

Bill and his wife raised a son and three daughters, and they live at Tete Jaune, B.C.. Bill’s second daughter, Belinda, was just married in August. Five of the existing family attended. There was Lizzie, Faye, Myrt, Bill and myself, also many in-laws, uncles, aunts, cousins and grandchildren. Bill and Bobbi Roe also celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary the next day and it was just great to get so many of family together with friends and have a real good visit. Now Ma and Dad have the last of their grandchildren, little Bernadette, soon to be three.

I think this sums it up. I often think of the old days and have fond and sad memories. I think about the friends we knew and I wonder where they all are so maybe I will find some when this book comes out, hopefully.

The Other Roes

by Wilma Loseth (Roe)

Uncle Tip and Aunt Martha Roe and their little girl, Edith, aged four, were on the same trip from the States as we were. They also spent the winter in Montana where they lived about two miles from us. The kids saw the stork fly over when their little boy, Joey, was born but darned if I could see it. Dad’s two youngest brothers, Harold (Putts) and Leo (Coon), and Grandpa Roe joined us in the spring in Montana. Grandpa Roe went back home to Michigan and the sons were, I believe, eighteen and twenty-one. They came on to Canada with us. Although they spent

some time at Moose River and Uncle Coon homesteaded there, they spent most of their time those first years at Kinuso. Another brother, Ernest (Bug) came out with his son, Curly, and wife, Louise, a few years later where they homesteaded and spent a few years before moving on further north.

The Paul Stark Story

by Christiane Brinck

One true pioneer was Paul Stark, and if there are any people of the older generation left in Smith, they will remember him. It would please me and my brother very much if he could be acknowledged in this book because he greatly deserves to be remembered.

Paul Adolph Stark was born January 6, 1885, in Rogers, Barnes County, North Dakota, U.S.A. and came from a family of four children and was raised at an orphanage by Protestant Sisters. At age 21 he immigrated to Canada and worked in the Vancouver area on the railroad. In approximately 1907 he came to Mirror Landing (later Smith) and worked for an unknown period of time on the steamboats between Mirror Landing, Athabasca and Athabasca Lake. During the winter months he made his living as a trapper. Eventually he started to homestead six miles from Smith on the Lesser Slave River. During the earlier years he raised cattle, but stopped when he lost quite a bit of money during the depression.

Paul Stark loved the land he developed and worked on for so many years. He also had a great love for animals. When he became older he spent his winters in Edmonton and returned to his land in the

summertime. Still later he sold the farm, but returned for visits to "his land".

The association, or much better the friendship, between Paul Stark and my family goes back to the year of 1929 when my father, Fritz Kiesow, went on a voyage to Edmonton, Canada, and then on to Smith, where he wanted to try his hand at trapping. Somewhere my father made the acquaintance of another German. Paul Stark heard about these two German men. Since Paul was of German descent and the time of year being winter with lots of time on hand, he invited them to his homestead, where they stayed for a short period of time. My father returned to Germany, but letters crossed the ocean both ways only to be interrupted by the war. My father, by this time had married and had a family of three children. He lost everything due to the war. Paul Stark helped us, the Kiesow family, survive these difficult times by sending carepackages.

In the year of 1952 he sponsored my brother Peter Kiesow to come to Canada, where he worked during the first time at the Planer-Saw Mill in Smith across from the railroad station.

Paul Stark never married. He was a very kind and honest man and helped many people during his lifetime. The welfare of people and especially that of children was always on his mind. He had one Foster daughter in Pakistan and contributed financially to her and her family until she was 18 years of age.

I personally got to know Paul Stark only in 1972. At this time he lived at the Salvation Army Home on 82nd Street in Edmonton. During the next year we moved him to the Clover Bar Foundation Senior Citizen Home in Sherwood Park, where we live. We cared for him as much as we could.

He died at the age of 95½ on July 10, 1980, after a short illness at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton, and is buried in Sherwood Park Glenwood Memorial Gardens. His mind was very sharp until shortly before his death, and politics was one of his favorite subjects. Only his hearing was very, very poor in all the years I knew him, and it was very hard to converse with him. In the summer of 1981 my brother Peter Kiesow and family, my brother Helmut Kiesow and wife from Germany and my family made a trip to Smith in remembrance of and to honor Paul Stark and also my father, who had spent some time there so many years ago. We went to "Paul's land" to have a little "pick-nick". The farmer who owns the land now was just haying and didn't mind our presence. We all had a great time inspecting the old buildings and some of the old machinery. The beautiful old barn was still in good shape. At one time, when my father was there, there was a equally nice



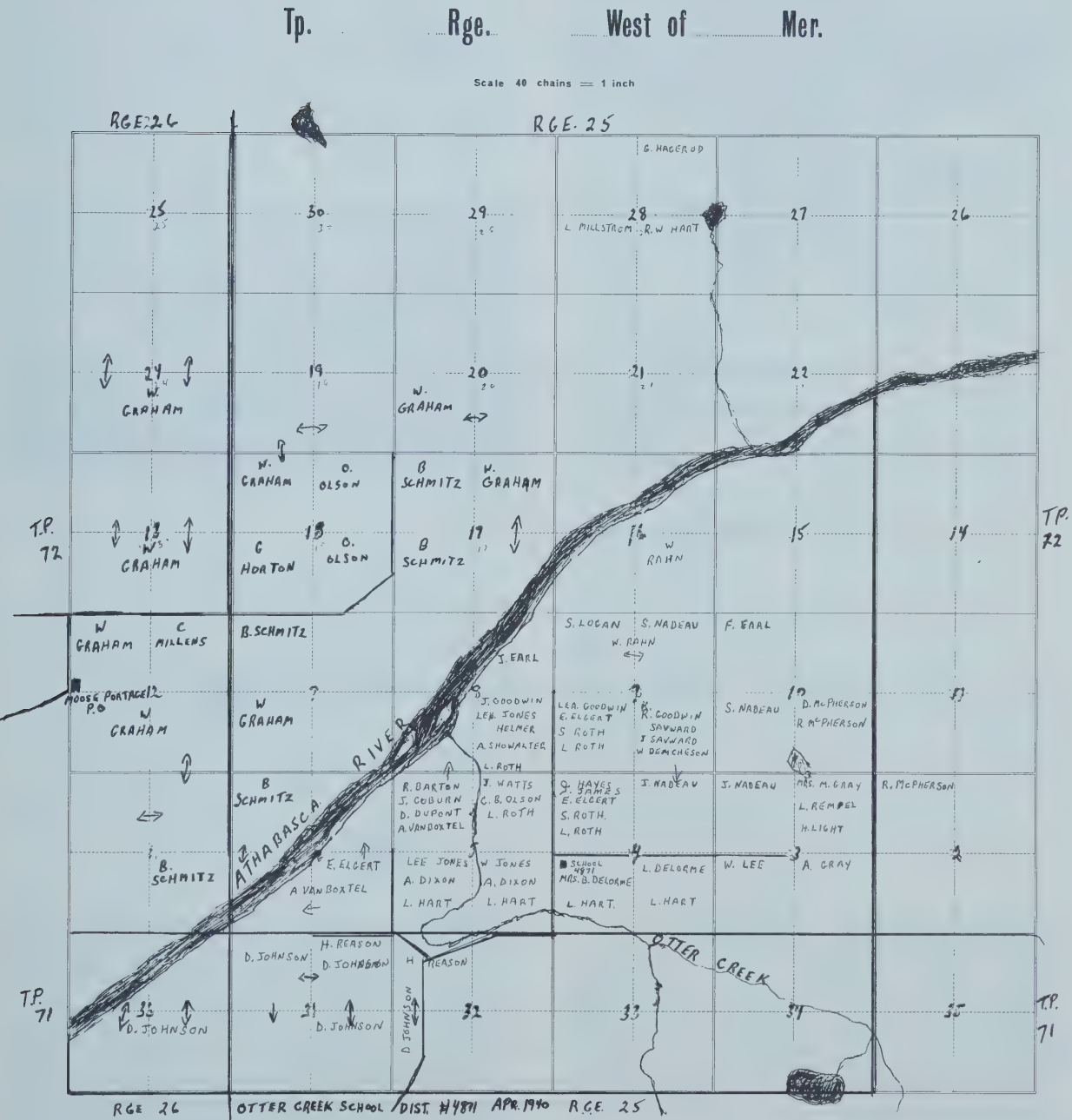
Paul Stark and friend.

house, which burned down and was only replaced with a very simple one room building, which served as living quarters.

I feel, that for me, and especially for my brother

Peter Kiesow, our roots here in Canada as German emigrants started in Smith, Alberta, through a life-long friendship between my father and Paul Stark of Smith, Alberta.

Otter Creek



Tp. 71 Rge. 25 West of 4 Mer.

Scale 40 chains = 1 inch



Lester Edward and Anne Bolen by Lester Edward Bolen

I was born in Lethbridge, Alberta, March 1912. I went to school in West Lethbridge, a very good farming area. I had a friend and school chum, George James. In 1930 at the start of the depression I married George's sister, Anne. George married a girl just over from England; Mary Sands. We had a double wedding. In 1933 we decided to go north. We had some friends and neighbors; Erie Scratch, Percy

McDowell, and Bill Fraser who were going north to Mirror Landing, so I went by boxcar with them. In town I met Fred Coburn, living at Smoky Creek, who took me out to Otter Creek to look for land. After I got back to Lethbridge, I filed on the S.W. quarter, Sec. 4, twp. 72, range 25W of the 5th M. and George filed on S.E. quarter, by mail. On June 18, 1934 we left Lethbridge in two boxcars; one with household goods, some tools etc.; the other with 11 head of horses, one cow, calf, chickens and machinery. We

landed in Mirror Landing June 22nd. My wife Anne and two sons; Bill, three years old and Lawrence, two years; and Mary, George's wife and their two sons; Freddie age three and Jack four months, came by passenger train to Smith on the evening of the 22nd of June. We camped in two tents across the tracks from the station. The next day we unloaded the cars, put a wagon together, loaded a tent, bedding, groceries and a crate of chickens, tied the horses and cow to the back of the wagon and hit out for home. We left a tent, bedding, household goods and machinery for George to look after. As we passed Duncan's store we bought two loaves of bread and one pound of butter which we put on top of the chicken crate. After passing Tom Wall's place we stopped for lunch but the chickens had picked through the paper bag and ate it all.



Lester, Ann Bolen and three sons, Bill, Lawrence, Ken, and a friend, 1938.

The road was pretty good this far. Then we followed sand ridges and crossed muskegs at the narrow points. Some were belly deep on the horses. After passing through Ted Savard's and Alex Nadeau's places we got to Dan McPherson's homestead where George and Mary were to live. I had known Dan McPherson in Lethbridge. He had gone north about two years before we left. Dan was ferry man at Mirror Landing for many years till they built the bridge over the Athabasca River.

The next day, after getting Mary and the boys settled in Dan's house, we set our tent up on the homestead about one mile from Dan's place. By this time we knew most of Alex Nadeau's family. The third eldest boy, Solomon, about 6'4", tall and nicknamed Shorty, came back with me to town and helped us build a large raft (about 20 by 30 feet) with logs. The raft was built down near the ferry landing. We loaded up all our household goods and machinery and floated down stream on the Athabasca to Moose Portage which was about one and a half miles from our homestead. That's how we got settled in Otter Creek. We got all our stuff moved from the river up to



Les Bolen 1942. In from trap-line.

our tents and some to George's place at Dan's. We just got started to build our house when we got burned out. We had one tent as kitchen and one as bedroom. We lost everything that was stocked in there, but the people up there were wonderful at helping out. The Baptist Church in Athabasca sent clothes for all of us.

It was mid July by the time I got around to building our log house. Shorty Nadeau was going to help me, but he found a job in the sawmill. He was only out Saturday and Sunday each week, but he sure was a big help. We had never used an axe on the prairies except to cut a little kindle wood to start a coalfire. We finished our house and barn that summer. We put up hay, then winter was upon us so we built George's house the next summer, 1935. In March of 1935 we had a new addition to the family — a boy, Kenneth; and in July, George and Mary had a baby girl born at home. Our son was born in Westlock Hospital as Anne had to have an operation besides having the baby.

I trapped in the winter of 1934 and every year after until 1945. In the spring of 1938 I got my trap line registered. It was about a 45 mile long line starting at home, east to Long Lake, Southeast to Wolf Muskeg then southwest to McCormick's Meadow, then northwest to home. I had trapper's cabins at Long Lake and McCormicks Meadow.

By the fall of 1935 we had lost all our horses but two from swamp fever. I had one horse left and



Bill Bolen 12 yrs. with his moose, 1943.

George had one. But with all the ups and downs we never missed any dances, no matter where they were. Most of the dances were in someone's house; we had several in our own house.

In 1936, George and Mary gave up the north country. They sold everything they had and bought an old car that just barely ran, but it took them back to Lethbridge and George went to work in the coal mines.

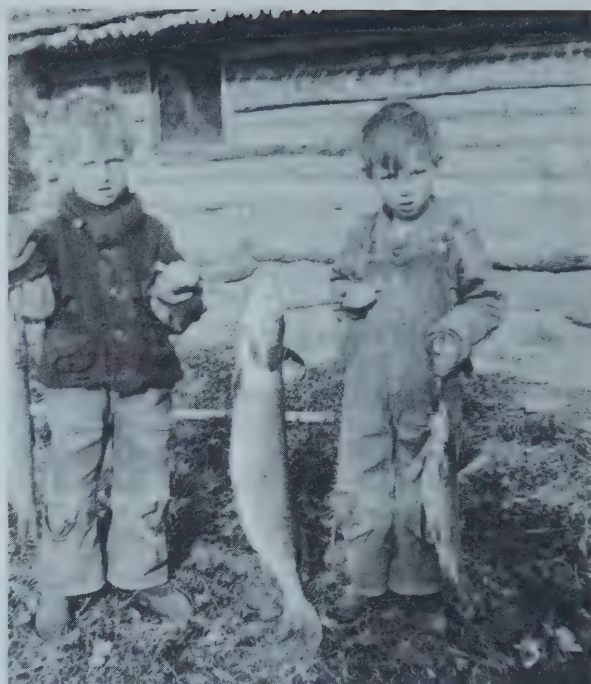
In 1937 my brother-in-law, Clayton Bailey, moved up on George's place from Lethbridge, but he only stuck it out two years then moved back to Calgary.

By 1938 other people were moving in. In January of 1938 I and Tom Walls' son, Bruce, took two dog teams and went south west across the Athabasca from Mirror Landing and travelled for three days until we were away back in the bush. We left home on the third of January and didn't get back home or sleep under a roof until April 28th, but we had good luck and made good money trapping.

In January 1939, we had another addition to the family, this time a girl. Marjorie Maynes, the district nurse, was present to help with the birth. We were staying in one of Duncan's cabins in Mirror Landing at the time.

By 1941 I now had about 20 acres cleared and in crop. My dad came up from California and stayed all fall and until after Christmas. We went hunting a couple of times.

1943-44 seemed to go by so fast. I worked seven months on the bridge, at first as a laborer, then as a labour foreman. After Christmas in 1944, Henry Reason and I contracted to build a camp at Long Lake for the Ellefson Lumber Co. We built a cook house, bunk house, and a barn for eight horses. We were done by mid March.



Bill and Laurence Bolen.

My dad, mother and sister had moved back to Canada in 1944 and Dad got a good job as foreman on a large ranch at Keremeous, B.C. They wanted us to be there, so in June, myself and the two boys went to B.C. to work there. I was there until mid September when I went back home to Otter Creek. I left the boys with Dad going to school in B.C. I took my crop off, sold the grain to a neighbor, sold our horses, cows, and everything we owned. I had bought an old car. We loaded a trunk on the back bumper and one on the front full of blankets, dishes, clothes. All the neighbors gave us a big farewell party at the Olson's home. We left Otter Creek late in October 1945; myself, Anne, and our three kids.

This is a list of names of people in Otter Creek when we came there: Lee Jones, Happy Jones and his wife Lizzy, Ted Savard's family and father-in-law, Edward Delorme X, Alex Nadeau X and a large family (our nearest neighbor and best friends), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gordon X (lived right on the Athabasca River about seven miles from Otter Creek School), Noel Delorme X, Dan McPherson X

Late comers: Clarence Olson, Henry Reason, Ewald Elgert, Eric Elgert, Art Dixon X, Jack Coburn

Names with X's are people who passed away after we left, except Alex Nadeau who passed away in 1944.

In 1983, we were back for a visit in April to see the Reason's at Smith and Bruce Wall and the Olson's at Athabasca.

History of Mrs. Lena Broney

by Mrs. Broney

I was born in the province of Manitoba on February 25, 1913. I lived and attended school in Garland, Manitoba until I got married.

After I got married I lived on the farm in Fork River, Manitoba which was a fair sized town in those days.

We moved to Dauphin, Manitoba in 1946. My husband died in 1966 and I remained living there until about 1978. I then moved to Smith, Alberta where I now live with my two sons — Peter and Walter.

Peter and Walter have Jim Savard's farm in the Otter Creek district.

My Life At Smith Viola (Olson) Coburn

My parents came to Smith the fall of 1930 from Hanna, Alberta. Dad was a farmer, but worked some in a coal mine in Hanna.

I was only five years old when we moved, so I don't remember much of the trip. I do remember we had to walk the railroad bridge to get to Moose Portage where we were settled. The river was freezing over so they had to take the ferry out, and because I was afraid to walk the bridge, Mr. Jack Hagerud carried me.

We settled in an old house of Mr. Hagerud's until Dad got our log house built on the hill on the homestead; then we moved up there.



Viola and Jack Coburn, 1944.

It was very hard times for everyone; I know we didn't have much money, but we had many happy memories. We worked hard at gardens, picking berries, sawing wood, etc., everyone had a job to do. Dad always shot moose or deer or caught lots of fish so we never went hungry.

I went to school at the Club House, until about sixth grade. Then they built a new school. Some of my teachers were Mr. Carmichael, Miss Porter and Mr. Little. We had three miles to go to school. When Dad didn't need the horses, we'd ride them, but most of the time we'd walk.

I remember one day going home from school, we had one horse, Bell, on a toboggan Dad had made. Going down a hill the single tree hit the horse in the heels and she took off. Merl was driving, standing behind, and he fell off, and my younger brother Philip jumped off, and left me alone. Did I ever get a ride! I was all covered with snow. I got a hold of one rein and pulled the horse into a neighbors fence and she stopped. The neighbor came out and held the horse until my brothers came.

I used to enjoy skiing across the fields on nice clear cold days. It used to be so pretty, the white snow sparkling in the sun.

When we first moved there it was nothing to see mouse in the fields, on the way to school.

When I was nine I had polio, and was very sick, I couldn't walk for awhile. At night my leg would ache and my dad and brother Floyd would rub my leg. The nurse in Smith, Miss Drummond-Hay would exercise me until I got so that I could walk again.

When I was about thirteen I worked for Mrs. Tate. Tates had the Post Office and later on the store. I did everything from milking cows to washing clothes. When I was fifteen I met Jack Coburn and when I was seventeen we were married. He was in the army at that time, stationed in Victoria, so I went out there for two years. Our oldest boy Larry was born there.

Then after the war we settled in Otter Creek on the farm. There was lots of hard work, but we had many good memories. We had seven children, but lost one girl of three and a half months. Five of the children were delivered by Dr. Brown at Athabasca, about fifty miles away.

A lot of neighbors and friends moved away. We moved in 1960, to Terrace, B.C. and we're still here. Our family has all married and scattered about except our youngest boy, who is still here. Our oldest son Larry and wife Jackie and two children live at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Daughter Darlene, husband Harry and three children live at Quesnel, B.C.

Marjorie, husband Dick and one child live at Stewart, B.C.

Karen, husband Ralph and one child live at Endorby, B.C.

Allen, wife Lennie and two children live in Terrace, B.C.

Della, husband Wess have no children and live at Vernon, B.C.

Noel Delorme

by M. F. James

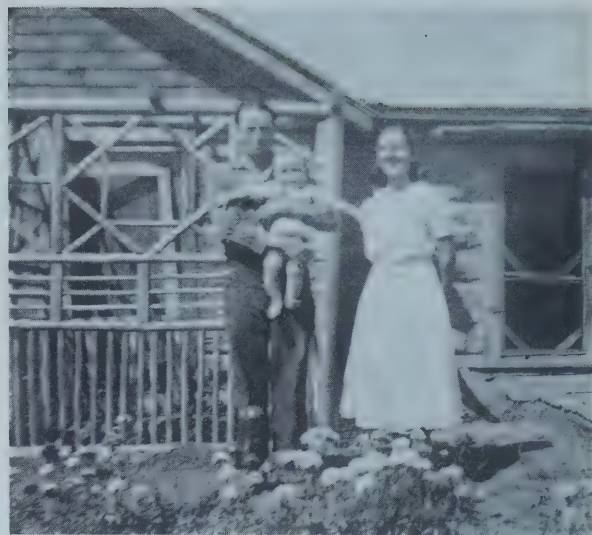
My Dad, Noel Delorme, was born February 28, 1864 in St. Albert, where he grew up and spent most of his younger days. He was married around the age of thirty, to Mary Callioux, who grew up on a farm near St. Albert. Shortly after they were married they moved out onto a homestead near St. Paul. They were there for sometime, but then my mother became seriously ill and died. My Dad then gave up farming and became a Forest Ranger. Dad, my brother Larry, and I moved back to St. Albert where we spent a number of years during World War I.



Mary James, Pat and Harry Gordon, and Noel Delorme.

Later we moved to Gibbons, where my father cleared land for the farmers. We were there a few years, and back we moved to Slave Lake, where he worked at a variety of jobs, such as commercial fishing. He also hauled freight to Wabasca, in winter, with teams of horses. In those days, Wabasca and areas further north had to get their supplies in during the winter.

My father stayed with us when we were on the homestead in Otter Creek and also when we moved here to St. Albert. He made his home with us most of the time until he died, a week before his 87th birthday, in the General Hospital, in Edmonton, in February of 1951.



John and Mary James with son Larry.

Arthur Dixon

by Esther Dixon

We left the dried out prairies of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, in 1935 to find a livelihood at Mirror Landing, in Alberta. What a chance that was! My husband, Arthur Dixon, and his brother Russel had spent the previous fall and winter there at Moose River and had built a cute log house that boasted a lumber roof and floor (some had both floor and roof of dirt).

First as newlyweds I cooked for harvesters and threshers and Arthur did harvester work for a winter grub stake before going north for the winter. May I tell you about the first day at the little log house? Both Arthur and his brother were tall men and most of our furniture was homemade. My feet didn't touch the floor when I tried the bench, etc. so a few legs got shortened around there! (the furniture).

After going back to the prairies for a couple of years in springtime to gather funds from shearing sheep and harvesting to carry us through (by the way each time we had a new addition to the family — two girls, Dorothy and Irene), we decided to quit and stay north. Arthur had been making snowshoes, to trapper's specifications, in winter and selling them to Uncle Bens in Edmonton. Arthur was trained in mechanics so he and his brother, Harvey, decided on a garage business. That winter was partly spent on getting out building logs which they made into a raft. After the ice went out in the spring they started out on this raft on the Slave River, then into the Athabasca River and tied up at Smith. There they put up the first garage in 1938, with a three roomed house on the side.

Money was scarce, so were tools, and I can recall

the first leaking radiator job that came along. We had to borrow a blow torch from the friendly Northern Alberta Railways people to do the job.

Our nearest medical help was our own proficient, Nurse Maynes, in town. She had some harrowing experiences getting around the country so we put a taxi license on our old Chrysler, which we had picked up for \$75.00 (wish they made cars like that one now). It served well for emergencies, etc.

Things were picking up in the farming communities which meant livestock had to be transferred to Edmonton. Our garage men organized a shipping arrangement with the railway for awhile, then changed it into a trucking service which could go out to the farmers and make pickups. They had some gruelling trips on those dirt roads after a big rain. On one occasion I accompanied them and we ground along in the mud. We made 20 miles in four hours and had to stay over at a farmer's place.

More farming was opening up, which meant more machinery, which helps a garage business. Also roads were being improved and bussing children to school in town was being started, so we decided to go farming ourselves. In 1945 we sold the garage business to Joe Hugo (Sr.).

Some farms were being sold mainly for back taxes and that's where we got our start at Otter Creek. Times were still hard and many, like us, had to fall back on more than one occupation for a living. We took up bussing children to school in Smith, as well, and that was before the rural roads had gravel. A few times we had to pick up some of the children with the tractor, to reach the bus, when the bus couldn't go any further.

Like any farmer we had successes and failures. There were skeptics when we brought in the first combine, a Massey Harris, but it proved its worth when we could combine with snow on the ground after attaching a bar that knocked the snow off the grain first. Of course it worked well without the snow!

Arthur Dixon passed away in 1963. Dorothy, our daughter, married Denver Lauridson and lives in Devon. They have three children — Dean, Lisa and Jeremy. Irene, another daughter married Gary Fraser and now lives in Creston, B.C. with their two children, Lorri and Darryl. Son Donald married Betty Overacker and they reside at Smith. Their children are Dory, Tony and Troy. The other son Dwayne lives in Edmonton, and Elaine, the youngest daughter, married David Thompson and lives in Estevan, Saskatchewan. I'm now a great grandmother twice over with baby boys born to Darryl and his wife Lorri, and Dory and Tracy McConaghy. As for me, Esther, widow of Arthur, I have made my present home in Creston, B.C.

Eric and Mae Elgert by Eric Elgert

In January of 1929, my mother, three brothers, sister Elsie and myself, immigrated from Mexico to Canada to take up a new land for ourselves. Our destination was Wetaskiwin, Alberta, to be united with the rest of our family, five brothers, two of whom I had never seen because they left home in 1911. I was born in 1912. These brothers were 14 and 16 when they came to Canada, and the other three brothers left Germany in 1924 and came to Canada.

My father was a farmer in Germany until he lost the farm during the first world war in 1918. Hence, the move to Mexico in early 1924, where my dad and mom tried to establish a new life and future for the family. Circumstances didn't work out so well; sickness and malaria took their toll. My father died in early 1928 in Mexico. Hence, our move to Alberta and Wetaskiwin. After travelling by train for almost a week through a part of Mexico, United States and part of Canada, we arrived in Wetaskiwin on the 29th day of January 1929 about eight p.m. My brother Gustav was there to meet us when we got off the train. The cold was so intense it was almost impossible to face. The temperature was only a mere 40 degrees below zero. This kind of temperature was hard to take, as we weren't dressed for Arctic weather having just come from a hot country. That winter and summer I worked for my brother Gus and stayed the winter of 1930 with him. One incident I thought was really funny — my cousin and his wife came to my brother's place to visit. She saw me out in the yard doing chores and asked who the little half breed was out there. My brother just smiled and said just to wait until he comes in and I shall introduce you to him. You should have seen her face!



Eric Elgert and family, 1952.

From 1930 to 1936 I worked for several farmers in the area of Wetaskiwin. In the spring of 1936 my future wife Mae, came and worked at the same farm where I was working at that time.

In February of 1937 we got married and went to Dawson Creek to work for the summer. Then in late fall we came back to Smith and began looking into getting some land. We eventually got an agricultural lease out in the Otter Creek district which is 14 miles east of Smith, then known as Mirror Landing.

Now from the wife's side of the history: In July 1931 my Dad and Mom — Fred and Ethel Coburn (Chapman), and we five kids — Jack, Bill, Margaret, Verna and myself (Mae), left the dried-out prairie near Hanna Alberta, where we were all born, and moved to Smith on the free-freight plan. We had a passenger coach on a freight train on which several families rode; — the McCumseys, the Duponts, George Merritt and our family. Later that fall my Grandpa and Grandma and uncle, Aaron Chapman, moved up under the same plan. Most of us kids saw our first train and first city at that time. To us, the Smith area was a place of beauty with green trees all around; on the prairie there were hardly any trees.

During the first couple of months we all found houses to live in, in Smith. Then, in the fall, my family moved into an old tie-camp ten miles east of Smith. My sister Mary was born before we moved to the tie-camp. A couple of years later my sister Alma was born.

During the winter, the men folks got out logs to build some homes on the homesteads. My Grandparents, Uncle Earl Coburn, Uncle Aaron Chapman and Dad were all kept busy at cutting and hauling logs. Mrs. Wall and her children were there for a while too, so we were a large family. Come spring, each family moved to their own home. Most of these houses had sod roofs so when it rained for a couple of days outside, it rained for a couple more days inside through the roofs. We soon learned to take our blankets and find a non-drip place to sleep. I remember us kids going to the chicken house, where it seemed the roof was leak-proof, to have a good sleep.

Those were busy years: putting up buildings, clearing land, planting gardens (and Mom always had just that:), picking berries, breaking land, picking roots! My folks' homestead was seven miles east of Smith and lots of times we walked to town, thinking nothing of it. The roads weren't fit for cars, so everyone used horses, wagons and sleighs, and dog teams.

In the winter of 1934 and '35, I worked at McCormick's camp. Mostly the work done there was hewing ties. In March of 1936, I got a job on a farm in the Westaskiwin area helping with housework, cooking,

DOMINION OF CANADA
NATIONAL REGISTRATION REGULATIONS, 1940
REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE

This certificate must always be carried upon the person of the registrant.

Electoral District No. 211 ATHABASKA (Name)
Polling Division No. 61 DAWSON (Name if any)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Mae E. Ebert
residing at MIRROR LANDING
ALBERTA was duly registered under the above-mentioned
Regulations this 19th day of August 1940.
Daniel Reay
Deputy Registrar.

Mae E. Ebert
Signature of Registrant

helping in the garden, milking cows and you name it. Wages were six and eight dollars a month. There I met my husband to be, Eric.

The next year, 1937, we got married and moved to a farm in Dawson Creek B.C. to work until fall. We went back to Smith and that winter, our neighbor, Clarence Olson, and Eric got out a set of building logs, hewed them flat, and built us a two-roomed house in my dad's yard. We lived there a couple of years, and our oldest daughter Norma was born there in 1939, on a very cold day in January. We had a district nurse in Smith then, by the name of Marjorie Maynes who delivered babies and did all sorts of medical jobs. One could look a long time to find a better nurse!

The winter after Norma was born, Eric went with Mr. Olson to hunt squirrels in the bush. At Christmas time Eric got sick and had to be carried out of the bush for nine miles. John Johnson and Clarence Olson carried him out on a deer hide stretcher to Mrs. Mutch's home. There they put him in a car driven by the store keeper in Smith, Harold Duncan, and accompanied by the nurse, brought him home on Christmas night. The nurse thought that to take him another fifty miles to the hospital was a bit far for Eric in his pneumonia condition. So my mom, Mrs. Reason ("Grandma") and I took turns caring for him along with the nurse's help, for the better part of three weeks. I certainly learned how to slap on a wicked mustard plaster. At that time, Buckley's mixture and brandy was a big part of Eric's care.

That next summer Eric worked on a farm near Wetaskiwin, while Norma and I batched in our log cabin. The following winter Eric started helping my uncle Aaron Chapman on the farm, so we moved down there, a distance of only half a mile. The men had built us a little house where we slept. I also helped Grandma with her housework.

Soon the land opened up for agricultural leases so we applied for a quarter of land. (the S.E. ¼, 6, 72, 25 W. of the 4th M.)

During the summer of 1941 Eric cleared twenty acres on it and built a little fourteen foot square house on it. In the winter of '40 and '41, my uncle had a huge pile of logs that he had cut from his standing timber, so a mill moved in and sawed the logs into lumber. Eric had some logs there too so he had those sawed into lumber as well. I cooked for the mill crew with ten men for breakfast and sixteen for dinner and supper. From my wages I bought a cook stove. We used that stove through all the twenty three years we lived on the farm. When we moved out we had our little girl, Norma, three dogs, Eric and myself. Eric had built a dog house and when Norma would get lonesome, she would go out and crawl in with the dogs. The dogs would run to the road and bark when someone came, and Norma soon learned to run and bark nearly like the dogs.

In April of 1943 our son Raymond was born. I went out and stayed at my mom's. Nurse Maynes and her nurse helper came and tended me.

By now we had a barn, some cows and horses. Those were lean years but with our lumber from the mill we built a bigger house in 1944. It had two bedrooms and a large kitchen; this seemed such a luxury. Six years later along comes a new daughter, Linda; and two years later a son, Michael.

But going back a little — In 1942, Ewald Elgert's wife Anita came to teach school at Otter Creek. That was two and a half miles from our place. Then the Mennonite Church came in 1945 or '46 and we had church in the school house. So we had good spiritual food, with Mr. Yoder as our leader. By now the pinch was on again as far as our house was concerned. We needed more bed rooms with our two new children, so we built on a bedroom and a front room and that solved our living space as we had no more children.

During our years on the farm, we acquired more land. One quarter which we bought, was ten miles from home. We bought that from Lee Richter. Shortly after buying it, we were completely hauled out, so all we had that next winter was the hay from down there. By now we had a lot of pigs and a herd of cattle. Most of the pigs had to go to market at a real loss, as we hadn't the grain to feed them.

Eric worked out many winters so our children and I tended to all the chores: feeding stock, cleaning barns, tending sows with little pigs, watering the stock by pulling the water from the well with a pail, until we had a deep well drilled. This well with a pump, surely eased the load as far as watering stock went. We usually got up at six a.m. to milk the cows and get some barn cleaning done before the children had to head off to school. When both the boys were big enough to help, the outside work was much easier for me.

In 1950 we bought a little Ford tractor, making the farming easier for man and beast. We shipped cream to Edmonton, so had a better and quicker way of getting it to Smith. Before we got the tractor, we walked to church many times; it was more than two miles. Norma and Raymond walked to school in the summer and we took them on the horse or with the team and sleigh in the winter. There was no such thing as needing to go jogging for us in those days.

From our deep well, we used the water only for stock, as it had too many minerals in it for house use, so we always carried water from the shallower dug well to use for house use. It was also very good water to drink. Much of the time, we hung our cream down the shallow well to keep it fresh and sweet until the cream can was full for shipping.

Down through the years, during the summers, Eric cleared land for the neighbors as well as for ourselves.

There was usually plenty of wild berries such as raspberries, high bush cranberries, strawberries, choke cherries, pin cherries, as well as low bush blue berries and cranberries. Needless to say there was seldom time to be idle.

When the older children finished grade school, Eric's brother, Ewald, and his wife Anita, with their family, moved to Athabasca for a furthering of their children's education. So out in our area we got a school bus to take the rest of the Otter Creek children the fourteen miles to Smith school. We had good school bus drivers, Art and Esther Dixon and later their son Donald. We had no worries about our children on the road, as we felt they were in good hands.

In 1961, Norma and Elvin Blosser got married after she had taught school for four years. They moved to Calling Lake where Elvin drove a logging truck and worked in the mill for Slim Ellefson. They later moved to Edmonton, where Elvin finished his training to be a high school teacher and since then, has been teaching high school in Athabasca. At first when they came to Athabasca, Norma did baby sitting but later she began teaching kindergarten. They have four children, three girls and one boy. The oldest girl is now married and lives in south-east Alberta.

In 1964 Raymond and Nadine got married. Raymond then worked in camp, but later they moved out to the farm and lived in their house there. This enabled Raymond to help on the farm while Eric was away out in B.C. working in Kimano. That summer, we decided to sell out and leave the farm, because we needed to invest more money for newer buildings for hogs and so on. With the big loss of cattle that year, we decided it was too big a risk.

In October we had our farm sale. We moved into

Edmonton for the winter, where Linda took her grade eleven and Michael took his grade nine. In March of 1966 Eric went back to Terrace B.C. to work. My folks, two brothers, and three sisters had already moved to Terrace. When school was out in June, Eric came back to Edmonton and moved us bag and baggage out to Terrace also. That fall we started to build a home and finished it the next spring. Eric did janitorial work and I worked a few years at that too. By now we had had enough of cloud and rain, so we sold our house to Michael and Laurel and moved back to sunny Alberta. We bought a home on the east hill in Athabasca.

Mom died in 1966 in Terrace, and Dad died in 1979. My brother Bill was killed in an airplane crash in the 1950's and his wife now lives in Kamloops, B.C. My sister Margaret lives in Terrace and she laid her husband, Joe, to rest in January, 1983. Verna and Dave live in Terrace also. Mary and Les were living in Terrace but have now moved to Sandy Lake, Alberta. Alma and Frank live in Cochrane, Alberta where he is a Calgary Power man.

Tony Van Boxtel bought our farm and Abbey Anderson bought Dad's farm. My folks left the farm in 1960 or '61.

Raymond, Nadine and their two children live in Smith where Raymond works in the mill. Linda, Rick and their two children live in Terrace B.C. where Linda works for the Government in Indian Affairs and Rick drives truck. Michael is also a truck driver and Laurel has been a secretary for a freight company for many years. They have a wee daughter who is now one year old. So ends our history . . .

The Ewald Elgert Family by Mrs. Anita Elgert

Ewald came to Bittern Lake in 1924. He lived the first eighteen years of his life in the part of Germany that became the Polish Corridor after World War 1914-18. His parents lost all their possessions when the Polish Government was given this territory. So they were forced to live in a refugee camp for a few years. During this time, two of Ewald's brothers, who had settled in the Bittern Lake area several years earlier, sent enough money to pay the travel expenses of his two brothers and himself, to come to Bittern Lake. They worked on their brothers' farms for six months to pay this debt.

For the next few years Ewald worked for various farmers of the district. With careful saving, he was able to get enough of the essentials together to start farming on his own. So in 1933 he was able to rent the Langum farm, which was not too far from the Harvest Home school. He made a fairly good living here until the depression set in.

He married Anita Adams, the Harvest Home school teacher, in 1936. She was born in Juliaetta, Idaho, in 1907. Her parents moved the family to Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, in 1921. They farmed a quarter of land there for several years. Anita took her high school training there, and then went on to Camrose, Alberta for her teacher training. She obtained her teaching certificate, which she used extensively throughout her life.

In the first five years of their married life, Ewald and Anita were blessed with three lovely children; David, a healthy, robust boy and two darling girls, Joyce and Jean. They were delighted with their little family but due to circumstances they had to make some drastic changes.

When the farm which he was renting was sold in 1941, Ewald had to find some place to take his wife and family. He saw some property in the Otter Creek area that looked good to him. There was a quarter of land for sale with thirty acres of land broken, with a small log cabin and some run down barn yard buildings. These appeared to be in good enough condition to be used until something better could be built. At that time too, the men of the district were building their first school, just across the road from the log cabin. This seemed ideal as the children would be so close to school and Anita would be able to teach in the school. Another attraction was that there was an adjacent quarter that they could homestead. So after they had thought things over Ewald made a deal with the owner and the quarter was theirs; with all this land, Ewald faced a real challenge.

The people of the district were happy to hear that Ewald and Anita were moving up in the spring of '42. They wanted Anita to teach at the school in the fall as soon as the school was ready. The people even found a boarding place near the school with older girls in the home who would gladly take care of baby Jean while her mother was in school. Things seemed to be working out right; Ewald's mother stayed with him and cared for David and Joyce until they could move up in the spring.

So in October '41, Anita came to teach in the new school as planned. She didn't feel too confident for she hadn't taught for five years and this was really a different situation; a school with no blackboards and no library. Although the enrolment was very small, the children's ages ranged from six to sixteen. Some of these children hadn't attended a school for several years; so this meant that there were grades from one to eight with perhaps one pupil in each grade. The lack of blackboards was solved for the time being by tacking large sheets of brown paper on the front wall. Anita had brought her own set of encyclopedias, so these were used for a while. Although she was work-

ing under fairly primitive conditions, Anita really enjoyed this year of teaching — as well as the following eight years she spent teaching in this little school.

Anita, with the help of friendly neighbors, was able to get the cabin clean and ready for the family to move in. So in the early spring Ewald brought the rest of the family. They all stayed with Olson's for a few days until everything could be put into working order in the cabin. At last the great day had come when they were all together again, but this time in their very own home; even if it was only a humble log cabin. Ewald had to leave soon to get the animals and the rest of their possessions. A good girl was hired to look after the children and everything went on as usual.

In the meanwhile Ewald went back to Bittern Lake, to make arrangements to have the livestock and other possessions shipped by rail to Smith, the nearest railway town. Ewald obtained the use of two freight cars at Hay lakes. In one he loaded his eight horses and five cows with enough feed for the trip. In the other railway car he loaded the implements and the rest of the household things. He, of course, had to share the freight car with the animals so he could feed and water them along the way. It was almost two days before they arrived in Smith. Ewald's brother Eric and some of his neighbours, were there to meet him, with wagons. So after loading up their cargo they started for Otter Creek, herding the animals behind the wagons. After the animals had been taken care of in their new home and the other things unloaded, Ewald was ready for a good wash up and a long rest.

In the months that followed, Ewald was kept very busy at various activities. There were fences to fix, suitable pastures and corrals for the animals that had to be prepared; logs to be hauled in, which in turn had to be sawed into blocks and then split for firewood. The thirty acre field also had to be prepared for seeding and then seeded. When all these most essential things were done, Ewald spent the rest of time clearing the land of poplars, willows and other brush. In his ten years of homesteading, Ewald cleared and broke one hundred and forty acres of land; quite an achievement for one man alone!

There were many problems to face that first year. As soon as the first big rains came, Ewald and Anita discovered, to their dismay, that the cabin roof leaked in various places. In fact they found it hard to place the beds in a dry spot. On many rainy nights the family slept with pans on top of the quilts to catch the drips. Their first garden came up nicely but the many frosts, one even in July froze everything. Consequently, their staple foods had to be bread, dried beans, rice and moose meat. The Metis residents of the district were always very generous; whenever

they had good luck in their hunting, they shared their meat with anyone who had a need.

Ewald discovered very shortly that he could not work the horses in the fields, because of the many biting insects. There were so many mosquitoes and horse flies that the horses' bodies would be red with blood after a day's work in the field. He tried putting mitts and nose bags on their ears and noses and plastered their bodies with a mixture of pine tar and oil; but everything was useless. So he decided that he simply could not use the horses under these conditions. The only alternative was to buy a tractor but that created a problem since money was so scarce.

The next spring Ewald went to Wetaskiwin and came back with a tractor. It was a second hand John Deere which had seen many years of service; in fact it should have been retired. The trial run was a disaster; it had hardly started moving when the motor made a strange noise and quit. Ewald was no mechanic but he soon discovered what was wrong; after examining the insides he found that the gears had sort of fallen out of place. With the help of a mechanic and some new parts, the old tractor was soon in use. Soon after, however, Ewald came home after a day's work covered with black splotches of oil. In order to get at the problem Ewald had to drain out the oil. The tub of oil was left in the barn yard for later use. However, it wasn't long until the farm animals found it and seemed to like the taste of it. They drank the oil to the last drop and didn't seem to be any the worse for their greediness — at least not until the next day, when it was a bit slippery in the barn and vicinity. The tractor continued to break down until all the worn out parts had been replaced with new.

A few years later they were able to purchase a new tractor. About this time the World War II was on and it was next to impossible to buy tractors. However Anita's brother Douglas, held a very important position in the J. I. Case Company, so through his influence, they were able to obtain a case tractor quite readily. It was a real jewel and served them well with absolutely no problems for the remaining years they spent on the homestead.

They enjoyed their life here, even if there were many hardships during the first few years. One of the happy events was the move into the new home that had been built on the homestead quarter. Although it was only a modest home, it seemed like a palace to them after spending a couple of years in the log cabin. They were very thankful, too, when Willis Yoder and family moved out to the Smoky Creek area. Through their efforts a church service was held every Sunday at the Otter Creek school at first and later at Smoky Creek. They also held vacational Bible school for the children every summer. It was

during this time that David, Joyce and Jean, accepted Jesus as their Saviour. Several years later Fred and Aubrey took their stand for Christ, too.

It was in these first years that they had experiences which really strengthened their faith in God. Their son Fred was born the day after Christmas when they were still living in the log cabin. The weather was very cold and the roads were badly drifted. The district nurse, who dwelt in Smith, was away on holidays. The doctor at Athabasca would not venture out on such roads; the only bright spot in this dark picture was that Anita's mother, who was a wet nurse was with them. When the twelve pound baby boy was born everything went fine at first, but soon complications set in. So Ewald set out with the horses and sleigh to get some help. Most of the neighbors turned out to help plow out the road, hopefully so that Anita could be taken a part of the way to the hospital in a car. As it happened this was not necessary. Eric's mother-in-law, who came to see if she could be of some help sized up the situation and realized that she had advice that might solve the problem. Some years before when she was in the hospital when her child was born, a patient in her room had the same trouble as Anita was having, and she was amazed when she saw things righted simply with the use of a hot water bottle. The hot water bottle was used on Anita and everything turned out right. Everyone considered it as more or less of a miracle, as the right person arrived at the right time with the necessary knowledge.

Another such occasion when their faith was tried, was when their daughter, Joyce, developed a very bad side ache; they suspected that it might be appendicitis. That night Anita prayed a special prayer to God. It was just a simple request for Him to give her a definite sign to let them know if Joyce's illness was serious. In the morning she expected a sign and she most definitely got it; when Joyce woke up she seemed to be better but as her mother was looking at her, her eyes rolled and she seemed delirious for a few seconds, then she seemed perfectly normal again. They had their answer. Ewald immediately got the horses and sleigh ready; they bundled up Joyce and set off for Smith. When Ewald couldn't find anyone with a car to take her to Athabasca to the hospital, he stopped at a gas station and asked one of the truckers who was travelling to Athabasca to take them along. In less than an hour after they got to the doctor's office, Joyce was on the operating table. It was an emergency operation as the appendix was just ready to burst.

There were some anxious times too. Ewald, while brushing with the grub hoe, cut his leg just above the ankle. He came home with his boot filled

with blood; the blood was spurting out with each heart beat so they knew that an artery had been cut. Since there were no phones it took some time to get word to his brother Eric, who had the only car in the district at that time. So the wound was bandaged up with a tourniquet and Eric took him to the nurse in Smith; she seared the wound, and the bleeding stopped. A day later his leg had swelled to about three times its original size, so he had to be taken to the nurse again. She told him that he had a blood clot, and that he should stay in bed with ice packs on his leg until the swelling went down; which took over a week.

After David and Joyce had both completed their grade nine in the little log school, their parents knew that they would have to make some changes in their way of life so that their children could get a high school education, if they so wished. David had already taken his grade ten in the Athabasca high school; staying in the Anglican hostel for boys. There was nothing Ewald liked as much as farming and he did have land with good soil. He grew mostly oats but had wonderful crops, as much as a hundred bushels to the acre. So he didn't look forward to a life in town, especially when he didn't know whether he would be able to find a suitable job.

Since they couldn't sell the farm immediately they were fortunate in getting a loan from Anita's brother, Douglas. This made it possible for them to put a down payment on a suitable house in Athabasca, so all was set for the great change in their lives.

They moved into this house in the summer of '52 just after Joyce had completed her grade nine. Anita was able to get a position in the Athabasca Elementary School that fall, but Ewald was unable to get a job until the next spring. The children were all placed in their proper classes and seemed to fit in fairly well.

The years in Athabasca were both busy and rewarding. Ewald got a job with the Government as a grader operator and kept this job until he retired in 1969. Anita also taught in the Elementary School for the same length of time. David finished his high school there and went on to complete four years of University for a degree of education; specializing in science. Joyce took a two year course in education for a secondary diploma in teaching. She got credit for another year through night school courses. Jean took three years training in the University of Alberta and became a graduate nurse.

Fred was in the navy for three years; then got work with Alcan. Since then he has taken short courses for three consecutive years to obtain his millwright certificate.

Aubrey was in a bad accident when he was eighteen years old, and has never been really well since.

In the years that followed, the children have married and have families. David married Helen Spila, an elementary school teacher. They have four children; Benjamin, James, Gergory and Barbi-Jo. They are all doing well in school and Ben is in third year university this year (1983-84). David is a teacher in the Athabasca High School. David and his family live in a lovely home on their farm on the outskirts of the town.

Joyce married a farmer, Eddie Semenchuk. They lived in a cozy home on their farm not too far from the school in Grassland. Joyce taught in this school for twenty years. They had two children, Jeffrey and Kerri-Lynn. In 1977 Eddie passed away with a brain hemorrhage; two years later, Joyce died of cancer. David and Helen took the children to live with them on the farm.

Jean married Sandy Alscher, a millwright. They have two children, Christopher and Kimberley and have a home in Surrey, B.C. Jean still does some part time nursing and Sandy is a millwright in the mill near Surrey.

Fred married Lil Harrison and they are living in their own home in Kitimat, B.C. They have a son, Dax and twin daughters, Zolynne and Carla. Fred works as a millwright in the Alcan plant and Lil is a cashier in a Super-Valu store in Kitimat.

Aubrey was married and has two sons, Devron and Donovan. He is in a wheel chair now because of multiple sclerosis and is a patient of the Extended Care unit of the Kelowna General Hospital at Cottonwood. He has been there for three years. His wife Rita, divorced him a year ago and is living in Regina with their two boys.

Ewald and Anita retired in the summer of '69 although they were not yet of retirement age. Ewald was hurt on the job and was on compensation for a year. Anita quit her job and they moved to Kelowna to the home they had purchased several years before their retirement.

In the spring of that year they had a very pleasant surprise; Anita's brother Douglas sent them a gift of a hundred shares of Zenith stock. This gift made it possible for them to buy a new Plymouth car which they used to drive to their new home.

They have really enjoyed their home in the lovely Okanagan Valley. They especially enjoy the fruit; Ewald is kept busy pruning and making props to support the branches so heavy with fruit on his two peach trees. He also has an apricot, a prune and a Yakima plum tree. He also keeps the yard looking like a park.

Ewald and Anita have done some travelling but

what they enjoy most of all is seeing the children and grand children every summer on their yearly visits here.

Ewald and Anita both enjoy good health and in their spare time do some volunteer work in the extended care units of the hospital. They enjoy going to church on Sunday and then having lunch with Aubrey in the hospital cafeteria.

They have had a long and busy life; there have been good times, there have been bad times, even what they considered tragedies at the time, but everything has worked out for good as the Lord has promised.

Roland and Laura Ellefson

by Laura Ellefson

Roland spent his early years at Duhamel, Alberta, moving to Radway with the family in 1935. He worked on the farm and helped in the mill at Bondiss and later at Lawrence Lake. He married Laura Devlin of Athabasca in 1945, and for the next four years attended the University of Alberta to obtain a degree in Electrical Engineering and managed the Planer mill at Lawrence Lake during the summer. Daughters Linda and Wendy were born during this time.

In 1949 we became more permanent members of the lumber camp as Roland (Slim) assumed more responsibility for the lumber business.

There were no other families in camp.

January 1951 we moved to a new location east of Otter Creek, across country by "cat train" and skid shack in -40° weather. Bundled up in ski pants and parkas, I (Laura), my mother, my brother aged eight, and daughters two and four, found that the only stable place during travel was on a mattress on the floor, as the building bumped and twisted over the rough terrain. Some heat was maintained in a nailed down air-tight heater. Short stops for meals were hectic. The cold and hungry five man crew ate enormous meals. Many items had been placed on the floor, and others found their way there during the first few miles of travel. The washing machine rolled half way across the floor before tipping over. The children thought it great fun.

Our home beside the millsite at Otter Creek, which was at the edge of the timber, was among small spruce and the growing sawdust pile became part of our girls' play-yard. Several families moved into camp later in the year.

Our family began attending the Mennonite Church at Smoky Creek and in the summer we took a car load of children to Smith for Summer Bible School.

Since it was approximately 18 miles to Smith, we formed our own school with the help of the



Wendy, Linda, Laura and Slim Ellefson.

Athabasca area superintendent, calling it the Timberland School. The nine students taking correspondence lessons at various grade levels were Mable Arnault, Gilbert and Doris Nadeau, Eddie Swan, Leonard and Ronald Crevier and Florence, Jo-Ann and Doreen Heroux. Helen Kuffa of Grosmont was hired to supervise and her friend Jean Mort, also of Grosmont, assisted in extra curricular activities when she was free from helping in the Ellefson household. The following year, Art Dixon, driving the school bus, took these students plus four others to the school in Smith. Linda and Wendy both began school under the very excellent teaching of Mrs. Cole.

In 1955, the planer and sawmill were moved to Calling Lake, where it operated until selling out to Federated Co-op 11 years later.

Our girls stayed at the Anglican Hostel while attending high school in Athabasca, then obtained degrees at the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

Linda married Brian Smith, has two children and lives in Edmonton.

Wendy married Gerry Martin, has four children and lives in Duchess.

Slim took some further training at the University of Alberta, after which we moved to the farm at Driftpile. He taught for the Northland School Division at Grouard for four years and the High Prairie School Division for nine years. Since 1979 he has been a math instructor at AVC Grouard.



Ellefson's first house in camp at Lawrence Lake site (summer, 1946).

Loy and Evelyn Hart Family

Loy was born in Westlock, and spent his first few years on a farm in Rossington district. Evelyn was born in Beverley and raised in Edmonton.

They were married on July 30, 1949, and lived in Edmonton where Loy earned a living as milkman, street car and transit bus driver and finally transport driver for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In the summer of 1966, they bought the former Arthur Dixon farm at Otter Creek. Many weekends were spent working the land that fall.

Loy came out to the farm to stay in October and went to work for Federated Co-op. On December 20, 1966, Evelyn, Lyle and their possessions were moved out. Mavis remained in Edmonton at her Grandmothers to continue her education. Cheryl was born two years later in Athabasca.

Loy's Dad, Fred Hart, lived in the small house on the farm until his death on January 1, 1975.



Loy, Lyle, Mavis, Cheryl and Evelyn Hart, Melvin and Brandy Cole.

Many new experiences occurred along the way: arriving one weekend to work the land and finding a bear lying dead in the yard; The garden freezing so early the first three years, we had no potatoes; having the propane jell in the tank in January, 1968, when the temperature dropped to 60° below zero; a midnight visit from a bear that stood on the back steps with front paws on the kitchen window; and having the pressure system quit in January so drinking water had to be hauled in cream cans and snow melted for washing.

The forest fire that swept through Otter Creek on May 22, 1968, was something that will never be forgotten and hopefully will never happen again.

The loss of our son-in-law, Clarence Overacker, when he drowned on July 2, 1970 in Otter Creek, just below the house, was a tragic experience. The road washed out at the culvert at 10:30 A.M. that morning after several days of rain.

Loy worked at Federated Co-op until taking over the Otter Creek school bus route in April 1970, from Vern Walterhouse. Loy now runs the High School bus to Athabasca.

Mavis is married to Melvin (Sandy) Cole and lives at Hondo. They have two children, Brandy and Melvin. Lyle and Cheryl live at home.

John and Mary James

by Mary F. James

John James was born in Lethbridge, Alberta on February 2, 1905. He grew up with his brother and sisters on a farm about seven miles from Lethbridge, on his dad's homestead.

I was born in St. Paul on November 4, 1910. My family moved from there when I was very young, so I don't remember anything about my stay there. When my mother died, we moved back to St. Albert for awhile. Then we moved to Slave Lake. I grew up and got my education there. The place was then known as Sawridge. We lived in the old town.

I married John in Lethbridge, on November 10, 1936 during the depression. John was not able to find work so we decided to move out and go homesteading. The location of our homestead was N.W. S 4-Twp 72-W4th M. in the Otter Creek district. Our homestead was located two miles from the Athabasca River and across the river from where Goodwins had their homestead. Two of our children were born here, Larry, on September 29, 1937 and Carol, on July 3, 1939. We have another son, Johnny, who was born April 12, 1948 in the Miseracordia Hospital in Edmonton. By that time, we were living in St. Albert.

Life on the homestead was not always easy. I guess we had our share of hardships, but we had good health and always had plenty of food. John had a trap-

line in the winter and did quite well with it. The men went hunting often, and we usually had moose and deer meat. Fish, that were plentiful in the creek and river, were so good right out of the water.

We were 15 miles from Smith, and that's where we did our shopping for groceries and got our mail. Our post office was called Mirror Landing. Anytime anyone went to town, they brought the mail out for everyone. We ordered our clothes and foot wear through the Eaton's and Simpson's catalogues, also our garden seeds. Our roads were just wagon trails and could be very treacherous when it rained. We bought most of our supplies in large quantities so we would not have to go to town too often. John sometimes walked the 15 miles to town and packed 50 or 60 pounds or more on his back, from Smith.

We had good neighbours who would always be ready to help if we needed them. We lived quite close to each other, and it was a very closely knit neighborhood.

The Nadeaus were there before any of us. Then there were the Savards; Clarence and Ruby Olson and their children, Irene, Arlene, Lillian and Don. There were Normal Jones known as "Happy", his wife, Lizzie, and their two girls, Frances and Norma; Mr. Jones, Happy's dad; Len Jones, who homesteaded next to Olson's; Dan McPherson had a cabin by a beautiful lake. I think he had about the nicest place of all, maybe not suitable for farming though.

We did not have a school at that time but Smoky Creek did, and that is where we had our picnics, dances and box socials. We also had lots of house parties. We really had some great times. We often think about those days and how well everyone got along together. John's brother, George, and Mary are buried in Lethbridge and Clayton in Calgary.

We had no church in our community, but the parish priest came out from Smith two or three times a year to say Mass, usually in Savard's house. On these trips we had our children baptized.

Our only medical service was our district nurse from Smith. She had a very big territory to cover, quite often by dog team in the winter.

We had a lot of amusing experiences. One such incident was when we went fishing with Anne and Les Bolen where the Otter Creek runs into the Athabasca River. We were all standing on the river bank fishing, when suddenly a big jackfish came after Anne's hook. She was so startled that she turned and ran up the river bank dragging her line behind her. The fish came right out of the water without even grabbing the hook, just landed on the shore and flip-flopped all over the place. After all the excitement had died down and Anne regained her composure she said, "Now see! That's how you catch a fish!"

I guess our lives would have been quite different if it had not been for World War II. John enlisted in the Royal Canadian Artillery Regiment in Calgary, and I moved with the children to St. Albert, where we still live.

Dennis Johnston Family by Mrs. Dorothy Johnston

Dennie was born at Good Hope, Alberta, which is east of Edmonton. He grew up on a farm, with one brother and two sisters, about six miles west of Elk Island Park. His father, Ernest Johnston, worked at the park. He told of walking home through the park at night. He worked with the buffalo and knew all about them.

I, Dorothy Carne (Johnston), was born in Edmonton and lived at Clover Bar near Edmonton. My father was a soldier during World War II in Holland and France and was wounded and was sent home. He worked in a coal mine at Clover Bar and we moved to a farm at Ardrossan where we children grew up. With four girls, one boy, pigs, horses and cows we were never rich but there was always enough and we had lots of happy times.

Dennie and I met at Ardrossan and on our first date we went to Elk Island Park. Dennie was also working at the park on the golf course. After we were married and Kathy was six months old, we bought part of my parents farm at Ardrossan. We started to buy calves which became part of the basic herd that we had for years. We had built a lovely three bedroom home on a hill overlooking a creek and had rich black land.



Kathy, Dale, Dwayne, and Mark Johnston, 1973.

In 1972 we left Ardrossan and came to the Henry Reason farm on the Otter Creek Road. Dennie had seen the farm when he had come up hunting with his mother's relatives, the Croswell families from Hondo.

We just fell in love with the area. Kathy our daughter was ten years old, Dale our oldest son was eight, Dwayne was five and Mark the youngest was two. One of his new words up here was cut-line. A cut-line was something new to us.

The little home on the farm was 14' x 30' and had no power or water but we all enjoyed it. A wood heater in the livingroom and a crackling fire in the kitchen kept us warm and there was good water in the well.

We brought with us our little herd, 12 head of cattle and three horses. We were proud of our Herefords and one Jersey. We let them out of the truck and they took off through a fence and around some trees. We were sure our cattle were lost in the big wilderness but they made a big circle and came up behind the old log barn. They took a look at it and it looked the same as one that we had at Ardrossan. They settled right down and started to eat the long grass that grew everywhere.

Our best piece of machinery was a Farmall Super M Tractor which we bought from Henry Reason. It faithfully served us for eleven years and is still going strong.

We found this area to be very beautiful with Otter Creek running through a deep ravine just across the road. About a mile away the Athabasca River makes a turn so it is west and north of our farm.

Large pine trees stood in the yard where we started to build our second new house. Dennie enjoyed building and planned and helped to build Smith Evangelical Church.

Our herd of cattle grew and we had cattle for 24 years until this fall of 1983 when we sold the last of our herd.

They have been good years and as a family we want to praise God for leading us here, looking after us each day and giving us a close and interesting family. Kathy finished school and is a secretary for Domtar Building Products in Edmonton. We enjoy her visits and her brothers always have lots of interesting things to tell her when she comes.

Dale enjoys horses and does very well with them. He worked for three years with Cliff Willis on Oil Field Maintenance, around Slave Lake. He was laid off and now works for Zeidlers Forest Industries at Mitsue near Slave Lake. I also grade lumber there. I formerly worked three years at Federated Co-op in Smith and now four years at Zeidlers at Slave Lake. I find the mill workers just a wonderful bunch of

people and we'll all miss Raymond McMillan who died September 1983. He told me many interesting stories of our area. He had hauled lumber along Otter Creek road that I take every day to work.

Dennie worked for many years at Broadmoor Golf Course, near Edmonton. Dwayne is in high school and works hard at his studies. He enjoys books and does lots of interesting things. Mark just enjoys everything and goes to school in Smith.

We had wonderful neighbors on all sides and the kids spent hours riding horses, playing hockey and fishing.

We have found life here very interesting and we look forward to reading everyone's story in this book.

The Leon Jones Family

Leon Jones came to Alberta in 1906 from Chicago. He was a painter and paper hanger by trade. He homesteaded in the Plain Field district north-east of Carmangay and worked in Lethbridge, Barwell and Carmangay districts at this trade until 1913. He was at Travers from 1913 to 1926 and at Lomand from 1926 to 1931.

The Jones family moved into Mirror Landing in 1931. Leon homesteaded N.E. 9-72-25-W4. Normal (Happy) homesteaded S.E. 9-72-25-W4. Albert homesteaded S.W. 8-72-25-W4. This was later taken over by Clarence Olsen. Leonard homesteaded S.E. 8-72-25-W4.



Albert and Lee Jones, 1945.

After they landed in Mirror Landing, Normal or Happy as most people knew him, met and married Elizabeth Roe in 1934. From this union, two girls, Frances and Norma, were born in Mirror Landing; and one boy, Marvin was born in Wide Water.

Lizzie recalls that one of the fun times was watching the rabbits eat the mash from Happy's homebrew. She often wondered if it affected the people the same as it did the rabbits. Times were hard and we picked



Millie and Lee Jones, 1930.

lots of berries. Lizzie, being a crack shot, kept wild meat and chickens on the table.

Happy, Lizzie and family moved to a logging camp outside of Smith for a few months where Lizzie's folks, Bill and Myrtle Roe, lived. At that time, it was a prisoner of war camp. One of the prisoners named Francis made the girls a lovely doll house and they had it for years. Happy hauled lumber from the mill to Smith across the ferry. Dan Macpherson was one of the fellows who ran the ferry and when they were lucky enough to go with Dad for a ride, Dan always had a plate full of beans or a slice of bread and jam for them.

Leon, Happy and family moved to Wide Water, in the Canyon Creek area, where they had a mink ranch and ran the Cafe in Canyon Creek. They left there in 1944 and moved to Darwell, Alberta where they farmed and Happy drove one of the first school buses in that area.

Leon Jones died in Cold Lake and was buried there on November 8, 1954.

Millie Jones died in the Athabasca Hospital and was buried in Smith in 1934.

Normal (Happy) Willard Jones died in Grande Prairie and was buried in Calgary, November 18, 1971.

Albert Jones died in Eckville in 1948 and was buried at Travers.

Leonard Jones now lives at Alix. He farmed there for ten years and is now retired in town.

Lizzie Jones, now Nielson, lives in Kelowna B.C.



Leonard, Lee, Elizabeth, Happy with Frances and Norma, 1941.



Dan Macpherson, Happy Jones, Frances and Norma.

Norma Jones married George Clarke and lives in Kelowna, B.C. George Clarke came from Cochrane, Alberta.

Frances Jones married Tony Huppe and lives in Stony Plain, Alberta.

Marvin Jones also lives in Kelowna, B.C.

Leonard Jones

In 1931 Fred Stamp, my brother-in-law, Ted Boyer, and myself Len Jones, left Travers to look for new land. We drove many miles but nothing seemed what we were looking for. Finally on the Moose Portage side, Fred and Ted found land they wanted. My

uncle, Lee Jones; his sons Normal, Fred, Earl and Dan MacPherson, all from Travers, came to the area. They looked on the south side of the river and found land for themselves on the Otter Creek. My dad, Albert, had come up with us. He went over to visit his brother and friends, and with Shorty Nadeau's help was shown a half section next to Normal's homestead. My dad filed on one and I had to cancel the entry on the other. I received word to file next year and did so. I filed on N.E. T72-R25-W4th. Dad (Albert) had filed on S.E. 8-T72-R25-W4th. Later refiled by Clarence Olson.



Leonard Jones and Wilma Roe.

Normal filed on N.E. 9-T72-R25-W4.

Lee filed on N.W. 9-T72-R25-W4.

Dan MacPherson filed on the quarter just east of Mr. Nadeau's. I proved up on mine in 1941 and sold it in 1942 to a fellow from Peace River who came down to work on the bridge at Smith. There was no work around Smith so I used to go south for the winter to mine coal. I did that for ten years.

I was married in 1941 and my wife didn't like the bush land. Having been raised on the prairie, she felt hemmed in. I bought some land in the Vulcan District then sold out and came to Alix where I've been since. I bought a section here and farmed it for ten years, then sold it and now live in town.

I had quite a lot of good times at Smith and met a

lot of nice people. The wife and I have two children, a boy and a girl. Lloyd our son works for the Calgary School Board.

Leone, our daughter was a nurse and now does administration work in that field. She is married and has two girls now 13 and 15 years old.

All in all it has not been a bad life.

Harlan and Blue Light by Harlan and Blue Light

1976 was a year of major change for us. We were married then, in Harlan's home town of West Union, Iowa, and that was also the year that we pulled up stakes to come to Canada. Our first year and a half we spent in Mayerthorpe, Alberta, where Harlan worked as the high school music teacher.

Part of our dream in coming to Canada, was to find a place which had natural beauty and a quiet environment conducive to a simple living style, and yet have the potential to provide for us — both economically and spiritually. That dream has its roots back many years. It's partly what prompted Harlan to give up his position, as a band director, in the suburbs of Chicago, and what prompted Blue to leave her home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in search of a better life. Back to Mayerthorpe, many weekends found us camped along the roadside as we drove all over northern Alberta and parts of B.C. searching for just the right place.



Blue, Jonai David, Leah Anne, and Harlan Light, October, 1981.

We were impressed with Smith from the first time we passed through, and in April of 1977 we bought our quarter here, at the end of Otter Creek Road, from Paul Hawryluk. At that time, we also had a dollar down on a quarter section on Queen Charlotte Island, but decided in favor of Smith. The old log

house built by Leonard Rempel in 1956 was still standing, and we had fun getting it liveable again. In those days, the road in was not what it is now, and we had to pack everything in through the mud. The house, minus doors and windows, had become the home of several birds and a porcupine, with evidence of quite a few other wild creatures having passed through. The porcupine, by the way, met his end when the kitchen table fell on him! Urban Foster, an oldtimer we had the privilege to know, used to tell us stories of his adventures as a trapper back in these parts, where he often found shelter in the old log house. We drove from Mayerthorpe to Smith on the weekends to work on the house, often staying with David, Annie, and Hilding Donaldson, who were a real encouragement to us. A year later, in April of 1978, we moved to Smith and now call it our home.

We began market gardening in 1979 and 1980 on a small scale. We gained more knowledge than income in those years. Then for a time, Harlan worked as a laborer at Alberta Stake and Lath, and we resumed market gardening in 1983. It's true, there are probably easier ways to make a living, but we find it enjoyable to provide good, clean food for people, free from harmful chemicals. For now, **ORGANIC FARM** seems to be the thing for us.



The Light's house with pump in foreground.

We had our personal lives enriched with the birth of Leah in December of 1979 and Jonai in October of 1981. We like having little tater diggers out in the garden!

Somewhere along the way we grew in the knowledge of Christ, and seeing that the way of Christ is the only way with hope, we made the decision to become Christians. In 1982 we became members of Bethany Mennonite Church.

Although, in our way of thinking, the winds of change have sounded an alarm, we still enjoy the beauty of our environment and the simplicity of life that is an enrichment to us here at Smith.

Peter Kiesow

Paul Stark sponsored me to come to Canada, and helped me to get on my feet in Smith in May, 1952.

I worked for Stelter's planer mill the first summer and fall, then I started working for Slim Ellefson in the bush beyond Otter Creek.

Because of my German heritage I became friends with the Eric Elgert family who took me in as an extra son.

I became associated with the Mennonite Church. Through the kindness of many folks and the coaxing of my friend Willis Yoder and others, I became a Christian, which changed my life profoundly for the better.

I would like to thank all the folks of Smith and area, who touched my life with kindness, and for letting me live in their midst as an immigrant. I learned to love Canada as my country, because you taught me with your every day lives. I proudly remain a Canadian citizen, even after living 20 years in the United States. I will cherish the memories in Smith, Athabasca and Calling Lake for as long as I live.

Dan McPherson

by Ray McPherson

Dan McPherson was born on May 8, 1886 in Cape North, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. He came to Smith in 1930 and homesteaded in the Otter Creek area. He ran the ferry on the Athabasca River for a time.



Dan MacPherson and Alec McDonald (Ferry Operators).

He died in Lethbridge in 1950 as the result of injuries sustained in a vehicle accident.

He had one son, Ray.

Alex Nadeau

as told to Oliver Olson

by Clarence Swan and Lawrence Adams

Alex Nadeau came to Canada from Butte, Montana, U.S.A. in the early 1900's. It is believed he came to the Grosmont district west of Athabasca. He was known to have quite a herd of cattle at one time when he lived there. He later moved to the Otter Creek district and lived there until he died 1942 or 1943.



Solomon, Leo, and George Nadeau.

Alex was an honest and well liked man, was generous to all. When Bert Olson came to Moose Portage in November of 1930, Alex Nadeau gave him a load of hay for his livestock.

He had a beautiful team of black dogs; the leader had a white collar. He always had them decorated with tassels and bells. Alex was very proud of them and would never let the boys have them.

Alex was a good hunter. When he killed one or two moose (before hunting regulations) they would move to the kill, cure the meat, and tan the hides. Mrs. Nadeau would make moccasins which she sold for 60 cents a pair.

In 1936 or 37, Alex, his wife, daughter Mary, two sons, Leo and Solomon and Burger Lundquist drove to the Calgary Stampede with team and wagon.

They raised nine children of which only two are living in 1984. George is at Calling Lake and Mary in Edmonton.

It is believed that Mrs. Nadeau's maiden name was St. Paul and that the town of St. Paul is named after her father.

Mrs. Nadeau raised Rosie Nadeau, who was a daughter of Mary's, before Mary was married. She



Leo Nadeau.

also raised Pete's boys. Most of the time she had Wilfred, George's son and Mary's children (two girls and a boy).

Clarence and Ruby Olson 1930-1955 by Irene (Olson) O'Neil

It was early summer in 1930 that my father and mother, Clarence and Ruby Olson, my Uncle Lee and Aunt Pauline Lichtenberger, and we three Olson girls, Irene age 8, Lillian age 6 and Arlene not yet 4, piled into Uncle Lee's Studebaker Sedan and pulled out of the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota and started on our journey to Canada. We were heading for the Peace River country. Dad had talked to Mr. Haddelund, the immigration officer in Minneapolis and he spoke glowingly of this beautiful farm land in the valley of the Mighty Peace, as he himself had a homestead at Valhalla, Alberta.

Dad had been working at Ford Motors Assembly Plant and was earning five dollars a day which was good wages at that time but he knew the hard times were not too far off. He was anxious to get out of the



Arlene, Clarence, Ruby, Donald, Irene and Lillian Olson.

city and into the New Frontier where a good living could be had off the land for anyone with the ambition and fortitude to work for it.

We had loaded all of our worldly possessions, including Mother's precious piano, into an immigration car which was destined to Hythe, Alberta. Hythe was the end of steel at that time. The trip took five days through to Edmonton as our vehicle was loaded to its limit with four adults, three kids and all of our clothes and camping gear. We stopped in Edmonton for a few days to shop, rest up and prepare for further travel into the unknown. Dad bought himself a 30-30 rifle and shells from Uncle Bens, a trapper supply store. He did not fully realize at that time how much that rifle would mean to him in the months and years ahead, as it was this same rifle that provided most of the food for our table.

So we left Edmonton, it was raining and little did we know the condition of the roads ahead of us. The fifty miles between Athabasca and Smith or Mirror Landing as it was known then, was in terrible shape with long stretches of corduroy and deeply rutted places where it was extremely slow business getting through. I remember how narrow the road became, almost like a trail with the wet branches of the trees forming an archway over us as we struggled ahead. We crossed the Athabasca River at Smith on the ferry. The ferryman at that time was a big burly fellow named John Miskow. His living quarters was a little shack beside the river and near the ferry.

We got as far as the town of Slave Lake on August 11, 1930, and there the torrential rains and extremely rough and muddy roads brought us to a halt. In Slave Lake Dad met a very special man named Charles Schurter, who befriended us and lent us some lumber to set our tent on to keep us up out of the water. Later he let us move into a cabin by the lake. While we were there Dad got to talking to a local resident by the name of Grant Knapp and in a short time Mr. Knapp persuaded Dad to consider taking up a homestead in this area rather than going to Hythe. At this time Dad also became acquainted with Bill Petrovich. Bill and Grant took Dad back with them to the Moose River community, and after some hours of tramping in and through the bush, Dad finally chose to file on the quarter of land that had been Bill Petrovich's soldier grant that he had given up. It was situated on the Slave River near the old site of Saulteux Landing. We lived in a tiny trappers cabin that first summer. My parents and uncle and aunt must have really worked because by the time the frost and snow came, they each had warm log houses, and barns for their cows. Dad found an abandoned river boat partly submerged in the Slave River and salvaged enough lumber from it to put a floor in our house. We lived at this place for

seven years. We always grew a good garden and picked lots of berries but the trees and bush were too dense to be cleared and broke so we never grew any crops. We put up wild hay to feed what stock we had.

Around this time Dad met a red whiskered, blue eye Swede by the name of John Johnson and they became good friends. On October 3, 1933, they formed a trapping partnership and laid out the best trapline in the country. It extended from the Slave River north into the Marten Mountain range. They built several trappers' cabins and each had a well trained dog team with toboggans, snow shoes and all the best equipment used by trappers in those days. They caught many beautiful furs, the silver and cross fox being the most prized and sought after pelts. Dad caught eight silver foxes in his trapping career. Dad and John had many experiences on the trails and the stories they could tell would make a book. It was Dad's skill as a trapper that provided our livelihood and kept the "wolf from the door".

On January 7, 1934, my brother Donald joined our family. The night he was born it was 60 degrees below. Verbena Mutch came to attend his birth and as the eldest girl in the family, I was allowed to be present to help her. Fortunately there were no complications as doctors, nurses and hospitals were too far away.

In 1936 Dad had taken the ferryman, Dan McPherson, to his home which was in what is now known as the Otter Creek district. Dan told Dad of the excellent rock-free, rich, fertile farmland of that valley along the Athabasca River. In the spring, after the snow had gone, Dad went back and dug holes all over, examined the land, was favorably impressed and made the decision to move. Maybe now his dreams of a productive farm could be fulfilled. He and mother made a trip to Athabasca to file on the quarter that had been Al Jones' place. Al had given it up so it was available, my mother filed on that homestead.

About this time in 1937 (which was the year of the Coronation of George VI) Uncle Lee and Aunt Pauline packed up and moved back to the States, leaving behind a perfectly good log house. As we would need a new house at Otter Creek, it was decided to dismantle Uncle Lee's house, mark the logs to be reassembled later, and moved. It was put together like a raft, tied securely and loaded with our belongings. It was launched at Saulteux Landing and taken down the Slave River to join the Athabasca River and on down to the mouth of the Otter Creek where it was docked and brought up to the new farm site. Incidentally, this is how all of our stuff was moved except the livestock and wagons. These, mother, Lillian, Arlene and Don took, along the

highway, across the ferry, through Smith and on down to Otter Creek. Dad and I went down the rivers with another raft load including the piano. This proved to be the best way to move it as it was a smooth ride for the piano, although we had many rough rapids and had to carefully navigate through much swift, white water. We experienced quite a few suspenseful moments but finally we reached the wide peaceful currents of the Athabasca and got our precious cargo safely to shore.

That first summer was spent in putting up the house, also a barn was built for the cows and horses. Some land was broken, too, and we were finally into the farming business. The following spring, Dad, John and some of the men in the district took time from their busy schedule and built the Otter Creek School. That school, like all schools of that era, was not only the seat of education but was a focal spot for all community affairs. Church was held there on Sunday morning, many dances and socials, also Christmas concerts and 1st of July picnics, were held at the school.

In the nineteen years that my parents lived at Otter Creek there were many incidents and happenings too numerous to give time for in this account, but I would like to share just a few brief highlights that seem to stand out in my memory. My Dad built himself a shingle mill from pieces and scraps that he had salvaged from here and there, and he was able to saw perfectly good shingles with it. The school was shingled with Dad's shingles, also our house after the roof had been destroyed by fire. We also sawed our own firewood. As I recall, people were often judged as lazy or ambitious by the size of their wood piles. Well, I can say without meaning to boast that we always had a big wood pile in the back yard. Mother raised White Leghorn hens and made a business of selling eggs. In the summers we picked a lot of berries, and raised a big garden which made a lot of work, picking, cleaning, canning and preserving.

Every fall, threshing time was a big event, the culmination of the summer's labor. When the threshing machine pulled into a farmer's yard, the women-folk of that household were already busy preparing huge, delicious thresher's meals. It was a very busy time and an occasion to be truly thankful, when one was able to get their crops threshed and not be held up by rain or machinery breakdown, which was often the case. The Olson farm had the first threshing done in that district by Bill Holden's threshing outfit. In the following years many bumper crops yielded thousands of bushels of grain. There were bad years too when there was not enough rain or bad hailstorms hit and destroyed the crops.

Some things of those days we can be very glad are

in the past, like the many sleepless nights we spent on account of those horribly nasty little creatures called bed bugs. The discovery of D.D.T. brought a blissful relief to the misery they caused.

Our house was a large two story structure and probably because we could not afford materials for partitions, the downstairs was one large room and made an ideal dance hall. We had the piano permanently set in one end of our big room and mother was a wonderful piano player. A dance band was no problem for with the help of some kids and neighbours who played accordeon, guitar and mouth organ, and Oliver Olson with his violin we had plenty of music. With a wash boiler of coffee on the stove and a huge pan of sandwiches on the table, we could dance all night 'til it was time to do the chores in the morning. And often that's just what we did.

We were all a little musically inclined, but Don showed a remarkable talent at a very tender age and by the time he had reached his teens, he was picking the guitar and playing the fiddle at dances and community affairs all around the country. He joined George Sauer and his Northern Ramblers from Athabasca and stayed in George's home for some time. He worked at the Creamery during the day and played music on many nights at different halls and schools in the Athabasca area. Later he hitchhiked to Montreal and worked in some of the clubs there where he met Elaine (lead vocalist), married her and finally moved to her native Prince Edward Island, where they live to this day with their two daughters, Tracy and Melanie. The family is still actively involved in music.

During the early war years, I, Irene, married Bill O'Neil, who was serving his country in the Signal Corps. We had two daughters, Carole and Sandra. After the war we divorced and I married Stan O'Neil and lived at Smith for a short time, then moved to McLennan. We had two girls and two boys — Sharon, Stanley Jr., David and Gail. Later we moved to Pine Point, N.W.T., and lived there for almost fifteen years. Stan passed away in October, 1976. In 1978, I moved to Athabasca.

Lillian met and married Leonard Rempel, who worked for the Stelter Lumber Co. They also took a farm in the Otter Creek district. Their family included Frances, Audrey, Lee, Ken and Dell. Lillian and Leonard are presently living near Burns Lake, B.C.

Arlene went to work at the Faust Hotel in Faust and that's where she met and married George Smith. They lived at Smith for awhile and then moved to Nanton and lived there until they moved to the States. They have four boys and three girls — Garry, Gordon, Dennis and Kenneth, Margaret, Cindy and

Glenda. Arlene and George presently live in Spokane, Washington.

In the winter of 1953 Dad was working for Ellefson Logging Co. Just before Christmas on December 15th, a load of logs accidentally came loose and fell on Dad. He suffered many broken bones and was badly smashed up. He spent the rest of the winter in Edmonton in hospital and in therapy.

The farm was sold October 16, 1955, to Amos Roth and my parents, Clarence and Ruby Olson, left the Smith district and Otter Creek and moved to Athabasca where they live now.

Recently some of us had the opportunity to meet and talk over old bye gone Smith days on the occasion of Bill and Della Rempel's 40th Wedding Anniversary. It was a joyous, heart warming time of reunion. We have many memories of our years in the Smith district and dear to our hearts are the wonderful friends and people that we knew there and left behind.

John H. Reason by Ethel Reason

The John H. Reason family landed at Smith station one very cold night in November of 1935, and when I say cold I mean cold — the coldest we had ever experienced. We left the Vauxhall district of southern Alberta to make our fortune in the north country, or so we thought. Grandpa Reason had been here for two or three years and wanted us to try our luck, so after giving it some thought we decided to come and give it a try. After all, we decided it couldn't be any worse than the luck we had been having. So after a very tiring trip on the bumpiest train ever, we arrived bag and baggage, tired and homesick.



Grandpa Reason and friends.

One of Grandpa's nearest neighbours was there to meet us with a team and sleigh. Our four excited kids had the time of their lives, their very first sleigh ride and thought it was great. Then there was grandma, Henry and myself. Grandpa had lunch and coffee ready for us when we got to the farm and we really enjoyed it.

The log cabin that was to be our home for the next five or six years was not very large by any means, but with a little re-arranging we managed quite well and the winter passed slowly and quietly. I hated it and I still hate winter. Spring came at last and by this time we had met all of the closest neighbors. They were all wonderful people and everyone pitched in to help.

Soon it was time to plant the garden, our first one in the north. It came up and was doing really great, but we had beginners luck and on June 6th it froze black. Almost in tears we reseeded and this time we had a beautiful garden. We had vegetables to can and store for the next winter.

We were heart broken later in June when Grandpa was taken ill. He was in hospital in Athabasca, where he passed away in July 1936. He is buried in the Smith Cemetery beside the old Catholic Church. We were very sorry to lose him. Grandma Reason passed away, December 3rd, 1941 and is buried in Smokey Creek Cemetery.



Grandma Reason (1938) taken at King's Farm.



Shirley, Laverne, Bob, Maxine Reason.

We were grateful for all the wonderful people we had met during the winter months. We were new to all of the ways of the country and we certainly did appreciate their help.

The huge wood piles looked pretty good to us after having to haul coal for thirty miles or so on the prairies. Then when summer came there was all of those wonderful berries to pick. I still remember those berry picking days, when lunch time came we all gathered at a cool shady spring and had a picnic and welcome rest. They were fun days.



Henry-Ethel Reason Great-Grandparents, Shirley Olson Grandma, Beverley and Sherri, 4 Generations.

And so the years have gone by, the kids are all grown, married and have families of their own and still live in the north. Shirley married Floyd Olsen, they have six children, all married now and they have seven grandchildren and all live in Edson, Alberta.

La Verne married Albert Schmidt, they have two children both married. They live in Westlock. Sharon lives in Westlock and Lorne at Prince Albert.

Bob married Ruby Young, they have six children all living in Alberta.

Maxine married Mike Youney; they have two children, Laurie who lives in Sylvan Lake, Alberta, and a son Robert who is still in high school. They live in Athabasca.

We have 16 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren, all living in Alberta.

After 48 years of ups and downs in this country I don't think any of us would ever go back to the prairies to live. Smith has been good to us over the years and is home to all of us including me.

Lyle and Joyce Roth — History

by Joyce Roth

We have lived in the Otter Creek community since the time of our marriage in August of 1958, on the farm which we bought from Sterling Roth the following year. It consisted of three quarter sections north of the Otter Creek; N.E.5-72-25-W4th (formerly owned by C.B. Olson), N.W.4-72-25-W4th, and S.W.9-72-25-W4th (the home place and formerly owned by Ewald Elgert). We are still living in the house they built in 1941 and using what was formerly the Otter Creek school house for our barn. In 1973 we purchased, from James Earl, an adjoining quarter plus a fraction which border the Athabasca River; S.E.8 and Pt. N½ 8-72-25-W4th.



Back row: Dwight, Virgil, Martin. Front row: Lyle and Joyce Roth.

Lyle was born in Nebraska in 1930, the fifth of twelve children. He grew up there in a farm family during the time when tractors were replacing horses as a source of farm power. When his parents moved to Oregon, he and one of his brothers carried on farming until at the age of 23 he followed his parents to Oregon. He came to the Smith area in 1955. For the first three years he worked as a farm laborer for Sterling Roth or as a carpenter (one summer in Edmonton) in the summer months and, in the winter, at Ellefson's lumber mill at Calling Lake. Soon after coming, in 1955, he bought what was known as the Bolen place on the Otter Creek, S.W.4-72-25-W4th. At that time one had to be a taxpayer to be eligible for hospitalization benefits. In 1962 he sold it to Art Dixon.

Joyce, daughter of Willis and Florence Yoder, was born at Didsbury, Alberta in 1937, the second of three children. At the age of nine she moved with her parents and two brothers to a farm near Smith. She grew up there in the home of a minister who was also a farmer. She attended school at Smoky Creek until its closing and completed her high school in Smith. She took grade 12 by correspondence at that school, along with two other students, Norma Elgert and Wayne Cole, instead of boarding in Athabasca to receive classroom instruction offered there. After one year at the University of Alberta, Edmonton, she taught school for one year at Elscott preceeding marriage.

Three sons were born into our family: Martin during the middle of - 40 to - 60 degrees F. weather in December of 1961, Virgil in better weather in June of 1964, and Dwight during the heat of the forest fires which blackened the Otter Creek landscape in May of 1968. They all received their elementary and junior high schooling in Smith. Martin and Virgil completed their high school education in Athabasca and Dwight, as of the fall of 1983, is in grade ten at the same school. Since the fall of 1979 Martin has been living in Westlock and working for Tire Town in their tire shop. Virgil has been employed as a farm or sawmill laborer since graduating from high school and has been living at home or close by, depending on the location of his job.

Our livelihood during these 25 years has come from the mixed farming operation carried out on our farm; that being the raising of cattle, hogs, hay, grain, and during the first years, a small dairy herd. It was not always easy to make ends meet without supplementary income, but for us, it has proved to be possible. For others it was not. We can remember one winter when Lyle was the only man in the Otter Creek district. The rest were away working, mostly in sawmills.

Over the years we have been involved in the work of the Bethany Mennonite Church of which we are members, serving in a variety of positions including Sunday School and Vacation Bible School teachers, treasurer, and secretary. Joyce is president of the local W.M.S.C. (Women's Missionary and Service Commission) the women's organization of the Mennonite Church. Her interest in that was originally kindled in her girlhood years when the young girls were occasionally allowed to miss school to attend the monthly work days. We have also given some time to various community organizations and clubs: Home and School Association, the Agricultural Society, Junior Forest Wardens (for Martin and Virgil), Traildusters Horse Club (for Virgil and Dwight). Lyle serves on the Municipal Planning Commission and the Smith R.E.A.L. board. He once helped to organize the Smith and District Credit Union serving as chairman of the board. When after several months no one could be found to continue as treasurer or secretary and he ended up holding all the books, he turned it all over to the government, who closed it down and paid out the members.

We have seen changes in the Otter Creek community. We remember when in the spring or in rainy weather the roads were nearly, if not altogether, impassable except in the "Sand Hills." We saw the coming of electricity to Otter Creek in November of 1961 (we and Art Dixons were the first hook-ups) and the telephone in 1966. In July of 1970 we saw the Otter Creek swell to the point where it overflowed and washed out a section of the road leaving us and our neighbors temporarily stranded and resulting in the tragic drowning of Clarence "Sonny" Overacker. In 1982 we saw the removal of an old landmark — the C. B. Olson house located on our one quarter. It had been sold to Bill Freed of Edmonton who dismantled it, moved the logs and rebuilt it on his own land in the Smoky Creek district.

The fires which raged around the community in the spring of 1968 were a very real threat to homes and property. Joyce, who was in the hospital at the time with baby Dwight, couldn't help being very uneasy when she phoned home and Evelyn Hart (on the same party line) answered and told her Lyle was out fighting fire. The school bus was not allowed to take the children home for a day or two. Some of the women packed up loads of things and went with them to the middle of cultivated fields. Lyle said, "I couldn't figure out what to take and what to leave," so he settled with staying home to watch the buildings, having wet sacks and pails of water handy to extinguish any falling sparks. When sparks had been seen to jump the river the fire fighting seemed almost useless although Forestry crews and equipment

worked at it. Welcome rains finally extinguished the blaze.

Changes to the face of the land and building are noteworthy but of greater significance are the changes which occur because of the coming and going of the people. Most of the very early settlers, those who first opened up the land in Otter Creek, were gone before our time. We saw the last of them leave. Now we ourselves, who are of more recent times, are among the "oldtimers" here by reason of having lived here longer than any of our neighbors. So, though the community in terms of land may be reaching maturity, the community in terms of people, now in 1983, is really very young.

Sterling Roth Family **by Priscilla Roth**

In 1954 my husband Sterling and I became interested in the vast northland by reading an article in one of our church's family magazines. We had been married in 1949, had three small children and were farmers in the beautiful Willamette Valley, near Albany, Arkansas. Because of being impressed by the article and pictures, we thought perhaps we could be useful in becoming part of a small mission Sunday school. So in May of 1954, Sterling and I, with my sister and her husband, took a trip up north. We made arrangements for C. J. Ramer and his wife Ethel of Duchess, Alberta to accompany us to the Peace River section, visiting the various Mennonite Missions along the way. We had a very enjoyable trip, going as far as Blue Sky.

After arriving home and giving much thought and prayer to God for His guidance and direction, we decided to move to Smith. Willis Yoder, pastor of Bethany Mennonite Church, located a farm that was for sale in the Otter Creek area, owned at that time by Ewald Elgert. In January, 1955 we began disposing of our electrical appliances and packing our household goods. Friends and family helped us pack our farming equipment, furniture, etc. into a Canadian boxcar. After bidding our families good-bye, our car loaded with our young family, some precious home canned foods, clothes and a teenage friend Dick Ropp, we left on February 1 for our new home in Canada. As I look back now, I marvel at the courage (or whatever) of doing such a thing in the middle of winter. In Oregon, the weather is rather spring-like, but we didn't realize that winter can be very harsh even in February and March in Alberta. But we had God with us and His protection all the way. We stopped in Edmonton and outfitted everyone with boots, mitts, parkas and toques, our first experience with these. When we arrived at Smith, we were warmly welcomed by Willis and Florence Yoder and



Sterling and Priscilla Roth, 1982.

their children, Ed and Joyce. To our very surprise, they told us our house wasn't vacant yet, so they accepted us as part of their family until we could move out to Otter Creek. Imagine — a family of six being added to your household. What kindness and love was shown us and such forbearance! I'm sure they will never know how much their love and sacrifice meant to us. This love was shown many times through the three and a half years that we were part of the Smith-Otter Creek community.

Because of differences in weather, soil, lack of electricity and vicious insects, we experienced some difficult times. But the pioneering was good for us and so were the crop failures, hail storms, etc. Hardships help us become a stronger and better person, if we allow them to. I think of those three and a half years as years of refining — helping us to become more sensitive to other people's needs, more understanding, humble and loving. We wouldn't want to trade those difficult experiences for anything, neither would we want to go through them again!

Many times my washing machine failed to cooperate on wash day. Seems the engine would spit and splash and finally quit whenever my husband went to the back forty or to town. How frustrating — all that good hot sudsy water cooling off. Talk about running water — we had it even in those days. We ran down the hill to pump the water by hand and ran back up the hill! One of the first modern inventions my husband installed was a hand pump. What an improvement over a rope and pulley. Wash day was a big day. If it wasn't raining, the clothes were hung outside on the clothes line that had pulleys on it at the ends. This was my first experience at standing in one spot to hang up the clothes. What a step forward. If the

weather was too cold to stand outside for long, we threw the clothes over the line. I remember one time I had about four to six layers of diapers across the line. My teenage sister, Arvilla Schlabach, who lived with us for about nine months asked, "I wonder what would happen if I shot a B.B. gun at them?" She tried and the B.B.'s went through every layer of diaper. The holes remained to be a reminder of her curiosity! When hanging up clothes, I often was engulfed with homesickness, also when the tea kettle sang at night or the wind howled around the corner of the house. It seemed I was near the North Pole and my family so far down under. My world seemed rather small here, and there were times of real confinement, such as spring breakup, a spell of extreme cold, a new baby or sickness. One didn't go to town whenever there was a special or just for something to do. There wasn't a phone so Sterling and Aaron Showalter, our neighbor across the field, decided to order a phone through an ad in the Saskatchewan paper. What a blessing it proved to be. (We have it mounted on our wall as a souvenir.)

Cooking on a wood stove was another of my new experiences. It was quite an art learning how much wood to put in, and when to bake those cookies just right or to bake the bread till it's crust was perfect and the bread done inside. Baking bread and churning butter were new experiences that we all enjoyed! What makes the house smell better than bread baking?

In the days of winter our walk-in freezer was so convenient! Just step into the porch — or even the spare bedroom. We experienced several flue fires while there. Quite a scarey event knowing that you didn't have a fire hose or that the fire department was 15 miles away. An experience of a fire at the supper table one evening reminded us all how vulnerable we were. Sterling couldn't figure out why the gas lantern wasn't responding to pumping and without thinking, he opened the lid for filling. In that instant, the front of his overalls were in flames, plus flames creeping on the kitchen floor. Because of his closing the lid, his hand received some deep burns. Lyle Roth (our hired man and cousin from Oregon) took the flaming lantern by the handle and tossed it outside. Flames soon subsided and no damage was done other than Sterlings burns and some slight burns on several of us.

Some Sunday afternoons, we'd take a hike down to the river — we lived not far from the mighty Athabasca. When friends and family came from the States to see us, we'd take them fishing to some of the lakes or drive them back to see the Lee Richter place. One time when we were back there, our children had their first experience with an echo. We had alot of fun



Bruce, Melody, Allen, Gaye, Wayne, JoAnne and Loyal Roth.

“bouncing” our voices back and forth and “talking to those people” on the other side of the river and hill. Something that intrigued us all was a child’s grave under some trees, with a white iron bed frame around it. Weeds were grown up around it and our hearts went out to the family who had to part with their precious child. Everytime we went there, we felt sad because the grave seemed so alone.

One Christmas, I had the privilege of going Christmas carolling at Moose Portage. What a wonderful experience. The moon was shining, the air was crisp and cold, and the snow, crunching and squeaking under our feet. And more wonderful yet, because of the Christmas message of love we were sharing. Remember how good it was to be invited in for something hot to chase the chills?

Soon after our locating at Otter Creek, I had a rather scarey experience but it turned out to be funny. I was the only one up finishing some letters to our parents when suddenly I heard this thundering noise off in the distance. As I listened, it came nearer and then I discovered it to be hooves, horses hooves and soon they were galloping past the house and on down the hill. I got the big flashlight and shone it down by the well and all I could see were eyes! Frightened, they ran part way up the hill and stopped at the machine shed. I then shone the light there and they took off, running out to the road and down toward Showalters — stopping at the end of the road. I ran to the crest of the hill, shone the light on them again, flashing the light in big circles, until they turned around and thundered down the road toward Otter Creek. Later, I was telling our neighbors, C. B. and Ruby Olson, and they laughingly said they were awakened also. C. B. said “It sounds like those horses and they are running as if they have the fear of the Lord in them.” After that, Sterling made a cattle guard at the end of our lane.

An important addition to our farm was a collie dog, Lassie. We sent for her from Saskatchewan when she was just a fluffy, roly, poly puppy. She

became such a good watch dog, kept coyotes away from the cattle and poultry, and would go out and bring the cattle home with just a few words from us. One day, after hearing a commotion, we looked out the window and here she and our big tom turkey were having a wrestling match by the back porch. Lassie was standing on her hind feet and finally flipped old tom over on the ground. We laughed so; the turkey finally got his bearings and walked off in a huff, his feathers all dusty and bedraggled! One time, after I had gone to the pump house for a bucket of water, I was dismayed to find tom blocking the doorway of the pumphouse. Knowing I didn’t have a chance, I called Lassie and she took him away in a hurry and I ran up the hill while the going was good!

Some improvements we made on the farm were moving the vacant Otter Creek school house to our property for a barn; making corral fences with poles; building a pump house and planting some evergreen trees for beauty and windbreak. Also a building from a lumber camp was moved near the house for our wash house and a spare bedroom. “Papering” the inside of the out house with corrugated boxes we had used for moving was necessary because one day Grandpa Roth had an embarrassing experience. A little voice said, “Grandpa, can you see me?” Grandpa jumped at the voice behind him and replied, “No”. Then his little granddaughter said, in sweet innocence, “I can see you”. We all had a good laugh including Grandpa, and Grandma declared we ought to paper the inside to make it peep-proof, as well as warmer in the winter.

During the middle of the night on February 21, 1956, Sterling drove the tractor down to see if Mr. Dixon could take us to the Athabasca hospital for the birth of our fourth child. The temperature was 0° Fahrenheit and the snow was drifting. Our car was at Buddy Junk’s for repairs and was to be ready the next morning. But baby wouldn’t wait. We had only gone five miles and I realized we’d never make it to Athabasca, so when we got to the highway, we chose to go to the nurse’s station at Smith. Fifteen minutes later, my winter coat and boots still on, Miss Janet Gavigan delivered us a baby girl, Gaye Alberta. In several hours, we all went home. Why go to Athabasca when the nurse said she would check on us every day for a few days and the charge was only \$8.00. Plus, the government gave us \$40.00 since we didn’t use the hospital. Sterling said I made wages that night. If we’d have had our car, no doubt our baby would’ve made her appearance somewhere on that lonely stretch.

On August 28, 1957, our fifth child, Wayne, was born (on our eighth anniversary). Miss Gavigan advised us to check with her first and then she’d accom-

pany us to the hospital, just in case we might need her. Twenty minutes after arriving at the hospital, our son arrived.

Our first crop was hailed out 100% in August, plus all our windows on the west side of the house were broken out. The following spring, we had an early warm spell and the clover and alfalfa began growing. Then came an unexpected cold spell, freezing the young crops. That fall, the grain crops were beautiful and promising but the first snow came the last of September and remained until April. The summer of 1958, we experienced a very dry spell. Each year found us deeper in debt, plus Sterling's health wasn't too good. So upon the advice of Sterling's father, we returned to Oregon and Sterling hasn't farmed since. Sad to say, we never returned to live at Otter Creek but have made a number of trips with our children to visit. On one visit, the children remarked that it wouldn't be any fun to live there anymore because all you had to do for a light was turn on the switch.

Lyle Roth married Joyce Yoder a day or so before we moved. So they lived on our place and when it was evident we weren't returning, they bought it, which then included the Olson place.

I had always hoped that someday we could return to live there. It was so hard to say good-bye to the people and the land we loved. Each time we return for a trip, we see more improvements and changes. In October, 1982, Sterling and I made a trip up — our first in six years. It was so good to make new friends and to see old friends again — the Yoders, Betty Crosswell, Earls, Elgerts, Blossers, Olsons, Ray and Betty Lewis from Athabasca, the Reasons, Elsie Savard and her daughter Pearl and children. Time prevented us from seeing more, also some have moved away or have died.

I feel deeply about the North — I guess I shall never be the same for having known it and loved it. Each time I return, I feel like I leave a part of myself there. There are so many things that have impressed me: the beautiful sky, the quietness of the night (it almost hurts your ears), the beauty of the Northern lights, the brilliance of the stars, the Chinook arch, the Chinook winds, the many lovely snow scenes,

the sun shining on the hoar frost making every weed a thing of beauty, the crunching of the snow underfoot, lovely Jack Frost scenes on the window panes, frost on the eye lash, ice breaking up on the river, lush gardens, gathering in the garden stuff before the first frost, the willingness of people to help others, the wild life, the struggles to make a living for oneself and family, the closeness of our church family, sharing a cup of tea and some fresh bread with a friend or stranger, and a greater appreciation for ones friends. Three and a half years wasn't very long, but long enough to learn some very important lessons.

Since coming back to the states, two more children were added to our family; Melody in 1959 and Loyal in 1963. Four are now married and we are grandparents to six children. **Allen** and family are missionaries in Nicaragua, Central America; **Bruce** is a mechanic in Montana; **Jo Ann** works with a computer in a garment factory near here; **Gaye**, a graphic artist, lives with her husband in Charlottesville, Virginia; **Wayne**, a mechanic at Albany, Oregon; **Melody**, a nurse in Richmond, Virginia; and **Loyal**, a construction worker in Oregon. Sterling has worked sales off and on, also construction work and assists in the ministry of the Gospel. God has been so good to us and we do rejoice in being in His big and wonderful family. We love company so we'd love to have you come see us at Hubbard, Oregon. Thank you to all who have been a part of our lives and God bless you with His Peace.

Sam and Mary Walters

Sam Walters was a cousin of Eric and Ewald Elgert.

He was living at Alcomdale on a farm but left there when he had health problems. He and his wife moved to Peace River.

When the Smith bridge was being built, he worked there and it was probably then that he applied for land and got the half-section that Leonard Jones had left.

The Walters left for White Rock, British Columbia around 1947 and sold the Otter Creek land to Aaron Showalter, who moved there from Newport News, Virginia.

Ranch

Emil Antonson

by Oliver Olson

Emil Antonson came to Bert Olson's farm at Hanna, Alberta in 1926. He worked around the area for awhile. In 1927, he and another friend from Norway rented some land in the Homestead Coulee area 30 miles south of Hanna.

In the spring of 1930, Emil and Bert Olson, with three other fellows headed for the Peace River Block, looking for land. Highway #2 had reached the river at Smith and crews were working on the approaches to the ferry. They all got work there.

Emil stayed around with the Swedes; Joe Swan-

son, Olaf Olson, Vern Anderson, Uno Strandberg and Herman Strand.

Emil homesteaded the N.E. ¼ Sec. 10 Twp. 71 Rge. 26 W.4 on January 5, 1936 but didn't stay there. He got a job with the B. & B. gang on the Northern Alberta Railways and stayed with them until he retired. He stayed in Edmonton when he was not working and then he retired there.

He was hit by a car on Edmonton streets and died at 80 years of age.

Stephen and Blanche Chandler by Mary Hall (oldest Daughter)

Steve (Dad) as he was called, was born in Brighton, Idaho U.S.A., on July 22, 1890. Blanche (Mom) Adele Perroud was born June 3, 1891, in Weber Canyon, Idaho U.S.A. They were married on February 6, 1913.

On April 19, 1914, Earl was born at Plano, Idaho. Mary was born at Bancroft, Idaho, on October 10, 1916. Then on June 29, 1919 Eveline was born in Sugar City, Idaho.

In 1920 Steve started working for a road construction company (Dick Ross and Barney Cornwall). They moved to Alberta, Canada, so Steve moved his family to Stavely, Alberta, where he had two sisters and their families living. On April 29, 1921, Lloyd was born at Stavely. The construction company moved to Saskatchewan where Mildred was born on August 18, 1923, at Wadena. The company moved back to southern Alberta and built roads at different places. All the families went "on the road" and lived in tents. Blanche and Mrs. Ross cooked for the crew some of the time. On September

30, 1927, Leonard was born at Cardston. In the spring of 1928, the company moved to Slave Lake and built the road from Slave Lake to Athabasca. The family stayed behind at Cardston. In 1930 Earl went with his Dad. Steve took up a homestead 40 miles north of Athabasca, 12 miles from Smith, (used to be Mirror Landing) by Turn Back Lake. They took the horses south for the winter and Steve looked after them. He was called the long line skinner.

They finished the highway in the fall of 1931, so Steve sent for the family. We came by train, which was especially slow, from Edmonton. Steve rented a house across the fence from the Baptiste Lake School which was eight and one half miles north of Athabasca. We arrived, but our luggage didn't, so we had to stay in the house until Steve (Dad) went to camp to get lamps and bedding. Steve and Earl worked in a tie camp near Baptiste Lake.

At all the dances Steve was floor manager. He would say "Everybody Happy?", so they called him Happy Chandler. He also played the mouth organ.

In May 1932, Steve moved his family to the homestead by team and wagon, leading a cow behind. We lived in tents until the house was built by some Swedes who had worked on the road with Steve. Earl stayed at Lahavielle, near Baptiste Lake, and worked for George and Leo La Branche until the fall of 1933. In 1932 I worked for Mrs. George Cook for a few weeks and Eveline worked for Mrs. Howard Stafford. Then in November of 1932 I worked for two months for Mr. and Mrs. Leo and Lonie La Branche, who had twin girls.

Steve worked on different road jobs and sometimes Blanche went along to cook.

In the summer of 1936, Blanche's sister and her husband came from Idaho, U.S.A. and talked Steve and Blanche into going back to the States as they figured it would be easier for them. However, it wasn't as easy as it was told. They worked on sheep ranches, with Blanche cooking and Steve flunkying sometimes. Then they got the job of caretakers for the Plano Idaho School Church and graveyard until they retired. Then they moved into an apartment in Rexburg. Blanche used to sew for people. She did a lot of work in the church and also played the piano.

Steve passed away in August, 1976, at the age of 86. Blanche passed away November 2, 1982, at the age of 91. They are both buried at the Plano Cemetery near Rexburg, Idaho U.S.A.

Mary and Eveline had married so they didn't return to the States with Steve and Blanche.

Eveline married Robert Lauder who had a homestead across the river from Smith. He went into partnership with Mr. Farley in a cafe. Bob and Eveline bought him out, built a new building and had the



Steve and Blanche Chandler.



Alma, Jack, Carl, Kenneth, Mary, Floyd and Helen Hall on Carl and Mary's 50th Wedding Anniversary.

cafe until they sold out and moved to Medicine Hat where Bob came from. They started a bicycle shop, and Eve worked in a ladies wear shop. They sold out and moved to Salt Lake City, where Bob opened a locksmith shop and Eve managed a ladies wear shop. From here they moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where Eve worked as manager again and Bob in a locksmith shop sharpening saws, etc. until he retired.

Eve and Bob have two girls; Doreen, born in Smith and Lynn in Medicine Hat. Doreen lives in Salt Lake City and has two girls and two boys (all married). Lynn Ann lives in Phoenix, Arizona, and has one boy and two girls.

Earl and Mary had four girls and one boy (lost one girl). They live in Sugar City, Idaho where they both work in a potato plant.

Lloyd and Velma have two girls and one boy. They live in Idaho Falls, Idaho where Lloyd works as a construction foreman and Velma as town secretary.

Mildred and Keith Arnold have five boys and one girl and they lost a baby girl. They had a dry farm where they grew lots of seed potatoes and grain. Two of their boys took over the farm. Mildred and Keith now live in Sugar City, Idaho.

Leonard and Marie have one girl and two grandsons. Leonard works as foreman in a particle board plant in Medford, Oregon; Marie works in the fall, packing peaches.

Mary met Carl Hall in the summer of 1932. Carl was born January 7, 1910, at Burke Falls, Ontario. He has four sisters and one brother and lost some brothers and sisters. His Mother passed away before Christmas of 1926. Carl has two sisters still living in Ontario. The family was broken up after his Mother

passed away and Carl went to work for a family. They had a relation from Alberta who had come to visit; they wanted him to come to Tofield. From there Carl stayed with another family at Thorhild and finally came to the Jim Milne's, at Opal. Later he moved to the homestead near Smith.

Carl and another lad, Ted Philipps, had taken up a homestead three miles from the Chandlers the summer of 1931. Mary started going with Carl the winter of 1932. They were married August 18, 1933, in the Athabasca Anglican Church by Archdeacon Little. The La Branches had a dance for them in a garage they had just built. Then they had one at the Chandler's home a week later.

Mary and Carl have three boys and two girls. Kenneth went to Medicine Hat, lived with his Aunt Eveline and Uncle Bob to take his three years of high school. He got married then joined the City Police. They have two girls and two boys (none of whom are married). Then they moved to Salt Lake City where he works in State Fire Insurance (Life, Fire and Auto). He divorced and married again and has three step-sons, one step-daughter and now one step-grandson.

Jack has one son and had two daughters. He lost one daughter, Ellen, in the Athabasca River near Hondo and she was found four days later close to the Smith bridge. Everyone was so wonderful to help search and bring food while they were searching and diving for Ellen. His daughter Eileen lives in Smith. Jack also lives in Smith where he does labour work at the lath mill, in the bush and now for Orval Hayes, a farmer.

Helen married Raymond Perras and they have two boys. They live on a farm 12 miles south and west, down the base line from Athabasca. Ray works for the county, building roads. Their older son, Gilbert, is in second year University in Edmonton. Their other son, Allan, is in junior high in Athabasca.

Floyd lives in Calgary. He never married and works for L.F.K. Plastics making plastic pipe, etc.

Alma married Stanley Conrad and they have one boy, Travis, and one girl, Nadine. They lived in Swan Hills for over 12 years but now reside in Slave Lake. Stan works on caterpillars, draglines, etc. and sometimes for the town.

Carl helped build the Ranch School House. He worked some with the Department of Highways, was on the School Board, the Nurses Committee, and the Athabasca Hospital Board. He also did custom work, cutting hay, raking and baling. The last years they were on the farm Mary did the raking besides doing their own farm work and garden. She was on the Nurses Committee, and the Home and School

Board. They helped in putting on dances, box socials, picnics, ball games, etc.

None of Carl and Mary's children wanted to farm and it got too much for them so they sold the farm to Francis and Ethel Allard and moved to Athabasca in October 1973. They bought a mobile home, then had a chance to buy a lot, so now they own their home and lot.

They both go to their daughter, Helen's to help out when they can. Carl builds and Mary helps do chickens, canning, etc. They put in a good sized garden and Carl plants extra potatoes so they have something to do. They try to help other people if they can.

One spring on the farm, Carl slipped a disk in his back around seeding time so Mr. Orval Hayes let young Orval come over with a tractor and he and Kenneth put in the crop. Mr. Harry Gordon, Mrs. Gordon and Clara and Percy McDowell came to help Mary put in the potatoes and garden. Another time in winter, Carl got a real bad earache and was in bed for a week or so and the neighbors came and helped. The best help was when one of the Ranch school teachers came and split up a bunch of wood for them. He was boarding at Lauckie Milnes.

Nettie Colwell

Nettie was born in 1906 in a village in Austria-Hungary, which has since become a part of Czechoslovakia. Nettie's family lived on a large farm where they raised animals, feed crops and fruit crops.

The years around 1928 were a time of great strife and recession in Austria-Hungary. Nettie's parents, Agnew and Oline, decided it was time to send one of their children to a different land as Communism was becoming rampant and no one knew what the future

would hold. Agnew decided to use his clout as Mayor of the village to secure a passport for one of his children. The bribe for correct signatures in the proper places was thirteen chickens.

Nettie's older brother and sisters were afraid of coming to a big strange country where they knew no one and couldn't speak the language. So it came to be that Anastasia (Nettie) Sewsarchuk, the fifth of nine children, was the sole taker of the passport and in 1928, she set off aboard the Empress of Canada, knowing she would likely never see her family again.

After landing in Montreal, Nettie went by train to Winnipeg as she had a distant relative there. They told her of a job she could have as a chambermaid at a hotel in VaVanessa, Manitoba. She worked there for 19 months, and taught herself English by her own method of translation. At this time, she decided to leave Manitoba and travel to Mundare, Alberta to visit a cousin, Luke Suisetune, a Ukrainian Orthodox Minister. He was able to get her a job in Edmonton at the Misericordia Hospital as a housekeeper-cleaner. Nettie's wages in those days were \$18.00 a month. She got hurt while working there and after recovering, decided to leave the job for another one that she had heard about at Smith — Mirror Landing district.

Nettie arrived in Smith one fine spring day and was able to get the job she had heard about in the Smith Hotel, working for Mr. Archie Vallie and his son Joe, who was later to own and operate Joe Vallie's Store.

It was here that Nettie met Tony Zamiski. He was working on the highway gang, building number two highway. Tony was from Calgary, and was born in Kiev, Ukraine in about 1902, the second of two sons. His parents, Peter and Anne, came to Canada when Tony was two years old.



Edith McConnell and Nettie (Zamiski) Colwell.



Left to Right: Joe and Kay Zamiski, Cecile Racine holding Frances, Johnny and Joyce and Jean (twins) Zamiski.

Nettie and Tony were married in July, 1931. They lived with Tony's family in Calgary until Tony got back on the highway gang at Grosmont. Nettie moved to Grosmont just before Christmas of 1932 with their first baby, Joseph.

They heard about the government offer of homestead land for \$10.00. In those days to qualify, you had to clear some land, build some fences and dig a well. It was then that they bought the 167 acres in the Ranch District which Nettie eventually lived on for 42 years. One memory Nettie had is that it took two days travelling by mule team to get to Athabasca to file the papers.

The first year on the farm they cleared and broke six acres for greenfeed, using those two mules. A one room log cabin was erected, which Nettie and her family were to live in until 1959 or 1960.

Over the years, another larger addition was added onto the back of the original cabin, but indoor plumbing, refrigeration and electricity were to be a long time in coming.

Over the years, Nettie raised chickens, pigs, cows, turkeys, geese and rabbits. The mules had been traded for a team of horses.

In the next ten years, five more children were born. Kathleen was born at home with Amelia King there to help deliver her as there was no nurse in the area. However in 1938, a district nurse, Miss Maines, helped to deliver the twins, Jean and Joyce. Nettie had no idea she was going to have twins and neither did the nurse so it came as quite a surprise to everyone. John was born in the hospital in Athabasca in 1940 and Frances was born in Edmonton in 1941.

Joe and Kathleen went to school at the Ranch school house, which was about two miles from the farm. They had to walk and by the time the twins were ready to start school, Nettie had made arrangements to move to Smith, as she thought they were too small for the daily four mile hike. They rented a house in Smith from Mrs. MacDonald for one school year and then moved back to the farm, as the school at Ranch was being closed and all the kids were now being bussed to the bigger school in town.

Tony had joined the Army in 1942 and served overseas as a medic from 1942 to 1946.

Nettie and Tony were divorced in 1947 and he moved to Calgary and worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway, building telegraph lines. Tony remained there, spending his last five years in a Veteran's Hospital, until his death from cancer in 1974.

The school house at Ranch was one place where people of the community got together for dances, box socials and Christmas Concerts. Anybody who knew how to play a musical instrument would



Ann Hayes, Patsy McConnell, Frances Zamiski, 1952. Background: George Ramsey.

provide the music and everybody had a wonderful time.

In the winter, people would fill the sleighs with blankets and hot bricks to keep their feet warm, hitch up the horses and away they would go for dances or concerts.

In later years, when the neighbour kids got old enough to party, a house party became the popular thing. Nettie had a beautiful big Victrola gramophone which had been sent to her from Edmonton. On many a Saturday night, the young people would get together and dance all night long to Don Messer and some of the popular big bands of those days.

In 1952, Nettie married Jim Colwell, a local farmer and trapper. James Louis Colwell was born in Ontario in 1905, the fourth of nine children born to Frank and Mary Colwell. He spent most of his early years in Gull Lake, Saskatchewan. He moved to the Ranch District in 1932 and took a homestead about a mile from Nettie and Tony's. He was employed by Orval Hayes Senior for a number of years and also had registered a large trapline. In those days, Jim trapped wolves, Lynx, coyotes, mink, weasles and squirrels in the winter and muskrat and beaver in the spring. He had two sleigh dogs and a toboggan for travelling in the winter but in the spring, he had to walk the many miles around the trapline. Jim was an active member of the Big Ben Trappers Association and sat on that board for a number of years.

In the winter of 1956, Nettie and Jim went to work for Rod Rempel at the Martin Mountain lumber

camp. Nettie cooked for 27-30 men, baking her bread, pies and cakes in a huge wood stove. Her day started at 5:00 A.M. and went to 8:00-10:00 P.M. Jim was a bush foreman. They worked there for three years and then moved back to the farm. Jim started working for the Alberta Department of Highways and around this same time, a new house was erected but it was still to be two more years before the convenience of electricity and several more than that before indoor plumbing. Jim worked at this job until his death, from heart failure, in 1968. Jim is buried in the Smith Cemetery.

Nettie stayed on the farm until 1974 when she sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Ebdon, from Edmonton.

Nettie moved to Edmonton and lives there still. She has nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

On August 19, 1983, Mary Colwell celebrated her 100th birthday. She lives in a nursing home in Kelowna, B.C.

William Bernard and Annie Mary Fraser by Annie Fraser

Annie Fraser was born in St. Peters, Nova Scotia, November 10, 1899. William B. Fraser was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, December 25, 1893.

Bill worked with Diamond Drilling Equipment on the Welland Canal, drilling and shooting holes for blasting. From there he enlisted in the Army in World War I, at St. Peters, Nova Scotia. He was wounded in France and was later discharged in 1918. Following this, he travelled to Alberta in 1919. Here he worked on threshing crews and as a laborer. In November 13, 1926, he married Annie Mary Burke at Calgary. They settled in Lethbridge where the first five chil-

dren were born. Mary, Peter, Donald, Robert and Margaret arrived in that order.

Annie worked as domestic help at private homes starting at about age 16 in her home area. She worked in Halifax for two or three years and then travelled to Boston, Massachusetts to work for about nine years, before coming to Calgary where Bill and she were married.

In July 1933, the Soldiers Settlement Act was offering settlers grants, to move farmers north to settle, for a very few dollars. This was all they had, so they decided to move to this promised land. However, this was exactly what they arrived to find — no money, five kids, no accommodation — just a promise.

The land that they had “filed blind” on in Lethbridge was there, but they had to purchase an abandoned shack from a lumber company and move it to their new residence in the Ranch area. This was replaced by a log cabin and in later years, by a frame house.

The move from Lethbridge was made in a body truck. Three families including 13 youngsters, five adults and their necessities, travelled in the box while the driver, his wife, and a helper rode in the front. The other adults travelled by train with the livestock and other goods to Smith. Edmonton was the rest point en route. Tents were pitched and everyone bedded down for an early start the following morning. However, the movers decided to visit a local tavern and were late retiring. They were up in fair time in the morning, but in their haste to brew that thirst-quenching first cup, they hastily used the can which had been used as the children’s “thunder mug” during the previous day. They were never told why the coffee tasted odd that day.

Although the times were hard, the weather sometimes severe, and money an unknown luxury, the people were hardy and caring. Had it not been for everyone giving of more than could ever be asked, few would have survived or stayed to meet the never ending hardships in the pioneer days in this area.

In the following years, Bill served as trustee for Ranch School Division and Annie as secretary. Bill also served as J.P. for some time.

In 1952, Bill was killed in an automobile accident near Smith. He is buried there.

The remaining family moved to Nanton in 1955, Annie, Margaret (Mrs. Allen Greig), and Alan still reside there today.

Mary (Mrs. Don Pence) resides in Red Deer.

Peter and Don reside in Calgary.

Robert lives in Innisfail.

There are 21 grandchildren and 20 great grandchildren in this Fraser family.



Annie Fraser.

Harry Gordon

by Oliver Olson

Harry Gordon came to the Smith area in the winter of 1931, from Cayley, Alberta where he had quite a large farm.

He came to Smith as a driller for the Crudome Oil Company, and his wife Pat was the cook. The well was located on the first bench of the bank of the Athabasca, about 18 or 20 miles from Smith (below where the Sandy Coulee Creek enters the river).



Pat and Harry Gordon in the house of Joe Vallie in Smith, 1954.

When the drilling at this well shut down, Harry and Pat homesteaded a river flat across the river from the well site. They stayed there for several years, clearing and breaking quite a large field. He sold this place to Lee Richter, and moved to a place along highway #2 a half mile from the Lauckie Milne place in the Ranch district.



Mrs. Pat Gordon at back door of house that Hilda and Neighbours built after Harry Gordon's death in 1961.

It was presumed Harry died from a heart attack, as he died in the chicken house in 1961. Pat stayed on the place and Mrs. Munro moved there with her after she sold her land to Hank Herbst.

Pat died in 1982.



Loading of Athadome well drilling equipment at the old ferry site, Smith, 1932.



Athadome setting up their rig on the Athabasca River, Smith, 1932.

Orval and Ethel Hayes

by Edith McConnell

Orval Hayes was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky, U.S.A. in 1889.

He was one of fourteen children, of which there were seven boys and seven girls, born to Joseph Elliot Hayes and Talitha Shawhan Burns. His mother was a school teacher before she married.

He worked as a fireman for the Great Northern Railways in the States and later in Canada.

His first trip to Canada came in 1910, when he and a man called Bill Bennett brought a herd of horses from Washington, U.S.A. to Edmonton and from there to Sion, Alberta.



Orval Hayes Sr.

Orval returned as far as British Columbia where he resumed work with the railways at Revelstoke and Nanaimo. Later he returned to the states to enlist in the army in May 1917. He saw service overseas and was discharged in May 1919. In 1920, he returned to Canada and spent the winter trapping with Joseph Holden at Mirror Landing, Alberta. 1921-22, he, along with Joseph and Bill Holden went to Fort Smith and Fort Chipewyan trapping. Through the summer he worked at road construction.



Orval, Ethel, Bernice and Edith Hayes.

In 1925, he bought land from George Mills. This man had several horses and a herd of cattle and his place was known as 'The Ranch'. It was located about ten miles east of Smith.

In September of 1925 Orval married Ethel Holden. They lived there until 1932. At this time they had three children Bernice, Edith and Orval.

The highway to Mirror Landing had been built by then so they decided to relocate to be nearer to the road.

Around 1936 Orval donated the land for a school. It was built of logs. Everyone participated. Those who had teams hauled logs while others helped ready them for use.

Mrs. Hayes had the Ranch Post Office for several years. Mail was brought from Smith once a week. A team and sleigh with a caboose built on, and with a heater inside for warmth, was used in the winter.

Ethel Hayes was very fond of music. She had a piano which she played quite well. In later years with more time for herself, she spent many hours with this pastime.

In 1941, another girl, called Ann was born. About this time Orval had obtained a truck which he used for hauling grain and livestock for himself and also for other people in the district. He continued to farm until he became eligible for his pension. He made one visit back to Kentucky, U.S.A. in 1966 and found many changes.



On the Old Ranch, 1930's. ?, O. Hayes, E. Hayes, Bill Holden, ?.

He passed away in 1975 at the age of 85 years. Ethel and Bernice continued to live on at the farm until 1980 when Ethel passed away at the age of 78 years.

Bernice now lives in Edmonton, Alberta. Ann trained as a nursing aide. She worked a number of years and eventually married Kenneth Owens of Hondo, Alberta. They reside on an acreage near Spruce Grove, Alberta. The house and buildings on the farm still stand and is owned by the family.



Ann, Orval, Edith, Bernice, Ethel and Orval Hayes. 1965.

Edith McConnell (nee Hayes) by Edith

I grew up in the Ranch district. My parents had homesteaded the land in 1925. I don't recall too much of the thirties. House parties and dances were held at those places that had room. Ours was one of them and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Quebec's another. Music was usually the violin and guitar. Two brothers, Vic and Harry Dumont were the musicians I remember most. It seemed no hardship at all to travel several miles by team and wagon or sleigh to attend these functions. If it were winter the worst part was coming home in the early morning to a cold house and cold beds.



Edith and Lloyd McConnell, 1948.

To use a kerosene lamp now is a novelty but in those days a necessity. After becoming used to electricity now, I often wondered since how we managed. The lamp was set in the middle of the table with everyone gathered around, reading or playing cards or doing our homework.

In 1936 a school was built not far from us. Here we were taught from Grades one to eight. We had a variety of teachers. Our first, Miss Salamandic was a good artist. She taught until fall when she left to further her art studies. John Woyurtka was another. One a Mr. O'Grady was quite dour. We were always half afraid of him. Mrs. Anderson, we enjoyed very much. Through the winter we were indoors quite a lot. She had her own record player and with it she taught us several dance steps.

My brother Orval and I had a few snares for rabbits set out, also traps for weasels. We would check these before we went to school in the morning and around suppertime at night. Our uncle Dick Holden would buy the pelts. This was our spending money.

We all had our jobs to do at home. My eldest sister helped mom in the house while Orval and I helped dad with the outside work. I'll never know to this day why the chophouse had to be clear across the yard from the pigpens. We used to sack the chop and take it in a wheelbarrow over to the pens. Once there we'd lift the sacks of chop over the fence and into the feeders. We also had sheep. I was never too fond of them. There was always an arbitrary ewe who wouldn't accept motherhood. There were usually two or three lambs to be fed by bottle. Sheep shearing day was a holiday for us. We had a neighbor to the south of us, Bob Russell, who used to come and do this job. We always watched with some trepidation as he snipped here and there for we were afraid the poor sheep would be maimed. Most of our cows were milkcows and so had to be in the barn, also the work horses. It was our job to clean and bed the stalls. At the end of the week, we would back the wagon with a box on it, into the barn and clean it out. It usually took us most of the day.

We had several horses, an animal I have always admired. Most of ours were quiet. One old fellow we used to ride a lot to bring the cows in with. His name was Billie. If he wasn't in the mood to co-operate there was no way he would allow us to put a bridle on him. If he thought he had run or galloped long enough he'd simply stop and buck us off. I've often thought since then how wise he was.

All the field work was done with horses, also haying. At the beginning of the war and through it, help was hard to find. Through the haying season the weather would be hot and dry. To us kids it seemed



Jim, Edith, Pat and Lloyd McConnell, 1984.

endless. Dad would cut and rake the hay and we'd help coil it. We used to wish it would rain in order to get a day or so away from it. One day Orval and I were coiling hay at the far end of the meadow. Dad was raking nearer to the buildings. There was an old stack bottom nearby and we decided to burn it. What we hadn't counted on was that the fire would keep on going. It ran across the dry meadow and our coils of hay were going up in smoke. We splashed our drinking water on the fire and frantically ran to the creek for more. What with that and stamping on it we finally got it out. By this time Dad came in sight with the horses running full out. He'd seen the smoke and wondered what was going on. Needless to say we didn't do anything like that again. It was a lesson well learned.

A job through the winter, was getting blocks of ice from a nearby lake. These were handled with large tongs. They were loaded on the sleigh, brought home and put in a building with layers of sawdust between blocks and surrounding them. Cream and milk etc. would then be kept cool through the summer months. It was a cold wet job.

In the early forties we had an old Model A car. There was no top on it. We would drive it as long as we took care of it, but we had trouble keeping tires on it, due to the shortage of tires through the war years. Often we'd come home from town on one rim or sometimes two. It was a noisy trip to say the least.

In 1948 I married a neighboring farmer, Lloyd McConnell. We worked for Swanson Lumber Company for two years or so at Camp #2 Slave Lake, Alberta. One winter I worked in the cookhouse with Mary Brazeau who was cook at the time. Her husband Joe worked at the mill. We became very good friends and had some good times together.



Kelly and Chris Skrennek.

Once home again we farmed. Lloyd had a truck with which he did custom hauling. Later on he got work with the Department of Transportation. We had a daughter Patricia born in 1949 and a son Jim born in 1953. Since we lived a mile from the highway they had to walk out to meet the school bus. Later on, the bus came to pick them up.

Things were hectic through the summer months with Lloyd working. We'd work until eleven or so at night with haying or doing field work. We always had a garden which meant canning of vegetables. Pat and Jim helped in their separate ways. Wood and water had to be carried in for the night. Both shared in dish washing and other light chores. With the coming of electricity to the farm, things became a lot easier.

In the winter, there wasn't too much to do except the usual feeding chores etc. Spring brought added worries, for the cows would start calving in March and April. If the weather was nice, it wasn't so bad, but if it was cold, one had to be on the alert. Bless the nice quiet cows that settled down to blissful motherhood, while another with a disdainful snort and flick of tail could care less. Then another that turns into a bellowing maniac and nothing short of a tractor with a front end loader will suffice to remove a new born calf to warmer quarters and that all important first feed of milk. I'll always bless our neighbors through those years. Particularly Nettie and Jim Colwell. They were like one of our family and we often went to them with our problems.

A few years ago I started curling and it is one of my favorite sports. I hope to be able to continue for awhile yet. I also enjoy fishing and wish I had more free time for it.

Pat trained as a nurses aide but has a Clerk IV position in Edmonton. She is married and has a girl Kelly and a boy Christopher. At present they are living in St. Albert, Alberta.

Jim works for Alberta Forestry. He is married and lives near Smith across the Athabasca River. He and his wife Chris enjoy outdoor activities and run their trapline through the winter. Chris is also working at the school in Smith as a Secretary.

We are still farming some. Lloyd is planning on retiring from his job in the near future. We are looking forward to it. We are grateful for what we have and also for having fairly good health at this time.



Frank, Lloyd and Herb McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McLaughlin by Helen Splane (nee Helen M. Woodcox)

In the year 1933 Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McLaughlin came by rail from Hanna, Alberta, to what is known as the Ranch District. Their oldest girl, Elva, was married to Harold Blake at Nanton. The other three children Wilfred, Elinor and George came with their parents to the Ranch District to set up farming. Their farm is located 14 miles east of Smith on the left hand side of Highway number two.

They built themselves a temporary log house, which they intended to use for a chicken house. It was put up in a hurry; the logs weren't squared at the corners, just notched and set up quickly. They started with just a few cows and horses and a walking plow.

With hard labour they cut a road into their place three quarters of a mile. There had been forest fires through there before they came. There were trees and stumps always falling across the road, so for quite some time they always carried an axe and saw to cut them out of the way.



John Blake, George Wise, Elinor, Elva, Dooley, Mr. McLaughlin, Helen, George and Sadie.

They cleared land by hand and used horses to cultivate it. They planted large gardens and picked wild fruit, and shipped cream, butter and eggs. In the early years they took their eggs and cream to the highway and put it in a hole in the ground. Then a truck would come and pick it up and take it to the Athabasca Creamery. The boys did a lot of trapping and hunting to help make a living. They trapped muskrats on several lakes. I think they were called Twin Lakes and Mud Lake and were near the highway. Mrs. McLaughlin also shot squirrels and weasels. Squirrel skins were 25¢ a skin; weasels 40¢ to 45¢ and muskrats were \$3.00 a piece. That was good money.

When the season opened, the boys would go moose hunting and they usually were able to get one right away. Twice Wilfred went out hunting at the beginning of the season and shot two moose with one shot. He saw what he thought was one moose, so he fired and when he went to cut its throat, there lay two very close to each other. The next summer it happened again. That's pretty good hunting I would say, or would you call it good luck.

Then Wilfred told me of another hunting expedition when Jack Munro went hunting with him. Towards sunset the weather turned very dark and rainy. Somehow Wilfred and Jack got separated from each other and neither knew where the other was. Jack saw a moose and fired a shot. He hit it and it came charging towards him, so he climbed a tree and stayed there all night. Wilfred went home not knowing where Jack was. Jack showed up in the morning and told Wilfred of his experience. Jack explained that he could see the moose's glassy eyes looking up at him all night. He was too frightened to come down



Wilfred McLaughlin and his mother.

until daybreak because he had fired his last shell and wasn't taking any chances. Needless to say, the moose was dead.

Another time, Wilfred was east of their place looking for the cows and he came upon a calf moose lying on the ground. He didn't see the mother moose, so he decided he would take the baby moose home. He no sooner had the calf across his shoulders when the calf let out a beller and the mother moose took after him. Luckily, Ring, his dog, was with him and started after the mother moose. He dropped the calf and ran as fast as he could. He decided that wasn't a very good idea after all.

A while later Mr. McLaughlin was riding along Lover's Lane looking for the cows, when he saw a shaggy old moose in the distance. He had heard Wilfred make a noise like a moose calling its mate, so he thought he would try it. The old moose took after him and he really had to travel fast for a ways. However, the chase didn't last too long, as the moose was very old and in very poor condition.

One day when Wilfred was coming home with a hay rack full of hay from Twin Lakes, nine miles east of his home, he stopped on the highway to tie up a chain that was holding the bob sleighs together. He was lying on the road when a car passed and scared the horses and the back sleigh ran right over his back and tore one kidney loose. He managed to walk to his home three-quarters of a mile away and collapsed on the floor. After that, he wasn't able to walk without wearing a very heavy girdle. He never rode in a wagon or rode horseback as his back really bothered him. He could only walk or ride his bike.

One year I went to work for the McLaughlin's and later became engaged to Wilfred. There was a school just past the Post Office. It was called the Ranch School and was just one room made of logs with a wood heater. The Post Office was owned by a farmer, Mr. Orval Hayes, who went every Saturday to pick up the mail at Mirror Landing. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes have both passed away but the old house still stands.

All the McLaughlin children (except Wilfred) loved playing baseball and riding horse back.

Wilfred and I (Helen M. Woodcox) were married August 12, 1942. Wilfred had already had his call to the army before we were married and was given three months to get rid of his livestock and make preparations to go for basic training in Calgary. He went to Calgary to train in the Canadian Scottish Regiment No. M104857. He left for overseas in March, 1943, and I went to Calgary to see him before he left. I stayed on the farm with his Mom and Dad. George had joined the army one year earlier. He drove a truck hauling supplies for tanks. Once, he crawled through the window of his truck and tore some skin off of his stomach. However, he escaped without too many injuries. While he and his partner were hauling supplies they found a nanny goat and made friends with it. She would ride on the running board of their truck and when they would stop to make tea, they would milk her into their tea cups. They always had milk as long as she was with them.

George married Sadie over in Scotland while on leave. They came home after the war was over and stayed with George's Mom and Dad for awhile, then moved to the farm that his Dad bought for them. It used to belong to Mr. and Mrs. Russel. Mr. Russel was killed when his team ran away on the way to Hondo. Many people around Hondo and the Ranch area knew the Russel's.

Elinor was married in the late 1930's, and moved to Turner Valley. Her husband, George, worked on oil wells.

Wilfred was killed in action June 6th, D Day, 1944, in France. I stayed on with his Mother and Dad until Mrs. McLaughlin passed away with cancer in 1948. Mr. McLaughlin went to live with Elinor at Innisfail for about two years, then from there went to a Lodge in Gliechen, where he passed away from old age. He left the farm to his son George.

I went and stayed with my parents until 1952 when I met Allyn Splane. We were married and had four boys, Wilfred (deceased), Danny of Victoria, B.C.; Ernie and Faith Everett, in Ontario; and Stephen, in Winfield, B.C. Allyn and I now live in Athabasca.

In those early years, our closest nurse was in Smith, 14 miles away, and our closest hospital, in

Athabasca 40 miles away. We had to pay cash for hospital bills, as we had no medicare. We didn't see a Doctor unless it was a real emergency. The railway was very necessary in those days for transportation and shipping livestock and all farm produce.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauchlin Milne as told by Mona

Lauchlin and Elsie Mona Milne arrived in the Ranch area in 1932 with their two young children, Norman, and Ethel, who was a year and a half old. They travelled from Coronado, near Gibbons, Alberta, by covered wagon. Actually they had two wagons, one loaded with household effects and the other filled with machinery. Elsie drove one of the teams, as I suspect many women did at that time. They also brought three cows, about a dozen chickens, a cat and a dog. The trip took a week and they arrived on June the sixth.

Lauchlin or Lauchie as he was called by his friends, had filed on his homestead the year before and had started to build a house for them. They realized after they arrived that they had a better site for their buildings on the north side of the highway. They dismantled the logs and skidded them across the highway where they were reassembled and the house was completed. The family lived in the covered wagon until they could move into the house.

Much hard work followed; land had to be cleared, other buildings were built for the livestock, hay had to be cut, cured and stacked every year.

The children went to school at Ranch, where the family also attended dances.



Back row: Mona and Lauchlin. Front: Norman and Ethel Milne.

In later years Lauchie and Elsie, (or Mona as she is now called by her friends) built a frame house.

In 1966 they sold their farm and bought a lot in Smith as Lauchie's health prevented him from farming any more. They moved their house onto their lot and settled down to a life of retirement.

Lauchie passed away on May 17, 1978 and is buried in the Smith Community Cemetery.

Mona is still living in her house, enjoying all the modern conveniences. She attends the Anglican church and belongs to the Anglican Church Women. She is a director and an active member of the Smith Half Century Plus Association. She has taught many women to make quilts. She still does a lot of hand crafts and has donated many pieces to the clubs for bazaars, raffles etc. She enjoys showing her work at the local fair and has won several prizes.

Norman married Blanch Hoffman, they had two children, Betty Ann and Bruce Allan. Blanch passed away in September, 1965. Sometime later Norman married Isabel Ward. He worked with Oil Companies at Rainbow Lake in northern Alberta for fifteen years, until he was transferred to Calgary where he and Isabel are living at present.

Ethel married Roy McDowell and they had a son, Dennis. Roy passed away in 1966. Ethel, then married Francis Allard, and they were blessed with a daughter, Barbara. They brought Carl Hall's farm at Ranch, where they still reside.

The John Jamieson Munro Story by Hilda Munro

John was born June 10, 1900 in Kincardine, Bruce County, Ontario. His father was both farmer and cabinet maker.

When age 18, John left home, and went to Guelph, where he worked in a steel factory. At age 20, he began working his way across Canada until he reached Edmonton, Alberta. There he filed on a homestead near the hamlet of Smith. He cleared thirty acres of land by hand, built a log barn, in part of which he lived until such time as he built a log cabin. John would work on his homestead for a time, then work away for awhile before returning home. He worked, and stayed a lot with a Harvey Chisholm and family at Clyde.

Since coming to the Smith district, I met one of the Chisholm daughters, who told me that John (or Jack as she called him) was just like an older brother to the Chisholm children. They tagged along after him; he always had treats for them, and never failed to give each of them a dime on Sundays, to put into the collection plate at church.

Later, this daughter brought her mother and father here, where I live, to meet me.



Hilda Munro on Mr. Gordon's trapline, dog Rex, 1955.

I have discovered that John was well liked and respected by everyone. This was certainly the case while he was in England.

When World War II broke out in September, 1939, John was in Edmonton with some of his pals and they thought it would be great to join up; which they did. This was before conscription, so all of them were volunteers. Little did they know that they would not be allowed to return to their homes, where they might possibly change their minds. The army, however, was one jump ahead of them, and foresaw this might happen, so, once the men had signed on the dotted line, they were kept in Edmonton, put into uniform, and began training at once! Thus, the First Division Canadians, with their scarlet arm patches, all of whom (I believe) were volunteers, arrived in Britain on New Year's Day, only three months after the outbreak of war.

John was in B company of the 49th Edmonton Regiment. Later this regiment was re-named The Loyal Edmonton Regiment. The re-naming took place after the grim battle in Sicily, on the sixth day after the landing, when a good part of the regiment was wiped out.

The men of the First Division were sent to the U.K. for the defense of Britain, and kept there for almost three years, much to their disgust. Other Canadians were following them and being sent into action while they were training continuously and



Hilda Munro with her horse, Babe, pulling buggy, 1958.

going on (what they thought) were pointless route marches.

John was stationed way in the South of England, while I lived in the far north, in Newcastle — upon — Tyne, in the country of Northumberland, the northern border of which joins Scotland. In the Hilda Munro Story, you will read how John and I met, and eventually married.

Whenever John was granted leaves, we spent most of them in a quaint little village not far from Newcastle, and where we had spent our honeymoon.

At this point, I should relate an incident which happened on our honeymoon.

We were walking along a quiet, country lane, when we came upon a field with sheaves, (or bundles) of wheat lying all over it. Two men were at the far end doing what John told me was called stooking. After watching awhile, John turned to me, and with a gleam in his eyes, said, "Let's go in and do some stooking". At first, I said we could not possibly do that. John persisted however, (I could see he was just itching to get busy) so, in we went, and my first lesson in stooking began. We kept on and on until we had stooked a good part of the field.

The amusing part came at the end of the week when we boarded the little country bus to return to Newcastle. Mr. Ord, the farmer who owned that field, got onto the bus, passed along the aisle and sat a few seats behind us, wishing us "good evening" as he went by. He soon left the bus, and as he passed us reached over and pressed something into my hand, saying, "buy him some cigarettes", and wished John "good luck!" When Mr. Ord had gone, I showed John what he had given me. It was a ten shilling note. Poor John was horrified! He kept saying, "We didn't do the stooking for pay." I had a hard time convincing him that the money wasn't actually pay for the stooking. Afterwards, we chuckled all the way home.

It was much the same wherever we went. When on a street-car, or a city bus, the conductor would come along taking the fares. When he reached us, his eyes would take in the Canada flash on John's uniform, clap him on the shoulder and say, "That's alright sonny, — no charge."

The one exception to spending our ten days in the country village when John was on leave, was the time when I travelled, by train, down to London where John came up from the south, (a shorter journey for him) and joined me. We stayed in a house in which a pal of John's had stayed previously with his wife, and who highly recommended the place. Never having been to London myself, and John not expected to arrive until evening, I took myself off for a walk, not even knowing where I was going. I had not gone very far when I suddenly realized I was looking at Buckingham Palace right across the street from me. I shall never forget the shock and thrill I experienced. I recognized the Palace at once from all the pictures I had seen in newspapers and magazines, and later, on television.



Hilda Munro learned to ride horseback, dog Sheila, 1949.

A smiling policeman, (who no doubt guessed I was a stranger) tried to wave me across the street and therefore closer to the Palace, but I shook my head, and retraced my steps. I felt I wanted John with me, so that we could discover London together.

As soon as I saw the Palace, I knew we were going to be staying in the perfect area of London where most places of interest were situated. What a wonder-

ful ten days we spent! It was the month of May, the sun shining, the air positively balmy the whole time. The flower seller's baskets were full of pussy willows, mimosa, daffodils, anemones, etc. We took some anemones and pussy willows back to our room, and the woman of the house, Mrs. Wind, gave me a bowl and a tall vase. The anemones were arranged in the bowl and placed on the dressing table, and the pussy willows in the vase, and they lasted until we left.

I still have one of those anemones pressed in an album, along with the sprig of white heather from my wedding bouquet, and all the pictures and souvenirs, etc., pertaining to our meeting and short marriage.

I don't think we missed anything in London, — the Palace, Queen Victoria's Statue, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery (where I was thrilled to see the original John Constable's painting of "The Hay Wain", a replica of which had graced the hall of my home for as long as I could remember). We toured St. Paul's Cathedral, Regent's Park, saw Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, went through The Tower of London, Madam Tusaud's waxworks, etc., etc., and attended most of the live theatre in the evenings.

One day we went by train to Bexley Heath, in Kent County, to visit some dear friends of mine, Peggy and Arthur Wilson, whom I had not seen for many years. I can still see John sitting with my friend's baby boy on his lap.

It was a perfect, most wonderful and happy ten days for us both, the memories of which I shall always cherish.

Our happiness and dreams of future life in Canada were short lived, however, as in July, 1943, I received a telegram from the war office reporting that John had been killed in action in Sicily. Later, in Canada, after talking with a Major Robertson, I learned that on July 16, 1943, at a place in Sicily named Piazza Armerina, John and some other fellows were riding in a truck filled with mortar shells when an enemy shell landed in the middle of the truck and blew truck, men, and shells all to pieces. This was the first time I found out exactly what had happened to my husband.

Having no grave, John's name is recorded upon a bronze plaque on one of the marble pillars of the Cassino War Memorial in Italy, along with the names of 4,067 men and women who also have no graves. The graves are placed in front of the Memorial row upon row of white crosses, and I've been told, that the Italian people help to keep the cemetery neat and tidy, and even place flowers on the graves of men and women they had never known.

Some day, you may read a book relating to my

life and experiences since settling in Canada, and so learn the rest of the Hilda Munro Story. I've always loved writing, as my many friends who receive letters from me could tell you. Like the "babbling brook", I tend to go on and on forever. Actually, my friends do not seem to mind, as it is they who keep begging me to write that book. Health problems are holding me back from making a start at present, but I am always thinking and hoping about it.

Hilda Munro Story as told to Erwin Tippel

Twelve miles from Smith on the way to Athabasca stands an old log cabin in a clearing. The original Highway 2 passes right by this log cabin that once upon a time was called home by the late Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. This cabin was also home for Hilda Munro for a period of time prior to building a home in front of the log cabin. The story that is about to unfold is about a woman with a dream, a vision, a sense of adventure when it came to homesteading on a farm south of Smith. This story is about Hilda Munro and her life's experiences she so graciously was willing to share.

In the County of Northumberland, England, is a town called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Born on June the 5th, 1907 the Northumberland countryside was for Hilda Munro a source of fascination and intrigue. Hilda loved the outdoors, the animals and the lifestyle. At a very young age, she began working as an errand girl in a Chemist Shop in the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Now a Chemist shop here in Canada would be known as a Drug Store. Over a period of 25 years, Hilda gradually worked her way through apprenticeship to become the manager for this private drug store.

The quiet and peaceful lifestyle became radically changed by the outbreak of World War II. Hitler was intent upon changing the course of history, invading the countries of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland and France. Soon, the war broke out in England and night after night the Germans bombed away, completely changing the once quiet community into a nightmare. The town was on the Tyne River and was helping the war effort by building battle-ships. As Hilda recalls those early years, she explained that at one time, Hitler's general wanted him to launch a massive invasion against England. However, Hitler was set against fighting the Russians so he backed away from a massive invasion. Later on, London, England became the primary target for nightly bombings.

Hilda Munro became involved in the war effort by volunteering for ambulance duties and helped out in the Women's Canteen. On Saturdays and one

evening of the week, Hilda would help with the wounded, providing medical care. Having taken a First Aid Treatment course, she helped with the wounded to the best of her abilities. Hilda also recalled many nights sitting in Air Raid Shelters, the search light, and the noise made by the ack ack guns.

On the other side of the world, a man by the name of John joined the First Division Canadians. This Division of Canadians was one of the first groups to land in England. They came to defend the British with hopes and aspirations of putting an end to the war. These First Division Canadians stayed for a period of three years in England.

It was during a weekend pass that a man named Fred Richardson decided to visit his brother, Sid, who lived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Fred, originally from England had lived in Canada for 14 years prior to enlisting in the Army. Fred invited his friend, John Munro, to come along and see part of England and meet some of the people. While visiting the Richardson's, John came to meet the girl next door. Hilda and John began dating each other and often times, went out together with Fred Richardson and his girl friend, Jean. Eventually, Fred and Jean became engaged and were married. Likewise, John and Hilda were married on September 10th, 1941.

During the next few years, John often shared his love and joy that he found in the countryside in Canada. John owned a homestead near Smith and often spoke of his dreams to develop a farm on that property. Hilda also came to know John's family through the writing of letters. In time, she began to feel close to John's family and friends over in Canada and looked forward to meeting them at the end of the war. Their dream was to begin a life together in Canada on the farm which John had started to homestead.

In the time of war, soldiers were not permitted to tell their wives where they would be going. One day John was called into action and all he could tell Hilda was that she'd have to wait until it was okay to write. Day after day, Hilda would sit and listen to the 8:00 morning edition of the news and the evening news at 9:00. In those troubled times, Winston Churchill at one A.M., spoke on the radio that the First Division Canadians had landed on Sicily. In the days to follow, Hilda listened intently to the invasion in Sicily, hearing on the radio on the 6th day since the start of the invasion that the Canadians were engaged in heavy fighting with the Germans. A few days later, a letter arrived saying that her husband had died in combat; a bomb hit the ammunition truck John was riding on and he was blown to pieces on July 16, 1943.

Over the next several years, Hilda continued to write John's family and friends in Canada. She also

began to think about the many stories John had shared with her about the people and life-style in Canada. Her thoughts began to run to that homestead near Smith and a promise she'd made to see John's folks someday. Finally a decision was made to visit Canada and sell the homestead.

In the spring of 1946, Hilda made arrangements with the war office to pay her expenses Overseas. As a War Widow, she was granted the opportunity to board the ship S.S. Letitia. Now this ship was at one time a luxury liner but had since been converted into a hospital ward. All the partitions had been removed and divided into wards for the wounded of the Army, Air Force and Navy. The war office had made arrangements to carry the War Brides back to Canada. With a smile on her face, Hilda jestingly said, "She'd never seen so many pregnant women in all her life on the same ship at the same time." During the voyage, Hilda became close friends with four other ladies, and since then continues to keep in touch with one of those ladies in Taber, Alberta.

Arriving in Halifax, in the spring of 1946, Hilda travelled by train through to Toronto, where she spent several weeks in the Eglinton district of Toronto, visiting members of John's family. From Toronto, Hilda went by train to Kincardine, Ontario, to visit more members of John's family. She again returned to Toronto and made arrangements to travel on to Edmonton that September.

Hilda says she learned a great deal about Canadians by watching and listening, recalling several experiences while making the cross-Canada trip by train. Arriving in Edmonton, Hilda made several good friends whom she continues to keep in touch with to this day. Having the good foresight to bring along all the documented papers, Hilda met with a lawyer concerning the homestead near Smith. The lawyer advised her that it might be best to at least see the property prior to selling the land. Hilda had been writing a family near Hondo, who had been watching over the homestead and arranged to spend some time with this family.

In sharing her initial impressions of northern Alberta, Hilda smilingly says "she couldn't get over the number of Christmas trees." Years later she came to know all these "Christmas trees" were known as spruce. It was during the months of October and November of 1946 that Hilda made several trips between the Smith region and Edmonton. She'd fallen in love with the beautiful countryside, the lakes and many rivers. She also came to know Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the nearest neighbors to the homestead she now officially owned. One day the Gordons offered to take Hilda Munro for a ride and show her precisely what a quarter section of land looked like. She also came to see the cabin that John had built.

In this time period, many thoughts began crossing Hilda's mind. After having seen the log cabin, the countryside and the homestead, selling was no longer that simple. Her mother and elder brother wrote and said they wouldn't mind coming over to Canada. The Gordons, her nearest neighbors, offered to help her fix up the house and were willing to teach her about homesteading. It was during this decision making period that Hilda would take daily walks down the roadway and stop by a bridge. She missed England and the cotton tail rabbits. Years later, Hilda learned that 1946 was the year when the rabbit cycle was extremely low. Hilda also came to ask God for a sign and sense of direction in her prayers. Through prayer, a decision to stay and homestead the farm was finally made.

Hilda stayed with the Gordons in their log cabin until her mother and brother arrived from England. By then, the renovations to John's log cabin were completed by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Hilda, and a hired neighbor boy, Bobby Brown. The one-room cabin was large enough to construct into a living room and two bedrooms, and a kitchen was then built onto the west end. Hilda furnished and fully equipped the home by the time her folks arrived.

Throughout the winter of 1947, Hilda frequently travelled back and forth to Edmonton. Hilda's mother and oldest brother came to live with Hilda between 1948 and 1950. However, her mother could not adjust to the change and eventually both members of the family returned to England. In the years to follow, Hilda has only gone back to England once, when her mother died.

Hilda Munro and the Gordons became very dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon set out to teach Hilda all about farming, from ploughing to driving farm machinery, raising pigs, cows, and chickens. All this was completely new and Hilda found all these many experiences to be a joy in her life. Mr. Gordon taught Hilda to ride horses, shoot with a rifle and taught her all the basics of farming.

In 1961, on the day of her birthday, Mr. Gordon passed away leaving behind his loving wife and Hilda, who by this time had become one of the family. Hilda Munro moved in with Mrs. Gordon in the old log cabin that continues to stand to this day. A year after the death of Mr. Gordon, the two ladies undertook to build a new home and many neighbors pitched in to help. Since then Mrs. Gordon has also passed away.

Hilda Munro, at the age of 75, is virtually filled with adventuresome stories that she is fond of sharing with neighbors and friends. Hilda has always been an avid reader and presently enjoys the work of Farley Mowat. Although over the years she had endured four hip operations and walks with the assistance of

two crutches, her plans are to remain on the acreage that was once part of the Gordon's homestead for as long as is possible. Many people have encouraged Hilda Munro to consider writing a book about her life's experiences, she most certainly has a fascinating and intriguing story to share.

The Quebec Family as remembered by friends

It is thought that the Quebec's may have come from around Fort Saskatchewan to Ranch about 1936.

Mr. Quebec used to run a steam engine in sawmills and also broke land. Bill Rempel ran the steam engine for Mr. Quebec sometimes.

The children were Audrey, Agnes, Mel, Maurice and Viola.

Maurice was in the army. He became ill while there and died. Viola was also in the forces and apparently served overseas.



Audrey Quebec, Mary Hall, Viola Quebec and Helen Hall.

History of Erie Forest Scratch

Erie Forest Scratch was born in Leamington, Ontario on the shore of Lake Erie in the year of 1897.

In 1906, he moved with his parents, brothers, and sisters to the Lethbridge area, where his father farmed for a number of years.

He later married Irene Finley and they had three children. In July of 1933, Erie, Irene and their children; Alverna, Ruth, and Russel, moved from Lethbridge, Alberta to Smith, with the intention of homesteading.

Erie had filed blind in Edmonton, and upon arriving, found the land was unsuitable, being inaccessible,



Erie Scratch and sons Russel, Brian, and Erie Jr.

ble, and almost entirely muskeg. In due course he was able to locate a suitable homestead, ten miles south of Smith, in the Ranch district.

Those first months were very busy, with hay to be put up, a well to be dug, a barn and house to be built before winter arrived. The barn had to come first, to protect the livestock from the severe winter weather. Consequently the house came second, and the family lived in a tent until well into November, before a snug two bedroom log house was finally finished.

That first winter was very hard, with Erie having to make two day trips, in sub zero weather, to Gros-mont, hauling feed for the livestock.

The following year Irene filed on the adjoining quarter section. It had a hay meadow on it, which was a tremendous help.

That same spring the clearing of the land began for crops and a vegetable garden. Erie grew a large quantity of potatoes, for sale to neighbors, as well as enough to last his family through the winter.

In winter he trapped furbearing animals and sold their pelts. In summer he farmed, as well as operated his small blacksmith shop, repairing machinery for the neighbors, sharpening ploughshares and shoeing horses.

He was very successful in using a divining rod, and found water for a number of people in the area. This was an important function in those days, as wells were dug by hand, and folks wanted to be sure there was water before they started digging.

As there was no school in the area, Irene taught the children by correspondence at home. As soon as Erie could take some time away from the farm, he got together with several of the neighbors and they built a one room log schoolhouse 28 feet by 40 feet. It was named Ranch School, and opened for classes in May of 1936. The first teacher was a young lady from



Erie Scratch, skidding logs, 1947.

Edmonton, by the name of Nellie Salamondick. Twenty-one pupils attended that first year, grades one to four. The school also served as a community centre, and was used for dances and box socials. The funds raised at these events were used to buy equipment for the school.

By this time Irene decided she couldn't live in the north and moved back to Lethbridge.

Later Erie married Florence Roe, they had two sons Brian and Erie Jr.

In the fifties, Erie, Florence and their two sons moved closer to Smith, on the banks of the Lesser Slave river, where he continued to farm until his death in May of 1962.

At present his children live in Alberta and British Columbia.

Alverna (Mrs. Bob Mortimer) lives in Victoria, B.C.

Ruth (Mrs. Lloyd Shannon) lives in Terrace, B.C.

Russel (married) lives in the Foremost, Alberta area.

Brian (married) lives in the Smith area.

Erie Jr. (married) lives in Sexsmith, Alberta.

Erie Sr. had 14 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren.

Wolstenholme by Wilson and Gwen

Gwen Wolstenholme, nee Pollard, was born in Westlock, Alberta. Wilson was born at Caron, Saskatchewan. We were married in Edmonton in 1943. We moved to the Smith district in 1954, with two sons, Ray and Gary.

Ray was born in Edmonton in 1946 and died in 1967. Gary was born in Edmonton in 1951. He is now married and has two sons. They live in Cochrane, Alberta.



Back row: Ray, Wilson. Front row: Gary and Gwen Wolstenholme, 1964.

We bought the Harrison quarter and the Swanson quarter from Alex Sangster, who had married Mrs. Harrison. Mrs. Harrison was the widow of the original homesteader. We also bought the NE 34-70-26-W4 and the three quarters that are now farmed by Fred Strach. We sold all but the old land, N½ 33-70-26-W4, where we have lived since coming here.



June 1964 Graduation, Smith, Jim Skrenek and escort Joan Sloan, Loretta Landon and escort Bob Stelter, Ray Wolstenholme and escort Judy Rosychuk.

We milked cows and shipped cream but gradually went to a cow-calf operation. Our income was also supplemented by various jobs over the years, as well as a few dollars from trapping. The Registered Trap Line Number 1408, I bought from the Ramseys in 1955.

After living here for nearly 30 years, we have decided to retire here for as long as we are able to keep the farm going.

Smith

Cameron and Delia Alexander

by Delia

Delia was born at the east end of Fawcett Lake, May 1, 1931, the fifth child of Harry and Elnora Adams.

She went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Dumont at Hondo when she was six years old so that she could go to school. She spent a year there, then she stayed with her Grandma Adams at Lahaieville for a year where she went to school. The next year of schooling was at Otter Creek, where she stayed with her Grandma Nadeau. Her family had moved to Moose Portage by this time and she was able to stay at home and attend the Moose Portage school.

After Delia quit school, she went to work for Bill Strack in his logging Camp cooking for ten men. His camp was situated between the west end of Fawcett Lake and Smith.

This is where Delia met Cameron Alexander. Cameron was from Quyan, Quebec. He had spent five years in the Army overseas. When he got back, he came west to visit his brother Copeland, who was working in the camp at Fawcett Lake. Cameron got a job, falling trees for Bill Strack.

Cameron and Delia were married in 1950 in Athabasca.

Cameron was employed by Swanson Lumber Company by this time, as a faller. They moved to Camp 7 the first winter, then summer operations were carried on at Fawcett Lake, where Cameron was camp foreman. They spent one or two winters in Camp 8 as well, where Cameron was a bush foreman. In 1955 or 56 Cameron rented a house in Slave Lake for the winter. They had three children by then, Margaret, Patsy, and Debbie.



Cameron Alexander.

In 1957, Cameron was sent to Wood Buffalo Park as foreman at Swanson's Camp, on the Peace River, at or near Sweet Grass, Alberta. He spent one summer there, then he moved his family up.

In 1958 Delia came out to have their fourth child, Earl, in the Athabasca Hospital.

The following year the Peace River flooded and inundated the Camp, so Cameron brought his family back to Smith.

He bought a house and lot from Harry Myers, and got the family settled before he went north again.

In 1960 they had another son, Brian. Cameron worked with Swanson's until about 1961.

In 1962 he went to work for Lawrence Ellefson as foreman, at his logging Camp at Embarass Portage, on the Athabasca River. The logs were shipped upstream to Ft. McMurray by barge.

Cameron was in a fatal accident there, when the power plant blew up. He died enroute to hospital in Edmonton. He is buried in the Smith Community Cemetery.

Brian died in 1973 as a result of a firearm accident.

Margaret married and has a son; she is living in Hay River, Northwest Territories, where she works for the Coast Guard.

Patsy is at home at the present time. Debbie married Greg Martel, they also live in Hay River, and have two daughters. Earl lives in Slave Lake. Delia has Diane, Calvin and Bonnie with her at home.

Our Story

by Jim and Alice Anderson

James is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim E. Anderson of St. Brieux, Saskatchewan. Alice is the daughter of Mrs. Lena Staub and the late Mr. Jim Staub of St. Brieux, Saskatchewan.

Our family consists of father, James E. Anderson, mother, Alice Anderson (nee Staub), eldest daughter Sheila Gerda, son Edward James, youngest daughter Shawna Lena.

James and I were raised in St. Brieux, Saskatchewan only living eight miles apart. James lived on a farm, I lived in town. When we met I knew that someday we would be making a life together. We have now been married 17 years on May 16, 1984 and have lived in Smith for the past 14 years.

We've made numerous moves in our early married life, working our way up in life, and in the size of our paycheck. Our move from Saskatchewan was made in one vehicle. A 1955 Monarch, bursting at the seams, and a small borrowed trailer, carried all

our worldly goods into High Prairie. From High Prairie's mill, owned by Frank O'Brien, James moved his family to Smith and worked for Federated Co-operative mill for three years. From 1969-1971, he worked for Butch Graling and Gordon Willis, or known as Graling and Willis Trucking. In the fall of 1972-1975 James continued to work for Graling and Willis. In the spring of 1973, James drove for Fred Strach for a short time, then went back to Graling and Willis until he went into partnership with Barry Pendrak. In October of 1975 James and Barry bought a 1972 GMC Tandem gravel truck. They hauled logs that winter, then James bought out Barry, and went into business for himself. He used the GMC Tandem till October 28, 1976, when he traded it off on a 1976 Kenworth. Since 1978, James has been pretty well self-employed. In 1977 he bought back the GMC from Kenworth.

At Smith, we have moved approximately seven times. We have got to know some of the community members like family. That was the only advantage of all the moves because we did have many disadvantages, (one was raising a young family without the conveniences we now have.)

Living on an acreage enables family members to get to know each other better. I found that while living in town, the children spent most of their time away at friends or neighbors. It also allows children to appreciate responsibility around the farm in the line of caring for animals and field work. With the variety of animals, I was going to call it the Triple J Ranch, because there was almost three of everything.

Since 1978 our family has increased, by one. Kevin James John Anderson, our nephew, eldest son of Vivan (nee Vivan Young) and Bernard Anderson, came to live with us. At first it was hard to get used to having another child around the house, but in time Kevin was just like our very own. He is a very cute and lovable child. Kevin soon adapted to life on the farm, and really enjoys living there.

James also flies a Water Bomber in Fort Smith, N.W.T., in the summer for G. and M. Aircraft, hired by Parks Canada at Fort Smith. He loves flying so much that he bought his own Cessna 175, four passenger plane, which provides him with many hours of personal satisfaction and enjoyment.

Edward, our son of 15, loves nature and would love to own a trap line of his own. He can keep his cool under stress. This was proven when Mom accidentally got a shower from a five gallon pail of deisel fuel while carrying it to the disposal tank, for its trip back to Slave Lake. He said "Go and have a shower Mom and I'll finish up here." His name means "prosperous guardian watch the upright and observe

the righteous for there is a future to the man of peace."

Sheila is a grade 10 student, now attending school in St. Brieux, Saskatchewan. I think she wanted to live and learn there just like her parents. Sheila really likes it there and would like to stay there permanently. She is also very responsible for her own actions. She loves perfection. When she finishes school she hopes to further her education in the field of helping problem children, or drafting.

Shawna is a joy and a responsibility; as her parents we don't take it lightly, we give her what we believe is rightfully hers, a loving and caring place for her to grow and learn. Shawna had the misfortune of being born mentally handicapped. At present she is being taught in Smith School, taught and supervised under Fran Peech with hopes that she will fully receive security of home and family. We hope and know that she will keep improving.

Ole Anderson

Ole Anderson and his father arrived in this part of the country in 1919 or 1920, as Joe Vallie remembers.

Mr. Petrovich used to tell the story that they came from the United States with quite a sizeable herd of cattle.

They settled on a piece of land along the Slave River. They were vegetable gardeners, and grew produce for sale.

Ole' father died in the 30's, and is buried, probably, on their farm.

Mrs. McCumsey relates, "One of the first persons we met after our arrival in Smith or Mirror Landing, as it was then called, was Ole Anderson."



Ole Anderson (1963).

“He lived with his father on their farm up along the Slave River. He came driving into town one morning with an old horse hitched to a light wagon or democrat, and two or three skinny dogs trailing behind. He was selling vegetables to us new arrivals, who were camped along the tracks where our goods had been unloaded.”

Often he would make another trip for more vegetables if he was short.

A few years later, his father now dead, he sold his horse and moved into a little cabin he built by the little lake south of town and north of the railroad tracks. He kept a few goats and of course his dogs. He walked to town every morning with a pack sack on his back, and carrying a long stick. He did odd jobs for people in town. Once he tried working at the sawmill, but quit when they refused to pay him every night. Every day when he went home from town he carried a few boards of cull lumber. He picked up all the nails he found on the road, which he straightened, and used to build another cabin. He then got rid of all his goats. He always had a graying beard and long hair. People called him the “Mayor of Smith” which pleased him immensely. Tourists stopped him on the road to take his picture, and he enjoyed that. If anyone lost a dog, they would be sure to find it out at Ole’s. In fact people thought he lured them to follow him home.



Ole's pond.

Verna Willis tells about the time her father and mother hired Ole to scythe down tall grass around their yard in Smith. It was a hot summer day, and at noon her mother took him out some sandwiches and a cool drink. He thanked her and sat in the shade of a tree to eat. Her father could see him from where he sat by the front window. Ole ate a few bites and fed each dog part of the remainder. Her father was furious.

Ole passed away while visiting in B.C. His body was sent home to Smith for burial in the Smith Community Cemetery.

The Mayor of the Town

by Gene Earl

This old man is dead now but many people in this community still remember the odd little person, as he plodded the mile between his little shack off from the railway corner and the village.

Ole was dubbed “Mayor of the Town”. This probably stemmed from the fact that the village did not have a mayor and Ole was so very visible as a mayor might be expected to be.

He never associated much with people but then his appearance did not encourage socializing by the town people. In spite of this, he was friendly and talkative when he did come into contact with them.

Ole’s little shack was made out of boards, boxes and other building materials which he scrounged wherever he could. He used to desert one shack and build another, whenever the old one became unbearable.

At one time he had a few goats which he kept in a lean-to built onto his shack. This was surrounded by upright poles placed next to each other to form a fence.

He was never without two or three dogs. Sometimes these increased to half a dozen or more until irate citizens asked the authorities to step in and get rid of the ones which proved to be a nuisance. Dogs were his friends and he willingly took up with any number of strays. It was not unusual for a dog to be hit by a passing vehicle, for they were continually chasing cars.

It is quite probable that Ole had only a nodding acquaintance with soap and water, one reason people avoided close proximity with him. A haircut or shave were rarely in evidence and he wore the same old clothes until they fell off his back.

One day his shaggy head and bewhiskered wrinkle face proved to be too much of a challenge to some joksters, who took him forcibly into the hotel basement and trimmed his hair and shaved him. Despite his rather vehement protestations, he was undressed and placed kicking and flailing into a tub of soapy hot water and thoroughly scrubbed. Then he was dressed in some new clothes, which his tormenters had bought for him, and sent on his way.

Ole didn’t seem to have much money. He received a pension and hung on to every cent he could get. Business men claimed he tried to get everything he could for practically nothing.

One of the storekeepers gave Ole odd jobs to

make a few cents for groceries. Mike was truly concerned about Ole and when he failed to show up one winter's day, Mike went to Ole's shack to find him ill with pneumonia. Under protest, Ole was taken to the hospital, where he was kept until he was well enough to return home.

Summer and winter, Ole walked to the village every day, sometimes more than once a day. Trailing him were his many dogs. On his back was a gunny sack tied on with rope. Rope also was used as a belt to hold up his trousers. He might be pulling a small wagon or sleigh made of odds and ends. These were used for toting home groceries or bits of building materials.

His walk was stooped and he used a pole for a walking stick. He never wavered in his steady plodding along the road. Motorists were constantly annoyed and worried about his middle of the road habit. Why he was never run down was a mystery to all, as he was not easy to see. Rules of traffic had no meaning for him, even when admonished by the police. He went his own way.

During the latter summer months of his life it was not unusual to see Ole and his dogs napping along the side of the road. It was obvious to concerned citizens that he was failing in health and they persuaded him to spend one winter in town where people could keep an eye on him.

Underneath all the contemptuous tolerance the people had for this stubborn old man, they felt a kind of affection and concern for the "Mayor of the Town". They were relieved when Ole finally went to stay in another province. At last he would be properly cared for.

He passed away a few months later, but he will always be remembered — a little old man with his troupe of dogs, trudging down the highway, totally intent on going about his own business.

John and Mary Andruk as told by Mary Andruk

John Andruk was born in 1894 in Romania. He came to Canada in 1914 to join his father who had emigrated earlier. Although the father returned to his homeland, John stayed and worked in a silver mine in Ontario. John was a traveller, therefore he worked at many jobs in many localities.

His wanderings eventually brought him to Waugh, Alberta, where he met Mary Megley. Mary was born June 27, 1902. Being one of a large family, she had little chance of getting an education. When she was 16, she married John Andruk.

After their marriage John's first job was working as a labourer in Edmonton. He worked on the basement of the Woodward's Store which was being built.



John Andruk, Bill Petrovich, stooking.

From there, they moved to an island off the coast of B.C. where John worked in a cedar shingle mill. Next, he worked at the Midland coal mine in Drumheller.

Mary moved along with John, sometimes following after he had got settled into a job, sometimes staying behind until one of their children was born.

John eventually filed on a homestead in the Newbrook area. John was not a farmer, however, and Mary was responsible for getting land cleared, and cropped. Later, she was able to prove up the homestead. John was working out all this time.

Mary's brother-in-law, Bill Petrovich, visited the Andruks in Newbrook and persuaded them to move to Smith. They lived with Mary's sister, Rosie, and Rosie's husband, Bill, for about six months on their farm in the Moose River district. During this time, Mary filed on a homestead in Smith.



Eva, Lena, Stephonia and Nettie Andruk.

By now, they had five children; Bill, Eva, Lena, Stephonia and Nettie. The children went to school in Smith. Bill remembers his first teacher was Miss Humes. Mary says Miss Humes had been at one time, a teacher for Queen Mary's children in England.

John continued to work out as a labourer, although they did manage to clear a few acres of land, sufficient to feed a few head of cattle, pigs and poultry.

John ran the ferry for a while and he ran a dray business delivering freight from the railroad station. Later, he worked opposite shifts with his son Bill, at the coaldocks, where they filled the coal tenders on the old steam locomotives. The coaldock was phased out when the diesel engines came along. John worked in the Smith Hotel as bar tender, until he died on August 2, 1957.



Dorothy Petrovich, Bill Andruk, Sandy Petrovich, Paul Petrovich and Nettie Andruk.

In the early years, Mary Andruk cooked for Dave Lee when he had a Cafe. She worked from 8 am.-8 pm. for \$1.00 per day. Besides being the cook she waited tables and washed the dishes.

Mary ran a dining-room in her home for a year and a half, where she cooked for men from the railroad. Then she operated the Cafe in the Old Smith Hotel for a year. Another time she cooked for a Geophysical Survey Crew and their helicopter pilots, in her home.

In 1965 they sold their farm to Mr. Boxandall from Westlock and moved to Westlock. Bill worked in the kitchen of the Hotel Cafe until he retired in November, 1981. He and Mary celebrated her 80th birthday in 1982 and had a big party for her family in the Westlock Inn.

Eva married Fred Arbuzow. They had three daughters, Alice, Nina and Nora. Eva and Fred live in Edmonton.

Lena married Joe Fedali. They had three boys, Lena lives in High Prairie.

Stephonia married Homer Bruyere. They had two boys and two girls. Stephonia resides in Westlock. Stephonia is married again to Pete Papadynik.

Nettie married Mike Chubinski. They had a daughter. After Mike was killed in an automobile accident, Nettie married Howard Prunes and has a son by her second husband.



Mary Andruk's 80th birthday, celebrated with her family.

David Allen Auch

I was born at Westlock hospital on September 22, 1947. I was raised on a farm in the Fawcett area along with one brother and four sisters. I attended Fawcett school from grades one to 12 and took my second year of grade 12 at Westlock High School where I took a commercial business course. I graduated from Westlock High School in June, 1966 at the age of 17.

In July of 1966, I got a job with Federated Cooperatives Limited at Smith, in the office, for \$195.00 per month. I boarded with Maude and Ed Guenette for about one year; after that I boarded with Alice and Frank Knahs. I asked for a raise at work and they consented to \$25 a month, so I quit and got a job at Hayes Imperial Oil Bulk Station, where I worked for approximately two years. I went back to work in the office at Federated in 1969, after getting laid off at the bulk station.

In July 1975, I married Susan Lee, daughter of John and Peggy Lee. Susan was raised in this area until the age of 16 when her mother and the kids, Susan, Linda, and David moved to Edmonton after their dad was killed in a farm accident here in 1961. I met Susan on one of her periodical weekend visits to Hondo from Edmonton when she would visit her sister and brother-in-law, Linda and Garry Joliffe.

In 1977 Federated Cooperatives sold to Zeidler Forest Products, and in 1978, approximately one year



Susan and David Auch and daughter Tennille.

later, Zeidler shut down their Smith operations. I then went to work for Vanderwell Contractors at Mitsue until 1980, then for Alberta Stake and Lath here at Smith until December 1981 when I got laid off. I am presently employed with the Alberta Forest Services here.

We still reside in Smith and have one daughter, Tennille, who was born on May 3, 1976.

George Barthel

by Betty (Lee) Barthel

George Barthel was born in Hanover, Germany, on March 7, 1913. He came to Canada when he was six months old with his parents; the family settled around the Lloydminster area. When George was older he worked in the Marwayne area for a few years, then came to the Smith area at the age of 23, along with the Ed Walterhouse and Lloyd Cardinal families.

At the age of 26 he married Betty Lee on November 7, 1939 at the Anglican Church, still being used in Smith today.

We, George and Betty Barthel, resided near Smith on the farm originally owned by my Dad. In 1942 we had our first son, Edward. In 1948 we moved into town. In 1950 we had another son, Lee; six years later a daughter Alice was born and in 1962 another son, Roy.

In 1954 I took over the switchboard for the local telephone, while George did carpentry work for people around town. In 1956 George and I built our house in which I now reside, and A.G.T. moved their



George and Betty Barthel.

office into our house. On March 6 of 1966 A.G.T. "cut our dial" and moved their office out.

In 1968, George and I built a garage in Smith and opened for business on July 1st of that year.

In May of 1974 George passed away and was buried in Smith. I continued the business myself until I sold it in March of 1981.

I still reside in Smith and periodically work at the garage for the present owners.

Mr. and Mrs. Beagint

by Eloise Landon

Mr. and Mrs. Beagint lived about where Charlie Passmore's house was in Smith. This was around 1923-24. She was from England. I believe he worked on the railroad. I don't know when they moved away.

John and Mrs. Hennehn moved into Beagint's house which was just past where Claude Graling lives now on the left hand side of the road. He worked for the railroad.

The John Graylings, Allan Elliotts and Vincents lived just down the road from there.

John and Mary Beaver

by Verna Willis

As we were unable to contact the Beaver family for a story, I will endeavor to write a short account of the family.

When I first knew John and Mary, in 1947 or '48, they had just moved to Slave Lake from Wabasca. John worked for Bill Willis and his partner, Camille Rochon, for a while, at their sawmill.

Years later they moved to Smith, where John worked for Stelter Lumber and later on for Federated Co-op.

They eventually owned their home and enlarged and improved it as time went on.

Their family consisted of Clara, Elizabeth, Lawrence, Gabriel, Leonard, John and Rita. They all attended the school in Smith. The older girls were active in High School activities.

Leonard excelled in athletics, and in 1967 as a member of the Junior Forest Wardens, won a trophy for conquering the obstacle course in the shortest time at their Provincial Camp at Blue Lake. Maureen Paches and Hazel McCumsey attended the Conference in Edmonton that year, when Leonard, accompanied by his supervisor, Ted Barnett, accepted the trophy.

Gabe delivered a daily paper for quite a while, and you could depend on him regardless of weather conditions. One summer, Gabe and Emery Swan lost their lives in a drowning accident, on one of the small lakes south of town.

Mary Beaver belonged to the Catholic Women's League and was a willing worker. She also worked as "Cleaning Lady" for Mr. LaFrance at the store and for several people around town.

The children grew up and left home, and Mary moved to Edmonton. I understand she is still working there.

Clarence Berlin **by Clarence**

I was born in Nipawin, Saskatchewan in 1932. I attended school in Whitefox and other schools in the surrounding area of Saskatchewan.



Gwen, Irene, Clarence, and Theresa Berlin.

I met Irene Zingle while I was working at odd jobs around the country. In 1953 I followed her to Edmonton, Alberta.

We were married the following year. I was on construction work at that time.

In 1955, I began working for the Alberta Forest Service, as an assistant Ranger. In 1956 I attended Forestry School in Kananaskis and was posted to Smith as a Ranger.

On completion of the new Forestry Station on the north river hill I moved my family into it. Irene and I had two girls by then, Teresa and Gwen.

I was with the Smith Ranger Service until the spring of 1961, when I was transferred to Wabasca. I resigned from the Forestry Service in 1963.

We lived in Edmonton, where I worked until 1976, when I bought a farm in the Flatbush area. I still reside on the farm while being employed by Canadian National Railways.

Irene and Teresa live and work in Edmonton. Gwen now resides in Australia, where she is working.

Mike Bilsky **as told to Mary Raessler**

I came to the Smith district in 1922 with my parents, Sam Bilsky, three brothers and one sister. I took my grade seven and eight in Smith. Mirror Landing was the post office, Mrs. Newell was the Post Mistress. Mrs. M. Hutton operated the general store, Mr. and Mrs. Williams operated the hotel. We all attended school in Smith. I came from the junction of the Athabasca and Slave Rivers across from the present day station, so we either walked on the railway bridge or rowed across in a boat. Our teacher was Miss Dorothy Green. Mr. McLeod was the station master. Geo. Bisson was the locomotive foreman. Smith was called the divisional point (130) miles out of Edmonton. Here they changed locomotives to go on to Dunvegan. This was called the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, nick-named Extremely Dangerous and Badly Constructed. There were no health services closer than Athabasca. My dad was section foreman for two years. When we left Smith, we rafted down the river to Athabasca where I still reside. I am 74 years of age and I live in Pleasant Valley Lodge. I have one brother living in Rocky Mountain House. One died in World War II in Italy. My parents are both buried in Athabasca.

George Bisson **as remembered by Eloise Landon**

George Bisson and family lived in Smith from sometime before 1921. They lived where the Mc-



George Bisson — Locomotive Foreman at Smith with his son George Jr. 1925.



George, Violet and Rose Bisson.

Conaghy's house was. He worked for the railroad at the round house, that was located on the other side of where the railroad bunkhouse now stands.

They had three children, Rosy, Violet and George. George Jr. joined the navy. He lost his life when his ship was torpedoed (around 1942-43). Not too long after that the family moved to Edmonton.

Jim James Brazeau by Reg Brazeau

J. J. Brazeau was born in Athabasca July 1, 1906. He was adopted by the Ned Brazeau family and was



Jim Brazeau farm.

brought to Mirror Landing as a baby around 1910-1915.

He married Clara Lennie (Charlie Lennie's family) in 1931. They had six boys (all good): Tom, first born, then Edward, Reggie, Stanley, Howard and Clifford. A girl was born between Cliff and Howard but died around six months old. The family all grew up on the farm and in Mirror Landing.

To support this hungry bunch, Dad had to trap, which he did most of his life. He also cut ties for the railroad.

Dad's wife Clara died around 1945 (I can remember I was around 11 years old at the time). After this when Dad had to be away from home for work purposes, Mary and Joe Brazeau looked after us most of the time. There were others that looked after us also. Must have been some job as I look back on it now, (being lambs)!

Dad operated the ferry across the Athabasca River for a number of years, and I can remember him shovelling coal at the coal dock for the railroad also. We moved to Mirror Landing just after Dad run the ferry.

I think we could say life on the farm was good for us in ways. We lived on dairy products, vegetables,



Eddie and Wally Brazeau, Camp #2 Slave Lake. 1950.

and wild meat. Also, the hard work never hurt us that much. We grew a big garden, and I can remember acres of potatoes which Dad sold to the railroad boys.

I (Reg) applied for the cooking job as it was better than picking roots all the time. Not that I was excluded, but I had to knock off work earlier than the rest to go and prepare meals. (What meals they were too, as you can now see that everyone grew up healthy and strong!). We had one work break (Dad had to listen to the soap stories on radio and have a 15 minute snooze). We always hoped that he would sleep longer — like all afternoon!

When the river broke up in the spring, I can remember him oaring the boat across the river to get us to school (heavy ice all across the river).

Harry Tariff and Dad would charge the Americans or whoever, to take their vehicles across the river when it first froze over in the fall (\$1.00 a car).

He was a good teacher in showing us how to handle a canoe in rivers, how to read water and how to trap and hunt. I guess it was a survival course. He seemed to be a patient teacher most of the time. He never complained about hard times and seemed to know where he was going in life and what to do to pull us through. I give him alot of credit. He was a good father too.

When we were still on the farm we told Dad we had all learned to swim so he would let us go to the river. One day we were tested. He waded out in water to his chest and had us swim out to him. I crawled on my hands until I couldn't touch bottom anymore, then gave a big shove to reach him. He grabbed me by my hair and to my surprise shoved me under and held me there awhile (seemed like five minutes, ha) then brought me up. I was advised never to tell lies like that again. It wasn't long after that that we all learned to swim.

Dad also drove school bus (first bus was 34 passenger I believe) bringing the Spurfield children

to Smith. Later, he moved to Spurfield as his run started and ended there. He drove bus from approximately 1955 to 1966, with last bus being a 62 passenger. He thoroughly enjoyed the students and says that was one of the jobs he liked the best. Of course, this was after us boys were all out on our own.

We boys are all scattered to the four winds.

Tom lives in Grand Prairie and has a family of two boys and one girl.

Ed lives part time in Slave Lake and Salmon Arm. They have four boys and two girls.

Reg resides in Fruitvale, B.C.; they have two boys and one girl.

Howard lives in Maidstone, Saskatchewan and they have two girls and one boy.

Stan lives part time in Terrace, B.C. and Slave Lake. They have two girls.



Jim and Theresa (Dumont) Brazeau.



Clifford, Howard, Stan, Jim, Reg, Tom and Eddy Brazeau.

Cliff resides in Slave Lake; they have three girls. (Cliff and Stan don't know how to make boys).

by Howard and Cathy

Dad recollects working on the railroad when it was built through Smith. He was paid .10¢ per hour and \$1.00 per day for his team of horses.

He worked as a fisherman's helper for Mackenzie Fisheries on Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories for the summer months in 1946. He thought that was quite an experience as he hadn't seen waves like the ones on that lake before.

He can recall numerous little occurrences that happened while taking care of his family. He tells one story about himself making rice pudding and stew for



Joe and Mary Brazeau, Florence Gullion, camp #2 Slave Lake. 1950.

supper. During the normal commotion of that particular day, he tossed the raisins into the pot of stew and the vegetables into the rice pudding. He gets a chuckle out of that today but back then it wasn't quite so funny.

Another story he likes to tell on the boys is about them stealing blueberries. He had a pail of blueberries sitting by the kitchen door and some of the boys kept sneaking into the porch and reaching around the corner for a handful of berries. Instead of moving the pail, he decided to exchange it for a bucket of cold water. He says he saw one hand get dunked in the water pail but the rest must have gotten a warning because no more hands appeared. There was never a word said about it by anyone!

Dad's favorite pastimes are visiting with his family and friends, playing cards (especially cribbage and various types of solitaire) and he is very keen on a marble game called Aggravation or Frustration. Anyone who has had the misfortune of playing that game knows how suitable the names are.

Dad married Theresa Dumont in 1971 and now resides in High Prairie, Alberta.

Archie and Pearl Brown Story A Baseball Team

Archie Benjamin Brown was born August 19, 1918 in Appleton, Minnesota, U.S.A., the youngest of a family of eight. (Archie's younger brother Floyd was born in Canada in 1921.)



Pearl, Archie Brown, Dewey, Floyd and Mrs. Brown.

In 1920 Archie's Father, Frank, sold out and bought a Model T Ford. With their old dog riding on the running board, the family headed for Canada. Archie's Father had asthma and it was thought a change of climate might help him.

The trip was not a "Sunday drive" as the roads were very rough and muddy and very steep in places. The old Model T had to be partially unloaded and backed up in order to utilize the extra grip of the lesser used reverse bands in the transmission.

Arriving in Canada, the family settled in North Eastern Alberta in Norway Valley which is close to Frog Lake. Archie went to school in Tulibee Lake when the weather and chores allowed. His Father and older brothers spent the winters trapping and the summers haying and running their cattle in the meadowlands north of their homestead. With her "men-folk" away so much of the time, Archie's mother "Emma" (Martha Ingabore Chelstead) found the homestead a lonely place. Their nearest neighbour was only one mile away but there were few of them and they didn't visit without a good reason.

Frank Brown succumbed to cancer at a hospital in Elk Point in 1935 and was buried in Frog Lake. Then Archie took over the duties of running the homestead and caring for his Mother, as well as younger brother Floyd and nephew Dewey.

Pearl Skidmore was born in La Golf, Alberta, near Frog Lake, on January 18, 1919. Pearl's Father moved from North Dakota to Consort, Alberta, in 1910 to farm. (Pearl's Mother's parents, Frank and Mary Anne Osguthorpe came from England to work in a coal mine at Canmore, Alberta in 1907. In 1912, they moved from Canmore to Consort to farm.)



Archie and Pearl Brown, Wedding picture.

In 1914, Pearl's Father, Ceman, and Mother, Annie, met near Consort. Shortly after, they were married and homesteaded at Monitor. In 1935 they moved to Onion Lake to try farming there. Disillusioned with farming, Annie and Ceman moved to the north shore of Lac La Biche and started a successful mink ranch in 1940. Annie and Ceman raised four sons and three daughters, with Pearl being their third oldest.

Archie met Pearl Skidmore at a dance at Tulibee Lake in the spring of 1940. There followed a whirlwind courtship on horseback and in the old Model A. Archie and Pearl remember a disadvantage of taking your team to dances, which was that you had to guard your horse feed or else it was taken by others to feed their horses. This problem was, however, overshadowed by the fact that you didn't have to keep your "hands on the wheel" of a good team on the way home. Many marriages were the direct result of "runaways". Archie and Pearl never had a "runaway" but Archie was able to win Pearl's heart in spite of her many other suitors.

In the spring of 1941, Archie and his brothers decided to leave their homestead for greener pastures further west. Leaving their Mother and younger charges with sister Hazel in Dewberry, they headed for the bustling railway town of Smith, Alberta, where it was rumored that there was work to be found as well as some very good farm land that needed very little clearing.

Archie talked Pearl into coming along, consequently they were married in Athabasca on May 28, 1941, at the Anglican Church by Archdeacon Little. To finance the wedding, Archie sold a cow for \$40.00. With this money, he bought a ring and some new clothes, paid the preacher and still had \$10.00 left for the honeymoon. To curl her hair for the wedding, Pearl had Archie heat a large spike over the camp fire and he twisted her hair around the spike as there was no place to plug in an electric curling iron on the trail.



Archie and Pearl Brown, Family.

The total move (honeymoon) took three weeks to complete. Along with two four-horse-drawn wagons and two riding horses, they drove 20 head of extra horses and 20 head of cattle. Their inventory of equipment consisted of a walking plow, a hay rake, and a horse drawn mower which they pulled along behind. One mare had a colt on the trail which slowed the trip for a day. Once they were used to the flies and endless string of mudholes, the trip turned into quite a picnic for the newlywed Browns. Pearl made bread on the way by mixing the dough as they travelled and then when they stopped, the men unloaded the stove, allowing her to bake the bread as she cooked supper. As well as the bread, which was a luxury on the trail, they ate what game they shot along the way, supplemented with potatoes and "Grout", a Norwegian dish consisting of a mixture of boiled milk, flour, and salt, prepared by Archie's brother Floyd. The milk cow they brought with them provided the milk and cream when they were between general stores.

Archie helped his brothers', George and Floyd, get settled at Otter Creek and George went back to Dewberry with the Model A and picked up his Mother.

With everyone settled, Archie and his new bride returned to Plomondon Bay on the shore of Lac La Biche where Pearl's family had their mink ranch. Archie and Pearl built their own one room log cabin in a clearing near the lake and spent the winter there. Archie did some deer hunting and trapping and helped with the fishing and mink that first year.

Work wasn't at all plentiful and with his country calling, Archie joined the army in Edmonton in August of 1942, as a reinforcement. He was transferred to Grande Prairie for basic training. On September 1, 1942, their first son, Larry Archie, was born in Plomondon. On October 15, 1942, Pearl and wee son Larry travelled to Grande Prairie by train and they spent two months with Archie. Archie got a furlough at Christmas so he met Pearl at Smith and they spent Christmas together with their son, Larry. This was the last Archie would see of his family until after the war.

Archie was transferred to Calgary for more training, then left for overseas in March of 1943. Archie went to England and fought under the British 8th Army with the Seaforth Highlanders. He saw action in Sicily, Italy, and Holland. On December 11, 1943, Pearl awoke in her little log cabin with a terrible premonition. Something was wrong. A few days later, she was relieved to hear that Archie was still alive but had been wounded. Archie had been hit in the left foot by shrapnel from a mortar bomb blast. Archie spent two months in the First Canadian Hospital overseas and was in a cast for a further six weeks. He then went back to the front lines. The war ended on May 8, 1945 and in December, Archie finally arrived back on Canadian soil, coming back on the Queen Elizabeth I, Archie was honorably discharged in Calgary in January, 1946.

In June, 1946, Archie, Pearl and Larry headed north. They took two teams of horses to haul their belongings. They intended to put up hay at Otter Creek, then go on to High Prairie and settle there with the possibility of moving to Grande Prairie later. On the trip, Pearl had a few anxious moments when she missed Larry. He appeared to have fallen out of the wagon and was missing. They hurried back down the trail, to find Larry unconcerned at the side of the trail eating strawberries. He had, apparently, slipped out of the wagon unnoticed and decided to have some dessert.

After arriving at Otter Creek, Archie and Pearl learned that Floyd and Archie's Mom had moved across the river to Moose Portage, and from there to the Fred Burfield place, on top of the river hill, north of Smith.

Upon crossing the ferry at Smith, Archie was told by Dan McPherson, the ferry operator, that Bill Tay-

lor's place was for rent. Bill's place was just below the hill and across the highway from Archie's brother Floyd's place. Archie and Pearl decided to stay there for the summer. When fall arrived, Archie was working down at the mill in Smith so they decided to stay the winter. They bought a registered bull with money they had saved in hopes of starting a good herd of cattle. The bull must have been sterile because there were no calves from him.

Their second son, Melvin Ceman was born that spring on March 19, 1947. That spring was almost fatal for the Brown family when their four and a half year old son Larry, playing in the yard, decided to start a fire in an old abandoned cook stove. He obtained a long roll of brown paper, stuck one end of it into the stove and lit it on fire. The fire quickly spread to the long dry grass that covered the yard and started towards the little old log cabin where his Mother and brother were. Luckily little Larry had the presence of mind to run to the cabin hollering at his Mom. He was crying and making such a fuss that Pearl, who was nursing Melvin at the time, ran to the window and saw the impending danger. Pearl put Melvin down, grabbed a blanket and ran to beat out the menacing flames. Larry, frightened at what he had done, hid in his bed. Working feverishly, Pearl was finally able to contain the fire and succeeded in beating it out before it reached the cabin. Exhausted and black with smoke, Pearl staggered back inside to find both her sons fast asleep, completely unaware of the danger they had been in.

That spring, their Percheron and Clydesdale mare, Bell, gave birth to Dolly, who was to grow up to be a family pet and was the best work horse Archie ever had.



Archie and Pearl Brown and Family.

In the summer of 1947, Floyd finished building his house. Then he decided to leave for Edmonton, in pursuit of his lady love. With prospects of lots of work at the mills in Smith and the hope of developing a successful farm, Archie and Pearl bought the Burfield farm from brother Floyd for \$1100.00. They moved there to live with Archie's Mother. George Brown then bought the Taylor place which he had been renting. Archie and Pearl cleared more land by hand and farmed their land with horses. Archie's Mom stayed with them and helped with the kid's except for a few forays to Edmonton to spend some time with her other sons and daughters. Having a mother-in-law around all the time was a mixed blessing for Pearl, but she managed miraculously. Eventually they built a house for Archie's Mom about 500 yards from their house. "Emma" passed away in 1971 and was buried next to her husband at Frog Lake.

During the winters, Archie worked at Stelter's Mill and cut and hauled firewood for the towns people. The firewood sold for \$6.00 a cord and gave a little extra money for Christmas presents and seed grain.

In the early part of 1948, Archie bought an old three ton truck and started hauling lumber from the bush mills to the mill in Smith. Archie struggled with this for two years and by the time he paid for the truck, tires, transmissions, brakes and a new motor, he almost broke even. The big expense to show up later was the tole on his body, from lying under his truck out on the roads, and the frozen fingers and feet, not to mention the frustration and loss of sleep.

On May 24, 1948 their first daughter, Lorraine Pearl was born. Lorraine was such a delight that Archie and Pearl decided to have a few more daughters. On August 27, 1949 their second daughter, Maureen Anne was born. To save expenses, Pearl had Maureen at home, attended only by Miss Attrux, the District Nurse. Maureen is still a very independent person. Their third daughter, Adyne Beverly was born November 24, 1950, in Duncan's car on the way to the Athabasca hospital. Adyne was quite frail at birth. However, all their daughters, grew to be quite a help to their mother in managing this large family.

In the 1950's, Archie and his nephew Dewey, received a contract with Stelter to haul lumber from the mill to the planer in town. They would change off — two weeks on nights and two weeks on days. When Archie was on nights that first winter, feed was so scarce (his crop had been poor) he would come home, put Bell and Dolly in the barn for two or three hours, grab a cat nap, then get up and go hauling feed or wood. The closest feed was from Sid Bird's place, 12 miles east down on a river flat. Archie paid \$.02 a

bundle for the barley bundles which were still in the field frozen down and covered with snow. Nevertheless, Archie was able to haul enough feed to keep the horses and cattle alive all winter.

Archie recalls one load that took him three days to haul. The first day, he dug the bundles out and loaded the rack. While pulling the load out of the field, Bell slipped, then caught her footing, the sudden jerk snapped the doubletree and the horses walked away from the sleigh. Unable to do anything about it, Archie threw the traces up on the horses and rode them until it was too cold, then walked behind. The next day at the end of his shift at the mill, Archie proceeded to carve out a new doubletree while the horses rested. At noon he headed back for his load of feed. Arriving back at the field, he hooked onto the sleigh once more. The team tightened the traces but couldn't start the load as the sleigh had frozen down. Archie turned them from side to side to break the front runners loose, then straightened them out once more to start the sleigh. Archie slapped the team and they started ahead; once again Bell slipped but Dolly kept going, right out of her harness! One of her hames had broken. Archie, tired and cold, wanted to cry but that wouldn't get the feed home so he threw her harness back on and headed for home once more empty-handed. The next day even though it was snowing so hard, you couldn't see ten feet in front of you, he succeeded in getting the bundles home and fell into bed for a few hours of well earned sleep.

The next few years things were a bit better for the Browns and they were able to buy their first tractor, a Ford 8N. Getting used to having this type of equipment was almost a hazard. Again God must have been on their side, as Pearl managed to stop Archie from backing over Maureen, who had fallen off the platform that was behind the tractor.

In the fall of 1951, the Browns bought a new John Deere binder. In the spring of 1952, they bought a new Cockshutt 30 tractor and a three bottom John Deere plow.

On September 12, 1952, their third son, Garry Frank was born.

In November of 1952, Larry was confined to bed with rheumatic fever for five months.

The next summer, they bought their own threshing machine. Things were looking up for the Browns.

On September 13, 1954, another son, Darrell Wade, was granted to the Browns. Now they would have a lot of help on the farm.

During these semi-prosperous years, Archie continued to work out, at the mill or in the bush in the winters, and on the farm in the summers. With things going reasonably well, Archie decided to venture out

on his own again, so with a partner, George Roe, he bought a saw mill, a small one. This business didn't measure up to their expectations except for more hard work and very little profit.

The barnyard pet, Dolly, worked her heart out literally. She died of a suspected heart attack skidding logs for the mill. When a power unit was purchased to alleviate the problem of insufficient power to drive the mill (from the International W-6 Tractor), it blew up in Archie's face. Archie had been sawing and at noon went into the airtight heated engine shack to see why the engine wasn't producing as it had the previous day. He heard a sucking sound and determined that someone had tightened down the fuel cap on the fuel tank. Grabbing the cap, he twisted it to let some air in. The in-rushing air caused gasoline vapours to fill the room and the interior of the engine shack exploded, throwing Archie against the wall.

Luckily the men, hearing the explosion and seeing the flames, ran to the scene and were able to pull their boss out. They rolled him in the snow and beat out the fire on his clothes. Archie suffered bad burns to his hands and face, however he was not scarred. Archie was only in the hospital for a couple of days but he was unable to work for awhile. Needless to say, they lost the engine.

With all these children, Archie and Pearl decided they should have more room, so they built an addition onto their home. The addition gave them a new kitchen and a new bedroom for the girls. When it was finally complete, the Browns decided to throw a house-warming party for their friends.

The party was a success except for one small incident. At about 1:00 A.M., two native ex-employees decided to crash the party. When they were told to leave, they objected but we convinced them that they were at the wrong party. About 15 minutes later, the people in the house were suddenly disturbed again by bloodcurdling screams coming from the front yard. Everyone rushed out to see the two men rolling around in the front yard screaming and groaning and holding their stomachs. Choking and coughing, one pointed to a now empty bottle lying on the ground. "We've been poisoned", he gasped! Archie examined the bottle and found out it was an old whiskey bottle that had been filled with "nut loosener" (a mixture of brake fluid and penetrating oil) that had been sitting on the window ledge. After a couple of shots of milk and cream with a water chaser and some vomiting, the party crashers were driven home with no further ill effects.

With the increase in living quarters, there came another increase in the family. On a warm June 1, 1958, Teresa Fay was born.

More conveniences were to come to the Brown

household in the form of electric power. Northwest telephones put a repeater tower on their property and provided the Brown's with power in exchange for them looking after the station maintenance.

Archie continued to work in the bush and took a contract with Rod Rempel "bucking on the landing" which proved to be successful and even reasonably profitable. This time when a log fell on Archie's foot, his eldest son Larry was old enough to take over for him for a few days. Larry was happy that it was only for a few days as he slept very poorly in Archie's cot in the unheated bunk house with only two thin army blankets for cover.

With Archie away most of the winters, the responsibility of keeping everyone fed and warm weighed heavily on Pearl. A large family always has its share of squabbles and Mom is always the referee. Larry and Melvin and the boys were given the responsibility of fetching the wood and water; milking and looking after the livestock.

Melvin suffered a broken rib when his big brother disciplined him for not packing his share of wood. This time the referee was called on to "tan" Larry's hide. Another narrow escape occurred when Larry and Melvin fought over a cup of "water" on the kitchen sink. The "water" turned out to be coal oil and only Mom's quick action saved Melvin's life. Besides all the mishaps: like Adyne falling asleep in an old snow plow; another time she got lost and we could hear her crying and a coyote howling right beside her; Melvin hiding in the old toilet and the rest of the family looking for him for hours; the family remember a lot of fun times.

There was no television but there were shows at the Legion Hall every Friday or Saturday night. There were Christmas concerts to see and to "star" in. They went to every performance and to a lot of dances at the hall. As well as these events, the family had fun times together berry-picking, picnicing, and going to the lake to fish and swim. Melvin caught his first fish in a stagnant pool off Harrison's dock in the narrows at Moose Lake (now Fawcett Lake) despite everyone making fun of him for fishing there.

Archie and Pearl completed their "baseball team" on August 14, 1959, with the birth of their last son, Glen Alvin. Glen proved to be very special because he was born mentally handicapped and he was the baby in the family. He brought a lot of joy to his Mom and Dad, as well as to the rest of the family.

In 1959, Larry went away to school in Athabasca then to Calgary Technical School.

In 1962, the Browns dug a basement and bought a two storey house from Rose Kostiuk and had it moved all the way from Rod Rempel's place north of the Moose River.

In 1963, Archie went to work for the Department of Highways driving grader and working with the highway crew for the next 12 years.

Lorraine, Maureen and Adyne were members of the 4-H Club. In 1964 Lorraine won a trip to Olds for two weeks, for first prize in the best garden category.

In 1971, at the New Year's Eve Ball, Pearl fell and broke her left arm. She had a cast on for six weeks.

Despite all their family commitments, Pearl and Archie were active in the community as time allowed. Pearl was active in the Home and School and the Ladies Auxiliary of the Legion; she served on the executive, even doing one term as President. Archie was active in the Legion serving as Sergeant-of-Arms and one year as Vice-President.

Archie and Pearl ventured away from Smith three times in the last few years. In 1975, they spent a winter in Barrhead. Then in 1978, they spent a summer in Grande Prairie. In 1979, they spent three months in Grande Forks, B.C. Through all of these moves, they kept their holdings in Smith and returned "home" in all instances.

A great many other events and occurrences happened during the Brown's life thus far in Smith but they offer this brief history to be recorded for the future. The Browns, Pearl and Archie in particular, have made a lot of friends and have been friends to a lot of people in the Smith area. Archie and Pearl have always been willing to help their neighbours and friends and will continue to do so in the future. This feeling of friendship and co-operation that is perhaps becoming more and more rare in the world at large, sets Smith and District apart as a special place to live.

Larry, with his wife Janet and five children, reside in Grande Prairie, Alberta. Larry manages a Hydraulic Shop.

Melvin and his wife Linda and three children are living in Smith on the family farm and are farming the land.

Lorraine and her husband, Rick Huegle and two children live in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Rick is a bus driver for Greyhound.

Maureen Brown (Kyllo) and her two children are living in Smith on the farm. Maureen works at the Forestry.

Adyne and her husband, Ron Weibe and four children are living in Salmon Arm, B.C. They have started a Hydraulic Supply Shop.

Garry and his wife, Ann and three children travel where Garry is called. Garry ministers with the Evangelical Church.

Darrell and wife, Anna-Fay and three children are also living in Salmon Arm, B.C. Darrell works with Ron Weibe.

Teresa and daughter Connie live in Spruce

Grove, Alberta. Teresa works for a cleaning firm in Edmonton.

Glen is presently staying at a residence in Barrhead and works at the Blue Heron workshop in Barrhead. His Mom and Dad usually go get him every second weekend and on holidays.

Archie and Pearl Brown have 23 grand children and four great-grandchildren and lots of potential for the future. This in itself is a commendable accomplishment from such a meagre beginning. This is not the end.

Audrey and George (Bill) H. Brown

by Audrey and Bill

Bill's Story:

My grandfather, Magnus Brown worked for the Hudson Bay Company for 35 years at Fort Chipewyan. For this service he was presented with a gold medal. He then moved to Athabasca where he built river boats. He also built the first Anglican Church in Athabasca. A lot of his tools, etc. are still in the Archives in the City of Edmonton. He passed away at the age of 81 years and is buried in Athabasca.

Dad (George) spent five years in the Canadian Army overseas. In England he met my mother (Annie). They were married in 1918 and arrived back in Canada with the last of the first world war troops. My brother, Gordon, was born while my parents lived in Athabasca. I was born in the Westlock Nursing Home in 1926.

At the time of my birth, Dad worked on the Mills Ranch, which is presently owned by Orval Hayes.

My first recollection of Smith is Archie Vallie's store, the old Post Office run by Dave Lee, the old one room school house and the old Catholic Church.

Miss Hume was my first teacher and she taught grades one to nine. I went to school until Grade nine and during that time there were a lot of fights between the boys. When Mr. Porter taught, he spotted Louis Newell and I talking in class. He called us to the front and said we were to stand there and report on any others who were talking. When class was over, we had just about all the bigger kids up at the front, including Winnie Nikipilo and Nettie Andruk. These two girls never caused any trouble in school but that day, thanks to Louis and myself, they got their strap-ping.

My last teacher was Miss Dorothy Fox. She came to visit in Smith several years after I was married, and she told me I had put the first grey hair in her head.

I remember the Medical Clinic that came to school to remove tonsils, adenoids and teeth. The ether was so strong you could smell it half a mile



Annie M. Brown, 1935 and George Brown, 1940.

away. They had a hole dug outside the school window where they threw the extracted tonsils and teeth. After a child's operation, he or she was put on blankets to lay on the grass until they felt up to going home. Gordon and I were standing in line, waiting our turn. We looked at one another, obviously with the same thought, and off we took for the bush. That was one night we were very late coming home.

The NAR had a stockyard down by the tracks and here in 1931, John Lee, Gordon and I saw homesteaders arrive, unload stock and equipment. Some of these were Fred Coburn, the McCumsey's and others.

After I finished school, I went to work for the NAR as section man at Saulteaux. My wages at that time was .35¢ an hour and I worked six days a week. I stayed with the NAR for two years and when I was eighteen years old, I joined the Armed Forces. I spent two years in the Army, and during this time I was stationed at Calgary, Camrose, Wetaskiwin and Nanaimo, B.C. I guarded German Prisoners of War at Lethbridge and at Carol Brothers Lumber Camp at Winfield. During my stay in uniform, my first few months were very lonesome, as I had never been away from home. I received my discharge in 1946 when the war was over.

I returned to Smith and went back to work for NAR as section man under John Nikipilo. My close friends, then, were Steve Laskewski and Berger Lundquist. We spent a lot of time playing ball and pool. Berger played the violin and I, the guitar. We played for some of the dances. With us was Ken Worthing who played the accordion.

Berger and I went to Jack Coburn's wedding dance in Otter Creek schoolhouse and I met my wife for the first time.

I continued to work for the railroad and was transferred to the locomotive division in 1950. I worked there until 1955, when I was laid off. This came about due to the introduction of the deisel locomotive, which hauled much bigger loads. During my time with the railroad there was a fairly large crew on the section, of which John Nikipilo was foreman, a very dedicated, hard worker. There were the station crew and locomotive crew of which Charles Passmore and Joe Racine were foremen.

After I was laid off from the NAR, I drove school bus for the County of Athabasca for one year, at \$5.00 per day. I was also janitor at the old curling rink.

I then went to work for Orval Hayes, driving truck to Edmonton. I did this for ten years, then drove fuel truck for Orval. In March of 1973, I took over the Imperial Bulk Agency, here in Smith. It was closed June 29, 1981.

At present I have two school buses and hire one driver.

Audrey and I were married In March 1948. We raised five children, Pamela, Raymond, Cheryl and the twins Darrell and Darcy.

Money was not too plentiful during the time we raised our family, but we were able to make ends meet. Our friends during those years were Floyd and Shirley Olsen, Walter and Lucy Phlughaupt, George and Gertie Price, Glen and Helose Peterson, John and Peggy Lee. We had some good times, anything from ball games, and dances to just sitting around drinking coffee.

We were active in the Curling Club and the Legion.

Audrey's Story:

My parents told me we arrived in May, shortly after my second birthday. We made the trip from Edmonton to the homestead by wagon and straw-rack, which was pulled by Dad's new team of horses, Tony and Pride. The load consisted of Dad, Mother (Rene and Eleanor Guenette), Donnie and myself, plus some chickens and a few necessary things to start farming. We lived with my grandparents for some time while Dad and his brothers built our first log house. These log houses had sod roofs, which did not keep the rain out. It would rain for one day and drip inside the house for three. The house was cool in summer and cold in winter.

When I was about four years old, I remember crawling up on Mother's knee, after she had got me ready for bed. Mother told me I would not be able to sit on her knee much longer, as we were getting a new baby. I got off her knee and went to sit on Dad's. I guess that was my first step in making way for my sister, Geraldine or Cherry as we called her.

We saw Mother's dad for the first time one summer, when we were playing in the yard. This very big man walked into the yard. Scared, we kids ran into the house yelling that a strange man was in the yard. Mother, on the other hand, was very pleased to see her father, for the first time, since she moved to the farm.

About this time Dad decided to build a new log house. The incident that stands out in my mind, about this, was on one evening after Mother and Dad had been working on the house. We kids had played in the sand and Cherry lost her soother. Don and I looked in the sand for the soother, but was unable to find it. After a sleepless night, I made up my mind, that if I had a family, none would get a soother. I survived five children of my own without a soother for any of them.

As time went on, Don and I seemed to spend more time at our grandparents than at home. Grannie's beds seemed to be softer and warmer. Also she made the best pies, cakes and cookies. Grannie's pantry was always full. One spring she made fresh rhubarb pie and homemade ice cream, which Granddad said was delicious, but I didn't stop at one piece and was one sick girl.

My brother Lawrence arrived next and was nicknamed 'King', a name he went by for many years.

The year of the big flood (1935) was a thrill to us kids, as we could travel from Grandad's to the Post Office in a row boat. Don and I played a lot with another boy and girl our own age, whose parents farmed near us. If trouble came, you can be sure Don and I would get blamed for it. When the flood waters were drying up, the four of us were playing near the mud, when the boy said he was going to walk in the mud. We begged him not to, as we knew we would get blamed if he got dirty. Sure enough, as soon as he got one foot stuck off went his sister to tell her mother that we had pushed him in. I can still see their mother coming down the hill from Grannie's yelling at Don and I to go home. We made fast tracks home, very put out, because as far as we were concerned we were home.

For three days we did not leave the yard, but on the third day Grannie came across the field, crying her eyes out, because she thought Mother and Dad had forbid us to go see her.

A few years later, I got even with this girl. We were together swinging and she bumped her head. Away she went, crying to her mother, but I was able to catch up with her and sat on her, until she promised not to tattle anymore. A great victory!

Our brother Russell was born the year of a lot of sickness. He passed away when he was three months old. I remember the district nurse making trips to the

farm to see him. That was a very trying time for our parents.

When I was nine, our grandparents decided to retire and move to Edmonton. Both Uncle John and Uncle Oscar had joined the army, so they were missed on the farm. Our uncles thought it was great fun to get us kids scared of the dark. One summer when our cousins, Eddie and Ronnie, were out from the city, we shot at Uncle John's backside with a bee-bee gun. There sure was a scattering of kids.

We had two and a half miles to go to school and this was walked regardless of what the weather was like. I started school just after the new school was built, just below Walter O'Neil's. This was heated by a large barrel heater. We sat as close as possible to the heater to keep warm, and at noon toasted our sandwiches on top of it. This last, was for two reasons, to thaw the sandwiches and to get something warm inside of us. They were very tasty.

I remember one teacher, Mr. Little, who took all the kid's coats and put them on the wood pile at the back of the school and slept every afternoon.

Mrs. Parker who spent some time teaching had two children of her own.

Miss Dougall loved to talk about the different planets, etc. She would spend all afternoon talking to us if we got her started on the subject.

Miss Henderson came as a first year teacher. In the winter she would put on her heavy coat and play outside with us.

My last teacher was a Miss Crawford. I'm sure she should have retired years before coming to the Portage. We had lots of fun at school, in summer playing ball, and in winter it was Run Sheep Run, Fox and Goose or sliding downhill on bobsleds.

On Friday after school, most of the kids went to the Post Office to wait for the mail. We played around the yard. One Friday we spotted a dead bloated cow lying in the field. As curious kids, we all went to look at it. Some smart kid had a knife and stabbed the cow. I never was much of a runner, but I made a few tracks in a hurry that day.

Our Christmas concerts were a great excitement for us. A lot of time was spent on them and on the night of the concert everyone turned out, dressed in their best, which was either a hand-me-down or made over. I was a great believer in Santa Claus. I recall one concert as Santa handed out candy bags. I looked around for my dad. I could not see him. I happened to look down at Santa's oxfords and recognized my father's shoes. My bubble burst.

Christmas at home was also great. Gifts were not plentiful but Mother and Dad must have spent most of the night getting the tree decorated and the gifts and candies out. Donny always woke up around five

A.M. and checked everything before waking me. I begged him not to look before he woke me, but I never did get the first peek. After we had looked at our gifts and had breakfast, Don and I would dress up and go and pick up our grandparents. We would walk across the field one on each side of Grandad, with Grannie trailing behind. We would always sing an old French song.

Pauline arrived when I was ten. Dad was determined Mother would go to a hospital for this confinement but fate played another part.

Harvey Dixon arrived early one morning to pick up a load of pigs that Dad had ready to ship. No sooner had Dad and the load of pigs left, when Mother went into labour. Donny went by saddle horse to have Mr. Duncan bring the nurse out and I went to get Mrs. Parsons to be with Mother. We were three scared kids, Cherry, Lawrence and myself when we heard this new baby cry. Lawrence quickly named her Cookie.

That summer proved to be very busy. Donnie went to the hospital to have his appendix out, so was unable to help Dad in the field. That work fell to Mother and care of the new baby fell to me. I learned how to bake bread. Ronnie and Eddie came back for the summer and those boys sure knew how to make a loaf of fresh bread disappear.

The baby of the family, Gordon, arrived when I was fourteen and shortly after that, I left school, but my time was well spent helping out at home.

It was great fun in the summer evenings, to get all the family out, to play ball. Gordie would sit on the grass protected by the family dog and watch.

Selmer Olson, Lorraine O'Neil, Lois O'Neil, Donnie and I were inseparable. We spent a lot of our summer holidays riding horseback through the sand-hills down by the river.

If anyone wanted to dance, word was spread around and a dance would take place at the Club house on a Saturday night. Mr. Olson and Oliver would supply the music and every family would bring lunch.

It was at one of these dances when two men in Army uniforms came with their girl friends. When I saw the one, I said to Lorraine I'm going to marry that dark-haired one. She told me I was crazy, but he did turn out to be my husband.

One year Don and I wanted to go to Edmonton and Stoney Plain to see our grandparents. Dad cut a lot of firewood and Mike Nikipilo had ordered six loads. After freeze-up Dad went to the trapline, Donny to a lumber camp and I was to haul wood to Smith to raise money for my trip to Edmonton.

I loaded the sleigh box the day before I went to town. I hooked the team to the sleigh and pulled the

runners on to the logs, so the loaded sleigh would not freeze down during the cold night. Early the next morning I started for town. Dad had told me to walk to keep warm, but at the top of the river hill I should drive the team into town. At this time a lot of U.S. convoys were moving through to Alaska, by the highway, so I usually met a lot of trucks on the river hill. After arriving at Nikipilo's I tied the team up and fed them, then I unloaded the wood. On one of these trips an elderly man helped me unload, as I was so cold, the tears were not far away. A few years later I met him again. He was Bill's dad, George Brown. I made \$36.00 hauling six loads. From this Mother ordered enough material to make me a coat, and a pair of boots, from Eaton's catalogue. I still had \$12.00 to spend, so in March two happy kids (Don and I) got a ride into the city with Lawrence Villeneuve to visit the bright lights. After one week two lonesome kids returned to the farm which now looked very good.

On that trip, I bought Mother a set of fruit dishes done up in Easter ribbon. Mother has since given these back to me. They bring back many fine memories.

The family moved to the Lawrence Villeneuve farm to take care of his dairy herd. There I found out about milking more than one cow. The milk was sold to Swanson lumber camp for the men.

It was at this time that I saw my first movie, when Lawrence took us to camp to see a show put on by Len Stiles. I also saw the many German prisoners that worked there.

That summer I went to work for Mrs. Villeneuve in the cafe. I walked downtown, worked all day and walked back home at night. This paid \$1.50 a day.

After that, I worked for Mrs. Erickson in the old hotel. The cafe was open one hour for each meal, which I had to prepare and serve, also do the rooms upstairs. I was really in the money then, making \$15.00 a week.

Shortly after this, I got interested in the dark haired man mentioned earlier and we were married the first day of spring, 1948.

Melvin and Linda Brown Story

Melvin Ceaman Brown was born March 19, 1947 in Athabasca, Alberta. Melvin is the second oldest of a family of nine. He was raised on the farm two miles north of Smith, where he went to school. When Melvin was 16, he went to work in a mill for \$1.10 an hour. Melvin heard there was more money to be made out at the coast, in the mills. In 1966 he met Linda Normand.

Linda Normand was born October 15, 1948 in Winnipeg, Manitoba. She is the third oldest of a



Darren, Linda, Melvin and Melvin Jr. Front: Hazel Brown.

family of six. When she was two, they moved to Kamloops and then later to Surrey, B.C. Melvin and Linda were married July 8, 1967 in Surrey, B.C. where they lived for six months, and then moved to Smith. They lived on Stan O'Neils farm, where their eldest son, Darren was born November 20, 1968 in the Athabasca hospital. Melvin was working at the mill and doing a little farming on the side. They were renting for \$35.00 a month, which included the power. It sure wasn't much, but in the end they were still paying for something they would never call their own. Their second son, Melvin Junior, was born December 14, 1969, in Athabasca, Alberta. They bought a 12' x 60' house trailer and put it on Melvin's dad's (Archie's) farm. In 1974, Melvin went into the trucking business. On January 23, 1974 their daughter Hazel was born in Athabasca, Alberta. In 1978 Melvin sold the trucking business; they are farming and working out.

The Second Homestead by Fred Burfield

It was June of 1931 and not a blade of green grass anywhere. Our cattle were feeding off a 1927 straw-pile. The country was a desert. "We ought to move," I said, "This is no good". "Yes", answered Dad in his usual meaningless way. "There are homesteads to be had yet," Robin put in, "Jim Hutchinson was telling me the other day that he would like to have a look at them. He'll pay for the gas."

It was decided. Robin and I, Jim Hutchinson, and John Van Verdigem would go north immediately and see for ourselves. Our 1928 Chev. was loaded with bed-rolls tied on each side of the hood, suitcases on the runningboards, and an axe, shovel and food stowed under foot, and off we went. We camped the first night under small poplars on the trail to Stettler.

It was like a picnic. "I got bit by a mosquito!" John exclaimed. "I liked it!" We had few mosquitoes on the parched prairie back home.

The second night, we slept in an empty house west of Wetaskiwin, and the third in a box car on a railway siding on the way to Athabasca. Then we spied a small shingle with the word Smith penciled on it and followed a trail leading into the woods. We finally came upon a school house of logs. The teacher was outside and John asked her if she knew where Melvin Nelson lived. "Cross the river and turn right at the top of the valley," she said. Soon, we were up the valley and driving along a narrow rutty trail leading east. About sundown, we came to a man skinning a moose at the side of the road and got more directions from him. Melvin's place was an eye-opener. Nothing could be nicer to live in, we thought. A lovely creek passed near the buildings under towering "pines" — everything, not just a poplar, was a "pine" to us then.

Melvin took us around to look at quite a number of homesteads still open for filing. After four days of this, it began to rain and we hurriedly packed up and headed for home. It was still raining as we camped for the night at a little Catholic Church at the roadside. John, a Catholic, gave a very reluctant assent to us unrolling our beds in the aisles and he himself, spent the night in the car. It was 4:00 A.M. when he urged us to get up. It rained all the way to Edmonton.

The main highway, then a gravel road, was one large puddle after the other. Water spouted up and over us, soaking our bed-rolls on the front fenders and ruining the suitcases on the runningboards. It was getting dark as we turned eastward towards Drumheller. Robin was driving and suddenly he slammed on the brakes. There was a chasm across the road a few yards ahead. I was glad it wasn't me who was driving. I might not have seen it in time. Robin, Jim and John got out and decided to walk out to a distant farm for the night. They returned at dawn, complaining of the \$1.40 charged for each. A man with a team and chain hauled us past the washout for \$5.00. A mile further on, there was a second washout and another \$5.00 to get by.

Drumheller looked like it had been in a hurricane but once out of the valley, the trail was not so bad. Presently, we noticed a little dust rising behind the car, so we stopped and removed the chains. Not much farther, we found the old weathered house just as we had left it, with dust and wind and more dust. "No, there's been no rain since you left," said Mother, as she stared at our mudcaked car. "Well, that does it!" Jim exclaimed, "For awhile I thought maybe I wouldn't have to leave, but now I know I'm going to move!"



Rose and Bert Burfield, front-Guy McCumsey.

From then on, our only thoughts were to get away as fast as possible. Machinery was dismantled, the wire rolled by winding it on a wagon-wheel hub attached to a Fordson drive wheel and everything hauled down to Finnigen ferry siding on the Red Deer River and loaded into a box car. Then the horses and cows were driven down and packed into the stock car. Robin and Peter went with the train to look after them. I got into the car and drove back to pick up our parents who were staying till the morning at Charley Parson's place.

Early next morning, we were on our way. I had to drive past the old home. How sad and derelict it seemed now, with gaping doors and windows, no fences, no machinery, everything gone but the tumbledown remains of the barn. "Stop, I see one of my little roosters still there!" Mother cried. She jumped out and hurried to the house and believe it or not, that rooster ran up to her and allowed himself to be picked up and brought back to the car. "What are you going to do with him?" I asked. "I don't know. Maybe we could stop in Drumheller and I could give him to Babs Davidson" she said. I don't think Ramsey or his wife were too pleased at having a rooster thrust upon them but Babs was charmed with it. We went on and spent the first night under a tarpaulin on a side trail. The second night, we reached Smith and camped there under great, tall black poplars. Not a breath of wind there, no dust, only a very few mosquitoes. Mother was happy.

We found Robin and Peter already in Smith. They

had unloaded the animals into a small yard. But the tractor had to have one wheel off to be squeezed through the door of the boxcar. It was a problem. No platform in all of Smith! The railway men said the only place was the sloping ramp where coal cars were shoved so the coal could be shoveled into the locomotive tender. Our car would have to be moved all the way from the stockyard to the bridge and then back along a side rail. We said we could move it with four horses but the agent would not allow that till after the blue passenger train had come through at 4:00 P.M. We were all set when it pulled out. The horses were chained to the side of the car and started pulling. For a moment, the thing wouldn't budge, but then it began to move.

The horses felt it and pulled all the harder. Soon, the box car was going at a good walking pace along the main line. I climbed up on top to man the brake wheel but as we passed the station, the agent ran out and climbed up beside me and took hold of it himself. I was glad to let him have it. Presently, we were curving down to the bridge. He put on the brakes and the car stopped just beyond the last switch. Someone turned the switch and we had the horses pulling the other way. Although it was on a slight uphill slant, the horses knew now that it could be budged and budge it they did. That ramp was only a short curve away and there we halted.

The agent, much relieved, hurried back to his office. Without further delay, we three worked away at that Fordson till we got it dragged out on planks and the heavy rear wheel put back on again. Then, it went by itself down the ramp to the ground. The wagons were hauled out and set up and loaded with household goods, including the reed organ and other instruments and books, and the whole, covered with canvas. We worked at it till we were played out about midnight. Here, we noticed the longer daylight and could see the light of the sun go all round the horizon.

The next day, we got everything out of the box car and stacked near the ramp, out of sight of the town, and were ready to move to the homestead. We had the two wagons loaded to capacity, with four horses in the lead with the big grain tank. Robin led as he was the only one that knew the way, I had the second wagon with triple box piled high, with chicken crates atop. Then Dad chased the cows on foot and finally Peter and Mother came in the car, also well loaded. Soon we were down at the ferry. Mose Villeneuve was operating it then. He was a tall, dark, rugged-faced Metis with a genial smile. "I'll take the lead wagon across first," he said, "Then the second one, along with the animals the next time."

Robin drove onto the ferry. It was swung to catch the current like a sailing ship catches the wind, and

soon they were on the other side. The Athabasca River seemed to have a much swifter current than the Red Deer River. The ferry came back and I drove my wagon on. Peter and Dad got the cattle and one young filly aboard, with very little urging. Then Peter drove the car on too. The cables were hooked across and away we went.

We finally started up the long slope on the other side. The tall poplars along the highway almost met over our heads. It was another world altogether. Robin turned off onto Moose Portage Trail at the top and started up the steep hill and I followed. The cattle came behind, obviously happy and reaching out for a mouthful of vetch or peavine or lush grass as they went. The horses and cattle too, were beginning to shake their heads as though something was bothering them, and sometimes the fuzzy little flies would barge into our faces and try to get into our eyes. But, we scarcely noticed them; the world about us was too strange and still too new for mere insects to worry us. A large poplar was leaning across the trail ahead and I doubted if my high triple-box wagon could get under it. I had to get off and ease the team ahead. One crate was going to catch. I climbed up and wiggled it a bit and eased the horses on a little. One slat caught and broke in two and the roosters started jumping out. I shoved them back and got my jacket over the gap but one had jumped down and disappeared into the thick short brush which I later learned to recognize as wild hazel-nut. I had to let it go and drove on. Dad came then with the cattle and Peter with the car. Mother saw the rooster peeking out and rescued him. Dad was in his fifties, so soon after that I traded places with him. Now, as I walked behind the animals at a leisurely pace, enjoying the scent of the woods, the thought came to me that here I was, being a real pioneer, just like so many other early settlers of long ago. Dad had been one and now, here he was at it again. This time there were more of us and we knew something about animals and farming, but very little about trees. We had never cut down anything bigger than a willow — for fence posts — along the prairies. How to build a log house was a complete mystery.

As I walked behind the cows, I thought about the years gone by and as I looked around at the verdant growth, I felt sure the future would be much better.

Dad had left England in 1908. He had been born in Hastings, where the family had lived for some hundred of years. He sold the brewery, which seems to have been their business, and their large house. The proceeds were divided between himself and his three sisters. He then came to Canada to learn to farm. He got a job on a farm in Manitoba, plowing and later, threshing. Then with the advent of winter, he sailed to New Zealand but finding no chance of



Left to Right: Fred, Herbert and Peter Burfield.

buying land there, he returned, along with Ramsey Davidson, a distant relative. Back in Canada, they worked on the Canadian Pacific Railway irrigation projects, and eventually, both got homesteads in Alberta just in time to fight the big prairie fires of 1909, spending a whole night plowing ahead of the flames between the Bull Pound and the Red Deer River.

Mother was born in New Zealand of Scottish descent. She sailed by herself, sometime in the 1890's around Cape Horn, stopping at Trinidad for recoaling and on to England, where she married Herbert Burfield about 1900. Sylvia, Robin and I were born in Hastings but Peter made it into this world in the middle of winter in the sod house that Dad built on the prairie.

After passing through a couple of farm steads, through gates and along narrow winding trails, through the thick stands of poplars, we came to a little log house that appeared nearly new. A sudden shower was splashing big drops of rain down so we rushed everything we could into the house, and unharnessed the horses and turned them loose. We hoped they would not be too hard to find in the morning. The cows got to looking about for a bit, then lay down for a rest. We fixed up the little range in the house and got a fire going. A bed for the old folks was soon in place. The sacks of flour were piled in one corner. Mother brought along some food from Smith, so we had something to eat. Then we boys spread binder canvas over the wagon box and slept inside.

Next day, we set out on foot to find the corner stakes of our homestead. They were very difficult to find because of the heavy second growth of poplars. We had been advised to look for the cut lines, but here, they were obliterated. Eventually, however, one of us spied a row of old rotted stumps and following them, finally came upon the familiar iron stake.

From that, we deduced where our land ought to be. Our homestead, as far as we could make out, didn't look so hot. It seemed to be on a height of land. Well, having got that far, we decided that we'd better go to town and get more of our stuff. Besides, a number of our closer neighbours from the prairie were supposed to be arriving in Smith with their two cars of effects and we had promised to help them unload. Sure enough, the Parsons were there, along with Jim Hutchinson and Shaw.

All of a sudden, the quiet little village had become a crowded, bustling place. Since none of them had unwieldy tractors to unload, they had left their box cars near the stock-yard. There we helped unload them, running the bigger pieces down a couple of planks to ground level. We three boys got them unloaded in quick time, one after the other. Then we loaded the one wagon we had brought along and set off for home.

Funny thing, we had no trouble finding the horses. For awhile at least, they stayed right close to the house and the wagons and their harness. The woods seemed strange for them. The flies that were now pestering them more and more, didn't seem right, either. Instead of stinging them on the chin, the flies piled into their ears and ate the inside until they were becoming raw. But the big bulldogs suddenly vanished and the mosquitoes were not nearly as bad as we had seen them for some years on the prairies.

Jim Hutchinson took one look at his quarter and said: "No, this is no good!" We didn't see him for quite awhile after that. Fred Shaw had a pretty fair quarter adjoining ours and the abandoned one, where this house was situated. We put up a shelter big enough to hold the four of us. It was made of poles and canvases. We then fenced in a few acres using rolled wire, so we would be sure to have one team handy anyway. Then we all set out one day with shovels to give our land a thorough going over. To our dismay, it turned out to be almost solidly composed of gravel! Just to walk over it, it appeared as good as any but now, every thrust of the shovel encountered gravel a few inches below the surface.

From that time on, we put in time surveying the surrounding country. There were good quarters but they had already been taken up. The others were largely of muskeg or deep coulees. "Let's try to get that one where this trail entered the highway," Robin said at last. "We could start a garage on the highway."

Peter drove into Edmonton or Athabasca and put in his application. Meanwhile, Robin, Dad and I, and Fred Shaw got busy clearing some land on a school section in the Moose Portage area. It was good grass but a lot of old logs had to be gathered and



Fred Burfield, Isobel Farr, Robin and Peter Burfield, 1973.

piled. I got our mower put together and started out. But almost immediately, I hit a low stump hidden in the grass and the pole broke off. Cussing at the delay, I took the team to a nearby spruce grove, cut down a tree and snaked it to the mower. We had sense enough to bring along all our tools, so I put in some hours trimming and fitting the pole to the mower. The wood was green and soft and it was difficult to bore holes properly; but I got going at last. Mr. Shaw had been mowing right along and no doubt thought I had been careless, but when he got his patch done and moved to another, he was next to go to the woods for a pole.

Mowing around these heaps of logs was very difficult, with the mower bending the grass down so it would not cut. Finally, we had enough to rake. We had brought our rake along on a wagon and that had to be put together. And what about a rack? I drove our lighter wagon (the one that had the triple box) but it had been pretty well wrecked in a run away into a grove of trees nearby.

The rack was mostly poplar, but that would do. I cut down the trees as I needed them, two stouter ones for the bedding pair and lighter ones for the cross pieces and corners, and still thinner ones for the flooring and sides. It took me most of the day but when finished, it did the job. In fact that rack lasted for fifteen years.

Another man was piling his raked hay into bigger heaps a short distance away. He came over to chat and he turned out to be Jack Wreggitt, whom we knew quite well. He had recently married Sadie Nelson, who lived not far from Clyde Store. Jack had come

out the previous year and his homestead was somewhere to the west of that school section.

On rainy days, which were far more frequent than we were used to, we got to work on a small house for Fred Shaw. The summer was drawing to a close and we thought it wise to have another shelter ready. Also, we were anxious to try our hand at building a house of logs. Shaw had a grove of nice spruce trees in a low place. Here we tried cutting down our first logs.

My axe was pretty dull and thick and I thought it would be quicker to chop the tree all around like the beaver does. But that didn't work well at all. It fell against another tree and then that had to be chopped down. Shaw bought himself a new Hudson Bay — type axe, as they called it here, and that worked much better. Eventually, we caught on to the fact that a tree could be induced to fall more or less where you wanted it to if you cut it right.

One man cutting trees could keep the other four busy trimming, barking and cutting to length and snaking to the building site. With five of us all hard at it, and no union boss going around to see that we didn't work any harder than we were supposed to, we got that house built in about two weeks; complete with floor, two windows and a door, and a dirt roof. The logs were chinked with moss from the nearby muskeg.

Sometime in August, we took time off to drive down to the Athabasca River to pick raspberries. I was interested to see a deep cut down to the river's edge. This was no doubt where the old stern wheelers used to land when the water was too low to make it to Mirror Landing, seven miles further up river. We picked enough of the luscious, ripe raspberries to fill two full water pails. As soon as we got back, Mother had us dig out all the sealers we could find and next day, she was busy canning raspberries.

On another day, Fred Shaw, Robin, Peter and I took a boggy trail to Crooked Lake, not far away and there we found a home-made boat on the shore, upside down, belonging to Mr. Haggard, who lived only a half mile east of where we were. The boat leaked a lot but Shaw, Robin and Peter decided to try it; one baling, one rowing, and the third one fishing. I found a small waterlogged raft half buried in the long grass and shoved it into the water. I took off my shoes and stepped onto it. The thing sank under the water out of sight but still it held me up, so I paddled out a short way. My, the water was like glass. I could see right down to the bottom, to the green weeds there, and the occasional fish swimming above them. I put out my line with a baited hook and hoped the fish wouldn't be too big and upset my raft. I paddled out a bit further and then the line went taut. Gingerly, I

hauled it in and there was a nice white fish a bit over a foot long. I managed to kill it with my paddle, and then decided I'd better get back to shore before I tipped over. I heard the clang, clang of the bailing tin coming around the corner and presently the boat came into view. We landed together. They didn't have a single fish.

The leaves turned yellow. I never realized what a difference that would make. The yellow was so bright, it almost dazzled me. Then a wind came and the leaves were falling off, and I had another surprise. All of a sudden, where there had seemed to be nothing but poplar, there were spruce trees looming big and bold out in the open. Such a contrast to the prairies, where the grass turned grey-brown in mid-July and then no change in the landscape till the snow turned it white.

All of us in that Moose Portage area now had the chance to do several weeks work for the provincial government, clearing out the trees and brush from Guynup's place at Big Creek about three miles on to the highway, so that the road could be properly graded. It was September, but we all jumped at it, for cash was very scarce with us. Mr. Millin, one of the early settlers of the area with a house set on top of a high hill about a mile south-west of Moose Portage post office was the foreman. We all gathered at his place one morning and then set off on foot to the place some five miles or more on the way to town. The trail was all open here, but beyond, it had to go through heavy poplar forests. Mr. Guynup and his son had been there a few years and had built a nice little house of hewn logs, a barn, and so on, and had some cleared land. Bob, the son, had only one good arm, which was so powerful, he could wield an axe like a two-handed man and more than made up for the useless arm. He was a genial, happy man, never finding fault or lamenting over his lot. I admired him. They had the first old shack and there, we all left our blankets. Oh boy! You should have heard the noise throughout the nights! I lost a lot of sleep and so did the others. But all we wished for was that we could sleep as soundly as the noise makers (snorers).

Besides Robin, Peter and myself, there was Shaw, Hutchinson, Jim Grellet, Dave Taylor and another man whose name I have forgotten. He lived with his family next beyond Guynup's near where we were working. An expert axe man (a Swede from west of the Moose Portage area) also worked with us. Our wages were, it seems to me, \$2.50 a day for eight hours and that seemed riches! Eventually, we were clearing out the last trees at the top of the hill before the drop to the highway.

I could see all the way to "House Mountain" otherwise known as "Flat Top". It must have been

fifty miles away. The area between seemed to be solid forest, all dark conifers with a few orange patches of poplars or birch, a rather dismal scene at this stage. But nearer you could see a column of steam rising from a train moving rapidly along the far side of the Lesser Slave River. That was rather nice.

Peter got a letter saying that his application to homestead the quarter on the highway was okayed. It was high time. The first of October and nothing started. First we hunted for the corner stakes. It was easy here. Dave Taylor, it turned out, would be our nearest neighbour. The first corner was close to his cabin just on the other side of the highway, which apparently cut a wedge — shaped slice off the west side of Peter's land. The other western corner to the north was on our side of the highway. That was all we wanted to know for the moment. The land would be all to the east of there.

We decided to build our house on a sort of shoulder at the top of the steep pitch up from the highway. We drove downtown and brought back the lumber that had been the chicken house on the prairie and at once set that up on some big logs, using it as a temporary shelter while we built the cabin. I pushed my way through the thick second-growth poplars to choose a building site. Suddenly, I came to a vertical drop-off. It was about ten feet deep. We would build close to the top of that. Robin got busy with a shovel and dug out a small root cellar. I walked out to a group of tall, black poplars. They appeared to be straight enough and were handy. All I had to do was cut a trail through the small stuff and the old logs. We could easily snake the necessary logs downhill to the building site.

We got at it right away. Robin, Grellet and Peter were sawing and chopping at various trees. I got a road cleaned and presently, the first tree was going down. It landed up against another tree. So, Grellet got to work on that one and it too, leaned against a third. Someone cut that and it fell against a fourth tree. All four were real good ones, tall and straight with few branches. I took a turn at the last one. This one would have to fall as there were no more left to lean against. Belatedly, we realized that we should have started at the far side so the westerly wind would take them down one at a time. By the time I had a notch cut on the outer side, Grellet wanted to work so I backed away. He had made quite a deep cut on the near side when he backed off as well. "They'll all come down together", he said. "Might catch a person below." "I'll take a go at it." Robin said. He whacked away at the stubborn wood for an endless time, it seemed. He paused and looked up and then around him, then took several more strokes. There came a sudden sharp report, a few twigs came down.

"Get out of there!" Grellet shouted. Robin cut some more. There came another sharp crack, another stroke of the axe and at last, the tree began to move. Robin turned and scooted out from under. Slowly, the tree leaned forward. More twigs came down and then the whole mass moved, branches untangling, breaking off. Then it all hit the ground with a most satisfying 'wham'! After the branches and twigs had ceased to rain down, we moved in, stripping off the limbs, measuring and chipping into 25 and 30 foot lengths. Finally, I was able to wrap a chain around the butt of the nearest one and the team hauled it down to the building site. That was our first log. But there were three others ready to come.

It wasn't so good when we came to peel that thick rough balm of gilead bark. It was grown right into the wood and had to be chopped or drawknifed every inch of the way. No matter how hard we worked, it took time. Finally, we had two of the 30 foot logs ready and hauled along both sides of the little cellar. "We want to have it square with the world," Robin said, as he got the compass out of his pocket. "Twelve degrees west of the needle is due north here." We shifted the two logs till they were exact, then they had to be leveled and squared, with each other. Now for the two end logs. With all the manpower we had, it was easy to heft them on top of the others. We had now a little experience in notching corners so that went off quickly. As the days passed, the walls went up, the doors and windows were cut out, the roof logs rolled into place with a cable and then poles on top of them fitted as close as possible. These were covered with spruce boughs and finally with clay dirt, shoveled first into the wagon box and then up on to the roof. Lastly, the logs were mudded up, the floor boards nailed down, and windows put in, the heater and pipes shoved up through the dirt and we were done in time for winter.

It took exactly one month, all of October, to build the house. During this time, Mother had to remain at the first place back beyond Moose Portage. Now Robin, Pete and Dad took the wagon and horses we had with us, to fetch her and the other things "home". I stayed behind to make a door. We had a few boards left over from the flooring so I managed to build a passable door for the opening. I covered over the outside with some old roll roofing we had taken from some building or other, and that made it nice and tight. Then, I started a fire in the heater. My! That really did feel nice then. The outside air was rather nippy. The warmth brought out all the lovely fresh scent of new wood. Presently, the others returned. Mother came into the house and was charmed with it. "How lovely and how roomy", she exclaimed.

Dad hunted around and found a good little spring down at the very edge of our south border, which we used for the horses and cattle, but it was quite a walk and there were too many steep hills to climb to carry water to the house. I tried digging a well just across Moose Portage trail and it filled with water right to the top. Then the weather turned cold, quite a bit of snow came with it. We were making a shelter for the work team below the bank, using binder canvas to keep off the snow till we could make a proper barn. One day, we saw a moose striding up the middle of the highway. We boys grabbed our guns. Robin had a Stevens single shot 32, which for some reason only used black powder shells. Peter had his 22 and I had the 38 calibre pistol given me by Reverend Scallon in Drumheller as protection against wolves and bears. We ran out to the trail and part way down the hill, but the moose had gone past. Another, however, was following, so we waited until it came opposite us and then we all blazed away. Peter and Robin each let off a shot apiece and I fired off three in quick succession. I could tell that my bullets were going wild. I had never fired the thing before. Peter seemed to think he had hit the moose. We saw it leave the road and start up the hill into our place to the northeast. Robin and I decided to let it go, as our shots seemed useless, but Pete followed the moose. We had just got home when Peter came running breathlessly after us. "I got close to him," he said "And then he turned on me. So I came home". "Do you think you got him?" "There was some blood on the snow." "Well, we'd better let him go till morning," Robin said.

Out we went in the morning and there it was, right where Peter had left him. It was beginning to freeze. We towed the moose home and got to work skinning and cleaning out the inside. While doing this, we noticed that there was a small bullet hole passing between two ribs, through the heart and lodged in a rib on the far side. It was Peter's bullet all right! It was no trick at all to kill a moose.

We got busy and built a barn big enough to hold two teams and our cows. It had a pole roof on which we could pile the hay. One cow already had lost her calf out in the snow. Now, a second one had calved and we put it in the chicken house, with a little heater to keep it warm. Unfortunately, the door came unlatched and the calf disappeared. I was starting out with the rack to get a load of hay at the school section when I met Robin tracking the calf along the trail. He got in with me and we both watched the snow at the side for possible tracks if it turned off. It was not until we got all the way past Guynup's place and a half a mile beyond, that we spotted the calf's trail in the deep snow heading for a coulee. I stopped and unhitched the team so they would not run away and we

both hurried along the trail. There it was down in the bottom, completely buried but still alive. We took it back home at once.

The day after the barn was built, and the pressure lessened somewhat, I set out down the steep cut banks to explore the lower regions of our land. There was a frozen pond ribbed thickly with willows. I decided it would be easier to walk across that than around. Then I saw a strange set of tracks. There were Robin's foot prints going across and right beside them, a set of bear tracks. I had never seen bear tracks before but these were unmistakeable, the long claws showed clearly at the ends. Was Robin following the bear or was the bear following Robin? When I got home, I asked him. "I never saw any bear tracks," he exclaimed. He put his coat on and went down at once to see for himself. "That's strange," he said, "it looks like a bear either was following me or else he just happened to be going the same way later". We were told by Guynup, a day or two later, that the bear must be denned up for the winter close by and it would be a good time to get him.

Well, I was not very eager but I was as curious as the others were so I set out to that frozen pond again. The tracks were still there in the pond but outside it, the rabbits had been so thick as to blot out all traces of tracks. I hunted around for a bit, but was not at all sorry when I could find nothing.

That winter passed in the usual way, snaking in full-length dead poplars that had fallen in the pasture and hand-sawing and splitting them into lengths. Robin made a nifty heater from an oil drum that could take many, full-sized logs. The rabbits became thicker.

That spring, our next job was to put up a building for a garage. We built one exactly the size and shape of the house so as to save time in planning. Now that the sap was running, peeling off the bark was easy. We put in a lumber floor and roof, two windows to the south and a wide door facing the highway. Then we built a couple of bridges across the ditch, moved our forge and anvil and other equipment. For a starter, we ran our own car inside and gave it a bit of a check up. Well, times were difficult. The occasional cars that came in usually were very old, broken down things owned by people with not a dollar left.

Dad then heard of a piece of good land on the Athabasca seven miles away. Peter hammered together some boards for a little boat, and Dad, Robin, Peter and I think Dave Taylor too, floated down the river in style. They found the place, which looked worth having. So Dad was in a hurry to file on it. They could not paddle against the current, so tied a rope to the boat and hauled it upstream, all the way home, on foot. Dad filed in Athabasca and even-

tually found that he had a homestead. There was quite good hay there. All that was necessary was to pile away some old logs. So, Robin, Peter and Dad drove down there with the mower and rack and made a little shelter and spent nearly a month clearing land and cutting and stacking the hay.

That summer in July, came the worst hail storm I was ever in. Luckily, I had just arrived home from a walk into town. The hail was over an inch long and sharp. The cows tore down into the shelter of a cut bank. It was beating against the west window, so I held a blanket against the inside. But I could feel the glass disintegrating under the blanket. Then it blew in and beat against me and hurt too. So I had to let it go. Then the wind changed to the north and smashed in the two small windows there and finally came from the east and broke in our kitchen window. Only the two south windows remained. However, it had no effect on our dirt roof. Outside the hail was several inches deep all over. All the leaves were gone from the trees. The garden and five acres of oats we had just planted were like summerfallow. I went right back to town on foot and bought up enough glass to fix our windows. We were worried about the hay-makers out on the flat. However, the hail seemed to have petered out by then. People on the south side of the river had escaped entirely. I reseeded that hillside late as it was.

Robin and Peter decided they ought to go south to help with the harvest as they had heard crops were better that year. So they went by freight. I followed later in the car since there seemed little to do at home.

I found Robin milking cows at Benson's. Peter was working for Bob McGibbon. I went around to Michichi and got a job stooking with Archie King. I stayed with him till we had the threshing done there. By that time, Robin and Peter were ready to leave too. The weather was getting cold in October. Frederick Benson rode with us and got off at McCumsey's road in the late hours of the night. We three drove on to Smith. The ferry was not running then at night so we built a good fire and sat around it till daylight, then went across and found the old folks all right.

The second sowing of oats had produced some green feed which Dad had cut and raked but not yet stacked. We three stacked it that very day. Then we went down to the flat and built a small log cabin. The weather turned bad and we didn't get it plastered up. Then Robin got a letter from Charles Holland down south saying he was going for an extended period of time to his home in Prince Edward Island and would Robin care to look after his place while he was gone? Robin decided he would go. He travelled by passenger train, — inside, not outside — and arrived there in time to get in a supply of coal and to see

Holland off on his final journey. Holland was killed when a train smashed his car as he was crossing the tracks.

Peter and I decided that it would be easier to take the cattle down to the flat than to haul the hay home, so we went down in a cold snow storm, 18° below and after thawing out the ground, we got enough mud to plaster the logs of the cabin. Then we cut and hauled and fitted logs for a small barn. Then the temperature dropped, finally reaching 40 degrees below. We got the barn finished and poles on top and put some of the top weathered hay on it. Then we turned the one team loose and went home to get the cows and something to eat. Driving the cows down wasn't easy in that snow but we got them there and fed them some hay. But now I noticed that the rabbits were eating hollows into the haystack. I went after them with a fork and was surprised to be able to knock them down so easily. They seemed stupid. Pete went back and I remained to feed the cattle.

We had fitted the Quebec Heater in the cabin and it soon became red hot. The cold frozen walls only made it windy, the wind circling about inside. My back would be hot while I sat on the bench eating, and my front, ice-cold. I had put my frozen potatoes under the bed about three feet away and they remained frozen in some snow there all the time I remained. The weather cleared at last. The thermometer showed 62° below. There was no wind and no sun either because the south bank of the valley was high enough to shut it out. After that cold spell, there were no more rabbits to kill around the stack. I had them piled around the fence. A light fall of fresh snow with warming weather showed not a single rabbit track.

It was then that I caught the flu. I woke up during the night in a heavy sweat. I had to get up and restart the heater and go outside a couple of times. I felt pretty bad so I decided I'd better go home. I got the team harnessed and had a difficult time hitching up the horses to the sleigh. Nothing seemed to go right. I found I had the horses off to one side of the pole. I finally got them hitched right at last and started for home. On the way, I seemed now and then to see deer in the woods at the side of the road. They were only stumps with snow on top and bare branches for antlers. I got home and Peter took over. So it goes.

When spring came after the plague and the sudden disappearance of the rabbits, I noticed that all the ground hogs, chipmunks, prairie chickens and grouse had gone too. And then in June, the horses started dying off. I was left with only three of the youngest. I had been making a fence between the river and the swamp to keep the cattle and horses off my hayfields, which I was planning to break up and

put into oats. There, standing absolutely still, was Jup, one of our horses. He was very sick and stayed there all day. I went back and asked about town what one could do about this sickness. No one had an idea. Then a stranger said: "There's one thing you can try. Dig out an ant's nest and get that waxy substance in the bottom. Boil that and drench the animals with it." Well, I remembered seeing some large ant's nests down by the river bank not far from where Jup was standing. I drove down there with my remaining team, tied them off at a distance, and got out my shovel. I threw the ants as far away from me as I could and shoveled frantically trying to get to the bottom before they over ran me. They were big red things, and were getting more and more upset with each shovelful. That nest was nearly two feet in diameter. I got down about two feet and had to run for it. The ground all about me was red with ants. Most likely, it was just an old wive's tale anyway. Jup stayed there for three days, then disappeared. I never did find his remains.

I had this two-year old filly who was showing signs so I took her over to Henderson's who had a stallion. I was very busy, so I told him when she was ready just to turn her loose on the highway for I was sure she would come home by herself. About two weeks later, sure enough there she was, trotting up the hill. She turned in at the gate and let me catch her. She had her halter on so I took it off and let her go. The ferry man told me she had come down to the ferry landing and waited for him to come and then had walked onto the ferry herself just like any person might. The colt was born; a rangy animal. He wasn't scared of anything. When, eventually I had him broken, I had to watch out for traffic because he never bothered to move aside. I called him Poky.

Before this, I had been reduced to working the land with two horses walking behind a set of two harrows. It was slow. However, I had the Fordson to pull the drill and the binder, and I did some breaking with it on the flat and later, some more on the home place. I used the mare along with the other two on the sulky plow, trying to get her to wean that colt, and she made so much milk, it was squirting out in two streams as she walked along. I would stop and milk her some. I wondered what horse milk would be like, but never tried it.

My Mother died in February of 1941 on a nasty cold winter's day. There was no town cemetery at that time, so she was buried along-side Mrs. Newell, the old grandmother whom we had never met. They are buried near the river bank and are still there. Robin and Peter came up from the prairies and in a couple of days, they returned, taking Dad with them.

It seemed strange, to be by myself. Food never

got cooked unless I made up the fire and put it on. I tried making a loaf of bread but it wasn't much of a success. What I noticed mostly was that anything I left on the table, no matter if it was a saw or a hammer or whatever, never moved from there. I had to move it myself. One time, I went to the house after being away hauling something from the flat and found the door wide open. When I entered, I found the house full of pigs. I dashed in shouting at them. One pig was behind the door and tried to slide under it, so slamming it shut. That panicked the others and they all went out a window. So I had to get another glass.

After an absence of two weeks (fire fighting at Fawcett Lake), Dave Taylor, Mose Villeneuve, Mr. Coy, another fellow and myself were all walking home. We were carrying our blankets and took a short cut through the forest to the Moose Portage Trail. I wouldn't have known the best way to go, for the area was flat and largely of muskeg. However, Mose, at any rate, knew exactly where to avoid these. Mr. Coy kept us entertained with continuous talk, which seemed to consist of two people talking to each other. About halfway, someone decided it was time for a rest. Mr. Coy remained standing, the better to continue his tale, Mose Villeneuve moved up very close beside him, with that patient Indian look. He didn't seem to be listening to Coy, just waiting. Finally Mr. Coy paused. Mose then made motions at his side as though winding up a gramophone. "What are you doing that for?" "You were run down," Mose said, "I'm winding you up again." I asked Mose once if he ever was lost in the woods. "No, I never get lost," he said, "Other people lose their sense of direction sometimes, but for some reason, I never do. Many times, I have been out till it was quite dark, but I always know in my mind exactly where my cabin is. All I do is go that way and eventually I arrive there." I mentioned this to his son, Lawrence. "Oh yes, that is right," he said proudly. "I remember when Ned, Dad and I were out squirrel hunting and it got dark, and we had an argument about which way to go to get home. Ned and I told him it was one way and he said, "No, it's the other way". So, he said we could go our way and find out. He was going his anyway. We found out after two hours that he was right and when we arrived home at last, he had had his supper and was busy skinning his squirrels. He said he had been home three hours."

Mose had another gift. He could find water when all others had given up. MacLean, who bought that two-acre corner from me, had dug two wells in the most likely spots without success. When he left, it was sold to a Mr. Tabak, who got Mose to use his willow wand on it. Mose said after walking back and forth a bit, "Dig right here." This was the highest

part of the land and about halfway between the two wells already dug. They got lots of good water at sixteen feet.

Another person had him do witching on his place. He had also dug two wells, one on top of the hill near his house and failing there, tried a second at the bottom, also without result. Mose said, "Dig right here between the other two. There's good water there." And so it proved. I saw this myself. So I asked Mose to try for water up on our hill. He waited till I had gone to town, then went up so he could work there alone and could concentrate better. "I didn't have much luck at your place," he told me. "There's only a little water at 60 feet — not worth digging for."

A number of farmers were hired from our district to go up the highway one year to try to get the road open again. Lesser Slave Lake had risen several feet through the heavy rains, and flooded several miles of it on the east end. They set us to hauling poplar logs to corduroy the road and some others hauled dirt to cover the logs. All this flat willow country east of the town and beyond was flooded. Slave Lake town was in three or four feet of water. The hotel burned down to the water line one night. The only traffic was motor boats. However, I did not get to see any of this. I was at a camp set at the beginning of the flooded area on the banks of the river.

The big tent was crammed with beds, so I rigged up a little cover for myself with a six foot square of canvas and some brush and so was not bothered with snoring noises. It was a good-natured crowd of men. Well, our work went for nothing. A strong westerly wind came along with more rain and sent the waters rising and flooding the cook's tent and then the big tent too. I was a little above it. We were paid and sent back home.

Later that fall, I was sent out with a rack load of road tools, which I dumped at the edge of the water after going on a mile or so of built-up corduroy — built four feet above ground so it would not float away. Sure was bumpy for the wagon. A car came up behind me and tooted it's horn, but I could not go faster nor get out of the way.

I was now having more and more difficulty with my sight. I noticed that noon was my worst period. I couldn't understand why this should be until I realized that at noon, when the sun was at its highest, there were fewer and smaller shadows. Thus, things did not stand out so clearly. Plowing was no problem yet, but harrowing was a matter of guess work. One man stopped by as I was leaving a field with the harrows and said, "You didn't do much of a job that time." Harrowing didn't matter so much but seeding was something else. I just could not see the drill

tracks at all one year. The only way I could get the seeding done was to walk in front, leading the outside horse while I strained my eyes and felt with my feet for the drill wheel mark. Many times, I would be off and have to stop and hunt around for it and then get back on again. That made a sharp turn more difficult for next time.

For the next year, which I knew would be even worse, I decided to drag a log at each end of the drill and use the tractor instead of the horses so I could be up front. That worked a little better but there was now the danger of going over a steep hill or ridge at the end of the fields. I did that with the Fordson once, but I was able to go on down, braking it with the plough in the ground.

One winter, I noticed that I could no longer see sleigh tracks in the snow. I could tell where a trail was only by the lack of bushes on it, but that did not help while out in the muskeg gathering tamarac for winter firewood. Finally, I got hung up on some low stumps and spent much of the day unloading and moving the sleigh to the proper place and then reloading. Time to say goodbye to the woods, I decided. I sold everything that winter and regretfully headed south.

In this year of 1984, Robin, Peter and I (Fred) are all that still survive of the original pioneer family. In our seventies, we are still active and in passable health. Robin and I live in Calgary; Peter lives on his farm at Munson, Alberta, now leased out to a neighbour.

During the 1930's, Robin and Peter returned to the prairies to make what living they could. Robin looked after the Holland farm, then with the advent of the war, joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and was stationed in Nova Scotia. Peter became Mr. Benson's permanent hired man until Mr. Benson was forced to retire and then Peter bought his farm and has been there since. I, after leaving Smith, was lucky enough to meet Elnora. We married and moved on to a farm near Bensons, and leased the land to Peter. After three years there, we had to go to Ponoka to look after Elnora's father. Later we moved to a quarter section farm in the district and then retired into Calgary.

We had a daughter, Twila and a son, Stanley. Peter had a son and an adopted girl, Larry and Linda.

Sylvia, the oldest of us children died in Drumheller of typhoid fever in 1929.

Mother died in Smith in February, 1941 and Dad died in Drumheller in 1953.

Gilbert and Pauline Calhoun

by Pauline

I, Pauline Guenette, was born at the farm in Moose Portage. I must have been in a hurry because

Dad went for the midwife and by the time they arrived, so had I. Mom had delivered me, herself.

I remember some good times at the farm, like the parties with Oliver Olson playing the fiddle. I'm sure that's where we all learned to dance.

Now we drive miles to pick berries. Then we would get on the Ford tractor and drive to the pines and bring home water pails full of blueberries. I used to go out on Saturdays and pick pails of cranberries to sell to Gordon Brown for pies.

I remember one winter when the meadow froze solid, we had the biggest skating rink around, almost right outside our door.

At Christmas time we would put up the tree but never decorated it, as that was Santa's job. In the morning there it would be, all decorated. We would start about 5 a.m. in the morning begging Dad to get up and start the fire. He would manage to stay in bed until about 6 a.m. for we couldn't stand the suspense any longer.

I took my schooling in Smith, first in the two room school, then in the newer one. I met Gilbert in Smith and we were married in 1960. We moved to Grande Prairie, where Rory was born in 1961. Kelly was born in 1962 and Scott in 1967.

After several moves, we moved back to Smith in 1968. For someone who was happy to move away from Smith, I think I was happier coming "home". Of course I didn't realize just how cold our house would be in the winter! We moved into the N.A.R. station. One night Linda and Leonard LaFrance came over to play cards. We were sitting at a card table in the living room with our coats on. Everyone had their feet piled on top of each other. The person who had their feet on the floor would move to the top of the pile when their feet got too cold.

Rory and Kelly took their schooling up to grade 9 in Smith. For grades 10 to 12 they were bussed to Athabasca. They would leave at 7:30 in the morning and arrive home at 5:00 in the evening. Scott took his grades 1 to 7 in Smith and then in 1981 we moved to Peace River, where Gilbert still works for the C.N.R.

Rory works for the C.N.R. also, at McLennan and Kelly is working for Alberta Power in Slave Lake.

The Pat Cardinal Family as told by Margaret Cardinal

Pat was born in Slave Lake, May 1, 1919. His family lived in the bush as trappers and hunters.

Jessy Margaret Giroux was also born in Slave Lake, December 21, 1925. The Giroux family travelled quite a lot — from Slave Lake to Smith and Calling Lake, but Margaret stayed with her grand-

mother most of the time. They spent quite a lot of time in the bush, trapping and hunting.

One fall they were camped by a lake they called Island Lake which was west of Spurfield. They had shot a moose and were drying the meat. They travelled with horses, and one day a horse was missing. Margaret was sent out to find it. She found the horse, but had not paid attention as to where she had gone and became lost. She kept the horse with her which was fortunate because one of the women in the party having to look for her, found the tracks of the horse and followed them. Just before dark she found Margaret, very tired, hungry and ragged.

Pat and Margaret were married in Slave Lake on March 13, 1942, by Father Kindervater. They lived in Slave Lake for a while before moving to Spurfield where Pat worked at the sawmill piling lumber.

They had six children while living in Spurfield.

In 1966 they moved to Smith, where Pat worked for Federated Co-op and then for Zeidler Forest Industries Ltd. after they had purchased the mill. Pat worked until failing health forced him to quit. They were blessed with nine more children, born in the Athabasca Hospital.

Their entire family still make their homes in Smith.

Wilfred; Mabel, who married Richard Barore; Gordon, who married Darlene Harris; Margaret, married to Maurice Quintal; Eugene; Nancy was married to Roger Barore; Beatrice was married to Roselle Quintal; Patricia married Lloyd Rader; Clifford, Florence, Barry, Robert, Wayne, Esther and Edith. Margaret also raised one granddaughter, Jackie. Margaret says she has forty grandchildren.

At the present time Wilfred, Edith, Barry, Patricia, Esther and Jackie are upgrading their education by attending C.V.C. in Smith.

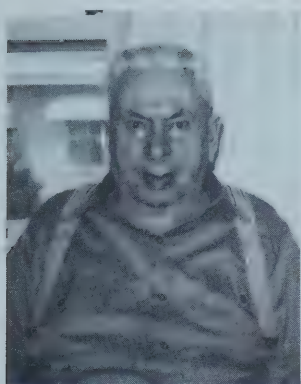
Robert works as program co-ordinator with a local Youth Group. Esther is treasurer of the group.

William Chambers

William Chambers was born in Iowa in 1909 and came with his parents in 1918 to Pine Creek Post Office (now Waskatenau), on the Sturgeon River about eight miles from Fort Saskatchewan.

In 1921, the family moved into Fort Saskatchewan. Later, the family moved to Westlock for a brief period, then back to Fort Saskatchewan before returning to the United States in 1925.

Finally on his own, Bill Chambers returned to Canada and worked in the Thorhild area. He then worked with Imperial Oil at Fort Saskatchewan, and later spent some time trucking in Abee. He then became employed at Lawrence Lake for Stelter Lumber Company which built a planing mill in Smith.



Bill Chambers.



Jerry Chambers.



Raymond Chambers.



Keri Lynn and Shellie Davin Chambers.

Mr. Chambers hauled lumber to this mill with his own truck.

When Federated Co-operatives bought out Stelter Lumber Company in 1965 and built a sawmill in Smith, Mr. Chambers stayed on, driving loader for several years. Then he worked in the sawmill's dry kiln operations.

In 1974 Bill retired. His retirement was marked by a reception held in his honor by Federated Co-operatives Limited and the local Woodworkers Union.

After his retirement, Bill delivered eggs around the community for four or five years.

John and Gertrude Clark

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark were born in England. Mr. Clark served in the first World War. After his discharge he took his apprenticeship for engineering. Before leaving for Canada he worked as maintenance engineer for a shipping company on the South Coast. He was in charge of servicing all the cranes, and Mrs. Clark ran a small cafe there.



John and Gertrude Clark.

They left for Canada in 1949. They resided in Keg River, Alberta for the first three years, where Mr. Clark worked for a Texas Oil Drilling company. An accident necessitated them moving closer to Edmonton for him to have regular therapy. They moved to Smith in 1952, and in 1953 when he had fully recovered from his accident, he was hired as Caretaker of the Smith School; he and his wife worked there until their retirement in 1960.

Mrs. Clark passed away age 80 in 1967. Mr. Clark passed away age 85 in 1974.

John Dewinetz

by Dianne Dewinetz

On January, 1984 I, John Dewinetz, celebrated my 74th birthday with my family here in sunny B.C. All but two of my nine children were born in Northern Alberta, so they are eager to sit with me now and reminisce about my life in Northern Alberta.

I left Poland when I was 18 years old to come to



John Dewinetz, Fred Arbuzo and Mike Samko.

Canada where they told me money was hanging from every tree. I first settled with a farming family just outside of Edmonton, in July, 1928. I stayed and farmed until the summer of 1930.

The Depression made jobs scarce, but in the summer of 1930 I heard about work around Smith. Smith was the first railway division north west of Edmonton and they needed men to work the railway section around Spurfield. The pay was 25¢ an hour for the first three months and 40¢ an hour after that. I was ready for a change from farming so I took it.

I was part of the crew that worked the Mitsue to Widewater area. The speeder, or hand car, was the means of transportation to my job every morning. Loui Rogozinsky was my foreman and Nick Zinko was the first man on our crew. Our job was to service the existing track by replacing old ties with new ones. My job was only secure for the summer months, as in the winter they could only keep the senior men working.

So, during that winter I lived with John and Mary Andruk and their five children. John had a 40 acre fraction as well as a delivery system which he needed help with. Our mail deliveries were made to Archie Vallie, who had the Smith Hotel and General Store. John and his family were very good to me. They treated me like family and I will never forget it.

In the spring of 1932, I returned to work on the railway section. Then, in 1933, Steve Lasovick took me as his partner and I started trapping. Our trap line was ten miles south of Chisholm, along the Athabasca River. We had three cabins on the line and it took three days to cover the line there and back. We caught, stretched, and dried the pelts before we sold them. We caught and sold silver fox for ten dollars a pelt, red fox for one to two dollars a pelt and squirrels for three to seven cents a pelt.

In April, after trapping all winter, I set out for

Chisholm to sell my pelts. I remember there had been an early spring that year and that the river was very high and running fast. In preparation to go down the river, I had packed my boat with my clothes, my rifles, a 44 Winchester and my 22 rifle, my winter catch of pelts, and ten bottles of homemade moonshine. My dog did not want to stay in the boat so I had to tie him in. Once in the boat, I didn't get far before we hit a tree and I flew out. I crawled to the bank only to watch my boat, now right side up with everything still in it, travelling full speed down the river.

I headed for Chisholm on foot to, hopefully, get a boat so that I could go after mine, as the boat and the dog were all I had left. I arrived at the Chisholm Box factory in Chisholm and explained my story to the manager. He was not willing to lend me a boat but did lend me money to send a telegram to Andruk's. John lived on the river and my hope was that he could retrieve my boat. Fred, at the railway station in Smith, delivered the telegram to John and shared the news with everyone he saw. While John and Mary set out by boat to try to get my boat, one hundred onlookers stood on the bridge to watch. John made unsuccessful attempts to catch my boat, but like the hundred onlookers on the bridge, he could do nothing. Everyone was watching while the boat, with the dog still in it, hit a pile of logs that had built up by the piers on the bridge. The boat hit, went under and was gone. I had nothing left, so accepted the job making fish boxes that the manager had then offered me.

After working in the box factory for awhile, I moved to Widewater and started fishing in Lesser Slave Lake.



John Dewinetz, John and Mary Andruk.

I still visited Smith from time to time. One visit I remember in particular was in 1947, when I took my sons Don and Rick with me to help kill rabbits. The rabbit population was high so we went to get some to

use as mink food. In two days we killed enough rabbits to fill my International pick-up. We killed them with single shot 22's, and the pelts we sold for one cent each, if they weren't torn.

The Andruks housed us during our stay. The boys still say Mrs. Andruk made the best pancakes they ever had. Mr. Andruk, the boys recall, would drink beer with a raw egg in it. A strange sight for impressionable young boys.

Although most of my family's time was spent in Canyon Creek, as I have already stated we did visit the Smith area and watched the area continue to grow and develop. The area had lots of big farms. The big ones I remember were quarter sections like the one Bert Small and Mr. Dupont had. It would take five or six years to break fifty acres with the help of teams of horses and much hard work.

I myself worked hard raising mink and kids, and fishing and driving taxi. In 1954, just before the birth of my eighth child, I left the cold of Alberta and headed west to Surrey, B.C. It is here that I spent the last thirty years. I think often about my youth in Northern Alberta and the pleasures and sorrows that I shared with the other pioneers of that area.

The Elmer Drader Family by Marlene

Elmer and I (Marlene Villeneuve) were married October 8, 1960. We have three sons and one daughter; Randy born 1961, Robyn born 1965, Darren born 1968 and Darlene born 1973. We lived for several years in Smith in a mobile home. In 1967 we moved to the Villeneuve homestead, (where I was born) which Frank Knahs now owns. We lived there for three years then moved to SW 35-71-1-W5 where we resided until we moved to Brooks, Alberta in 1979. We had purchased this land from my parents, Lawrence and Aletha Villeneuve, and had also bought the SE and SW 27-71-26-W4 quarters along the Athabasca River from them a few years earlier. We did some mixed farming while we were living there, but Elmer's main interest was in the oilfield and road construction industry where he was self employed. In 1969 we formed Warrade Contractors Ltd. which we still operate in Brooks. I taught school in Smith for three years after we were married, then I decided to become a full time wife and mother.

Our children have started to leave home. Randy who took grade 1-9 in Smith, grade 10 in Westlock, grade 11 and 12 in Taber, is employed with Precision Earth Moving in Brooks. Robyn who took grade 1-8 in Smith, grade 9-12 in Brooks, is in his first year of Insurance Administration at Grant MacEwan College in Edmonton. Darren who is now in grade 10 took grade 1-5 in Smith and grade 6-10 in Brooks. Dalene



The Elmer Drader Family, June 1983. Left to Right: Robyn, Randy, Dalene, Elmer, Marlene, and Darren.

attended kindergarten in Smith and grade 1-5 in Brooks.

Though we have been away from Smith for a few years, we still feel that Smith is our home and enjoy keeping in touch with family and friends there. Elmer especially likes to go back for the good fishing and hunting.

Mike Dreany

After teaching in Northern Alberta for three years I acquired a teaching position in Smith in the fall of 1974. I actually found Smith very "civilized" — I could actually go to Edmonton for a weekend! One of the first impressions I had was of the friendliness of the people. This was exhibited by the first couple I met — Rene and Eleanor Guenette. This continued to be true until my departure in the spring of 1980.

As a teacher I found most of my activities associated around the school. How any teacher could forget Christmas concerts, graduations and school dances is incomprehensible.

The students were usually quite eager to learn and just as eager to please. I remember the grade two's were so eager to please they washed all my blackboards one noon hour. Those old chalkboards took at least four hours to dry. I sometimes wonder if the students were more interested in not working than in doing me a favor!

It was at concerts that students were overly eager. On more than one occasion I started a song on the wrong note but the students carried on regardless. Hopefully, not many parents noticed. One concert I remember well was one in which the whole gymnasium resounded with the strains of festive music. One the whole, the concerts were very well received.

A highlight for me was an Education Opportunity Fund trip to Jasper with the grade five's and sixes. I have never seen such co-operation among students. Several times I was complimented on the superb behavior of our students. It was only too bad not all students were able to attend.

A sad time was the death of one of my students — Raymond Chambers. It occurred while the rest of the class were on an Educational Opportunity Fund trip. Although we never returned for the funeral, a few moments of silence were observed in Raymond's honor. Also, a donation to the Respiratory Association on Raymond's behalf was made by the class.

Community dances were always fun. Hondo and Smith halls always meant a good time! I'll always remember my first dance in Hondo. It was the Halloween Dance. I distinctly remember colliding with one of the support poles (this was before the hall was renovated). Luckily, neither I nor the pole were injured!

The road from Hondo to Smith was a mere dirt road the fall I arrived. However, the Department of Highways were not long in rectifying the situation. It was during this upgrading that I took my room-mate, Eric Dumont to the hospital. During the night Eric awakened me complaining of abdominal pains. It was decided the hospital was for him. (Unsuccessful attempts were made to arouse the local nurse). Half-way between Smith and Hondo I became stuck in the loose sand. Luckily a "cat" came along and pulled us out. We continued along our way with Eric moaning and groaning every kilometer of the way. Luckily Eric is a strong person as he was later transferred to Edmonton for appendix removal.

While in Smith I had a chance to help in various organizations. I was chairman of the Advisory Board to the community Vocational Centre for two years. I had a one year stint as treasurer of the curling club. I also held the position of "social convenor" at school.

One aspect of Smith I really enjoyed was the fact we had to find our own fun, and that we did! Several teachers were known for enjoying a good time!

Presently I am teaching grade five in Rochester where I have taught since leaving Smith.

As always, it's the people who make a community what it is. To the people of Smith and Hondo I'd like to say "thanks" for making my years in Smith happy and memorable.

Teachers I taught with while in Smith

Bob and Sharon Johnston
Glynn Westcott
Bud and Shirley Ottosen
Eric Dumont
Dianne Wilson
Terry Taylor
Arthur and Edith Adamache

Leonard Stubel
Fran Peach
Helle Earl
Dave and Donna Shopland
Rob and Kathy Pearn
Betty and Andy Osicki

Janitors

Rene and Eleanor Guenette
Bill and Mary Purdy

Aides

Pauline Calhoun
Gayle Rempel
Cheryl Brown
Mary Roberts
Leona Pollard
Doreen Barabas
Blaine Greenwood
Kathy Toth
Mary-Jo Mather

Levi Skaalid
Carol Kurash
Paul Bateman
Gordon Hum
Barb MacDonald
Pam and Gene Thompson
Chris Saluk
Chris Strach
Marianne Saunders
Dianne Retzer
Clerical
Sandy Attfield
Pauline Calhoun

Harold and Ruth Duncan

by Rae (Duncan) Pascoe, Carrie Earl and Oliver Olson

Harold E. Duncan was born in Emery, Ontario, December 14, 1889. He moved to Yorkton, Saskatchewan with his family in the early 1900's. Here he met Ruth Marie Morgan and they were married March 25, 1915.

Harold served overseas in the army for three years. After his discharge, the Duncans homesteaded near Veregin, Saskatchewan. Their only child (Rae) was born there August 24, 1920. The family moved back to Yorkton in the mid 1920's and Harold entered the farm implement business. The depression struck so 'Dunc' and his father, W. J. Duncan, motored to Smith in 1931 as Ruth was willed land in the district.

Here, they set up a general store and service station and built tourist cabins. Ruth and Rae came about two years later. Rae went to Edmonton to school as there was no high school at Smith.

Carrie Earl remembers that 'Dunc' would order half-cases of vegetables as needed for his store. He had an ice-box in which he kept the eggs. One day, four year old Jimmy Earl was visiting with 'Dunc'. It happened that during the course of a business transaction 'Dunc' needed some eggs. However, when he opened the ice-box there were no eggs. 'Dunc' was puzzled and upon conducting a search, found the eggs residing with some wool socks on a shelf. Jimmy had evidently been "helping".

As C. B. Olson relates in his book, at one time 'Dunc' was down so low that he only got his groceries by C.O.D., and yet he grubstaked C. B. and John Johnson to \$100.00 worth of supplies to go trapping.

C. B. tells of another time when John and he sold \$1000.00 worth of fur to a fur buyer from Edmonton. They received \$300.00 cash and a \$700.00 draft which they loaned to 'Dunc', to stock his store as he had very little on the shelves.

At one time Ruth managed a lunch counter in one end of the store.

Duncan also bought fur for the Hudson's Bay Company and made many trips north to buy fur. He also started a taxi service, and drove the Health Nurse on her trips around the area.

The cabins that Dunc built were especially needed when the ferry couldn't be used during spring break-up and again in the fall. An old newspaper clipping item from the past relates that 'Dunc' and a Mr. Mullins operated a motor driven scow for awhile when the ferry couldn't be used because of ice floes.

Harold Duncan was a charter member of the Smith Legion.

One little story Carrie tells about Grandpa Duncan and Ruth, concerns seed planting time. Ruth liked to soak her beet seeds. Grandpa Duncan didn't bother. When the garden came up, all the beets had grown at the same rate. Carrie says Grandpa told her that when he went to drain Ruth's seeds to plant, the whole works went into the slop pail. He merely planted more with his own and never told Ruth the difference.

One of 'Dunc's' passions was fishing, and he probably fished in all the lakes and streams in the area.

One time 'Dunc' and Bill Davis were going downriver in a boat. Something happened to tip their boat over. Their guns were lost in the river but fortunately they were found later.

In 1953, C. E. (Gene) Earl, living at Yellowknife at the time, invited his brother Wes and 'Dunc' to come to Yellowknife to go on a fishing trip a couple of hundred miles from there on Great Slave Lake. They came home with some big lake trout.

For twenty-two years the little log store served the family until it was replaced by a new store and service station in 1950. In 1955 the Duncan's sold out to Bill and Alma LaFrance and moved to Edmonton.

Ruth passed away on November 23, 1962 and Harold on May 24, 1969 — both in Edmonton. The remaining family is Rae and Gordon Pascoe (married in Edmonton July 17, 1943) two sons and four grandchildren, all living in the Edmonton area.

George Ellison as told to Oliver Olson

I was born May 28, 1924, in Regina, Saskatchewan. My father was Swedish and my mother a Metis. When I was 17 years old, I joined the army and spent 4½ years overseas. When I came back from the war, I worked around Regina for farmers in the area, until 1948, when I came to Smith for the first time. I only stayed a few months and left, but came back again in 1949 and in February of 1950 I married Mabel Adams.

We lived at Moose Portage for several years and I worked in bush camps for Willie Strach, for Swanson Lumber Company and for the Rempel brothers.

In 1960 we moved north to Wood Buffalo Park and I worked for two years for Swanson there. Then we came back to the Portage and then into Smith where I worked at the hotel for a year.

In 1965 we moved to High Level where I worked in the mills for about eight years.

We moved to Edmonton and lived there for about ten years. I worked one summer for Dave Rowntree, while my home was in Edmonton. I have retired now in Smith at 60 years of age (1984), with an army pension. We raised five children and have eight grandchildren.

Allan Elliot by Ruby (Goodwin) McKinnon

Allan Elliot came from England in 1921. He lived in Smith down on the other side of the railroad



Alvie Elliot and friend.

bunkhouse, about a quarter of a mile. He was a railroad man. In late 1920, he was transferred to Pouce Coupe or Dawson Creek.

Alvie Elliot

by Eloise (Graling) Landon

In 1923, Alvie Elliot lived in Smith with his wife and two children. They lived about where the Charles Passmore house used to be. I believe he worked for the railroad. They left Smith about 1925.

Bill Willis remembers Alvie as a trapper and a gold prospector. Alvie's father Riley Elliot was with him.

Art Fraser Family

Art Fraser was born in Drumheller, Alberta, Alice in Minot, North Dakota. Their parents homesteaded in the Dawson Creek area where they met and were married.

Art worked for the N.A.R. and so made homes in many of the northern towns, Enilda, McLennan and Spirit River, before finally settling in Smith in the year 1944, where he assumed the position of station agent. The family lived in the station house until 1955 when Art and Alice moved to Carbondale.

There were three children; Gayle, Gary and Kelly, and for them life on the railroad offered a certain amount of excitement as in those days there were war prisoners being transported, aircraft being returned, etc. and as always the 11:00 p.m. passenger train!

Art and Alice were active Jehovah's Witnesses in the community and were known throughout the community by their Evangelizing work, which was centered around an old garage converted into a Kingdom Hall, until a new one was built later.

Art also drove the school bus run from Moose Portage and Moose River for a few years.

Art, Alice and Kelly were killed in a tragic train crash at Carbondale in November of 1959, when two trains collided in front of the station house.

Gayle and David Huff and family live in the Edmonton area. Gary and Irene and family live in the Creston, B.C. area.

The Jake and Wilma Friesen Family

by Wilma

In December of '49 Jake, Wilma, and our year old son, Ron, left Duchess, Alberta and travelled to Smith, Alberta to a new home. We stayed in Willis Yoder's old house until we acquired the Guy McCumsey farm.

Jake had worked on different farms, while single and had always wanted a farm of his own. Now we had one, and there was much work to be done. The



Wilma and Jake Friesen with children Darrell, Judy, Richard, Lily, Marilyn, and Ronald.

house wasn't very good and the roof leaked. Someone had given us some linoleum so Jake put it on the roof instead of on the floor! We were there for five years and then bought the Clark farm on the highway.

After trying to farm and raise sheep and not having much success at it, Jake rented some land out, and started cutting fence posts. These sold well, so we were very glad to have some cash for necessary things. The soil was very run down but by liberal application of manure and lots of hard work we raised very good gardens.

We also planted raspberry canes, and in the fall bent the tips down and put dirt on them to hold them down. In this way the snow covered them. The next summer we picked raspberries by the milk pailful! We were very glad for the addition of raspberries to our food supply.



Jake Friesen Farm.

In '63 we sawed lumber and built a garage. When it was built and insulated we moved into it. It was very warm and comfortable, quite a contrast from the old log house!

However, in '65 we moved back to Duchess. Now we are living on a dairy farm in Ontario, about 40 miles from Fort Francis. We want to thank our heavenly Father for caring for us throughout the years.

We also remember our friends and neighbors and at times remember those years that we lived at Smith.

John Claude Graling Family

by Gertie Graling

John Claude Graling was born April 27, 1918 in Belmont, Montana. His parents, John and Maude Graling came to Smith when Claude was two years old. They lived in Smith and at Moose Portage. Claude attended school at the Clubhouse at Moose Portage.

Claude worked at many things over the years. He worked for Stelter Lumber when they operated at Lawrence Lake. He also worked for Abe O'Neil Construction in Rolling Hills where they constructed irrigation ditches for farmers.

In the Smith area he worked at the planer mill; for Rod and Bill Rempel; Mark Laughy; and Maurice Bolduc. For awhile he worked as bartender in the Smith Hotel.

During the war Claude took his army training in Camrose. He was shipped out to Port Alberni, B.C. and from there went to Sussex, New Brunswick. Then he went overseas to action in Holland, Germany and Belgium. He came back in 1947.

Claude was a good member of the Canadian Legion for a long time.

In recent years he worked for Alberta Transportation. He retired April 30, 1983. He is still active and in good health.

I, Gertrude Myrtle Hawkins was born in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan on October 18, 1920. I came to Rolling Hills, Alberta when I was nineteen with my dad and mom, James and Susan Hawkins, brothers and sisters.

I married Claude Graling in Brooks United Church on June 17, 1942.

I belong to the Smith Legion Auxiliary. I was President once. I do as much as I can to help out.

Claude and I have eight children. Darlene Claudette Graling was born in Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary on February 16, 1943. She grew up in Smith and took her schooling here, finishing up her high school at Edwin Parr Composite in Athabasca. After finishing school she trained to be a telephone operator with Betty Barthel, then went to Hay River to work as a telephone operator there.



Claude Graling. Age 9.

On September 30, 1967 she married William Brownlee of McBride, B.C. They live at High Level with their two boys, Curtis William and Scott Calvin.

Beverly John Graling better known as "Butch" was born in Brooks, Alberta on September 17, 1945. He has lived in Smith since he was a boy. He took his schooling in Smith.

After leaving school he worked at Mark Laughy's camp, also for Rod Rempel and Maurice Bolduc. Then he worked for Federated Co-op until they sold out. He now has his own trucks.

Butch married Ramona McConaghy on June 9, 1962. They have three children, Wanda of Edmonton, Beverly of Wetaskiwin, Alberta and John, at home, who is attending High School in Athabasca.

LaVerne James Graling was born in Brooks, Alberta on December 9, 1947. He grew up in Smith and attended school here. After finishing school he worked in camps for Mark Laughy, and Rod Rempel.

On June 5, 1971 he married Yvonne Young.

He worked for a time as a bartender at the Smith Hotel. He now works in Edmonton at Cessco C.R.C.

Verne and Yvonne have three girls, Tammy Lynn, Treana Laverne and Carrie Ann. They live in Hilliard, Alberta.

Vivian Roberta Graling was born in Brooks, Alberta on February 4, 1950. She grew up in Smith and took most of her schooling here and then finished Grade eleven at Edwin Parr Composite in Athabasca.

On January 21, 1967 Vivian married Melvin Engblom of Buck Lake. They lived in Smith. Vivian worked at the Scale House for Federated Co-op, then as secretary for Alberta Transportation. She later moved to High Level and worked as a secretary for Alberta Government Telephones. Now she lives in Wetaskiwin working as a bank teller.

Vivian has two children, Barry John and Dawn L. Both are still in school.

Billy Claude Graling was born in Athabasca, Alberta on June 3, 1952. He grew up in Smith and took his schooling here and at Edwin Parr Composite in Athabasca.

Billy married Holly Bissell on September 15, 1970. They lived in Smith for awhile, then moved to Edmonton and later to Athabasca. Billy works in a garage for Ken Olsen, selling cars and trucks.

Billy and Holly have three children, Shauna Marie, Kenneth Theodore and Sara Katherine. All three, go to school.

Jacqueline Gertrude Graling was born in Athabasca, July 17, 1959. She spent her childhood in Smith and took her schooling here and in Athabasca.



Back row: Laverne, Butch, Vivian, Darlene, Jackie and Bill.
Front row: Gertie, Claude and Glenda Graling, 1983.

On March 26, 1977 she married Terry Beauchamp of Hondo, Alberta.

They have two children, Sherie Lee and Calvin, who both go to school.

Jackie and Terry live in Wetaskiwin where Terry works in the Glass Factory.

Glenda Lynn Graling was born December 27, 1961 in Athabasca. She grew up in Smith taking her schooling here and in Athabasca.

Glenda married Allen Morton of Slave Lake on July 22, 1979. They have one child, John Theodore Allen Morton.

Glenda has worked for Bumper to Bumper and Datacom, as a waitress at the Sawridge Motel and now works at Tags Store. Allen works for Zeidler's Mill at Mitsue.

Terry John Graling was born in Edmonton, Alberta, March 12, 1962. We raised him ever since he was a baby. He grew up in Smith and took his schooling in Smith, Athabasca, Slave Lake and also in Wetaskiwin where he stayed with Vivian Engblom. He now lives by himself and works on oil rigs.

We have seventeen grandchildren and we love them all.

Butch and Noni Graling

Butch (Beverly John) is the oldest son of Claude and Gertie Graling of Smith.

Noni (Ramona) is the daughter of Doug and Vera McConaghy of Smith. We were both raised in the Smith area and were married in the Anglican Church in Smith in 1962. Our daughter, Wanda Lynn, was born in 1962. In 1965, our second daughter, Beverly Ann was born. Butch worked in the local mills and bush camps for many years.

In 1965, The Federated Co-op purchased the Stelter Mill and planer in town and Butch went to work in the garage soon after. He apprenticed there and got his mechanic's license in 1974.

Meanwhile, in 1968 we bought a farm one and one-half miles north of Smith. Our son, John Douglas, was born in 1968.

Butch and Gordie Willis went into the trucking business in 1972. In 1976, Butch quit working for the Federated Co-op to run his and Gordie's own expanding business. Butch bought out Gordie in 1978 and is still running the business under the name of Butram Enterprises. We are raising cattle on our farm and Butch also has an interest in the local Stake and Lath Mill.

Wanda completed her education in Smith and Athabasca. She married Steven Paches in 1980 after she graduated from high school. She is currently living in Edmonton and working at the Bank of Commerce.

Beverly went to grade ten in Athabasca and entered Marvel Beauty School in 1982. She got her beautician's license in January, 1983, and is currently living and working in Wetaskiwin.

John is in grade ten at Athabasca and is busy playing for the Athabasca Midgets Hockey Team.

Rene and Eleanor Guenette by Eleanor Guenette

Rene, was born in 1909, one of the seventeen children born to Edward and Zenaide Guenette, who moved to Spruce Grove from Quebec in the early part



Eleanor and Rene Guenette on their 50th Anniversary. 1978.

of this century. They moved to Millet for five years and then to Wetaskiwin. Rene went to school as far as he could and then went out to work for farmers in that area. This is where he learned to chew snuff and Black Strap Tobacco and to smoke cigarettes. He moved back to Spruce Grove five years later to work in lumber camps, road construction, and on farms.

In 1928, Rene married Eleanor Umbach from Stony Plain. Her parents had come from Ontario. Eleanor was the youngest of 14 children, so was born in Stony Plain. She finished her high school there.

Rene and Eleanor moved to Edmonton after they were married. Rene worked for the Parks Department off and on through these beginning years of the depression. Already, work was not plentiful.

They had their first two children in this city — Donald born in 1929 and Audrey in 1931.

Renes' father, who had settled in Moose Portage in 1931 on a half section, talked Rene and Eleanor into coming to Smith to homestead in the spring of 1933.

At that time, the government had a scheme in force to try to get people out of the cities onto farms. Through this scheme, they got a team of horses (barely broke colts!), a wagon — hay rack, five bales of hay, two bags of oats, some shiplap lumber and a breaking plow.

On May 21st, 1933, they left Edmonton with their two children and all their worldly possessions loaded in this covered wagon. They passed through Athabasca at 6 o'clock in the morning of May 24 heading for Moose Portage. Just outside of the settlement, half of the load had to be unloaded, so that the colts could pull the wagon through a mud hole. They arrived at Moose Portage two days later with only 30 cents in their pockets!

After a few days rest, Rene, his father, and brothers built a log house with a sod roof. The family soon learned that after a two-day rain outside, this roof allowed it to rain inside for two weeks!

In the summer of 1933, he cleared and broke 15 acres of land. The next summer, he had a bumper crop of oats that he sold to Jack Hayes.

That same fall, a truck came across the ice to pick up a load of oats. Going back across the river, the back of the truck broke through the ice. It took a week to get it out.

1935 was the year of the flood. Their neighbor, Mr. Millins, delivered their mail by boat. The water was deep as the fence posts were high.

That was the year the third child, Geraldine, was born. Miss Stewart, the district nurse, attended the birth. Lawrence, born in 1938, was delivered by his father. In 1940, Russell was born but died two months later. Pauline was born two years later. Their last child, Gordon was born in 1945, delivered by Miss Maynes.

The children attended Moose Portage school, walking three miles one way. The social life of the family consisted of community picnics, ball games, house parties, dancing and playing the game "Monopoly".



Rene and Eleanor Guenette and 3 sets of twin grandsons. Babies: Dwayne and Shayne Guenette (Don's). Bottom: Barry and Garry Guenette (Lawrence's). Right: Darcy and Darrell Brown (Audrey's).

Rene worked for the Northern Alberta Railway (N.A.R.), trapped for fur and worked in lumber camps as well as farmed. He had bought another quarter of land from Mr. Freeman in 1949. However, after three years of one crop failure after another, they left the farm in 1957 and bought a small house in Smith.

Starting in 1964, Rene and Eleanor worked for the County of Athabasca. After 12 years, they retired in 1976; two years later, they celebrated their 50th Anniversary. They have 25 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Donny married Agnes Wrozek in 1951. They live in Grande Prairie and have eight children, including one set of twin boys.

Audrey married George (Billy) Brown in 1947 and live in Smith. They have five children including one set of twin boys.

Geraldine married Harry Ropchan in 1956. They live in Red Deer and have four children.

Lawrence married Evelyn Willis in 1959. They live in Morinville and have three children including one set of twin boys.

Pauline married Gilbert Calhoun in 1960. They live in Peace River and have three children.

Gordon married Janet Burns in 1967. They live in Leduc and have two children.

Lawrence and Evelyn Guenette **by Evelyn Guenette**

Lawrence Guenette, fourth child of Rene and Eleanore Guenette married Evelyn Willis, first child of Bill and Verna Willis in Smith in 1959. Elaine was born in 1960 and Garry and Barry in 1962.

Lawrence worked as a telegraph operator for Northern Alberta Railways from 1956 to 1966. For the first few years he was relief operator and so did a lot of moving around. We lived in Westlock for approximately one and one half years after we were married and then moved back to Smith in 1961. Lawrence went to work for Federated Co-op lumber mill in 1966, and gradually worked his way up the ladder from eight to twenty-four hours per day. This seemed a little too much, so in 1976, he went to work for Worker's Compensation Board, as safety inspector, and we moved back to Westlock for one year and then moved to Morinville where we live now.

As a child I remember Mom and Dad heating rocks to keep us kids warm in the back seat of the car when we travelled, long brown stockings and wool ski pants. I remember the one room log school house at Hondo that had a long barrel stove on which we made a large pot of cocoa at lunch time.

Lawrence remembers when he was about nine years old, he worked for days making a generator to



Ev and Lawrence, Garry, Elaine and Barry Guenette.

make enough electricity to light one light bulb in the farm kitchen at Moose Portage. He remembers they had to haul water from a spring about one and a half miles away. Quite a chore when it was forty below fahrenheit.

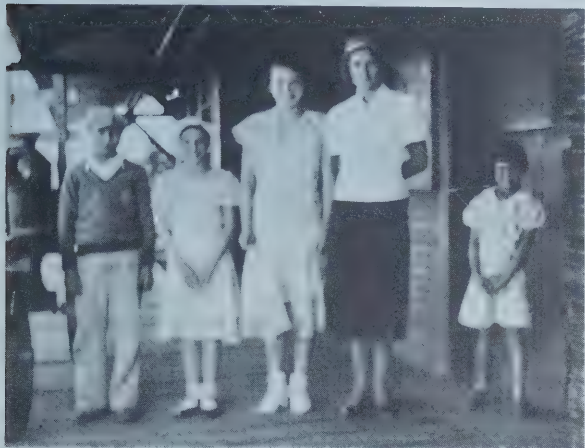
Elaine is now working as a dental assistant at the University of Alberta. Garry works as a sheet metal mechanic and was married to Lynn Johnson from Morinville in 1982. Barry is a mechanical engineer technologist and is presently training for a commercial helicopter pilot in Thunder Bay, Ontario.

Fred Hajek History **by Fred Hajek**

I am the oldest of a family of six sons and three daughters born to my parents, Fred Sr. and wife, Mary. They had emigrated from the province of Bohemia, which at that time was part of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire, now part of Czecho-Slovakia. Both my parents were in their middle teens when they arrived separately and unknown to each other in Baltimore, Maryland, the port of debarkation. Father's oldest brother Joseph had arrived a few years previously and had persuaded their widowed mother to dispose of her holdings and immigrate to America with two other sons and a daughter.

Father got employment on an oyster dredger or schooner working Chesapeake Bay and as far south as New Orleans and later as cook and baker in the city of Baltimore. Later he met, for the first time my mother

Mary Hubata and shortly they got married. Fred Jr., the oldest son, was born in January 1907 and Emil, the second, two years later in July, in Baltimore. The rest, seven more, were born in Canada after our folks arrival in September 1909, namely Jerome, George, Mildred, Albert, Vlasta, Milton and Vera. All received their primary and secondary education in a one room school house at Kinsella, Alberta. It was while attending that school that I became interested in working as a telegrapher and railroad man.



Milton, Vera, and Val Hajek, Alma Terriff and Winnie Nikipilo.

Space does not allow to explain fully the conditions existing in the large congested port cities, with mass unemployment, poor wages, and exploitation of unrestricted immigration from not only Central Europe but Germany, Ireland, Poland, Italy, etc. Besides, the extreme heat and humidity was affecting father's health so he decided to pull up stakes as many others did at that time and go west. A group of Czechs had already taken advantage of the Canadian land colonization policy and had settled south of Viking, Alberta, known as the Prague district, named after the capital city of Bohemia. Uncle Joe followed later and informed my father that homestead land was still available, so, without any farm experience, they disposed of their holdings in Baltimore and travelled the colonist train via St. Paul, Minnesota, Winnipeg and Canadian Pacific Railway and landed in Daysland, which was the end of the line, in the month of September 1909. Uncle Joe met us at Daysland, and we travelled overland by Bain wagon, pulled by two oxen, to his homestead about 10 miles south-east of Viking. A homestead was filed on, adjoining my uncles; later proved up and farmed until our parent's deaths. Both were interred in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Strathcona.

I have vivid and pleasant recollections of life experienced on the farm and ranch in my early years

with its many hardships and joys. School days were very special ones that live in my memory. We were fortunate to have some good teachers. One, Mr. F.R. Surrey whom I was fortunate to have in grades seven and eight was a brilliant teacher from England. He left a lasting impression on all his students. Besides the basic three R's, he captured us with his knowledge of astronomy. Practically all his students could locate and name the fixed stars, up to, and including those of the third magnitude, and locate and identify the constellations and the planets. He was also well versed in botany, insect and animal life, so our classrooms were a riot of cases of mounted butterflies, insects and pressed dried out plants; also several aquariums of water creatures which existed in the local lakes and sloughs. History and geography as taught by him, I am sure, left a lasting impression on all. His wife was a music teacher, he was also, to some extent, so, it was no wonder that the Allen Sisters, his granddaughters, became singing stars.

It was during his tutelage, I believe in 1920 that, the son of the station agent about a year younger than me, reported to Mr. Surrey that a flight of, if I remember correctly, two large German built monoplanes was on its way from New York to Fort Norman, Northwest Territories, transporting crew and material for oil well drilling by Imperial Oil. As instrument navigation was still a thing of the future the main C.N.R. Line via Winnipeg and Edmonton was to be used to keep their bearings. The station agents and telegraphers on the line were instructed to act as flight observers and report the progress of the flight. Many of the students had never seen a plane so to Mr. Surrey this was a major event not to be missed. He delegated a couple of us students to run over to the station every half hour to find out when to expect the fly past. I was one of the chosen along with the agent's son whom I became chummy with, and in consequence became intrigued with the art and mystery of instant and direct communication by morse code and it's relation in controlling the movements of trains. This fascination led to further studies which led me to enrolling as a student of Railroad Telegraphy which included standard train rules and typewriting at Alberta College, Edmonton, from January to June in 1924.

Upon graduation in June, 1924 I placed my application for employment with practically all C.N.R. and C.P.R. superintendent's offices between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Prospects, however, of getting hired on were poor, with lay-offs of trainmen, engineers and station staffs. Many with ten to fifteen years seniority were either layed off or bucking the spare board. Other alternatives, mostly temporary were lumber camps, coal mining and of course farm



Fred and Lena Hajek, 1935.

labour. In view of my farm background I confined my activities mostly to employment on farms during spring, summer and fall.

It was in August, 1927 while employed as sub foreman on a large seven section layout that my call came from the superintendent's office, C.P.R. Edmonton to report for duty. On doing so I was handed a pass for Red Deer to work as an Assistant Agent. While loitering around the station, I met up with Uncle Joe who had detrained from the incoming Calgary train on his return from a convention of UFA delegates. He suggested I contact Mr. J. Wagner, the station agent at Westlock, who was well known to him, and had said that they could use men on the ED and BC (Edmonton Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway), later renamed the Northern Alberta Railways. In phone conversation with him I learned that in practically all cases the main lines put on extra help to handle the fall grain rush but would cut the jobs off as the rush subsided and that only a few weeks or months of work could be expected for years. As the ED and BC was extending its lines and opening new permanent stations, opportunities, he suggested, were far better if I applied there which I promptly did. I was on the payroll until my retirement on December 31st, 1971.

After entering the service as assistant agent at Westlock, I served at numerous locations in this capacity. I served also as Extra Gang timekeeper and on extension construction of the line from Wembley to Hythe during the summer and fall of 1928, then to relieving agent and telegraph operator and finally I was assigned in the winter of 1928-29 as agent at Smith in relief of Dave Myron, the regular agent. He was vacationing in Scotland for a couple of months.



Anita Hajek, Stan Kozak and Shirley Hajek, 1940.

On his return I reverted to being night operator under him. In April, 1930, Dave Myron acquired the agency at Kinuso and I was awarded the Smith agency, a position I held until April, 1943 when I moved out to take over Falher agency, for a period of over seven years. Subsequent moves were to Pouce Coupe, B.C., Hythe, Anzac and my final move in April, 1964 as agent at Westlock until May 1970 when that position was abolished. I finally completed my service as Operator-Machine Clerk at Dunvegan Yards, to retirement.

My sister Val (Vlasta) clerked for a time, in John Nikipilo's Red and White Store before going to work in Jasper Park Lodge along with the Bisson girls. Later she was transferred to Montreal where she met and married Roy Kennedy. Both went to Mont Tremblant Lodge in the Laurentians North of Montreal,



Gary and Sylvia Hajek and children, Sheryl and Douglas.

where he was manager for a number of years. Later they moved to Stowe, Vermont and are now retired and living in Lake Placid, New York. They had two sons and one daughter.

In 1937 my eldest sister, Mildred, taught at Moose River School for one term and later at Canyon Creek for a term. Then she moved to Vancouver, teaching till her retirement to Salt Sea Island. She never married. Vera, the youngest, married Ron Nid-drie of Edmonton, who has been in the educational field. They also had two boys and one girl, the same as the Kennedys. Both are still living in Edmonton.

Brother Emil, who had stayed with me at Smith in the early 30's had been employed on Bill Main's Government survey crew for several years in the building, by contractors Ross and Cornwall, of number 2 highway from Slave Lake to Athabasca. After that petered out he and brother Jerome operated a Service Garage at Smith for a time. Then they put in one winter in a shack or cabin they had built on the island, about a mile or so south of the railroad bridge at Smith. Both left Smith in the spring of 1935. Emil landed a job as shipper with the Southern Fruit Company in Los Angeles, for a time. Then he worked as DJ and newscaster on radio station KJER, Los Angeles. While there, he married a nurse from Saskatchewan. They have no children. Later they purchased and ran a pear farm near Medford, Oregon. He sold out and went into construction and real estate. They are now retired and living in LaMesa, a suburb of San Diego, California. Brother Jerome went to B.C. but is now deceased.

Up to the fall of 1934 I remained a bachelor. I did my own cooking in the agents railway depot living quarters, on the upper floor, while the night operator used the spare room on the main floor back of the office.

In the fall of 1934, I joined the benedicts when I married Lena Herman of Shandro, Alberta. Our first daughter, Shirley, was born in 1935 followed by another girl, Anita, two years later; and a boy, Gary, three years after that. Robert the youngest was born when we were at Hythe, Alberta. He is now working and living in Edmonton. He is still single. Shirley, now Mrs. Rudolph Schlayer had been nursing at Westlock Hospital for a number of years and presently is nursing at Westlock Auxiliary Hospital, commuting between their farm home and Westlock. Anita, (Mrs. Thomas Holthaus) lives in Los Angeles with her family of two sons and one daughter. Both Shirley and Anita received their nurse's training at St. George's Hospital at Lincoln, England (Robin Hood's country). Gary and his wife Sylvia are both teaching in Edmonton. They have two children Sher-yl and Douglas. Gary also worked on the railroad.

He was night operator at Smith for a few months in 1962-63 before entering university. Douglas, now 17, was the recipient of a two year scholarship for highest marks and is now attending college-university in Trieste, Italy.

I might mention that my family and I enjoyed ourselves immensely in the period between 1935 and 1942 during the economic doldrums, which afforded us the time and access to the many scenic spots for relaxation and enjoyment, so readily reached from Smith. It will remain in my memory forever.

Paul and Frida Hawryluk and Family

We arrived in Smith in August of 1970 from southern Alberta and were immediately enthralled with the beauty of the area — the hills, lakes and rivers, and most of all, the trees. It was tremendous to be able to hunt, fish, or just take a hike through the woods at a moment's notice.

I (Paul) taught at the school while Frida kept the home fires burning, shepherded our two pre-school-ers (Jenine and Robbie) and became involved in the Mennonite Relief Society. We began attending the Mennonite Church and grew to know the people from the church very well.



Robbie, Frida, Paul, Jenine, Jonathan and Paula Hawryluk.

Our first winter at Smith proved to be a rough one with deep snow and the temperature often dropping below -40° . Spring was a welcome relief.

We left Smith in July of 1972 and spent some time around Camrose, Edmonton and Peace River before moving to Lethbridge in 1975 where we've lived ever since.

I (Paul) teach at Lethbridge Community College. Frida has become an R.N. and has completed a Bachelor of Nursing Degree. Jenine (16 years) has just finished her first semester of an Arts and Science degree at the University of Lethbridge. Robbie (14) is

now in junior high school and we now have two more children, Paula (five) and Jonathan (three).

Orval and Rose Hayes

by Rose

Orval Elliott Hayes was born in Smith, the oldest son of Orval and Delphine Hayes, in 1955. He attended the Smith School up to Grade nine and then went to Vermillion Agricultural College for two years. He then returned to Smith and completed his grade twelve in Slave Lake, graduating in 1973. After his schooling was finished he worked with his father, trucking and ranching until 1978. In 1979, he started a construction company which was in operation until 1982.

Rose Marie Hayes (nee Walterhouse) was born in Athabasca in 1957. She was raised in Smith until age seven, at which time their family moved to B.C. Orval and Rose started dating in 1980. In April of 1981, she decided to move back to Smith to reside with Orval. On March 23, 1982 they had a son and named him Orval Thomas 4th. On July 2, 1983 they were married. On March 25, 1984, they had another child; a daughter which they named Brandy Marie.

Rose started working for the Department of Highways as a clerk typist in September of 1982. She has been working there off and on in between having children.

Orval is self employed and has also been working part-time during the summer months of 1983 and 1984, for the Department of Highways.

Dale and Mary Holtslander, Murray and Allan Perry

by Dale Holtslander

Working on a history of Smith that stretches back for perhaps a hundred years or so, there is no possible way I could claim to be a "pioneer" of this community.

I first came into contact with Smith in the spring of 1936 when I was on my way to Dawson Creek riding the freight trains, as did countless thousands of other young people in the 1930's. In those days, Smith was a divisional point on the railway and all freights were left on the sidetracks over-night. I didn't know this when I left Edmonton so I spent a very chilly night in a box car before it moved on the next morning. Little did I dream that cold night that in just about another twenty-one years, I would be returning here to make my home.

In May of 1957 I was engaged by Reinhart Stelter, owner and manager of the Stelter Lumber Company, as his accountant. This was intended to be only a temporary arrangement until a regular accountant

could be found. This "temporary" arrangement was to continue for the next ten years.

In the spring of 1958, just one year later, I purchased a small house next to the post office from Gordon Conrad and moved, with my wife, Mary and her two sons, Murray Perry, 17 and Allan Perry, 14. Murray got work at the mill and Allan attended Smith high school for another year. In a few years, these boys were to leave home to seek their fortune in the outside world.

Being a returned soldier, I joined the Smith Branch of the Legion and served for several years as their secretary treasurer. I liked working with young people so coached both Little League and Junior baseball. I also was, for sometime, the leader of the Junior Forest Wardens and assisted in the construction of their club house which still stands. While working with a committee to bring improvements to the hamlet, we were successful in having concrete sidewalks installed on the main street.

During our stay at Smith, we provided board and lodging for some of the school teachers. These included Christine Litwin, Katherine McDougall, and later Doreen McMillan.

When the lumber mill was sold in 1965, I remained on staff for another two years but resigned and moved to Edmonton in 1967. At the time of this writing, Mary and I still live in Edmonton. Murray Perry, with his wife, Linda, and their two daughters, Sherri and Debbie, live in McKenzie, British Columbia. Allan Perry and his wife, Norma, and their one daughter, Alana, live in St. Albert. Smith was very good to us and we left there with regrets. I still make occasional trips there to visit with good friends.

Jack Hugo

as told by Kitsy

Having come to Smith with his brother Joe from Tawatinaw, Jack worked with Joe for several years. Shortly after World War II was declared he joined the Army, and went overseas.

While he was in England he met and married Helen Ashton.

When he obtained his discharge from the Army they went north, to the Yukon, and Jack worked as a mechanic. From there they moved to Shuswap Lake in B.C. where he bought some land and settled down, with some fruit trees to care for.

Jack passed away shortly after this move, from a heart attack. He had one step-son, Brian.

Joe and Kathryn Hugo

by Kathryn

The first five or six years of Joe's life was spent in Fernie, B.C., where he was born on June 23, 1910.

The family consisted of four boys, Joe, Jack, Henry and Pete with their sister's Anne and Mary, and their parents.

Joe's father homesteaded near Tawatinaw, Alberta, and moved his family there. The children went to school in Tawatinaw.

About 1932 Joe and his brother, Jack, arrived in the Smith area and took a homestead at Moose Portage.

They tried their hand at many things. They had a saw-mill, a shingle mill and a rope mill and a threshing outfit. They sold lumber and shingles locally, to the new settlers who were moving into the area at that time.

They were handy at carpentry work, and erected the Smoky Creek school out of logs, as well as other buildings around the country. They also built Jack Hayes's house at Moose River. However, it was at threshing time, when they moved their threshing outfit on to Jack's place for harvesting, that Joe met Kitsy (Kathryn) Hayes.



Joe and Kathryn Hugo (1970).

Kitsy was born in Nanaimo, B.C. in 1920, the second daughter of Jack and Elizabeth Hayes.

The family moved to Three Hills, Alberta, when Kitsy was five years old. She started school in Three Hills, but before long the family moved again. This move was to North Central Alberta, where Jack's brother, Orval, had settled on a farm at what is now known as Ranch. After more moves to the town of Smith, and then to Moose River, the family settled on the farm that would be their home for a number of years.

The three girls were enrolled in school at Spurfield, a sawmill camp situated on the railroad. They

had to cross the Lesser Slave River, and follow an old Indian trail for about three miles, through the bush to reach school. During the summer months they rowed themselves across the river, in a small boat. Once the river froze solid enough they crossed on the ice. When they first started school, they felt uncomfortable about taking their lunches, so they cached them in a tree close to the school. When they went back to eat their lunches at noon, the squirrels had disposed of them. One time, about half way to Spurfield, they encountered a big, bull moose with two cows. The girls stopped in their tracks, too frightened to move. The old bull made several circles around them with his head down, snorting and pawing the ground, but finally left to follow the two cows.

In 1930, the Moose River school was built. The first teacher was Mr. Peacock a young man on his first teaching job. Kitsy says the kids led him a dog's life. One time they shook pepper on the stove. Another time he found tadpoles in his ink-well. One day they found a hornet's nest near by. Mr. Peacock thought he should burn it down to protect the kids from getting stung. However, while he was assembling burning material, Jerry Roe riled the hornets up. When Mr. Peacock arrived to perform the job, the hornets got to him first. The children took turns doing the janitor work.

When Kitsy was 17 or 18 years old, the Spurfield school was closed down, so Kitsy drove a horse drawn school bus, bringing four or five Lennie children to the Moose River school during the winter.

As there were no boys in the Hayes family, the girls, especially Kitsy, worked with their father, doing whatever had to be done. Kitsy was as capable as any boy. At that time, her father and John Bloom had a large herd of cattle. Every spring about 150 head were herded cross country from Bradford's to Fawcett Lake, where they forded the Moose River and drove on to the hay meadows, on the north side of the lake. About three times during the summer Kitsy would haul salt out to the herd, by using a pack horse. She would check the cattle out, and stay over night in the Ranger's cabin at Fawcett Lake. She says they always lost a few head to the wolves. The cattle carried the H.B. brand. The last fall they brought the cattle out in a terrible snow storm. Her father sold the herd off that fall in 1936. By the time he paid the freight on them, he realized a net profit of \$1.50 each.

One spring, Kitsy drove to Smith to meet Miss Anderson, a new teacher, who had come in on the train. It was spring, and the river ice was rotting. Kitsy drove her team across, and loaded the teacher and her luggage. Everyone told her the ice wasn't safe, but she had to get the teacher out to Moose River. She started across and about ten feet from the

far shore, the sleigh started to break through. She slapped her horses with the lines and they managed to get the sleigh onto shore. Hers was the last team across that spring.

Kitsy remembers walking to Smith many times, about 14 miles.

One summer when Ted Keats was the Forest Ranger, there was a huge fire way back at Marion Creek. Kitsy made two trips a week, with pack horses loaded with supplies for the fire fighters. One day the cook offered her dinner, she could see something in the beans, she asked Grant Knapp what it was, he replied, "Maggots, but don't worry they're dead." The first Ranger Kitsy remembers was Harold Haight. The Rangers would make their rounds once a month, with a saddle horse and a pack horse.

She remembers one fall when her dad, George Donaldson and Grant Knapp took a team and wagon or sleigh, and drove up on top of the big hill, north of the highway, to hunt moose. They tied up the horses and each went separate ways. George Donaldson circled around and came upon the horses, he shot them both, mistakenly, for moose.

In 1939 Joe Hugo arrived to thresh for her dad. One month later he and Kitsy were married, and Joe took her back to his cosy, log cabin on his homestead at Moose Portage.

Can you imagine this girl who was used to handling broncos, pitching hay, stooking grain or cutting wood, now settling down to cook and care for her new hubby? In Kitsy's words, "It was a disaster." However, patient Joe taught her how to cook and bake bread, and how to keep house as well. In time they had a daughter, Kathleen, and later another girl, Mary.

In 1944 Joe bought the old pool hall in Smith next to the post office, from Mrs. Worthing, who was now living at Blue Sky. Joe turned it into a service station. The next year he bought out the Dixon brothers' garage. That was the year Joe, Junior was born. Kitsy was attended by Nurse Maynes, she remembers Joe and her mother sitting around waiting, Joe trying to read the newspaper, upside down. Her mother was trying to crochet, sometimes with the wrong end of the hook.

Sheila was born in 1950 and Mildred in 1952.

Joe was a handy man, he was a blacksmith, a mechanic and a welder. He also had his steam engineer's papers. If a man in the community needed a piece of iron for a repair, they said Joe could always find what they needed.

Joe's health failed in later years and he died in 1972. He was buried in the Smith community Cemetery.

Kitsy had an auction sale and sold the tools. Later she had the old garage torn down, and after working in the scale house at the sawmill for several years, she bought a mobile home. It is situated on the same lot, and Kitsy is living there yet.

Kathleen joined the navy where she met and married George McClanaghan. They have four children, George Jr., Mildred, Colleen and Patrick.

Mary also joined the navy and later married Helmut Buckholtz. They had six children, Elliot, James, Blair, Andrea, Katherine and Shandra.

Joe married Evelyn Yancy and has a step-daughter, Christine and a daughter and son, Joanne and Joe.

Sheila married Lou Foley, their children are Hudson, Jason and Trisha.

Mildred is married to Doug Ellison, with two children, Elizabeth and Damon.

Joe Jr. took over when his Dad died, he drove truck for Orval Jr. for a while. He then took a welding course and obtained his ticket. He now has an Oilfield Service business, and lives in Smith.

William and Dorothy Hula by Dorothy Hula (nee Kostiw)

Bill taught in the Smith School during the '57-'58 and '59-'60 terms. I also taught in '59-'60, and that's where it all started. We were married in 1960. Bill went back to University and I taught in Edmonton. Danny was born on May 23, 1961. We both taught in Lahaieville in '61-'62. I didn't finish the school term because I was finishing another term: my second pregnancy. We moved to Smith in the fall of 1962 with our son Danny. Bill had a teaching position in the Jr. and Sr. High School. I left with Danny to visit



Danny and Kim Hula with Randy Drader.

the stork. Danny's sister Kim arrived on October 14. When I returned with the children, the Athabasca School Division was installing a central heating system, one grate in the middle of the floor. We also got indoor plumbing which was a blessing.

The greatest thrill of Bill's coaching career was when the boys high school basket-ball team won the league championship. They won the game in the final seconds of play, just like you read about in fiction novels. Basketball was a real spectator sport as the gym was always packed when there were games. Although there were few players the boys team and the girls team did very well. Because the students did well in sports, they did well in their scholastic pursuits. Bill is proud of the trees the science class planted on the east side of the school grounds, as a part of the reforestation program in science. As lumbering was very active in the area, it was desirable that the students learned that there are methods of replenishing the forest.



Betty Kostiwi with Jo Ann at christening in Lac La Biche.

The only unpleasant part of our stay in Smith was the invasion of the tent caterpillar in the spring of 1963. It seemed like Bill could never bring in the diapers without picking off all the caterpillars. It was too much for me, so I packed up the children and went to stay with Bill's mother for two weeks.

The surroundings near our teacherage were so beautiful that we enjoyed many walks through the pines just south of school. My sister, Betty, stayed with us in '63-'64 to finish her grade twelve. In the fall of 1965 we moved to Lac La Biche, where Bill



Reg Brazeua skip, Nadine Brazeau third, Bill Hula second, Dorothy Kostiwi lead.

taught at the Dr. Swift Jr. High School for five years. We were blessed with our third child, JoAnn on May 30, 1966.

At last we really settled down. We came to Westlock in 1970 and have lived here ever since. Our son Dan is enjoying his first year of teaching, you guessed it, at Smith. Our daughter Kim is in her fourth year of Education at the University of Alberta. JoAnn is at home and is in grade twelve.

Charles Hutton by Eloise Landon

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hutton had a store and post office in Smith on the (now) schoolground just a wee bit west and across the road from the Kitsy Hugo place. They owned the house that used to be Ed Guenette's, south across from where Freeman's Store was, on school property.

Mr. Hutton passed away and Mr. Curran rented or bought the store about 1923-24.

There was a dance at the railroad station one year and a fire destroyed the store and post office. Many thought it was set on purpose, as my dad (John Graling) was one of the first to get to the building. He tried to find the mail bag, but couldn't before the fire got too bad.

Mrs. Hutton lived in Smith for a long time. She married Harry Kemp.

Mr. Curran was brother-in-law to the first Mrs. Bert Small.

Billy Irvine by E. Landon

Billy had the post office in Smith when Lois Landon remembers him. It was in the vicinity of the

Smith School now. She thinks they had a small convenience store as well.

He married Justine Graham who was a sister of Mrs. Fred McDonald and Mrs. Alex McDonald.

Gary and Sylvia Johnston and Family by Sylvia

"In all thy ways acknowledge him (the Lord) and he shall direct thy paths." Proverbs 3:5

Gary Orville Johnston was born in Bluebridge, Alberta in 1945 at his grandmother's farm. He was raised and schooled at Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. In 1968 he married Sylvia Irene Akins at the Fort Saskatchewan United Church. Sylvia was originally from Edson, Alberta. Gary worked at Sherritt Gordon Mines Limited for ten years. During this time they had four girls; Colleen, Rhonda, Lisa and Anne.

In the spring of 1975 they moved to a farm north of Athabasca in the Richmond Park district. They had decided to move to Smith but at the time nothing was available. It was a very wet summer, consequently the crops failed and Gary had to go to work. They sold the farm and Gary started working at Chisholm. On December 23, 1975 he moved his family to Smith. They made their home on the old Gordon Kylo's acreage. In January of 1976 Gary was employed by Co-op sawmills in Smith where he worked until it closed down.

In May of 1976, a son, David was born in Athabasca Hospital. In June of 1976, they bought John Zuk's house in Smith and moved there where they still live. Gary is presently employed at Zeidler's mills at Slave Lake.

They moved to Greencourt, Alberta for one-year between July, 1978 and July, 1979, but found that Smith was a hard place to leave behind. They really like it here, and feel it is where the Lord Jesus Christ directed them. They are active members of the Smith Evangelical Church and have started their children on a program of Christian schooling in the home. They desire to be friendly and good neighbours building community relations. They look forward to a long, fulfilled life bringing God's love to all people.

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Hebrews 12:14

Bob and Sharon Johnston by Bob Johnston

My wife, Sharon and I moved to Smith to teach school in the fall of 1972. We transferred to Boyle in the summer of 1974 and returned to Smith in the following year when I assumed the principalship. We remained in Smith until the summer of 1979 when we moved to Rimbey, Alberta where we are presently. While in Smith we had two children, a girl, Heidi, and a boy Benjamin.



Bob and Sharon Johnston, Heidi and Benji, 1982.

My memories of the school situation are fond. We had an excellent staff that spent a lot of time with the students in the school. Fran Peech was our stabilizing force. I remember how hectic was the preparation of the Christmas concert and how the entire community was there to watch it. I can remember Mr. Begoray, the superintendent, driving up to Smith to find the entire school out playing softball. It was during our first stay in Smith, under the administration of Glen Hurlbut, that we started the E.O.F. field trips to Jasper, Drumheller, Edmonton, Etc. I still feel that those trips were a powerful addition to our program.

Socially there was lots to do in Smith. I will always remember Leo Letourneau, with his stubby little thumb, throwing George McClanaghan out of that important ball game in Chisholm. I remember starting up the old stove, in the old curling rink, up from the teacherages. Boy did that rink have air conditioning. The curling rink was always the hub of excitement during the winter. The all night spiels with the break for the dance were marathons worth forgetting. The first hockey team that we started has one story that was humorous. Some of the grade six boys purchased their equipment and the first recess came down the hall wearing their "cans" over their blue jeans.

The fishing was excellent. After I taught Leonard Lafrance how to hunt and fish we did pretty well in places like MacLean's, Otter Creek, Little Smoky and Deep Creek. The new community center will be great, but the old Legion Hall will always have stories to tell. We didn't miss many dances during our six years in Smith and usually there was lots of action.

I hope that someone tells the story of the time the boys put the black bear in Lloyd Lafrance's truck one New Year's Eve that was 40° below zero. I believe that Elmer Drader dug up the bear while doing cat work. Apparently Lloyd didn't find that bear that amusing.

Many of our fondest memories are of Smith, its people and the times we had there.

Lewis and Thelma (Bud Junck) Jordan's Story

written by Thelma Jordan

In 1924, Bud was born at Ross Creek, Alberta, and lived at Elk Island Park, Busby and Edmonton during his childhood. In 1932, I was born in Lethbridge, Alberta. On May 7, 1939, Bud moved to Grosmont from Edmonton with his parents and 10 brothers and sisters. I moved to Smoky Creek with my family in 1933. I attended Smoky Creek School for three years and then moved to Timmins, Ontario, only to return four years later. While attending Smoky Creek school one of my teachers was Mrs. Gene Earl of Smith and later was our daughter Patricia's teacher in Smith in grade two. Mr. Penchuk was also my teacher in grade eight at Smith School and later taught our son, Neil, in grade twelve at Westlock Senior High School in Westlock, Alberta.

Bud with his Dad ran a sawmill at Grosmont and Spurfield and in 1949 they built a garage one and half miles south of Smith on highway 44. Bud was active in baseball for a number of years in Grosmont and Smith and enjoyed every moment of his playing.

Our paths finally crossed in September of 1950 at Smith's Labour Day sports day. We were married in December of 1950 and took up residence at the garage Bud owned and operated on Highway 44. Our four children were born in the Athabasca hospital while we lived at Smith. Our daughter, Patricia, and son, Gordy, attended school in Smith. On February 2, 1952, our garage burned down, but during the summer of 1952, we rebuilt. In 1960, we sold our garage to Art Dixon and moved to Westlock, Alberta, where Bud took up employment with the Westlock School Division #37 in Westlock, Alberta, as Transportation Supervisor and in 1976, Bud went to work for A. Miller Farm Equipment as their Shop Foreman. He is still employed there. I've been employed with the Westlock School Division #37, first as a Bus Driver and later running a travelling library to the Rural schools. I've been working in the Instructional Materials Centre for the past eighteen years.

Patricia our daughter is nursing in the intensive care unit at the Royal Jubilee, at Victoria, B.C.

Gordy became a Forest Technician and later re-

turned to Smith as a Forest Ranger where he worked for five years. Gordy married Donna Myatt of Edmonton in 1980. She was teaching at Westlock Elementary School, in Westlock, Alberta, at the time. In 1980 Gordy left Smith for employment with Landbanks, an oil company in Calgary. His wife is also teaching in that city.

Rodney works in Edmonton as a pipe inspectors helper. He married Gwen Windsor in 1976. They have two boys, Nicky and Dustin.

Neil is also living in Calgary. Neil followed in his father's footsteps and pursued a trade in industrial Arts as a Welder. He also became a dancer and teaches dancing in the evenings. Neil married and has a daughter Jennifer. We've had and still have good friends in Smith. As our son Gordy said when he was returning to Smith to work with the Forestry "Once a Smithonian always a Smithonian". We return every chance we get, as it is also a sportsman's paradise. Our Grandchildren love camping with us at Fawcett Lake.

Harry Kemp

by E. Landon

Harry Kemp had a sawmill just east of the tracks at Smith, Probably around 1926-1929-30. He married Mrs. Charlie Hutton and they moved to Edmonton.

Frank Knahs

by Alice (Wolfe) Knahs

Born in Austria in 1925, Frank came to Canada in 1930 at the age of five. Frank was raised in the Flatbush area, joined the army in 1950 and was in the Korean war. While in service, he married Alice Wolfe in 1953. Alice was also from the Flatbush area.



First Ambulance — Knahs.



New Ambulance — Knaahs.

In 1959 Frank and I moved to Smith with a family of four children; Karen, the twins, Debbie and Donny; and Glen. Frank worked for Stelter Lumber Co. in Smith. In the fall of 1959 we had another daughter Margaret and in 1961 another son Tracy.

In 1966 we started our first Taxi Service in Smith. In 1967 we added an ambulance to our service — a station wagon ambulance, equipped, that went under the name of Smith Taxi and Ambulance Service.

In 1976 we formed a company under the name of Noralta Taxi and Ambulance Ltd., and now have an updated and fully equipped Ambulance.

Bill and Alma La France

written for their 50th Wedding Anniversary

Meota Saskatchewan in 1929,

Bill married Alma, did they look fine.

Bill paid for train fare and the wedding capers.

Even had five cents for his cigarette papers!

Went to work for a farmer, Bill in the fields and

Alma in the kitchen

The farmer was a rough one, always a bitchin'

Young and in love Alma slaved for her pay,

And naturally made a few mistakes along the way

From slop pail potatoes, she had to rinse out

She now cooks gourmet, of that there's no doubt.

In 1931 their first girl arrives, they name her

Deloras the apple of Dad's eye.

Although she's a dolly, Dad can't take the crying

So he slept in the barn and we're not a lying!

Two years later in 1933, along came Theresa a

beauty to see,

Though today slim and slender and bright as the

moon,

In those days she wasn't, so nicknamed her

tootoon!



Bill and Alma LaFrance.

1936 a very good year, Alma said "Bill lend me your ear,

"I have great news once more to tell"

Bill said, Gee Po Cripe! "I'll be go to hell"!

But lo and behold a son was born.

They named him Lloyd, a real little thorn

He remained a prick-ly thorn for years,

But time after time drove his mother to tears.

Now Bills a fast worker, of that we all know

Eleven months later, there's another to show.

Corinne is her name, a little slip of a thing,

So tiny and cute, arms the size of a ring.

Her bed was a shoe box beside the oven,

Survived on a lot of good care and lovin'

Bill said Alma this has got to stop,

So for nearly five years all they did was talk shop.

He was busy in the livery, looking after his stock,

But soon did find out, it wasn't all talk,

For there was Leonard, a second bundle of blue,

Full of mischief and devillment, he could make up for two.

A real little devil, he'd drive you to drinking,

It didn't take long to set them to thinking.

Bill said "To hell with this livery it won't feed any more,

So he left the old livery and in Penn bought a store.

They moved to this place where the people are free,

Heck before long they could even speak Cree.

Things went quite well for this hard working pair,

But the north was a calling and Bill took a dare.

They packed up the tent, put the kids in the truck,

And left Penn travelling on only their luck.
They arrived in Widewater thought it looked pretty good,

So being a gambler, started buying the wood.
Built a store there and surely did strive,
With hard work and good management, the business did thrive

Bill got carried away with his luck and good life,
And shocked the pants right off of his wife.
March 1949, a baby girl!

This was too much and sets Bill in a whirl.
But the family all love her, their joy they curtail,
And still to this day, she's called "Baby Gayle".
Adventure once again, and at Smith it did stop,
A bigger store, a real buy, it was hard to top.
In 1968, all the kids gone, Bill said to Alma "Its time to move on."

We've had a good life but I'm getting tired,
I think it's just about time we retired.
So the store was sold to the second son,
And to the beautiful province of B.C. they come.
Here we are all celebrating your 50th this year
And a great many memories we hope you hold dear.

Mom and Dad we are wishing you all of the best,
So now we'll be quiet and give you a rest!

Lloyd and Arlene Lafrance by Arlene

Lloyd, eldest son of Bill and Alma Lafrance was born in Leaville, Saskatchewan. The family moved to Widewater, Alberta in 1946 when he was ten. He attended grade school there before spending two years at the Agricultural College in Fairview, Alberta. He helped his father in their general store and occasionally did some commercial fishing.

In 1955, the family moved to Smith after purchasing the general store from Mr. Duncan. The business included a small garage, gas pumps, bus depot, and taxi. With all of the oil and lumber activity and the north bound traffic coming directly through town, the store was a very busy place. Lloyd worked there for a short while, then went into road construction and the logging camps.

I, Arlene, was born in Hondo, Alberta, the second daughter of Bill and Verna Willis. I went to school in Hondo, Slave Lake, and Smith and spent two years taking correspondence. We moved along with Dad to the logging camps, so for the winter, Mom taught the five of us correspondence, then, for the two summer months, we attended school at the logging camp located at the west end of Fawcett Lake. After leaving school, I worked at a bank in Edmonton until Lloyd and I married in 1958.



Back: Corrine, Theresa, Lloyd and Dolly. Center: Alma and Bill. Front: Gayle and Leonard LaFrance, 1953-54.



?, Lloyd and Leonard LaFrance.

We have five children. Darrell born in 1959, Mark in 1960, Terrance in 1961, Greg in 1963, and Shalaine in 1971. Our first home was a mobile trailer which was situated at two different sites until becoming stationary in the east part of town on a lot next to Wes and Gene Earl. One of our neighbors was Mel Cole who was loved and admired, especially, by all of the children in the area. They were welcome in his home at any time of the day and were taught to “slurp” the hot chocolate he made for them, while he told stories. Not all of them fit for small ears either! He was fondly known as ‘Jake’.



Terry, Greg, Arlene, Darrell, Shalaine, Lloyd and Mark LaFrance.

Forest fires raged all around us in the summer of 1968 causing much anxiety. During all of this, one of our small sons and his twin cousins decided to play with matches in the dry bush behind our houses. They accidentally started a fire and within minutes it was rapidly moving towards LaFrance's store. Thanks to Co-op's fire truck and a crew of men, it was extinguished before going that far and all we lost was some good blueberry patches.

In 1973 we bought the service station located at the junction of highways two and forty four, from Len and Ann Stiles. We remained there until 1977 when we sold out to Tom Delehay and moved to Westlock, Alberta.

Leonard and Linda LaFrance

Leonard moved to Smith from Widewater with his parents, Bill and Alma LaFrance, in 1955. He attended school in Smith, Athabasca and Fairview.

He started working for his dad in the spring of 1962.

I, Linda Sloan, arrived in Smith in 1961, when my father, Glen, was transferred here as a Forest Ranger.

I went to school in Smith. During my high-school

years I started work at LaFrance's Store, after school and on weekends. By July of 1962, Leonard and I were engaged to be married and I was a full-time employee. Mrs. Landon was the head clerk and kept us in line.

In the fall of 1963, Leonard and I bought a trailer home. We set it up beside the store, which was a trailer court at that time.



Leah, Linda, Leonard and Maurice LaFrance.

That fall the Forestry moved my Mom and Dad's house from the north river hill, to a site just past the microwave tower on the Moose Portage road. Mom and Dad and four Sloan girls lived in the trailer for two months, until our home was ready for us.

The following spring, Leonard and I bought a lot behind Mel Cole's and moved our trailer on to it.

We were married July 4, 1964. I worked until December of 1964 when I quit for two reasons, I was expecting our first baby, and I wanted to be lazy for awhile.

On New Year's Eve our furnace blew up during the night. Leonard jumped out of bed, grabbed his most treasured possessions, his guns and his budgie bird, and ran out. As he went out the door, he yelled for me to get out. By this time the furnace had blown itself out, but soot and smoke filled the house. What a mess! We moved in with my parents for a month, while we had the furnace replaced. Mrs. Beaver and I washed and painted everything inside the trailer.

We had two children, Leah, born July 20, 1965 and Maurice (Mo) on May 6, 1968.

After Leonard took over the store in August of 1968, we moved into the living quarters attached to the store. We are still living there, although we have enlarged and remodelled it several times.

In the fall of 1983, Maurice had an unfortunate accident. He lost parts of three fingers on his left

hand, while playing with a dynamite cap. He has adjusted to it quite well, however, as he is active in sports.

David Albert Lee

written by David Auch

David Lee came from Nova Scotia and settled in the Moose Portage area. He joined the armed forces during W.W.I. While in England he married Alice Pearman who came to this area as a war bride in 1919 with their daughter Elizabeth (Betty). In 1920 they had a son, John, and later, another son Stanley. During this time they moved from the Portage area to Smith where they had a cafe and later ran the local post office. Alice also became the first local telephone operator.



Alice Lee holding grandson Edward Barthel, Betty Barthel (nee Lee), David and Stanley Lee.

David and Alice Lee are now deceased. David is buried in Edmonton and Alice in Smith.

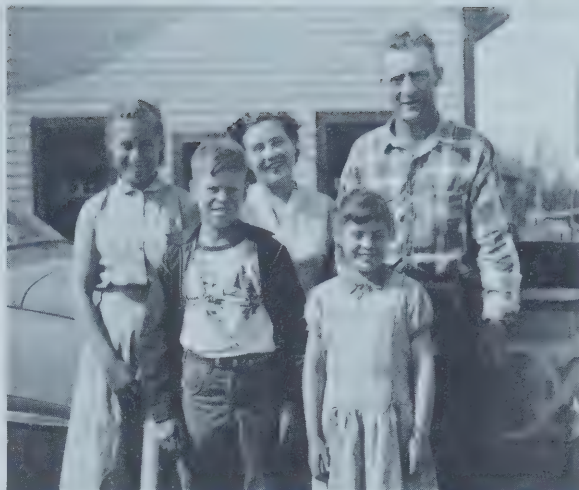
Betty still resides in Smith; John — deceased in 1961; and Stanley now resides in Athabasca.

John Edward Lee

John Lee was the son of David and Alice Lee, born in 1920 in Moose Portage. He farmed with his dad until he joined the army in World War II.

While stationed in England, he married Peggy Andrews in 1945. In 1946 as a war bride, Peggy and their daughter, Susan, followed him over here on the Queen Mary to Halifax, and then proceeded to Smith by train.

In 1947 they had a son, David, and in 1948 another daughter, Linda. During these first few years Peggy found it hard to cope; coming from the city of Brighton, England, with modern conveniences, to Smith with no running water, no electricity, lots of mud, water holes, and no paved streets. However,



Susan, David, Peggy, Linda and John Lee.

with the help of John, she learned to make the best of it and found that there were good times also. Peggy said she'd do it all over again too.

In 1945 they took over the post office from John's

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT THE VERY BEST PRICE		A CHEERY GRIN WELCOMES YOU IN	
W. P. LaFRANCE GAS & OIL SERVICE GENERAL MERCHANDISE & HARDWARE FRESH & CURED MEATS A FULL LINE OF FEEDS			
Smith, Alta., May 23, 1961 M. John Lee			
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parents. As well as being Postmaster at Smith, John also delivered the mail to Spurfield, Moose Portage, and the Ranch area. During this time he worked for the Northern Alberta Railway as night watchman and also farmed his land three miles from Smith.

John and Peggy were both quite community minded. They belonged to the curling club as founding members, along with being active Legion members. John coached little league baseball, and was secretary of the nursing committee. He was on the cemetery committee and various other committees at that time.

John died in 1961 in a farm accident and is buried in Smith. Peggy now resides in Edmonton.

Susan married David Auch in 1975. They have one daughter, Tennille, and reside in Smith.

David married Stella Devanthy in 1970 and now resides in Edmonton.

Linda married Garry Jolliffe in 1967, they have four boys, Allen, Brian, and twins — Larry and Garry. They reside on a farm in Hondo.

Billy Lee

by Eloise Landon

Billy Lee lived in Smith in about 1926. He worked on the railroad and was also a trapper. He left in the late '20's for the Peace River area.

Charles and Philomine Lennie

by Hazel Lennie

Charles was born in Tofield in 1883. They moved to Hay Lakes in 1909, where he worked for the N.A.R. From there he moved to Smith; where he worked on the Ferry for five years as well as trapping with Jim Brazeau. He then went to work for Swanson Lumber Co., where he remained for 15 years or until his retirement.



Charles and Philomine Lennie.

He married Philomine Giroux in 1922, daughter of Louis Giroux. She was born in Slave Lake in 1894. They had eight children, Adele (deceased); Clara, who married Jim Brazeau, deceased; Mabel (deceased); Jim, living in the U.S.A.; Eva, living in Edmonton; Walter, living in Edmonton; Helen and Dorothy both also in Edmonton.

Charles died in 1966 at the age of 83. Philomine is still living at the age of 89. She resides in the Good Samaritan Auxiliary Hospital in Edmonton.

The Charles (Doug) and Hazel Lennie Story

by Hazel Lennie nee Willis

I am the daughter of Bill and Verna Willis, who were very loving and understanding parents. They gave us a lot of very fond memories, too numerous to mention. Some, that I perhaps think of most often, are of us five children gathered round the old air tight heater on cold winter mornings trying to get dressed in the warmth of the fire, and of our usual Saturday night ritual, listening to the Calgary Oldtimers on the radio while taking our turn through the bath-tub, again in the warmth of the air tight. I remember going to dances with my parents and sleeping on a bench through most of the evening.

I married Charles (Doug) Lennie in 1964, the oldest son of Eva Lennie. Charles is a truck driver. He has owned his own truck off and on, but only drives occasionally now. He took over Jim Brazeau's trapline in 1975 and spends a lot of time trapping. He spent most of his childhood with his grandparents, Charles and Philomine Lennie. He also has many fond memories of time spent with his grandfather in Camp 7, near Slave Lake in the winter months, and in Slave Lake during the summer. They often spent the summer months in Camp 7 also; his grandfather



Curtis, Doug, Marcy, Hazel Lennie, daughter Joy and husband Elden Anderson.

was the watchman there. Charles got his schooling through correspondence lessons during the time spent in Camp. He also lived and worked in Spurfield for a time.

We have three children. Joy born in 1964 who is now married to Elden Anderson and living in St. Brieux, Saskatchewan. Curtis was born in 1966 and is still in school. Marcy was born in 1971. We have lived mostly in Smith since we got married but we lived in Edmonton for a year and on Vancouver Island for a few months.

Edward and Emma Lievers

Edward and I were married in 1943. We moved around alot. Ed got a job at Chisholm Mills piling lumber; he then got a job at Smith Mills and moved into Smith for two winters where our two younger boys attended school during the winter months. The first winter it was 67 below for two weeks. The men didn't work; only the mill ran.

Ed got a job on the railways in 1971 at Chisholm, then bid into Hondo-Smith and ended up as relieving foreman at Hondo.

We started a church in homes in the area. We later held church services in the Smith school and in the Anglican Church at Smith. We decided to move into Smith and bought a trailer and a lot in Smith. The church got a lot across from us.

We decided to have a walk-a-thon to raise money to help build a church. We held the walk-a-thon on April 19, 1979. About 40 people took part. The goal was 30 miles and some made it all the way. We raised \$12,000.00 and started to build the church. Before it



Ed and Emma Lievers, 1980.

was finished, we had a farewell in it. When it was finished, we had a dedication for it.

We left Smith in 1981 and are now in Hanna, Alberta.

Our Years in Smith

by Robert Lund

In August 1956, Mr. Gault had asked me where I wanted to teach. Of the several openings, I had narrowed it to Spurfield or Hondo. When I had made my choice, he said in his usual calm voice, "by the way, you also accept the principalship".

A few days before school was to open, my parents drove me to Hondo where I began the first of my two years in the district. At first, I was not overly impressed by the teacherage. I believe it was two granaries moved together and sadly lacking of paint. In the spring and fall sand drifted in around the windows and along the floor giving way to snow in winter. The furniture consisted of a kitchen table, two chairs, a Winnipeg cot and a bed. Heating was a problem, particularly when the temperature dropped to -60°F. However, it soon became "my chalet on the hillside," and I loved it.



Theda and Bob Lund.

The two-room school was not extravagant but was adequately furnished. Mr. C. Martin taught grades one to three while I taught grades four to eight. In September 1957, Miss Jean Zamiski replaced Mr. Martin who had retired in June and later moved to B.C. On the first day of school 55-60

students registered. They came from all directions, by foot, bicycle, horseback, horse and buggy, and by bus. The school bus was a panel truck operated by Peggy and Lloyd Crosswell. In the winter months, Jimmy, Leonard and Jean Willis came by dog team.

Some of the fond memories of my two years in Hondo include such things as:

- flagging the train down at 4 a.m. to go to my first teachers' convention.

- a \$6.00 poll tax deducted from my first pay cheque.

- playing bridge with Mr. Finstad and Mr. and Mrs. Raesler. On one occasion I held a near perfect hand and got set on a no-trump bid with only one queen and two jacks against me.

- the opportunity to acquire a 1957 Buick for a dog team, but Jimmy wouldn't part with his team.

- fishing at Big Creek.

- the school picnics at the end of the year.

- the community dances in the old log school.

- the many weekends at the Strach farm.

- the many beautiful people that I met over the two years.

In June, 1958, I resigned from the Athabasca School Division to continue my education at the University of Alberta. I had no idea at the time that there would no longer be a school operating in Hondo. It was two or three months later that I learned that Hondo School had been closed and that students were bussed to Smith.

Sometime between 1958 and 1962, the Athabasca School Division gave way to the County of Athabasca. With the change, the school board office moved from Colinton to Athabasca.

In May, 1962, I accepted the principalship of the Smith School which had an enrollment of 365 and a staff of 13. In late August, I returned to the district with my wife Theda and daughter Carla who was just three months old. It took just a couple of days to get settled in and ready for school. Sometime in our first year in Smith, the County had completed the installation of furnaces and hot water systems in the teacherages. However, they had to re-arrange the heating to the bedrooms because water froze to the floors while attempting to wash them.

In June, 1964, Catherine, our second daughter arrived on a Saturday. I remember telling Miss Long the next day about our new daughter and her reply (bless her soul) was "Hmph, when are you going to get a man in your house, even your dog is female".

To my knowledge, the three years that we were in Smith were the only years in which a full grade 12 matriculation program was offered in the community. Needless to say, there were some very challenging and very trying times. The first year the county did

not appoint a vice-principal. Perhaps that was the reason I was given secretarial help and consequently Theda and I worked at the school from 7 or 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. This was Carla's introduction to school life although she slept through it all. Retaining high school staff for the full term was a problem and consequently hindered student progress.

The first graduating class was few in number but marked a very important occasion for Smith School. The grads were Gordon Guenette, Roger Nikipilo, and Sharon VanBuskirk. Another outstanding achievement of the school was that the Smith boys won the county basketball championship in 1964 with the help of good coaching by Mr. Hula.

Not too many people have ever won a trophy without winning a single game. This feat was accomplished by L. Villeneuve, T. Lund, D. Stelter, and C. Strach who won second in the second event of the Smith Ladies Open Bonspiel in 1965.

We look back with fond memories to the weiner roasts with the Hula's on the sand hills near the Athabasca River, curling with the Mackie's, fishing at Fawcett Lake, Legion and staff parties, and our association with the people of the area.

Although I experienced many hardships and long hours at the school, I look back at those three years with great fondness and wouldn't have traded them for anything. This is one of the reasons why we still enjoy visiting the Smith community quite frequently.

Olga Lundquist

I, Olga Lundquist (Laskiwski), was born in Bon Accord, Alberta on June 10, 1929. We moved to Thorhild, where my father bought a farm. Then we lived at Opal. We moved to Hondo about 1937-38.



Back: Raymond, ?, sister Annie. Front: Berger and Olga (Laskiwski) Lundquist.

We moved to Smith in 1939 and lived here for three or four years, before we moved back to Opal. I went to the convent of the Franciscan Sisters in Edmonton. About 1946, I moved back to Smith for two years.

I married Berger Lundquist and we lived upstairs in Mrs. Nikipilo's house. Berger lost his job on the N.A.R., so he got on a seismic crew, which was in Smith, as water truck driver for Heiland Explorations.

Our son, Anton was born in Athabasca and Sharon in Mayerthorpe. After four years, we landed in Fort St. John. It was so far away that I asked Berger if he could get back on the railroad. He did, and we moved back to Smith where we bought a house from Jack Hugo. Then the N.A.R. wanted Berger to move to McLennan.



Olga, Anton, Sharon, and Berger Lundquist (1949).

Berger is an engineer out of Vancouver. Anton is in Ft. McMurray, Sharon is in Prince George, Gerald is in Vancouver. Allan is in Prince George and Debbie is in Edmonton.

I live in McLennan but will always be a Smith girl at heart.

The McLean Family

by E. Landon

Mr. McLean was a pump man for the railroad in the late 1920's.

They lived about where Bill Willis lives now, in what had been Mr. and Mrs. Bob Russell's house.

Fred MacLeod and Family

by E. Landon

Mr. MacLeod and his family lived at Old Mirror Landing just above Archie MacLean's house. It was a nice place; he was there in the early 1920's but I don't remember where they went or when. He worked as a station agent at Smith; he may have been the second one. They had at least two boys and one girl.

The McConaghy Family

Douglas McConaghy was born in the Busby district in 1911 and spent the first 24 years of his life in that area. In 1936 he married Vera Duval. Vera was born in Sawridge in 1917, but was raised in Athabasca. Vera and Doug lived on a farm at Busby, for two years, where their first daughter Darlene was born.

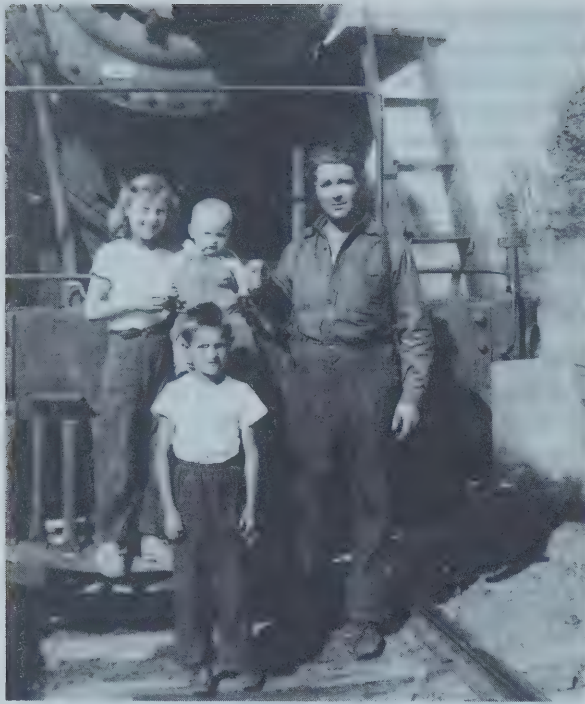


Douglas and Vera McConaghy, 1942.

They then moved to Athabasca where Doug worked for Slim Nelson and also for Charlie Fix. During the war years he drove Canadian Coachways Bus from Athabasca to Edmonton; also from Lac La Biche to Edmonton.

Bill, Fred, Karen and Ramona were born in Athabasca and Jim in Lac La Biche. In 1949 the family moved to Spurfield, a small lumber community, where Doug worked as mechanic. While in Spurfield, Danny was born in 1951 and Shannon in 1953. In 1955, the family moved to Smith where Doug worked at Stelter's Mill. Tracy was born in 1959 and Dean in 1961.

Darlene married Dean Pearson. She had four children and lives in Slave Lake. Bill had three children. He and his wife, Irene live in Edmonton. Freddie and his wife Nora, have two children and live



Karen, Dan, Doug and Jim (front) McConaghy at Spurfield, 1952.

in Edmonton. Karen married Gordon Willis; they have two children. Ramona married Butch Graling; they have three children. Jim and his wife Miriam, live in Kingston, Ontario and have three children. Danny and his wife, Louise, live in Slave Lake.

Shannon married Dwaine Walterhouse; they have three children. They live at Wembley. Tracy married Dorey Dixon; they have one son. Dean is single and lives at home.



Back row: Fred, Bill, Doug, Tracy, Vera, Dan, Jim and Dean. Front: Karen, Noni, Darlene and Shannon McConaghy, 1977.

The McConaghy's lived in the mill yard in Smith until 1968. Then they moved across the river where Vera still lives. Douglas passed away in 1977 at the age of 66.

Guy and Hazel McCumsey

Guy Harrison McCumsey was born at Thetford, Michigan, on September fourth, 1887. He came to Munson, Alberta, about 1913 to work on a well drill with his brother-in-law, Roy Benson. He bought a drill of his own and moved to the Corinth district about 30 miles south of Hanna.

I, Mary Hazel Petrie, was born in Elora, Ontario, February 12, 1896, the eldest of nine children. On account of my father's health, we moved to Armstrong B.C. on May 15, 1907. After finishing high school and one year of Normal School, I was ready to teach school. As there were no schools available where we were, I came to my aunt's home in Munson. I was allowed to teach with a special permit. I taught at the Golden Grain School, east of Morrin for two months. Then the inspector asked me to take the Fraserton School, 20 miles south of Hanna.



Back: Tom, Jean, Verna, Donald. Front: Guy, Keith and Hazel McCumsey.

On the 24th of May there was a dance at Bull-pound Creek. A man in my district whom I didn't know or like particularly well asked me to go. I was feeling rather lonely, so I went with him.

Where I came from a "Ladies Choice" dance

meant just that. You asked whomever you wished. I had watched Guy dancing and wished to dance with him, and asked him. He accepted. After the dance my escort really called me down. He said I was supposed to have asked him to dance with me. It all ended up with Guy driving me home, and we met most week-ends after that. I went home for the Xmas holidays, Guy came out in January and we were married at the Manse in Armstrong on January 29, 1917, by the Rev. Peter Henderson.

We lived in the Corinth district till the farmers for miles around had wells drilled. We then moved to Drumheller in 1919, where he drilled test holes, holes to pump water out of the mines, or to run electric wiring down into the mines.

In 1921, when no more drilling was needed, we moved back to Corinth and bought a half section of land and rented a half section. After an odd good year, and lots of bad years, we had to give it up. In the spring of 1931, we got seed from the government. Very little of it came up. The government said we should move out and let that land go back to grass. They offered every family free transportation, and two box cars, for their stock and belongings, to any place in Alberta, where we wished to settle.

In late June or early July, Guy took our tent and with seven neighbors in two cars, set out for the north country. First, they looked at land west of Edmonton, in the Wildwood area. Then they stopped near Jarvie. Guy tried to rent a quarter from a widow there, but overnight she had changed her mind and wouldn't rent or sell. They then stopped at Smith and visited the Nelson family who lived at Moose Portage, and had come there from near us on the prairie.

Most of the time, while they were gone, it had rained, and looked like it had rained all over. They thought a homestead looked like a lot of work, with all the trees and brush to clear off, so they came home. We hadn't a drop of rain. They all decided we better get out and decided they would all go to Smith, or Mirror Landing as it was then called. Boxcars were sidetracked at Finnegan on the Drumheller — Bassano Line, and the big task began. Packing, discarding, trying to sell or give away things we thought we could do without, in order to get livestock and all belongings into two cars. A full train load made up of several families left on July 29, and arrived in Smith on August second, 1931.

There were my husband, Guy, and I, and children Jean, Verna, Tom and Donald. After the cattle and horses had been unloaded, our car was spotted at the unloading dock. The boys put a long string on the cat and tied him to the fence. It wasn't two minutes until he had caught a chipmunk.

It poured rain for two or three days and Mr.

Bisson, the yard foreman would say everyday "Well, how do you like it?" We didn't have proper clothes for rainy weather and were uncomfortable, but Guy would say "That is what we came up here for".

We lived in a tent by the tracks for almost a month while Jack Holden helped the men find homesteads. They went to Edmonton and filed on them, and we moved the machinery and household effects out onto the homestead.

One day Joe Vallie took all who wished to go, on his scow down the river a few miles to pick raspberries. Before we got to shore, we could see that the whole hillside was red with berries and the smell was out of this world. None of the children had ever seen berries before. I learned that day, never to put berries in a tin pail without waxing the inside first, as we had a lot of berries turn black before we got home.

Guy had two sessions in the Athabasca Hospital in September with kidney stones, but we managed to put up enough hay for one team of horses. The others wintered at the Spence farm near Athabasca, while the cows wintered at Mr. Bomburgers at Hondo. We gave one horse and one cow to these men for wintering them.

We traded one two year old colt to Shorty Nadeau for a 22 Winchester rifle.

While we were still living in the tent and a granary, it snowed; the logs for our house were hauled in on sleighs. The snow all went away, and with help from our neighbors and Jack Holden overseeing the job, we got a house built. It wasn't too pretty to look at, but it was warm in winter and cool in summer. The logs were dry fire-killed spruce that we chinked with mud for the walls. The roof was of small round poles covered with a thick layer of moss and dirt on top. It had no partitions and had a dirt floor.

The first night we slept in the new house, Guy woke me up to look at the floor. The whole place was glowing. He called it fox fire. He had seen it in the swamps in Michigan. We woke the children to see it. We never saw it again, as the small pieces of rotted wood soon dried out. The next night it snowed, but we were inside. We had given the granary to the team of horses.

The children took correspondence lessons that came from Edmonton, until Smoky Creek school was built. By then the girls and Tom had finished their Grade eight and we could not afford the \$5.00 per subject per pupil to have them go farther.

That first year we were on Government Relief, \$20.00 a month, later reduced to \$15.00 and then to \$12.00. This all had to be worked off. The men cut brush to put a road through to Chisholm to pay for it. We traded rolls of barbed wire to Orval Hayes Senior for potatoes, and to Mrs. Willis at Hondo for a sack of

carrots. After not being able to grow a garden on the dry prairie, I marvelled at how anyone could grow enough carrots to feed their own family and have a sack full to spare. Jack Holden helped us get a moose, so we managed.

One day during the winter, Guy went across the river to go ice fishing with Bob Guynup. Bob cooked fish to feed his chickens. Guy brought two big jacks home. He skidded them down the hill to the river, but was too tired to bring them up the hill to the house. When he got home he asked George Merritt, a bachelor neighbor who stayed with us sometimes, to take the kids' sleigh and some rope and bring the two fish home. We all thought it was a big joke, but George did it, and was glad he had taken the sleigh and rope. The two fish were longer than the sleigh and frozen, so had to be tied on.

When spring came, also came the rains. Mae Coburn stayed with the girls one rainy night. The roof, after a few days of rain, started leaking. We covered the beds with tarps and slickers and I managed to cook us a meal. The table was dry as it was under the ridge pole. I was so embarrassed, thinking that Mae would tell her folks "McCumsey's house leaked". It cleared up that day and the girls walked home with her. I needn't have worried. Their house leaked worse than ours, and they had had to eat cold sandwiches.

We got two dogs that winter, and with our Collie as leader, used them a lot as a dog team to save the horses many a trip. Rabbits were plentiful so we had no problem to feed them.

In the spring I wanted a garden plowed and Guy wanted to get a bit of land cleared for grain. He finally plowed a spot and we left it a few days to warm up. Then the children and I hitched the three dogs on to one section of harrows and with all of us helping, we got it worked down and planted. For the first time since my marriage we had a wonderful garden.

Blueberries were a huge crop that year on the river flats that had been burned off two years before, just over the hill from the house. We ate them three times a day, not in fruit dishes, but porridge bowls. I filled all my sealers and sold berries to people on the prairie to buy more. Cranberries (low bush) were also plentiful and we shipped them too. A 12 bottle beer case just held ten pounds of blueberries until they got ripe, then it would just hold eight pounds.

Guy shot a bear in the berry patch and I rendered out 40 pounds of fat. It made lovely cakes and never got hard. We tanned the hide to use in the sleigh in winter. I fried some of the meat but none of us could make ourselves eat it.

Things gradually improved. We got a good log barn built and had the threshing machine shipped up

from the prairie. A school was built and Donald got some schooling there. We got some lumber sawed and floors and partitions put in the house. We also used some lumber for the roof. Jean left us to help her Aunt at Munson and while there she married Dave Adams.

The Athabasca River was near and we often met our neighbors there at the mouth of Smoky Creek for a picnic fish supper.

The men formed a baseball team and they played every Sunday at Hondo, Smith, or on Dick Holden's farm. Everyone took lunch boxes and made a day of it. In winter we had dances in the school or we drove to the Moose Portage Hall. When Orval Hayes Senior built his new log house, we had a few dances there before he put in all the partitions. Guy and the three Burfield boys had an orchestra for the early dances, before the Burfields moved back to the prairie. I chorded on Mrs. Hayes' piano and Guy played the violin. In those days, the ladies brought the lunch, and then they passed the hat to the men. We would get perhaps \$1.50 plus some washers or buttons, unless Mr. Wallie the hotel owner was there, then there would be a \$1.00 bill in the hat with the rest.

Verna married Bill Willis and left home, and Tom went out to the Coast to work. Keith was born in 1939. When war broke out, Tom went in the army and was sent to Kiska. Donald was left at home to help farm.

When Tom came back home from Kiska, he brought home a Japanese telephone he found there. After more training he went overseas, but never quite reached the front lines before the end of the war. He brought home a German phone this time. Paul Dupont found an old style crank type phone and the men connected up the three farms on the wire fences. It



Left to right: Verna, Donald, Tom and Jean McCumsey, (1932).

was handy for the men if they needed help or the use of a piece of machinery and was great for Annie Dupont, May Reay (who with Syd, was living on Tom's place at the time) and I, for we could all be on the phone at one time, and talk as long as we liked.

Guy, who had been a well driller, before we moved North, rigged up a machine and drilled us a deeper well. We had a small engine to pump water, so he wired the house for lights and used the pump engine for power. We didn't have batteries, so when the engine stopped, the lights went out.

In 1949 Guy bought the Cafe building in Smith from Pete Gramiak. We moved in November, and opened up a meat market. Donald stayed on the farm till we sold it to Jake Friesen. Business was quite good. In February Guy went to a School Trustees Convention in Calgary, and back to Athabasca for a meeting the following day. In the hotel that night he had a heart attack. In the hospital the clot moved from the heart to the brain leaving him paralyzed on his left side. He came home in ten days, and with the help of the two older boys, and a woman in the house, I carried on the business for awhile.

It was queer some days how things worked out. If the hotel came for ten pounds of hamburger in the morning, that is the day everyone else asked for hamburger (ground by hand). If the hotel wanted pork chops, everyone wanted pork chops (sawed by hand). I also had trouble keeping help in the house. I had Dorothy Petrovich and Donald married her. Later I got Lois O'Neil, and Tom married her.

The next summer I gave up the shop, sold the furnishings to two men from Slave Lake, and we went to Munson for a couple of months to rest up.

In the spring of 1952 the hotel burned down. There was no fire equipment, and we just had to watch it burn.

The next year the telephones were put in. Before that we had to go to the Post Office to phone long distance. I used to phone my meat orders from there. I had our phone put under the front windows by Guy's chair. I could leave home a bit more after that, because he could phone me if I was needed.

In 1954 the new cemetery was laid out on land donated by Ralph Crevier. That same year, the Wahlstrom Brothers built a power plant North of the railroad tracks, near where Bisson's house used to be. Of course, everyone had the power put in. Right away an Electrolux Vacuum Cleaner salesman came around, and did a good business before others came. I got an electric refrigerator too. What a treat that was. I didn't have to remember to empty the water pan under the ice fridge, before it ran over.

In the spring of 1956, Keith, who was working at Spurfield in the sawmill, put a dog through his hand.

He just got back from the hospital when Donald had his leg and foot broken, when a load of logs fell on him. He was still in hospital when they took Tom in. He had cut off a big toe and part of two others when a small bush had caught in the blade of his power saw.

In July 1960, we had the worst hail storm I ever saw. Some of the stones were like hockey pucks. It stripped the leaves off trees, and almost everyone lost the roofing on their buildings. I was walking around in our house in water almost to the top of my slippers. Much of it ran away somewhere, and then came a big clean up job.

At the end of August 1961, Guy, who periodically had to spend some weeks in the hospital had to go again. This time, after a month there, he passed away and is buried in the Smith Cemetery.

In April, 1963, we lost Tom in a canoeing accident on the Driftwood River, and Lois and Douglas moved away.

The land along our street was owned by the N.A.R. and we paid \$5.00 a year rent. We tried many times to buy it from them but they wouldn't sell. The next thing we knew, they had sold the strip to the School Division and we were given 30 days notice to move our buildings off. Our house was not worth moving. I bought a lot from Tom Walterhouse north of the tracks and an empty teachers residence at the school. I salvaged doors, windows, cupboards, etc. from the old place and had it demolished. I enjoyed living at the new place where I had a spruce hedge, a lawn, berry, flower and vegetable garden.

I worked in the office at the school for a couple of months at the end of two terms, where I got to know all the children. For several years they were bussed in from the rural school districts.

In 1970 my house was beginning to need repairs; a new roof and foundation. I was also getting tired of carrying water and coal, splitting wood, etc., so I advertised it for sale and soon sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum. In the few weeks following I sold off most of the furniture and divided the rest among the family. I think the garbage barrel burned for days.

In May, Jean and Dave came up to get me. The night before I left, the Community had a dance for me in the Legion Hall. I received many beautiful gifts from all the organizations I had been active in.

Immediately after I arrived in Munson, I had my medical and put in my application for a room in the Sunshine Lodge in Drumheller. After waiting one year and three months, I received a phone call that a bed was available. I am still living at Sunshine Lodge.

In January 1982 Keith passed away in Calgary and is buried in the Smith Cemetery.

I get lonesome for my family and old friends in

Smith, but I get back frequently. I enjoy my life here. I belong to Knox United Church and the Senior Citizens Pioneer Trail Center. I am also secretary of the Golden Age Bowling League, and captain of a team. We bowl twice a week.

Percy and Clara McDowell by Clara

Percy was born in 1901 in North Bay, Ontario. I was born in Westmeath, Ontario, in 1907. We were married in Timmins, Ontario, in 1923.

Our first child, Jim, was born in Timmins in 1924. We came to Lethbridge, Alberta, in 1925. Herb (Happy), Roy, Margaret and Thelma were born in Lethbridge.

We moved to Smith in 1933 with Fraser's and Scratches. We all came in the back of a truck, six adults and thirteen children which is a story all by itself.

We homesteaded in Smoky Creek. David, Rita, Kenneth and Robert were born there. We went back to Ontario for a short time and then back to Smith. We then moved to Lousana, Alberta, where Percy drove a school bus and maintained the school until his health failed. He passed away in 1971 and is buried at Lousana. I now live in Westlock or Calgary.

Jim married Helen Lennie of Smith and they had seven children. (Clara, Billy, Kenneth, Evelyn, Nancy, Vern and Clifford). Jim passed away in 1976 in Calgary and is buried there.



Back row: Jimmy, Herbie, Roy. Front row: Thelma, David, Margaret, and Rita McDowell.

Herb (Happy) married Mary Reinhart of Killam, Alberta. They have four children (Philip, Debbie, Donald and Donna-Marie). Herb was a superintendent in the mines in Northern Saskatchewan and now

resides in Kelowna, B.C. where he is semi-retired.

Roy married Ethel Milne of the Ranch district. They have one son, Dennis. Roy farmed and worked in lumber camps. Roy passed away in Red Deer in 1966 and is buried at Smith.

Margaret married Art McCormick of Calgary. He owns his own business in Calgary. They have four children (David, Joy, Dale and Ann).

Thelma married Bud Jordan of Grosmont. They have four children (Patricia, Gordon, Rod and Neil). Bud owned a garage at the junction of Highway 2 and 44. They now live in Westlock and he works for Miller Equipment.

David married Sophie McCauley of Red Deer. They have four children (Donald, Douglas, Penny and Deanna). He works for Alpha Dairy in Red Deer as manager of the transport division.

Rita married Nick Tuschik of Sunnyside, Saskatchewan, and they had five children (Murray, Douglas, Donna, Lois and Holly). They now reside in Red Deer where Nick works as a steamfitter.

Kenneth and Robert passed away as babies and are buried at Smoky Creek.

As well as being the grandmother of twenty-nine grandchildren, I am the great-grandmother of 15 great-grandchildren.

I have fond memories of my neighbors and friends in Smoky Creek especially Grandpa and Grandma Dupont who were more than neighbors, they were like parents to me.

Robert McDowell by Clara McDowell

Robert is the uncle of Percy and moved to Alberta from Ontario in 1901. He moved to Lethbridge and then to Smith in 1934.

Bob made the first teacher's desk at Smoky Creek and he was very active in the district until his passing away at the age of 84. He is buried at Smoky Creek.

Harry Myers

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myers were residents of Smith for a few years. He worked on the Railroad, as a section man in the late 1950's.

They had two or three children at the time.

They sold their house to Cameron Alexander.

John Williams Meyers

Mr. John William Meyers — besides many other jobs cooked on a steam boat out of Athabasca. In 1911, he operated a cafe at Mirror Landing, returning to cook on a steamer in the spring.

Herbert and Hazel Meyn

by Marie Meyn

Herb Meyn was born in Bruderheim, Alberta, in 1917, to Ernest and Amanda Schneider Meyn. At the age of ten years, Herb spent about a year and a half in the Bruderheim Hospital with polio.

Herb lived in the Bruderheim area, where in later years he met his future wife, Hazel Mildred Kennedy. Hazel was the daughter of John and Mary Ann Avery Kennedy.

Herb and Hazel were married on April 21, 1936. They moved into a farm house owned by Jack Burns Zataman near Newbrook. Herb and Hazel lived in the Newbrook area for a few years, where they were blessed with their first sons. Edward Adolph was born in Darling, on February 10, 1937. Norman Allen was born in Radway, on October 11, 1938. Wesley Charles was born in Spruce Canyon, on June 18, 1940. Herbert Harvey was born in Newbrook, on September 9, 1941.

The family then moved to the Grasslake area, where Herb bought a farm from Clyde Olsen. The boys can remember having to walk about two to three miles to their school. They walked to school for a few years until Bill Chambers purchased an army Red Cross truck which he used for a bus. When the school that they were going to was moved, they went to school in a small log building on the Bogart place.

While living in the Grasslake area, Ann Shirley was born on July 12, 1944. When she was about six months old, the house was burned, everyone was saved. Herb and Hazel rebuilt their house. Kenenth Roy was born on June 19, 1945, Sharon Alice was born on May 4, 1947 and Dwayne Leslie was born on September 29, 1949.

In 1950, the family picked up and moved to Bert



Hazel and Herb Meyns, 1936.

Small's house in the town of Smith. In 1951, they moved to the MacFarlan farm at Moose River. On this farm there was a grave in the field, which was always worked around and observed as sacred ground. We later learned that this grave belonged to a young man named, John Bower, from the Red Deer area. He was employed as a surveyor, working along the Moose River.

Merle Eric was born on May 2, 1952, at the MacFarlan farm.

In 1955, Herb and his sons Edward and Norman went to work in the sawmill at Spurfield. In the spring in 1956, Herb got the family a house to move into in Spurfield. The family lived here for about eight years. While living in Spurfield Herb Jr. got his leg broken on the feed chain. He was taken to the hospital in the back of Rosychuck's volkswagon. Dwayne can remember piling lumber at about the age of fourteen for 80 cents an hour. Norman also worked at Spurfield, loading boxcars.

About 1963, the family moved to the McLean farm, which was in later years owned by the Klassen family. Hazel's brother, Les Kennedy and his family lived down the hill from the Meyn farm. They lived there until just before Herb's family moved into Smith.

Herb went to work in the Co-op Sawmill in Smith in 1966. In the fall of 1966 Herb and his sons built a house in Smith. Herb's sons Dwayne, Merle, Ken, Ed and Herb worked, at different times, in the Co-op mill. Herb worked at Co-op for nine years.

Herb and his children lost their beloved wife and mother in August of 1974. Herb then moved into Edmonton, where he now resides.

Herb and Hazel's children all went their ways with their families but always remembered where Mom and Dad's home was for gatherings at Christmas, New Years, birthdays and anniversaries.

Edward married Linda Sales and they have five children; Simone, Eric, Mildred, Glenn and Peter. They have one granddaughter, Cassandra Linda Hazel. Edward and his family now live in Athabasca and Edward works for Suncor in Fort McMurray.

Norman married Valerie Bell and they have two children; Karen and Ricky. Norman and his family live in Alix, Alberta. Norman works for Nowasco in Red Deer, and Valerie works in Alix.

Wesley married Sandra Cameron and they have four children; Carrie, David, Kathy and Cameron. Carrie is married to Ralph Gilker and they have one child Angela Dawn. Wes and Sandy and their family, now live in Leduc, Alberta. Their daughter Carrie and her husband live in Edmonton. Wesley is part owner in the business of Western Materials and Handling Co. Ltd.

Herb married Marianne Cardinal and they have four children; Bruce, Harvey, Lorraine and Lorne. Bruce is married to Lynn Graham and they have one child, Dustin Alan. Herb and his family live in Leduc, Alberta. Herb and Marianne have their own business called H and M Hotshot.

Shirley married Roger Perry, they were later divorced. Shirley is now married to Albert Willis and they live in Fort Nelson, B.C. Albert's daughter Kimberly also lives in Fort Nelson.

Ken married Maureen Glover and their children were Kenneth and Janice, from Maureen's first marriage. Janice is married to Peter Kaz and they have one child, Steven. Ken and Maureen are now divorced. Ken lives in Edmonton.

Sharon married Don Shubert and they have three children; Kevin, Kelly and Dana. They live in Edmonton and Don works with a Home Security company.

Dwayne married Marie Laing and they have two children; Elaine and Jimmy. Dwayne and his family live in Fawcett. Dwayne works at the Husky Service Station at Fawcett.

Merle is married to Susan Glover and they have three children from Susan's previous marriage; Janet, Barbara and George. They have one grandchild Micheal. Merle and Susan live at Fawcett, where Merle works at the Husky Service Station.

Newell Family History

by Lou Newell

My ancestors came from Dublin, Ireland, where they were shipbuilders, in the late 1700's and early 1800's. They settled in an area known today as Springfield, Ontario, building homes from logs and stones. They called their new found home "Little Ireland".

My grandfather, Andrew William Newell, was born in Little Ireland on March 10, 1850. He attended school until fourth grade at which time he had to help the family make an existence from the land. He later learned the butter and cheese trade and as a young man, founded his first cheese factory, in Little Ireland. He branched out until he had three or more factories with the head office in Akron, Ohio, U.S.A. He married my grandmother, Charlotte Woolley, who had been born in 1858 at Little Ireland.

My father, Louis Foster Newell, was born in London, Ontario, in 1875, while my grandparents still resided in Little Ireland.

As a young man, my father wandered throughout western United States and Canada. About 1908 or 1909, my father influenced my grandparents to sell out and move to western Canada and take up ranch-



Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Andy, Hazel and Louis.

ing. They moved to Medicine Hat and did ranch in the area now known as Newell County in Alberta.

My Father joined the Army in Winnipeg, Manitoba in 1916 and went overseas with the Winnipeg Dragoons, ending up in France. During the gas attack of 1917, he suffered injuries from the gas and was sent back to England. While he was in London, he met my mother, Lillian Redman, and they were married in London in January, 1918. My Mother at the time was a music teacher.

The gas had taken it's toll and he was repatriated to Canada. He obtained his discharge from the army in Calgary. During the release process, my Mother resided with my grandparents on the ranch. Following his discharge, my father was offered a land grant, and he selected the land between the town of Smith and the Athabasca River.

When he obtained title to the land, he had my grandparents sell out and move to Smith where they took up farming. My Mother became Post Mistress in the post office which was located near the old roundhouse in the vicinity of the engineers' bunkhouse (built in later years).

My grandfather was 68 years old when he first broke sod at Smith and built their first log home. This house was near the old highway that went through the town of Smith, crossed the river by ferry just below the island where the Athabasca and Slave rivers join. The next and larger house was built further east on the property where it remained until it burned to the ground in 1950. With the burning of this house, all records and photos of my family were lost forever.

My brother, William Andrew Foster Newell, was born on March 12, 1919 in the post office in Smith. My father became very ill with stomach and lung problems brought on by the wartime gas attack. As he steadily got worse and had to remain in hospital for months on end, my mother and he returned to Edmonton in 1923. I was born in Edmonton in 1923

and remained there 'till I was three or four years of age. Then I was taken to Smith to live with my grandparents and older brother.

During those years, our grandparents told us stories about our family history. One story told was about the family's trip to Smith on the railroad. It must have been quite a trip. The coaches swayed so much that the steps on the coach would scoop up moss from the roadbed, which was new and the subsurface was muskeg. However, they managed to get all their possessions and farm equipment to Smith along with horses and cattle, the odd dog or cat.

They cut the trees and underbrush, plowed the fields with horse and walking plow. The grain they planted produced plenty of food for the winters that followed, which were severe with about -50°F . temperatures at times. Often a blizzard would cause all to stay indoors except for the time to go and look after the farm animals. During one of these cold spells in the late twenties, a large herd of cattle broke through the north fence and wandered out onto the river ice. Near the island, there is usually a large airhole in the ice. The cattle tried to get to the water and the ice broke with their weight and most were lost.

I remember when my grandfather would cut ice from the river and haul it up to the root cellar for use in the summer. Logs were hauled from the north quarter and cut up for firewood. Most of the wood was cut by crosscut saw as only a few people had power saws. There wasn't any electricity to the farms. In fact, the Smith Hotel at the time had the only 32 volt lighting plant. The homes of the people and the railroad station were lighted by kerosene lamps.

My sister, Hazel Frances Newell, was born July 11, 1928, in Edmonton and remained with our parents when they lived in the Calder area, on 128 Street and 128 Avenue.

One year my father, who was feeling better, returned to Smith to assist my grandfather, cutting ice. A tragedy nearly occurred, when he fell through the hole in the ice and was swept away under the ice. Only by being a good swimmer was he able to get himself back to the hole and be rescued.

My grandfather worked for the sawmill in the early thirties hauling logs and trimmings to the fire pit. I was told in later years, by Mr. George Brown, that my grandfather was unloading a load of trimmings into the fire pit when he slipped on the ice. He nearly fell into the pit but caught the tail end of the sleigh box and shouted to the team to go; they hauled him out.

Around 1930/31, the new highway was built into the Peace River country, and bypassed Smith by a quarter of a mile to the east. Mr. Duncan built his

store and cabins on the east side of the new road directly east from the old town. This highway was built by men, horses and slips. When the new approaches were ready, the ferry was brought from the old highway to the new one.

My grandmother died in 1934 and was buried on a hill overlooking the Athabasca River; a spot she used to love to sit on nice sunny days. Shortly after, my parents and sister returned to Smith to help my grandfather with the farm. They built a house on the north quarter near the new highway. Other people from the prairies were coming in to take up land and when the river was unsafe to cross in the early spring, we used to put up travellers until the ferry was in operation. One such family, by the name of Treens, are now living in Lumby, B.C.

My parents house burned to the ground in the spring of 1937. They lost all their possessions. Our neighbours, MacLean's, took them in and helped until our new house was built.

My grandfather died in January 1942 at the young age of 92. He felt tired one day and went for a checkup. He was put into the hospital in Edmonton and within the week he died. He had been my idol throughout my boyhood and youth and still is today. The greatest remark I heard about him was "The Old Gentleman". He must have gained the respect of the whole country because I had heard it so many times, even when I returned after the war with my wife Ellen (nee Wright).

My brother Andy, and George Bisson left, joined the R.C.A.F. and R.C.N. respectively. George lost his life on the HMS Fraser soon after. My brother's plane crashed in 1943 near Lethbridge, Alberta. Andy is buried in the Veterans' plot in Edmonton.

My sister married Alex Haight, whose father was the forest ranger for the Slave Lake forest service. They had lived at Entrance, Alberta for a short time where Alex was employed as a Forest Ranger. Alex joined the regular Air Force and retired from it in 1963 because of poor health. He gained his health back and ever since, has been employed in the Veterans Hospital in Vancouver, B.C. He makes and fits the plastic discs used in operations and fitting of limbs.

My Father died in 1947 at Edmonton from war-time injuries. He was laid to rest in the Veterans' plot in Edmonton near my brother.

My Mother lived in Edmonton for a few years, then she joined Hazel and after my return from Europe, she lived with us for a few years. She later made a home in Victoria. In 1971, she had cancer, and a year later, died in Vancouver where she was laid to rest.

I retired from the R.C.A.F. in 1972 and took a job with the R.C.M.P. in Penticton, B.C.

My sister died in 1982 in Vancouver from cancer and is buried in Vancouver.

Pat Nipshank as told by Ermin House

Pat was born about 1895. He was living at Baptiste Lake when Ermin first remembers him. He trapped during the winters and worked for farmers in the area.

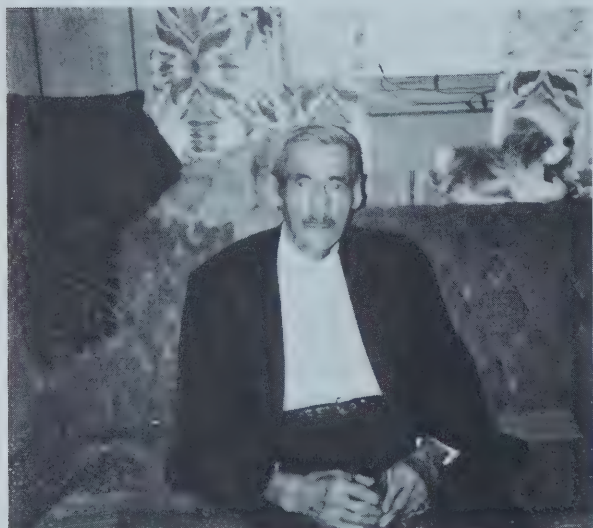
He married Delna Auger. They had a family of ten children; Arthur, Florence, August, Rena, Edward, Gordon, Donald, Eileen, Patsy and Lyle.

Some of the children went to the Lahaieville school.

Pat spent two years in the Sanitarium in Edmonton, recovering from tuberculosis.

He eventually settled in Smith, where he lived for many years. He was everyone's friend.

In his last years he suffered a broken hip, and he was confined to a wheel chair. He was a patient in an Auxiliary Hospital in Edmonton where he passed away early in 1983.



Pat Nipshank, age 85 years.

Gordon and Georgina Nipshank by Georgina

Gordon was born on December 20, 1940 in the Athabasca Hospital. His family lived at Baptiste Lake.

He went to school at Lahaieville.

Georgina Brule was born in Desmarais, Alberta in 1940. She attended St. Martins Catholic School in Desmarais.



Patsy, Gordon, Georgina, and Eileen Nipshank.

She met Gordon when she went to Swanson's Camp 4, to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Margaret and Arthur Nipshank. Gordon was visiting his brother Arthur at the same time.

They were married in Smith on April 3, 1965. They have nine children; Ricky, August, Brenda, Brian, Allen, Bruce, Leon, Dwayne and Debbie.

Gordon worked in Smith for Stelter Lumber, Federated Co-op, and for Zeidler Forest Industries. He is employed by Vanderwell Contractors at the present.

Bruce attends the School for the Deaf in Edmonton. He is in Grade 11 and is doing well.

Ricky is working and living in Grande Prairie.

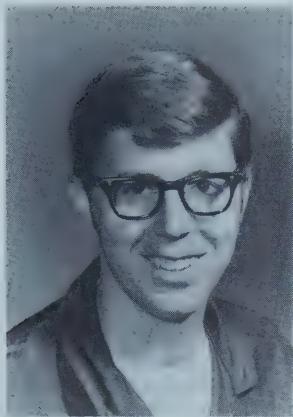
August lives in Smith and is working for Vanderwell Contractors.

Brenda is working in Red Deer, Alberta.

Brian, Allen, Leon, Dwayne and Debbie are at home.

Bud and Shirley Ottosen Shirley

Bud, our seven month old son Kell, and I Shirley, arrived in Smith on August 1, 1971. We were, at the same time, both apprehensive and anxious to begin our careers as teachers. Having grown up in the County of Athabasca at Perryvale, I had been to Smith School to play basketball in junior high school, but had never really seen the town. That day, a Sunday, the town was hot, dusty and appeared to be completely deserted. We had been told by Mr. Fred Begoray, the Superintendent of Schools, that the expected enrollment would be approximately 195. Where were all of these people? Country music was



Bud Ottosen, 1971-72.



Shirley Ottosen, 1971-72.

blaring from a loudspeaker on the wall of a little service station just north of LaFrance's Store. Inside, we met the proprietress, Betty Barthel, who gave us a quick rundown on who's who in Smith, how to get your power and telephone hooked up, and which channel you could pick up on television.

We moved into a trailer teacherage and began to meet a few Smith and area residents. Rene and Eleanor Guenette, Gwen and Wilson Wolstenholme and George and Barbara Weinrich made us feel particularly welcome in the community as well as in their homes. All were natural story-tellers and they gave us a "feel" of the area — its' people and history.

One memorable week-end was spent with George Weinrich and sons on a camping-hunting trip. The team and wagon bogged down several times in the muskeg and we marvelled at George's endless supply of colorful curses. He also had an endless supply of hunting stories for the campfire. Each morning, in pitch blackness, we awoke to George's reveille "Drop your and pull up your socks!" At twilight, on the first day, Bud and George shot a bull calf. After gutting it, they decided to return the next morning with one of the horses to skid it out. When they returned, the moose had disappeared. During the night, a bear had dragged the carcass off and eaten most of it. This was Bud's first and last moose. On the way home, I was able to score points. Jack and Neil spotted a partridge and handed me their .22. I took aim and fired and shot it right through the head. I can still see their slack-jawed looks of amazement.

Bud's teaching assignment during the years was mainly junior high physical education and grade nine. Mine was primarily language arts in grades six to nine with a brief stint in grade one in 1975. Our first year in Smith was particularly trying for me. We found that the school was certainly not full of model students and the range of abilities and skills of the students were staggering. We learned to swallow the

first of many bitter pills — namely youthful enthusiasm, sincere caring and hard work didn't perform miracles. It took a while to learn to adjust our expectations, in order to make reasonable goals for both ourselves and our students.

After the first year or two, the attitude of the school body in general became more positive toward academics. Part of this change in attitude can be attributed to Glen Hurlburt, the principal from 1972-1974. Glens' approach to the students was friendly and fair but he made it clear that the students were there to work and achieve.

As a staff, we were young, relatively inexperienced and for most of us, school was on our minds practically 24 hours a day. We were extremely close — both in spirit and physically because the teacherages sat close together in a row. We naturally spent many hours together discussing our professional problems and assisting each other in solving them. Many of these hours were spent around Valerie and Leonard Stubel's fire-pit by the "castle" talking and listening to Paul Barber, principal in 1971-72, sing and play the guitar. Mr. Begoray made the comment once that Smith was the only school he knew with 12 principals.

Bud was beginning to earn a reputation as an eccentric. He didn't like to drink — and he ran all over the place. Exercising and jogging wasn't in vogue then and I think many people considered anyone who went out everyday and ran four to five miles was a bit crazy. He incorporated running into his physical education program and Smith School boasted the most fit classes in the county.

In the fall of 1974, we bought Fred and Christine Strach's house behind the store. Our second son, Brendan, was born that same fall. We left Smith at the end of 1977-78 school year to teach in Edson and later, Port Alberni, B.C. before returning to Alberta. At this time, we bought a house in Rochester and I began teaching part-time there. In November 1981, Bud returned to Smith to fill a vacant position and taught there until June of 1983 before getting a job closer to home. A third child, Erin Jane, was born to us in 1979.

Bud

Teaching in Smith was unique, if nothing else, and only last year in 1982-83 did I finally complete my last year there. During my first year at the school, I know my expectations were rather high and quickly had to be adjusted to accommodate reality. All the glorious things university students learn just don't seem to be of much value, when you suddenly have 20 or 25 students facing you every hour of the day.

Coaching was one thing I looked forward to and undertook with great enthusiasm. I must say there

were plenty of very talented athletes at Smith School and trying to coax them to use their ability, for their own enjoyment and for the betterment of Smith School, was indeed a challenge. Volleyball, basketball, badminton, soccer, track and field, and cross-country were some of the activities we tried to get kids involved in with varying degrees of success.

City folk cannot understand what people in a place like Smith actually find to do to occupy their time, especially in the evenings. However, this never seemed to be a problem. Shirley and I both took up the game of curling and saw a tremendous change take place in this activity in our years in Smith. The first rink we curled in was the old two-sheet rink up on the hill just south of Beavers and Youngs. Knowing nothing else, we were not dismayed at all by the lack of heat in the rink, the holes in the walls which provided ventilation, for the natural ice. In fact, we enjoyed curling those first few winters. Looking back now and comparing the old rink to the fine three-sheet artificial ice facility that Smith enjoys now, should make people appreciate it all the more.

I also went hunting with various people in the community and would like to thank George Weinrich in particular for many enjoyable hours spent away from the beaten path — a great distance away from the beaten path. In fact, so far away that at times we weren't sure if we would ever see it again. But George's bush sense never failed him or us and we

always made it back. We never did see all the moose George told us were out there, but his personality and story-telling more than made up for the lack of game.

Not only have the curling facilities improved but other changes have gradually taken place in the area. Our first trip to Smith was over 50 miles of gravel from Athabasca and I did not think my most recent visit could be entirely taken on pavement, but it was. There have been new houses built in town and some of the old shacks have disappeared. The school itself has had over a million dollars worth of renovations done to it and a complete test of the fire alarm system. It was not a test really, but an actual fire for the first time in any school I've ever been in. Fortunately, very little damage was done.

Canoeing down the Athabasca River from Smith to Athabasca was an enjoyable experience that we did several times. I also canoed on the Slave River down to the Athabasca River many times, and on the Moose River as well. In fact, I'm sure Leonard Lafrance will remember one trip down the Moose River during which we got more than wet and he lost a rifle besides, which is still at the bottom of Moose River.

Getting a skating rink for the kids in town was one of the things I always wanted to get done. Although there is now a rink built, it is still a huge effort to make it functional, and is something that I hope the community will eventually be able to achieve.

Steve and Maureen Paches

After visiting Island Lake for many years, we moved from Edmonton to the Grosmont Store in 1960 with our family, Murray age six and Steven age two. We met many people from Smith as they stopped on their way to Athabasca.

In 1962, Steve started working for Department of Highways on winter works, and in the summer, running the screener. This led to Steve being moved to Smith in 1964 as foreman of Department of Highways, Smith District. He lived in a trailer in the Highways yard.

In 1966, we closed the Grosmont Store. However, we continued living there until 1967. Then we moved to Hondo where we lived in Young's house behind the old store. Being involved with Junior Forest Wardens, this was continued on at Smith where I started the Girl Forest Guards. The summers were spent building a cabin at Island lake. In 1968, I started supervising at Smith School, when teachers were absent. I also drove a car as a school bus for two years (1971-72), picking up the high school students in Hondo and meeting the main school bus to Slave Lake. Murray graduated from Roland Michener High School in Slave Lake.



Kell, Brendan and Erin Ottosen, 1983.



Steven, Maureen, Steve and Murray Paches.

In 1972, we bought Charles Passmore's farm and still reside here. Steven graduated from Athabasca High School. The boys went to Edmonton, where Murray went to N.A.I.T. for two years, specialized in electronics and then apprenticed with the Alberta Forest Service as an electrician. He is now a journeyman working for McLeans in Athabasca and lives at his home at Island Lake.

Steven apprenticed with Alberta Transportation as a heavy duty mechanic in Edmonton. In 1980, he married Wanda Graling, daughter of Noni and Butch Graling. They lived in Edmonton a short time, then moved back to Smith where Steven worked for Precision Mechanical at Mitsue. They both helped with Junior Forest Wardens. Steven has recently moved to Vernon, B.C.

We have been involved with numerous organizations in Smith. The boys loved this country for the winter and summer sports they were able to participate in.

Charles and Rebecca Passmore as told by Becky

Charlie was born on March 28, 1900 in Winnipeg, Manitoba. His father was a railroad worker with the Grand Trunk Railway.

When Charlie was quite young, the family moved west to Edmonton. His mother had a rooming house in Calder. This is where the children started school.

In 1913 or 14, his father homesteaded in the Spirit River area. It appears the boys along with their father moved to Spirit River, to build a house on the homestead. When the house was completed their mother and sisters moved up.

When Charlie was 17 years old he lied about his age, and joined the Air Force. His ambition was to become a pilot, but due to breathing difficulties, as a result of a broken nose when he was young, they



Becky and Charlie Passmore Sr., 1969.

would not allow him to fly. He was released from the Air Force, and returned home to work on the farm for a few years.

He also worked as a section hand for the railroad during this time, and eventually obtained a job on a B. and B. gang working in McLennan. He was with the gang when they built the present railroad bridge in Smith. Becky says the first railroad bridge was constructed of timbers and was situated down stream from its present site. High water had made it unsafe.

In 1923 Charlie came back to Smith as a watchman for the railroad, and worked under George Bisson, the locomotive foreman.



Ellen Passmore.

This was where he met Rebecca Manchester, “Becky” as she is known by her friends, was born in Dighton, Kansas, September 18, 1901. Her father was a general labourer, who filed on a homestead four miles from Entwistle, Alberta in 1911. He moved his family to Alberta, and farmed until 1919 when he sold the farm and moved to Washington, State.

During their stay in Alberta, Becky’s older sister Belle had married Alfred Vincent and had settled in Smith. In 1924 Becky came back to visit Belle and while here she met Charlie.

They were married on April 15, 1925, and lived in Smith and area the rest of Charlie’s working years.

Charlie was night watchman for years, until George Bisson retired. He then became locomotive foreman. During this time he acquired a homestead about two miles south east of town.

By now they had two children, Ellen, born April 18, 1927 and Charles Jr. born February 22, 1930.

They moved on to the farm in 1934, where they lived in a small building which was to become a garage, until 1937, when Charlie built a two-storey frame house. Becky filed on an adjoining quarter, and they broke and cultivated quite a sizeable field. The farm did quite well with Becky at the helm, and in 1965 Charlie retired from the railroad.



Charles Passmore, Jr.

Charlie had the time now to build another house. They planned and built their dream home on Becky’s quarter next to the fifth Meridian.

In 1972 they sold their farm to Steve and Maureen Paches and moved to Westlock.

Charlie passed away October 13, 1983 and was laid to rest in the Westlock Cemetery.

Ellen married Bob Wahlstrom in 1946. They had four children. Ellen passed away in 1976.

Charlie Jr. married Elsie Antepawich in 1955, they had four children. He has one daughter from his second marriage. Charlie lives in Westlock now with his mother.

Kathy and Rob Pearn

Rob was born and raised in Stettler, Alberta. His parents were both from the Stettler area and his grand parents came from Scotland and Wales. Kathy grew up on her parent’s farm near Marwayne, Alberta.

Kathy and Rob met at a hockey game in 1979 and were married in August of 1980. Both Kathy and Rob attended the University of Alberta where they received Bachelor of Education Degrees. Rob graduated from the University in 1978 and Kathy graduated with distinction in 1980.

Rob has lived in Smith almost six years — two as the Physical Education teacher and the last four as principal of the school. Kathy has been the Physical Education teacher for the past four years.

Both Kathy and Rob enjoy working with young people and have spent a great deal of their time coaching school teams and assisting with extra-curricular activities.

Sandy Lane Trailer Court, Laundromat and Rooming House (John Pendrak)

On November 11, 1966, John Pendrak and his brother Steve Pendrak started work at the mill in Smith. They stayed at one of the bunk houses while their families were still living on their farm south west of Westlock, Alberta. Steve and his wife, Elsie, and their family of four boys moved up here that winter and bought a small three room house next to Joe Hugo’s garage.

John’s family moved here the beginning of the summer of 1967. In April that year they bought a 50 acre farm from Mr. Baxandall. Two months later John bought the trailer court, rooming house and laundromat from Peter Rosychuck. The rooming house had men staying in it: men working at the mill, construction workers, bush crew, gang workers from N.A.R., hunters and fishermen.



Left: Trailer Park. Foreground: rooming house. Background: Laundromat.



Back row: Diane, Barry, John and Wayne. Centre: Cindy, Helen, Joselyn and Sharon. Front: Tabitha Pendrak, 1976.

Shortly after John and Helen bought the laundromat it was robbed. The police never did apprehend the thieves. A couple of years later, water and sewer was installed in the trailer court and rooming house. In the fall of 1971, John bought a trailer and moved the family to the trailer court in order to watch over the place.

In October of 1973, John, Helen and girls moved to Surrey, B.C. due to his health. Sharon, John's eldest daughter, who is married to Barry Malone, looked after the business until it was closed down in 1977. There were a lot of water problems due to iron in the water. If town water and sewer had been installed at the time, it never would have been closed down.



Sharon and Barry Pendrak with Grant, Cheryl, Shawwna.

Presently, one son and two daughters of John and Helen reside in the Smith area. Sharon Malone is on a farm three miles from town. Cindy Sundby is on the farm a half mile from town. Barry Pendrak lives in Hondo and has his own trucking business. He also enjoys flying his airplanes. Diane Monroe is on a farm in Westlock not far from the home place. Joselyn Malone is in Langley, B.C. John Pendrak and his oldest son, Wayne, have a partnership in Surrey, B.C. installing overhead doors and door operators.



Gordon and Cindy (nee Pendrak) Sundby, with Blair, Jody and Candice.

Glen, Helose and Lori Peterson — 1952 to 1959

by Glen Peterson(Only seven years but the most memorable.)

I drove into Smith on January 2, 1952, to work the afternoon shift as operator for the N.A.R. (Northern Alberta Railways). Corky Watson and Ed Myers were the other two operators, and Art Fraser was the station agent. Charles Millins was the night watchman, so I had lots of help and coaching at my new job.

Lori was born April 30, 1952. When she was a week old I finally got my wife, Helose, home to Smith for the first time. We had a company house which I had painted and repaired, etc. At last we were a family with a home, and not roaming from one station to another every two or three weeks.

I have never, before or since, been in an area where fishing was so good and I enjoyed every bit I could — river fishing in the spring and lakes in the summer. After a year or two Bill (George) Brown, John Lee and I shared a boat. I think we were out to Fawcett Lake at Bill Freeman's place at least three times a week and twice on the weekends.



Glen and Helose Peterson and daughter Lori.

People used to ask us what kept us in Smith for so long. There were many things to keep a person if one enjoyed people and wanted to get involved. There was the Legion, Home and School, Curling Club, etc. There was always a little friction between each and every club but the good part of it was that most of the people in the area belonged to at least two or more organizations so most problems solved themselves.

The first dance my wife and I attended was in the Legion Hall. They had sold tickets on, or had door prizes of, a stuffed elephant and a doll. Helose won both and many people were wondering who the stranger was that was taking the prizes away. She got acquainted as time went on, and belonged to a club or two. She did get involved and enjoyed every minute of it.

Curling became quite popular while we were there. Smith's first open bonspiel was held the spring of 1958. We scrounged prizes from each business in Smith and some from out of town. There were rinks from Slave Lake and other points and it was a really enjoyable two days. The weather turned mild and the ice got soft. Curling was almost impossible but we continued. Ladies, especially, had trouble getting the rocks to the other end. My team was very good, very strong, and we have the trophy to prove we won Smith's first open bonspiel. My thanks to the other three team members: Alma LaFrance, Jack Roberts and June Kennett.

Lori was fortunate her first year of school was at Smith. Mrs. Cole was her teacher. Lori ran for Har-

vest Queen in 1958. She didn't win but still remembers — it was a great night for the little people.

We often think and reminisce about all the good people we got to know and the friends we made. If you wanted your car fixed you went to see Joe Hugo or Buddy Junck. For groceries: Mike Nikipilo, Joe Vallie, Duncan's and later Bill LaFrance. If it was crib, you went to see Guy McCumsey; he was always ready and willing.

There were some sad times but so many more happy memories. We haven't been back too many times since we left in 1959 but we do remember.

I quit the railroad in 1960 and moved to Edmonton. I operated my own gravel truck until 1969. A badly broken leg kept me from work for a year so I sold my truck and went to work for Wells Construction and T.B.G. Contracting, doing office work, purchasing, etc. In July, 1983, my doctor advised me to quit work because of my health, so I am retired and expect to continue living in Edmonton. I spend my time golfing, fishing, and working around the house and yard at my own speed.

Smith Memories By Lori (Peterson) Dyck

Personally, I feel the same way as my folks do about Smith. It was a very short stay but very memorable. I made some excellent friends there; unfortunately I cannot remember all their names. Some of them are Diane Nikipilo, and Pam, Raymond and Cheryl Brown. Diane and I were inseparable friends and got into several kinds of mischief together.



Cody and Casey Dyck. Lori's children.

One of my best memories is of the swimming sessions in Junck's dugout. It was a very special place for all of us. Going to Fawcett Lake and boating on the lake was always fun. As most of you will remember, my father was a "fishin' fool." We'd catch our fish and then drop anchor on the island or somewhere along the bank and prepare for a feed; fish fried in butter and bread to go with it. It was great! I have very fond memories of weekends at Owen's farm. They were all so good to me.

My first year of school was nice because Mrs. Cole was my teacher. She was always very kind. I always liked her even though she holds a record with me; the first and only teacher to make me stand in the corner. Running for Harvest Queen was a high point. Debbie Stelter, Lois Jolliff and I were the three contestants. Mrs. Stelter made my dress and it was gorgeous! There was a small hitch when the young men (They were in grade two. We were in grade one.) came over to escort us to the hall. Warren Sands was my escort and I remember he wasn't too thrilled with the idea, so his very kind father bribed him with a quarter. He did it, but grudgingly. It was a tremendous evening. Debbie Stelter was our Harvest Queen.

On August 27, 1976, I was married to Lance Robert Dyck (I know his father didn't have to bribe him with a quarter). We now have two boys, Cody Glen, aged 5 years, has started kindergarten this fall. Our other son, Casey Jacob, is two years old. We live in Darwell, Alberta. We have horses, a milk cow which Lance milks, a small herd of cattle, and three cats.

George Price by Gertie

George was born in Ft. Saskatchewan in 1920, the family moved to Tomahawk a few years later. It was from there that George joined the 49th Edmonton Regiment in 1939 and was shortly after sent to England, where we met and married in 1942.

A few months after our marriage he was sent into active service in Sicily, Italy and Holland. He returned to Canada in 1945 and resided with his sister Alethea and family in Smith until I was able to join him in March 1946. I was the first war bride of the second world war to arrive in Smith, and was shortly followed by Peggy Lee, Helen Hugo, Joy Earl and May Reay.

I will always remember my arrival at Smith station. The train arrived around 11 p.m. I was surprised to find so many people at the station but nobody was getting on. I found out later that it was the habit of many of the locals to go and meet the train — some to pick up freight, others just out of curiosity to see who



George and Gertie Price and wedding party in England (1942).

was arriving in town, and Johnny Lee would be there waiting for the mail.

I remember as we left the station I remarked to George how dark it was. He replied "Oh the street lights go out at 10:30 here." I was soon to find out there were no such things as street lights, not even power, and water did not come out of a tap.

Accommodation was nil in those days, but we were able to rent the tiny one room dwelling belonging to the Anglican Church, until we bought the old log building situated across from Hugo's garage. Kitsy Hugo was a very good neighbour and helped initiate me into the ways of Canadian life. Mr. McCumsey delivered milk in town at the time and Mrs. McCumsey became my shoulder to lean on when I was very homesick.

We settled in our new home and then opened the ground floor as a cafe and had our living accommodation above. George's sister Evelyn came to live with us to help run the cafe.

Business wasn't too brisk during the week. The highlight of the week would be the arrival of the ice cream on Mondays and then we would be busy for an hour or so scooping it out until every bit was gone.

When Evelyn baked pies it was her habit to put them on the open window sill, in the summer, to cool. Occasionally one would disappear until we found out the culprit was Walter Phlughaupt. He thought it a huge joke. Evelyn didn't think it quite so funny.

Saturday night would be busy with railroaders and the men in from the camps, after the hotel closed at 10:30. They would arrive hungry and in high spirits, many is the time high spirits turned into a fight.

Bert Small was one of the regulars. I will always remember him and his ready wit. He told me one time, if you drink water from the river here you will always return, at this time I was very homesick and longing for England. We did return to England,

where our first child Marlene was born, but returned to Canada in 1948, when I settled down and Canada became "home".

In 1949 my parents Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, arrived from England to reside in Canada. We then moved to Keg River to homestead until 1958, when we returned to Smith.

George became active with the Legion and was President for several years. He also coached baseball for the junior team and was one of the supervisors for Junior Forest Wardens and for a short time coached boxing. He was also instrumental in getting their first Curling Rink built. We worked together as caretakers for the school from 1959-65 when we had to quit due to George's ill health.

A couple of years later, when George's health improved, we worked the oil rigs cooking until 1970, when we moved to Edmonton.

We had four children; Marlene married Terry Komasara in 1966. They have two children and reside in Calgary. Terry married Benita Omoth and resides in Keg River. They have one son. Keith married Sarah Omoth. They have two children and reside in Keg River. John our youngest son is single.

The Purdy Story

by Bill Purdy

Mary and Bill Purdy came to Smith to live on July 2nd, 1975. Finding a suitable place to live was a problem at that time. Finally we decided, instead of paying rent, to buy a mobile home from Barry and Sharon Malone. This was right next door to the laundromat and across the road from the teacher's dwellings and close to the school. We were the new Janitors taking over from the retiring Guenettes. Looking after a school was new to us and to make matters worse the school was undergoing extensive renovations. Windows were being torn out and the space boarded up and the whole building was being stuccoed. The workmen had their table saw set up inside and lumber stored there too. Cement, lime, and stucco stones were stored in the gym. Had we not tied ourselves down by investing in the trailer, I would have quit. The school board had told us we could clean the south end of the school, as no work would be done there. This turned out to be wasted work as that end was worked over too, and all our work had to be done over. Finally two weeks before school started, the workmen got done inside. Mary and I worked long hours to get the place cleaned up and presentable. The stuccoing did not get finished till after school had started. Our working hours at the school after we got into the routine, allowed us to look after the laundromat too, but this was more of a headache than we bargained for. The machinery was

well worn and hard to keep running. In a way we were relieved when it was shut down.

Even being shut down caused us a problem, as it cut off our water supply and we had to carry our water from the duplex pump-house. I finally bought enough garden hose and ran it across the road to Mike Dreany's trailer and hooked up underneath it. It was just laying on top of the ground and on hot days it ran quite awhile before we got cool water. Guenettes had told us not to worry about propane at the school. The trucker came regularly and looked after it. However, when school started after the new Year, 1976, it was very cold. The children had all been dismissed at 3:30 and the school began to cool off. Then I discovered we were out of propane. Frantic phone calls were made. The school was closed for one day. The propane came too late to warm the school up to hold classes. Another time something happened to the water supply and the school ran out of water. The county sent a water truck, but when they filled our storage tank, the dirt in the bottom got stirred up so much, it was just as bad as being without water. That summer after school was out I shut off the water and cleaned out the storage tank. We had a lot better water then. The County also acidized the well and increased the supply of water. Initiation of the grade sevens was a day of great expectation both for students and janitors. One never knew what kind of clean up there would be. We had a good staff the five years we were at Smith and on the whole a great bunch of students. We have been pleased to have worked with everyone. The school has undergone another change, and we wish we could be there now. It's really a lovely building now. We hope it will be well taken care of. We like to visit Smith and have been to the fair each year.

The Racher's at Smith

by Roy Racher

I was born December 3, 1909 at St. George, Ontario, and came west to Erskine, Alberta, with my parents in 1912. My father farmed south of Erskine where I went to school.

My wife, the former Florence Brown, was born in Appleton, Minnesota, U.S.A., on July 17, 1907 and came to Frog Lake, Alberta, with her family in 1920.

We met when she came south to work for my brother. We were married on December 3, 1930 and settled down to farming my father's land.

The depression years had drained our resources and our enthusiasm about farming, so on October 21, 1941 we decided to strike out on a new venture. By this time Florence's mother, Emma Brown, along with her sons, Floyd and George, and grandson,



Florence, Roy Racher, Arnold. Front: Douglas, Marjorie, Alice and Joan, 1946.

Dewey Brown, had left Frog Lake and were living at Otter Creek. We decided to travel north, too.

We had a family of two boys and two girls and a new baby expected. I purchased a red Model A Ford panel, loaded up the necessities and the family, and started out.

We got as far as Alix, Alberta, the first day; a total of about 20 miles when the clutch went out of the panel. Repairs were made and we finally arrived in Edmonton the second day. Florence became sick so I took her to the University Hospital where our third daughter was born a month earlier than expected.

We decided that I should carry on to Otter Creek with the other children, get them settled with their grandmother, then go back to Edmonton for Florence and the baby when they could leave the hospital.

The remainder of the trip was relatively uneventful except for the regular stop at each service station we came to, to get used oil for the Model A.

We arrived at Smith late in the evening and took a room at McKenzie's hotel, where Dorothy Woodcock made us a late night supper. I took the kids to Browns at Otter Creek the next day.

After getting them settled, I went back to Smith. I was fortunate in getting a job at Art Dixon's garage for \$1.00 per day plus room and board. While I was working for Art Dixon, one of the jobs I had was to transport the Municipal Nurse, Marjorie Maynes, to various country points to visit her patients, I drove Art's 1926 Star Coupe.

During our first winter in Smith, we lived in one

of Duncan's cabins. In the spring, we moved to the Marjorie Maynes' house, across the street from the hotel, where we lived until we left Smith.

In 1942, I started working for Chisholm Sawmills at Fawcett Lake.

One incident I remember — and will never forget — is as follows: In the spring of 1942, I was sent from the mill at Fawcett Lake to town to pick up the freight. Due to soft ice on the river, I left the truck on the north side and had Mr. Duncan haul the freight for the camp from the station to the south side of the river. Then I spent two hours hauling it across the ice by hand.

After I got the stuff loaded, I drove up the hill about a half mile. I met the camp foreman and two men. They asked if they could still cross the river on the ice. I told them about my experience with the freight. By the time they got to the river, the ice was moving down the river and they could not get across.

I worked at Fawcett Lake until September, 1942, when I took a job as Assistant Agent with the N.A.R.

It was at this time that I had a traumatic experience with a mother bear.

I had gone back to the mill at Fawcett Lake, then on to the floating camp at the east end of the lake to pick up my belongings. I began walking back to the mill, a distance of three or four miles, by way of the lake shore.

About half way back, I came upon a mother bear and two cubs. The old bear came after me. I wasted no time in climbing the first tree in sight. It happened to be a small poplar. My weight plus the bear's weight, made it bend over against a larger spruce. I immediately clung to it and clambered up, trying to keep out of the reach of the bear's paws. She kept trying to climb the tree to get at me while I kept kicking her down. This went on for about two hours until she finally gave up and left on the run in search of her cubs, who had disappeared by this time. She left in the direction I had been heading, so after a short time, I left the safety of the tree and went back in the direction I had come from, back to the floating camp. I sure the h--- was running when I left the tree!

I had supper at the floating camp. Then with Joe and Popcorn Roe, I headed back to the mill by boat.

My account of the events must have sounded like an unbelievable story to Joe and Popcorn, so we put the boat to shore at the spot of the encounter and they saw for themselves. The ground tore up about six feet around the tree and the limbs torn from the spruce up as far as the old bear could reach. The scene confirmed my account!

In 1942, Florence cooked for the U.S. Army who were camped at Smith. They were putting up telephone lines between Smith and Slave Lake.

In 1948, I had a slight heart attack and was unable to work for some months, so I drove Duncan's car, taking Nurse Maynes in her tour of duty to her patients in the surrounding area.

During our nine years at Smith, we enjoyed the close knit community life and activities. Ball games, whist games and the once weekly movie, shown by Len Stiles at the hall, were some of our favorite pastimes.

In 1950, I was transferred, as Assistant Agent, to Dawson Creek, B.C., then to Edmonton in 1953. We still live here in 1983.

Florence and I raised a family of two boys and three girls, Arnold of Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A.; Alice (Mrs. Lee Jones) of Dewberry, Alberta; Marjorie (Mrs. Robert Baxter) of Ardossan, Alberta; Douglas of Edmonton and Joan (Mrs. Jack Davediuk) of Boston, Mass., U.S.A. We have 11 grandchildren, and three great grandchildren. We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1980.

Joe Racine and Family

Joe Racine was born in Baurgett, Ontario, in 1896. He served in the armed services during World War I. After his discharge he came west. He farmed at Greencourt, Alberta. Later he moved to Vimy, where he opened a blacksmith shop. Then he took a homestead at Joussard and later moved to Edmonton in 1934.

In 1936 Joe Racine moved to Smith to a homestead of 160 acres of bush, in the Ranch District. He got a Government loan of \$400 with which he bought a team of horses, a wagon and hay rack, a walking plow and a set of harrows. With his wife and three children and all his belongings in the hay rack, Joe set out on the highway from Edmonton to Smith. It took approximately 12 days for the journey. They all slept in the hay rack on the side of the highway during the journey.

On arrival in Smith he built a big cabin on Jack King's farm. This cabin was to be lived in until such time as Joe could clear enough land by hand and build a log house. This first cabin or shack had no floor; it had a sod roof and grain bags for a door. By that fall, Joe and his family moved into the house on the homestead. The house consisted of a kitchen and two bedrooms. Joe worked during the winter in a lumber camp, to get lumber for a floor and a roof.

The next spring he managed to clear and break ten acres in which he seeded a garden, potatoes and some wheat. In the fall the wheat was taken to neighbors to thresh. Later, after it snowed, Joe took the wheat to Athabasca with a team. The wheat was crushed for flour and porridge for the winter. Every-



Mr. and Mrs. Joe Racine and family, Cecilia, Maurice, and Simonne (1944).

one picked wild berries. The family also ate lots of wild meat which included a great many wild rabbits.

In approximately 1941 Joe started to work for the N.A.R. in Smith as a locomotive watchman. His shift was from midnight to eight A.M. Later he was promoted to foreman. He let the farm go and moved to Smith. He and his family lived in a house which he rented from the N.A.R. Joe was active in the Canadian Legion. He passed away April 26, 1958 in Westlock Hospital, and is buried in the Westlock Cemetery.

The Racine family of two girls and one boy all married in Smith. Cecilia was married in 1944 to Philip Allen. They were divorced in 1951. Cecilia then married Peter Titus, of Athabasca. Peter also worked on the N.A.R. Late in 1958 Peter and Cecilia moved to Dawson Creek. From there they moved to Edmonton. Ten years ago they moved to Leduc and Peter has had his own business in Edmonton for the past three years. Cecilia has six children, four boys and two girls.

Maurice married Lucy, a girl from Athabasca, in 1952. They were married in the little log Catholic Church in Smith. Maurice and Lucy live in Edmonton. They have seven children; three girls and four boys.

Simonne was also married in the log church in Smith, in 1953, to Ed Franks. Simonne and her family now reside in Devon. She has seven children, four girls and three boys.

The Racine children walked four miles to school. Mrs. Racine now resides in Edmonton.

Mrs. C. Oulette, Joe Racine's sister, opened a cafe in Smith in 1940. It was open for approximately two years. She rented R. Lauder's building which had been a general store.

Leona Rasmussen

by Leona

I, Leona Chaffin, was born in 1919, the youngest of a family of seven. My parents came from Kansas in 1904 and homesteaded in the Delburne district.

I married Maurice Rasmussen in 1941. We have four children; Karen, Harley, Marilyn and Wanda.

My sister Dora Chaffin was a district nurse stationed at Slave Lake around 1930.

I have made my home in Smith since 1975.

Sydney and Ivy May Reay

as told by May

Ivy May Reay was born at Rotherham, Yorkshire, England on December 3, 1912. When she was six years old her family moved to Rossington. When she was seventeen, she moved to Nottingham and with her sister went to work in a lace factory there. It was May's job to see that the work was handed out to the other workers. At seventeen, she was sent to an exhibition in Birmingham to demonstrate the work that was being done in the factory.

When the second World War came, May had her turn on the firefighting brigade, a few days every week.

She then went to work at Erickson's Telephone works. They were required among other things to test parts for use in field telephones and in detonators. May also trained new workers on the job.

It was during the war that May was asked to become Secretary to the War Brides Overseas Club.

Sydney Reay was born in Gateshead, England on January 30, 1913. In 1927 the Reay family came over to Canada on the "Letitia". They came to Millet, Alberta, near Wetaskiwin. Mr. Reay farmed and also worked for other farmers.

In the early thirties, the Reays came to Smith and homesteaded in the Smoky Creek Area. John married Jenny Wall.

After the war started, Bill and Syd joined the Canadian Army. Syd joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

While posted in England, Syd and Bill visited with their cousin in Doncaster. It was while Syd was visiting his Aunt Linda that he met May Holbrook and they kept on seeing each other.

On December 8, 1945, Syd and May were mar-



Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reay.

ried at St. Leodegonus Church in Basford, Nottingham, England, by John Loundes.

Syd was discharged in February of 1946 and returned to Canada.

In 1946, May crossed the Atlantic and arrived in Halifax on March 1. She came to Ponoka, her first stop in Alberta, where Syd's parents were living at the time. Syd's father was working for the Ponoka Hospital as a gardener.

May also went to visit Syd's sister Hannah in Wetaskiwin. One person who met her at the train was Jimmy Ligett. It turned out that Jimmy had been an army mate of May's uncle, during World War I, but May had never met him before.

During her visit at Ponoka, May recalls an incident that the Reay dog had with a skunk. It was a pet they liked to have in the house. Nobody seemed to know what to do about the smell. Not having ever encountered a skunk before, May hit on an idea. She asked Mrs. Reay if she had any perfume. Mrs. Reay managed to produce a bottle, which they doused the dog with. But-whew-instead of solving the problem, they now had a mixture of two smells that nobody could stand. The dog was kept in the house and everyone just had to put up with the smell.

May arrived in Smith on August 1, 1946 on a night train. All dressed up in good clothes, she stepped off the train — into a puddle of water. Born and raised a city girl, May's further initiation into strange, country living was compounded by a rather lonely trail (to her) that led through thick trees out to the farm.



Syd and May Reay and wedding party, 1945.

May was shortly introduced to more country ways when her sister-in-law Jenny took her out to the berry patch. Dressed in a cotton skirt and blouse and no stockings, May spent that first berry picking, swatting enormous mosquitoes.

Not long after May arrived, the community put on a welcome reception and dance at the Smoky Creek School for her and for Joyce Earl, who had also come over to Canada as a war bride from England.

On August 1, 1947, Sandra was born to Syd and May. May remembers the little go-cart that she used to pull Sandy around in. One day May took Sandy in her cart to the berry patch. May sat down and was industriously picking when she felt several bites. She swatted at the insects and went on picking. Suddenly, she realized what was stinging her. She got up quickly and found she had been sitting in a yellow jacket's nest. Her first thought was to get Sandy out of there and she grabbed the cart and ran.

When May was home as a girl, her mother had always baked the pies. In England May remembered pies as having a top and bottom crust or just a top crust. A pie with only a bottom crust was to her a tart or flang. Now she had to cook on her own. She made the crust, emptied a can of pumpkin into it, put a crust over it and baked it. Syd got the first piece — the result was a loud exclamation! May hadn't realized that the can of pumpkin had no sugar or spices in, so Syd's pie had only pumpkin.

When Syd came back from the war, he decided to farm. The Reay's Sr. also came back to Smith. John and Jenny moved to a house on their own place, part way up the hill. The Reay's Sr. moved into the old log house and Syd built another house for May and him.

Two more children were born to May and Syd, Brenda born February 27, 1949 and Wayne, January 31, 1951.



Back: Ted Reay. Middle: May, Syd, Sandra, Brenda, Wayne, Mrs. Reay, Sr.

During the winter months, Syd worked out. While working at Ellefson's camp, he had his leg broken in three places. After his dad died, Syd worked at the new Smith Hotel for awhile. At two different periods, he worked for bridge crews. At one interval May replaced Mrs. Scott as cook for the bridge crew, while the children stayed with Annie Dupont. For over one year, Syd worked at LaFrance's Store.

In 1959 the Reay's moved to town. They purchased a house from Cecile Titus. In 1962 they took over the Post Office. In 1971 the new Post Office was completed on its present site and Syd remained Postmaster until his retirement in 1977. While Syd was Postmaster, May served as his assistant. She had gained experience working part time in the Post Office when John and Peggy Lee were in charge of it.

In 1978 Syd and May took a trip back to England to visit relatives and to see old remembered friends and places.

In May of 1979 Syd became ill and he passed away in October of the same year.

The family remember Syd for his teasing and the fun he had with the children, his and others, and later his grandchildren.

May now lives alone but enjoys the visits of her children and grandchildren and close neighbours.

Sandra married Robert Attfield and they have three children; Laurie, Tammy and Andy. They reside on a farm in Moose Portage.

Brenda married Robert Letourneau and they have three children; Darlene, Kurt and Kim. They reside in Winterburn.

Wayne married Ruth Hayes and they have three children; Timothy, Tara and Trevor. They reside in Smith.

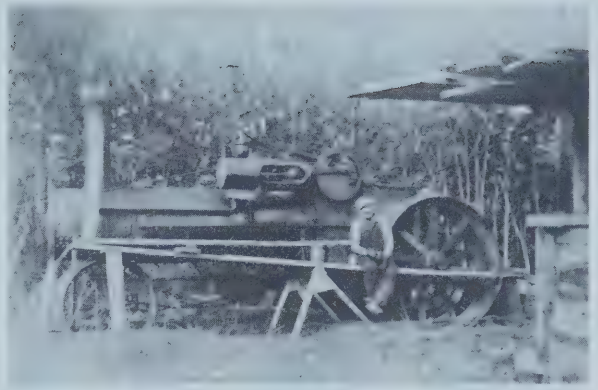
The first Christmas that May was in Canada, she was introduced to a country Christmas concert. Gene Silver, the Smoky Creek teacher decided to get the adults to put on a play of their own — “Pop Reads the Christmas Carol” — Syd was given a part as Geneva Holden’s boyfriend in the play. Young Charley Passmore played Geneva’s kid brother. It happened that Syd and young Charley had the same kind of jackets. During the play Syd had to put on his jacket in preparation for greeting his girlfriend. By some mischance he put on Charley’s jacket by mistake. When he appeared on stage with the sleeves half-way up to his elbows, the audience erupted into laughter. May still laughs when she remembers.

The Bill Rempel Story as told by Bill and Della

I was the first son of Alice and William Rempel. There were eight of us altogether. I was born in 1915 in Edmonton, where my dad was delivering coal with a team and wagon. Dad moved us to Radway in 1919. Jobs were hard to find. He sawed wood and crushed grain for farmers in the area. The school was so far away that I was eight years old before I could start. I still had to walk three miles. I had to quit school at 14 and help out at home. My dad got me my first job — milking cows. After that, I had various jobs until I left home around 1938. I had an old touring car that I made into a truck. I’d put three to four gallons of used oil in it and a gallon of gas and it would go for miles on that! I got my steam engineer’s ticket in 1940 and worked in a sawmill at Lawrence Lake for Reinhart Stelter. Then I worked around Hondo, Moose Portage and Smoky Creek sawing logs for farmers in the area. I went back to Lawrence Lake and worked the steam engine on the planer. I met Della Meyn there. She was working in the cookhouse at the time. We got married in 1942 (November).

Della was born in Bruderheim in 1924, the second daughter of Eva and Ernest Meyn. Times were real hard and it was all they could do to keep the farm going. When she was five, her dad died. Her mother moved them to a farm near Newbrook and the older boys did the farming. Della quit school when she was 13 because her eyesight was so bad that she couldn’t see the blackboard. She worked on a neighbor’s farm for two or three years. Then she went to work for her sister, Hilda Stelter, in a logging camp at Lawrence Lake.

When my brother, Rod, got out of the army, we went together and bought a mill and we all moved to Baptise Lake.



William Rempel, Sr., running steam engine at Clyde Olsen’s mill at Grosmont.

I sold my steam engine in 1940 and it is still on display in Athabasca.

In September of 1946, Arlene was born in the Athabasca Hospital. Times were hard, but we kept the mill going for four years. In April of 1950 our second daughter, Judy, was born. Rod and I dissolved our partnership in that year. We flipped a coin to see who kept the old mill — and I lost. So I bought a new one and we moved out to Martin Hills. By this time, I had two International log trucks. When they weren’t on the road, we were kept busy “rebuilding” them.

The mill did well and in 1952 we bought a house, in Smith, from Joe Vallie, so that Arlene could go to school. I travelled back and forth to camp. We had Vida in March of 1953 and on our way to the Athabasca Hospital, she decided to come into this world before we got there — lucky thing we had the nurse along with us!



Bill Rempel on TD9 Cat, Stelter’s mill.

About this time, I bought my first brand new car — a Meteor Ford. I hadn’t had the car too long, when we were involved in an accident on the Athabasca River Bridge. We had the car fixed and it served us for quite a few years.



Bill Rempel in St. Paul's school boiler room, 1978.

Chuck was born in 1955. It was about this time that we decided to buy two lots of land and build a new house. Neil came along in 1958 and we finally moved into the new house in 1959. Wendy, our last child, was born in 1961.

In 1966, I sold my mill and worked for Federated Co-op for two years.

We sold our house then, to Bill and Audrey Brown and we moved to Fort Smith, N.W.T. I worked for Bob Reason on construction for awhile. Then I went to work for the Government as stationary engineer for the schools. We stayed in Fort Smith until 1975, when I was transferred to Hay River, where I had seven schools to look after.

One fall, my son-in-law, Len and I heard a lot about how delicious the buffalo steaks were, and a friend offered to take us hunting. Well, we found some buffalo, and the guy shot one and darned if it didn't take after Len and me! We ran so hard, I think we burned the soles off our boots! Len kept saying "Run, Pop, Run!" They called me the "Best Runner" in Fort Smith for a long time.

My mother passed away in 1978. My father had died in December of 1950.



Bill Rempel Sr. with the steam engine.

In the fall of 1978 I retired for health reasons and we found a house in Pibroch, Alberta. We have renovated it, and we are happy in our retirement. We live near enough to our old friends, so that we see them once in a while.

Arlene married Jim Willis. They have one son Warren. They live at Hondo where Jim has taken over his father's farm.

Judy married Leonard Willis; they had one adopted son, Allen, and two daughters, Tammy and Crystal. Judy has since married Joe Toms and lives in Gibbons, Alberta.

Chuck attended S.A.I.T. where he obtained his welding ticket. At present he is doing carpenter work in Westlock.

Vida married Pat Mabbit of Fort Smith. They have two children, Candy and Matthew.

Wendy married Jack Rowe; they live in Hay River, N.W.T.

Neil, has travelled around Europe but is presently running a Day Care Centre in Hay River.

Leonard and Lillian Rempel

Leonard and Lillian Rempel took up residence at Otter Creek in the year of 1948. They became owners of a quarter-section of land in the extreme eastern end of the valley and spent several years trying to eke a living out of the fertile soil.

Leonard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rempel Senior of Lawrence Lake, Alberta. He and Lillian were married in a quiet ceremony in the spacious log home of Lillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Olson of Otter Creek. Together, they undertook to become farmers in the district and pooled their funds, experience and knowledge to this end. It is a question as to which was in the shortest supply.

Though money was almost non-existent in those days, they always managed to get along by making the best possible use of everything that came within their grasp. During their first summer on the farm, the cash income of the Rempels was the \$5.00 monthly family allowance cheque. It was fortunate that Leonard was a fair shot with a rifle in those days. As soon as they heard someone was dropping in for dinner, Leonard would grab his .22 and head out to bag a number of wild grouse or prairie chickens. Then there would be meat on the table, besides spuds and rhubarb. A rutted wagon trail through the woods served as their right-of-way out, and during rainy weather, it was often impassable to traffic. This was of no serious consequence to the couple, however, as their only means of transportation was little Chub, a pony on loan for the summer. Leonard found he had to walk anyway, while Lillian rode alongside in the

saddle, holding their baby daughter, whenever the family had reason to leave the place for any occasion.

During the following years, the Rempel's family increased to five and just as naturally, did the amount of their debts. Lack of cash and equipment took its toll on the success of the farming business and it was necessary for Leonard to seek further employment to supplement the meagre returns of the farm. Therefore, his time was divided between working on the land and attempting to maintain some success in the lumber business. For two or three years, he operated a small sawmill on his own, but for the most time, he was employed by Stelter Lumber Company. Leonard worked several months operating construction equipment in Athabasca, for Landing Transport and Lawrence Ellefson, respectively. He also sawed lumber at Spurfield for two years and took on any other job that presented itself where he could make an honest dollar. Often, it was through the efforts of his melodious voice with guitar accompaniment at local functions that he gleaned extra cash to meet the ever increasing monthly bills. Later on, the family left the farm and moved into Smith when Leonard was hired on with the Department of Highways.

Leonard and Lillian were present and active at most of the social functions of the day. Four of their children attended the Smith school during the years that the family lived in the neighboring communities of Otter Creek, Spurfield, Athabasca and Smith. Lillian attended the Anglican Church whenever it was possible to do so.

The lack of their ability to fulfill their dream in succeeding as well established farmers did not in any way dampen their youthful enthusiasm and love for the country and its people. It is with much pleasure and gratitude that the Rempel family reflect upon many joyous occasions with old-time friends of the Smith district and offer thanks for the years they lived among them.

In the year of 1964, they said "Farewell" to friends and relatives and for the next 20 years, found employment in the copper mines of British Columbia. Their family of five have all married and established homes and families of their own, living in various parts of the world.

Leonard and Lillian are back where they started . . . out on the land. They are carving out a retirement home on a lovely little ranch west of the Rockies. There are horses and cattle, and wild game share the beauty and tranquility of the mountain regions where they live.

"I always wanted to get back on the land again," says Leonard. "When I think back to our early days on the farm at Otter Creek, I can see the many mistakes that we made. Now that we are so much

more experienced, we won't make those mistakes again!"

Well, would you believe it, they are still making mistakes . . . not the same ones, but new ones! They still love this life that God has given them and thank Him for every minute of it.

History of Rodney Rempel

Rodney Rempel was born at Radway, Alberta in 1924. His wife Rena (Meyn) was born in Bruderheim, Alberta in 1926.

Rodney joined the army at Camrose in 1943 where he trained. Part of his training took place in Kingston, Ontario. From there he returned home and married Rena, in 1944, at Athabasca. He served overseas in England, France, Holland, Germany, Scotland and Belgium as a private in the infantry. He became a radio operator and signal man.

Rod and Rena have five sons and one daughter, Wayne, Dennis, Karen, Jon, Ted and Allen. As of 1983 they have eleven grandchildren. Their family was raised in Smith and area. During the forties and fifties Rod worked in sawmills and logging camps sometimes operating his own. During this time the children sometimes boarded out for school.

In 1947 Rod was the first to have land clearing equipment around Smith. In 1949 they lived at September Lake and built a road from Moose River to Martin Hills — 18 miles.

There was then a mill across the road from the present campsite at Lawrence Lake.

In 1952 the family lived in Smith instead of camp to send Wayne to school. He helped build the Legion Hall; the sawmill crew worked on it. Rod did custom land clearing.

Rod was manager of the ball team in Smith. He played for the Athabasca Aces and won the Northern Alberta Shield. Premier Manning was there to shake their hands at the presentation. An interesting detail about their games was that the Bishop had the rule book and the priest was second baseman so church was sometimes cancelled when there was a big game.

In 1954 the family moved to Moose River. Rod worked in camps during the winter and farmed in summer as well as working for Highways and Forestry.

Later they lived in and around Smith.

Rena cooked at lumbercamps a lot of the time. She belonged to the Ladies Auxiliary of the Legion in Smith.

Rod worked away from home nearly all the time.

In 1964 Rod built a house on top of the River Hill and lived there until 1974 when they moved to Hay River, N.W.T. where they now live.

While Rod was in the army he carried the "ace of

spades" in his shirt pocket all through the war and returned home with it.

While working at camp for his brother, William Rempel, a tree (1½" in diameter) came through the cat, thorough his groin, out through his back and pinned him to the cat. He backed the cat up, pulled the tree back out and walked 1¼ miles to the truck in 40 below weather. He was laid up in the hospital for one month and at home for approximately six weeks and then back to work building roads.

Rodney Wayne Rempel

Rodney Wayne Rempel, son of Rod and Rena Rempel, was born November 8, 1946, in Athabasca Hospital. Wayne has lived in the Smith area all his life, in logging camps at Bear Lake and in the Smith area, on the farm at Moose River and in Smith. When he wasn't taking correspondence, he attended school in Smith. On the first day of Grade One in Smith, he returned home after he had seen a school room full of strange kids and told his mom that there was no room for him. The truth of the matter was that Mrs. Cole didn't have enough desks at the moment and that his parents were going to Edmonton without him.

When Wayne left school, he worked in logging camps for Stelters, Federated Co-op, and Zeidlers as it changed hands. Then he worked for two years for NAR as Mechanical Supervisor until the position was dissolved. Now he has a farm north of the river and a small mill to operate.



Back: Connie, Kerri. Front: Wayne, Gayle Rempel.

On February 11, 1967, Wayne married Gayle Darlene, daughter of William and Alma LaFrance. She was born March 30, 1949 in Edmonton. Her family moved to Smith from Widewater in 1955. She attended school in Smith and Athabasca and Smith Community Vocational Center for Adult Education to obtain her education. Between the births of their two children, Connie Gayle and Kerry Wayne, Gayle worked at LaFrance and Son Store Ltd. Then for a year and a half, she worked as a Teacher Aide in Smith School. Now she is working at Alberta Forest Service in Smith.

Jack and Hester Reykdal

by Verna Willis

We first met the Reykdal family when we moved into Smith from Fawcett Lake and became their neighbors. We had met Hester through her nursing, prior to this.

Jack worked as watchman on the railroad.

They had moved to Smith from High Prairie where Jack had owned a farm. Hester had nursed in the High Prairie Hospital.

Hester was a daughter of Sheridan and Mrs. Lawrence of Fort Vermilion, Alberta. She told us many stories of their early experiences. How they came to Edmonton from the east by train. They hauled their belongings via the Athabasca Trail to Athabasca Landing, then by trail on the north side of the Athabasca River, to Mirror Landing and on to Soto Landing. From there they loaded onto a freight boat that carried them to Grouard, at the west end of Slave Lake. Again, they trekked overland to Peace River. Their journey from there was down the Peace by rafts to Fort Vermilion. She told of many experiences, such as rounding up cattle off the summer range, which would take days. She and her brother made the trip from the Fort to Edmonton by dog team in winter for supplies, several times.

She had taken her nurse's training in Winnipeg with only a Grade eight education. Jack was very musical and could play almost every musical instrument. He was especially good at the piano.

Both Hester and Jack loved gardening, and landscaping. They had such beautiful flowers and shrubs.

They also raised tropical fish, and had several aquariums of exotic fish. They also had canaries and budgerigar (budgies).

When no nurse was available for this district Hester didn't hesitate in filling the vacancy. She turned one room of her home into a dispensary and somehow managed to take care of a large area as District Nurse, and run a household as well.

When the new nurse's cottage was finally com-



Jack and Hester Reykdal.

pleted at the other end of town, and another nurse installed, she and Jack walked the distance many times to plan the landscaping, and set out shrubs and plants.

They made the grounds a show piece.

When the coal-fired locomotives were phased out on the railroad in favor of diesel locomotives, Jack's job was also phased out.

They moved to Prince Rupert B.C. where they lived for several years. From there they moved back to Edmonton, where Hester passed away.

Jack lived in Edmonton where he worked for a landscaping firm until he passed away a few years ago.

They had three sons, Lawrence, Bobby and Walter, and a daughter Audrey. They also raised Hester's niece Margaret.

Bobby was killed in an automobile accident, back east, as a young man.

Roy and Nellie Richards

Roy Richards was married to Nellie Rempel. He served in the Army in World War II.

When he was discharged in 1946 he ran the planer for Reinhart Stelter at Cross Lake.

In 1947 or 48 Stelter moved the sawmill to Muskeg Lake, near Baptiste Lake and moved the planing mill into Athabasca. Roy was still running the planer, and he also built a cookhouse, where Nellie cooked for the mill crews.

When Stelter moved his operations to Smith, in 1950, Roy and Nellie and their two sons Raymond and Lloyd moved to Smith also.

Roy and Nellie left Smith about 1954 when they moved to Canyon Creek. Roy worked as carpenter on the old Fish Hatchery building, which was being renovated into a hotel.

He moved from Canyon Creek to Valleyview, and then to Grande Prairie, carpentering all the while.

They retired in Houston, B.C. Roy died in 1978 and Nellie passed away in Prince George in August 1981, at 67 years.

The Peter Rosychuk Story

by Peter Rosychuk

My lovely wife Margie and I, with our three small children, Judy, Larry and Jim, lived in the N.A.R. agents' residence located above the station offices. This residence consisted of five large rooms and a hallway. It was certainly spacious but a bit drafty during the cold winter months; otherwise nice and comfortable.

Living in the agent's residence was not all that pleasant at first. Throughout the night the trains switching movements, rumbling back and forth in the yard, were very noisy. The railway station would vibrate and shake. Sleeping through all this was very difficult at first but gradually we adjusted to it.

Through the front room windows we had a lovely



Peter and Margie Rosychuk with Judy, Larry and Jim, 1958.

panoramic view of the entire railway terminal, the lumber mill, and the lovely green landscape of the rising slopes north of the Athabasca River.

Our three small children ages seven, five, and three years respectively, had to learn fast about the new dangers involved if they wandered on to the railway tracks. These tracks were parallel to the residence's front door.

On the average, life at Smith was quite pleasant and good.

Hunting, fishing and camping or just outdoor wildlife sight seeing was only a few miles away. In fact it was not that far, as we saw deer and bear wander to within a few hundred feet of the station.

During one sight seeing drive we came upon a huge black bear fighting with a smaller black bear on the banks of a flowing stream. The smaller bear realizing that he was no match for big bruno made a dash for a big white poplar tree. He climbed up thirty to forty feet above the ground and there he was holding on to a clump of branches near the top. When the huge bear walked away from the base of the large tree the smaller bear would slide down the tree to the ground, only to find the big bear would run right back at him, looking for a fight. The smaller bear again climbed up the large poplar. This was repeated three times; until finally the huge bear heard and saw us near by. The big bear then disappeared into the heavy timber. Shortly after, the smaller bear came down the tree; he too was soon out of sight in the thick forest.

We had a number of such sight seeing drives when we had the opportunity to observe wild game, such as moose, deer, and timber wolves in their natural habitat. These trips were interesting and exciting.

Then I was transferred to the N.A.R. offices in Edmonton. Leaving this part of the country and the way of life it offers was indeed not easy.

We still do make the occasional trip back to Smith and enjoy the camping and fishing and the natural beauty of the country side.

Alfred and Honorine Sawan as told to Verna Willis

Alfred was born in Grouard in November of 1901. When he was a young man he worked with his brother-in-law, Jack Rumley. Jack had a motor boat and together, they fished on Slave Lake, under contract to Bill Menzie of Faust. He also worked on the railroad at Kinuso for a while.

In 1933, he married Honorine in Wabasca. Honorine was born in Wabasca, in 1912 and had taken some schooling there.

Their daughter Juliette was born in Wabasca,



Honorine and Alfred Sawan.

where they lived for several years. They trapped muskrats and squirrels mostly.

Alfred says they travelled around quite a bit, to Calling Lake, Athabasca and Slave Lake. They would sometimes put pack saddles on their dogs to carry their supplies. Other times they used horses. For a while they both worked, cutting logs with a swede saw. They got 10¢ a log at that time. Juliette also helped, and she was paid \$1.00 per day.

Alfred eventually got a job in Stelter's planer mill at Smith. He says he was trimmer man for 25 years.

When Alfred retired they moved out of Smith onto land owned by their son-in-law Gorman Diesting.

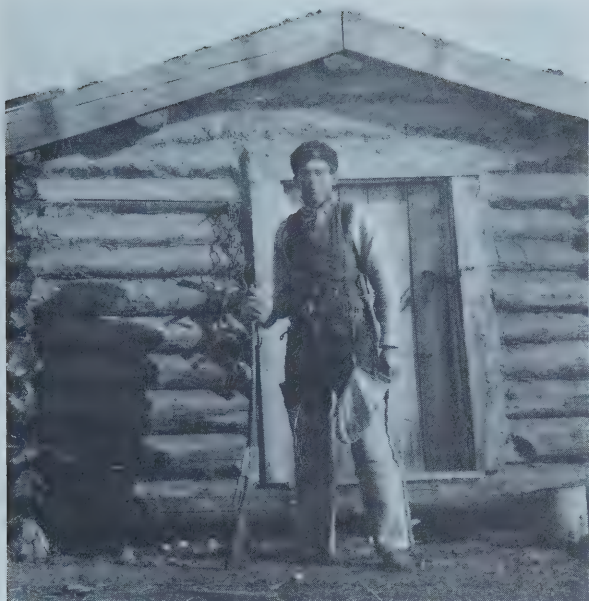
They celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1983.

They are living in a new mobile home provided by Alberta Housing, and are enjoying all of the modern conveniences.

Mabel (McLeod) Sawan by Mabel

I was born October 10, 1909 to Mary Jane and Moise Villeneuve at Athabasca Landing. On April 9, 1911 my sister Frances was born, and in 1912 or 1913 my brother Lawrence was born. About 1914 or 1915 we moved to our big farm at Pine Creek, (now Amber Valley) about 17 miles from the Landing. I went to school there until we moved. On our way to Wabasca, we stopped at Sandy Lake. There was no school there. We stayed there for about one year before we went to Wabasca. There we went to the Mission School.

My mother's sister, Elise, and her son, Ned, were along with us all this time. Elise had married Dad's



Melvin Nelson's barn.

brother Edwin, but he passed away in Pine Creek when Ned was about two years old.

In November, 1924 I married Alexander James McLeod, a fur trader for the Hudson's Bay Company. On September 22, 1925 my first baby, Lillian Frances Anne was born, at home with the help of a midwife. On December 30, 1926 my second baby, Mary Dorothy, was born at home, also in Wabasca. On April 24, 1928, Gladys Cecilia Elsie was born in "Mirror Landing" across the river from Smith. On November 5, 1929, a boy Clifford James was born to us at Wabasca. On May 18, 1931, Olga Vivian May, was born in the Royal Alex Hospital in Edmonton. On March 8, 1934 Wilma Joyce Ursul was born in Wabasca. On February 21, 1937 Lawrence (Skeezix) Edward was born in Smith, Alberta.

In 1942 my mother passed away. I was in Wabasca at the time and I had no way of coming out just then. My nephew Bill McKinnon got a train of four skinny dogs and a sleigh and we started off towards evening. We had to stop and rest the dogs at Martin River at the freighter's stopping place. Early in the morning we went across Lesser Slave Lake and then on the highway to Smith. After we laid our mother to rest; Ned had a good train of dogs, so we went across country to get home to Wabasca, where I had left the children with a sitter. On the highest part of Martin Hills, Ned and my Dad had a cabin. We started from Smith late in the evening and camped in their cabin. In the morning, going down hill it only took a few hours to get home.

My parents had moved to Smith, before Mother passed away and during the winter, I was back and



Moise Villeneuve, 1913.

forth from Wabasca to Smith, as my husband, a fur buyer and trader was finally sent farther north during the winter.

My husband and I parted, about 1942 or '43, on account of the schooling for the children. I didn't want to be alone with the children during the winter and at the mission school they didn't learn too well. I worked hard to keep them neat. I had to comb their hair after school every day with a fine tooth comb, as they came home with lice in their hair.

After we parted, I worked at the cook house at Fawcett Lake Lumber Camp where my sister cooked.



Mabel, Moise and Frances, Ned, Wanda Teale, Lawrence Villeneuve, 1924.

In 1945, I went to Chisholm to cook for a whole crew of men at the lumber mill.

In October of 1945, Gladys got married to James McGillvray. They lived at Slave Lake. Gladys and Jim had six children.

In November of 1945, Dorothy married Samuel Cook. They had five boys. There are only three left as two were killed in an accident.

Clifford married Doris Cardinal around 1950-51. They had three children.

Later, Olga Vi married Gilbert Bellerose and they have seven children.

Lawrence (Skeezix) married Yvonne Lennie around 1963. They had two boys and two girls. They parted and he lived with Martha Ferguson and they had two girls and one boy. Then they parted. He now lives with Vivian Courtrielle with their three girls.

I met Archie Sawan at Chisholm, where he worked at the mill. We bought a cabin there to live in. Later, he worked for the railroad on the track at Salteaux for awhile.

In 1949 we took in my daughter's child. Dwayne Mcleod and raised him.

Archie quit the tracks and went to work at sawmills, especially at winter camps around Slave Lake. Then around 1956 we moved to Hornbeck, towards Edson way. We were there for one year.

Then my son Clifford passed away in Edmonton. We brought him to Smith and buried him. He left his wife and three children.



Mabel (Villeneuve) and Alexander McLeod, wedding picture.



Mr. Moise Villeneuve, age 83, 1963.

After that we stayed in Spurfield for awhile where Archie worked at the mill for Nick Skrenek, then later we moved to Smith and stayed there. Archie had arthritis so bad that he couldn't work. So he retired with a disability pension. We moved to Edmonton in May 1977 and have been here ever since.

We still have our home in Smith. Archie likes to go back and forth. It's someplace for him to go besides sitting in a suite all day. He got better and is doing good, enjoying his trapping on his trapline.

Mert and Elsie Simpson

In 1950 we moved from Athabasca to the little hamlet of Mirror Landing, which is situated on the Athabasca River. Shortly after we arrived, two sisters, by the name of Alice and Peggy O'Dwyer, were instrumental in getting the name changed to Smith, Alberta.

Mert had a job with the Stelter Lumber Company, driving his own truck. The lumber business was booming, and times were good. In 1952 Mert was offered a job at the local round-house as they were still using the steam engines on the trains. Mert greased the engines and made sure they were steamed up and ready to go. He worked with Joe Racine, Jack Reykdahl, and Foreman, Charlie Passmore.

At this time, Mert was able to build us a four-roomed house near Duncan's General Store. In 1957 we were hooked up to the electricity, and I was able to have my first refrigerator and later on, a new electric cook stove. In 1960 we were delighted by the luxury of the telephone, even though we had to call central to get a number.

The first diesel engines on the trains arrived at Smith in 1959, the round-house was no longer

needed; subsequently Mert was out of a job. However, things went well for us. One day Joe Potvin came and asked Mert if he would like to work for the Department of Highways. This job lasted until we left Smith.

We had many happy times there and many very dear friends. Our daughter, Beverly, was growing up and doing well in the Smith School. I attended the Anglican church. The minister came from Slave Lake or Athabasca. Mert belonged to the Legion, and was given an engraved propane lighter when we left.

In 1964, my brother Leonard Rempel was offered a job at Houston, B.C. Mert decided he would like to come and see the country, too. To his surprise, he was offered a job as a carpenter, so we decided to move to British Columbia. It was a terrible day when we left our friends and relatives. Everybody was crying. It took me a long time to get over missing all the folks at Smith. Even yet, we do look forward to going back occasionally to visit.

Glen Sloan Family

by Rema

Glen and I, Rema, were both born and raised in Kinuso, Alberta. We were married in 1943 and had four daughters, Linda, Joan, Gayle and Irma.

Glen joined the Forest Service in 1956. We were stationed in Kinuso until 1958, when we were transferred to Slave Lake until 1961. We were then transferred to Smith where we remained until 1965.

We all really enjoyed our stay in Smith and met a lot of wonderful people who made us feel a part of the community. We go back as often as we can, camping at either end of Fawcett Lake, or curling, and we haven't missed a fall-fair in Smith yet.

Our oldest daughter Linda married Leonard LaFrance, they have 2 children Leah and Maurice.

Joan married Harold Evenson and has two boys Brent and Colin, they live in Slave Lake.

Gayle married Dave Laing, they have two children Todd and Kristen and live in Slave Lake.

Irma married Ronald Hunt, they have four children, Jamie, Terri, Ronnie, and Crystal. They live in Kinuso.

We have been in Kinuso since 1965. Glen retired in 1980. Since Glen's retirement we've had a pretty busy schedule, renovating our home, doing upholstery work, gardening, camping and travelling.

Leo "Bud" Sloan

My Father Jesse Sloan came to Canada from North Dakota, U.S.A. along with my grandfather (mother's dad) in 1906.

They were headed for the north country to prospect for land and secure a homestead. They spent several months in the north trying to find a suitable place and finally decided it would be the Peace River Country, then they returned home.

Then in 1907 my father and grandfather returned again to Canada, bringing along with them nine work horses, a mower, a rake, a disc, three wagons and two plows. The decision had been reached that the two of them go on ahead and secure the land and prepare for the rest of the family which were to come later.

They travelled to Edmonton by railroad, then by team; the trail took them to Athabasca Landing, and at that time the Government had put in a road around the elbow of the Athabasca River which made it 25 miles further, and it was still necessary to cross the river. No provisions were made for a ferry, leaving a formidable obstacle for the three heavily laden wagons.



Bud and Viney Sloan.

While resting at Mirror Landing for a few days, the man from the Hudson Bay Company told my dad he had heard that by following the Swan River he would come to a valley and he heard that they grew big potatoes and rutabagas. "The hay grows as high as your head," he said. He also said he would help them cross the river. They put the wagons on big scows and my dad swam the horses across, and they headed for the Swan Valley.

Later that winter my dad engaged his team to hauling freight from Edmonton to Grouard for the Revillon Brothers Trading Post, for which he received three dollars per hundred, and he was able to haul approximately thirty five hundred pounds.

Then in January 1909, my mother, brother, and

Kevin Sloan's Grade Twelve Graduation 1984.



sister came to Canda to join my dad. Travelling in the winter was good, as the rivers and muskegs were frozen, but the bitter cold was a problem. They told of covering their wagons with canvas and installing wood stoves, beating the cold in this manner. They were 23 days on the trail from Edmonton to the Swan Valley.

My father and mother had many hardships as well as many happy times; they raised eleven children. I am the youngest child and was born and raised in the Swan Valley. I married Viney Tanghe in 1950. We have three sons; Anthony, our oldest is married to Barbara Rowntree. He works for Golden Eagle Oil in the Swan Hills and Barbara teaches at E. G. Wahlstrom School, Slave Lake.

Terry, our second son, is married to Lynda Beauchamp; he works as a mechanic for the forestry. Lynda and Terry have two daughters, Terilyn and Andrea.

Kevin, our youngest, was born in 1967. He is our centennial project. He will be graduating in June '84.

I served as a forest officer in Smith for fourteen years, during which we saw many changes. We now live in Slave Lake where we plan on retiring.

Reinhart Stelter

by Hilda Stelter

Reinhart Stelter was born in 1909 to John and Otteilia Stelter of Novograd, Russia. He left that country in 1927 with his Uncle Samuel and family. After arriving in Alberta he worked on farms in the Bruderheim area and in 1928 filed for a homestead south of Newbrook. For eight years he farmed his quarter of land supplementing his income with road work, threshing grain and post hauling. In 1932 he married Hilda Sloboda and raised a family of five children.

He started a logging, sawmill and planer operation in 1936 at Lawrence Lake. This small business was started with about eight hundred dollars which



L. to R.: Bob, Diane, Doreen, Irma, Cliff, Hilda, Reinhart Stelter, 1982.

made for many hard times. During the winter the men cut logs and placed them in booms on the frozen lake, then, when the ice melted in the spring, they towed them across the lake to the sawmill site with a small motor boat named "Ramona". At that time there were about twenty men who worked for twenty-eight cents an hour plus room and board. These men often had to wait for their wages until lumber was sold and lack of proper equipment caused many delays. A truck had to be rented to haul out enough lumber to make a down payment on a truck of their own. At this time the banks wouldn't lend him money so he financed the truck through Traders Finance.

During the war, times were much better and he managed to acquire better machinery and equipment. After fourteen years of hard work and many hardships on the part of him and his employees, he moved his entire operation to Smith. In the Smith area he had six sawmills. He set up contracts with their operators to provide him with rough lumber which he planed in the planer mill in town. About two thirds of the lumber was shipped to the U.S.A. Times were very good except for a few setbacks, such as the time the newly constructed planer mill burned to the ground without ever having planed a board of lumber.

In 1965 he sold the whole operation to Federated Co-op and moved back to Newbrook to farm. For eleven years he farmed nine quarters of land and raised cattle with his son Bob. In 1976 they sold out and moved to Kelowna so he could retire and raise flowers as a hobby.

Hilda Stelter was born in Green Bay, Manitoba in 1912, her parents were Gus and Eva Sloboda. They

moved to Edmonton a few years later where her father worked as a bookkeeper for a coal mine on the south side of the river. Her father died during a flu epidemic and her mother remarried a farmer, Ernest Meyn. They farmed in the Newbrook area where Hilda met and married Reinhart. Together they raised five children Irma, Clifford, Doreen, Bob and Diane.

Hilda helped her husband with his lumber business by cooking in the bush camp for as many as forty men. In 1948 they bought a home in Athabasca so that their children could attend school and be at home with her. She moved to Smith in 1957 after the three oldest children had left home; her mother was now living with them also. She and her mother attended the Mennonite Church at Otter Creek and belonged to their women's sewing circle for many years. They returned to farming their land at Newbrook in 1965 and retired to Kelowna in 1976.

In 1979 Reinhart and Hilda returned to Russia, to visit with his people whom he hadn't seen in fifty-two years. They were there for one month and had a good visit with relatives and many of Reinhart's childhood friends. At this time Hilda and Reinhart have 16 grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Len Stiles Family

by Ann Stiles

Len Stiles came to Smith in the spring of 1946, shortly after leaving the Air Force, to work as a projectionist for a group of railroaders who wanted to start an itinerant movie circuit. His route went from Chisholm to Enilda, and, at one time or another, included pretty well all of the little towns in between. Transportation was usually a 1928 Stutz car which became well-known for its power and speed. Since there was no electric generating system in any of these towns, power was obtained from a small AC plant mounted on the front bumper. It is said that residents of Chisholm always knew in plenty of time when the Show Man was coming because they could hear the old Stutz as it climbed Deep Creek hill, about twelve miles away on the old road between Hondo and Chisholm.

In 1948 Len married me, Ann Alberts, a teacher from the Colinton area and we bought the movie business and moved to Slave Lake where he could also do radio repairs. A year later the business and the car had both given up and Len went to work for Swanson Lumber Company at Fawcett Lake as a mechanic-electrician. Shortly after this he was sent to Chisholm to do what was supposed to be a couple weeks of wiring. Those two weeks ended up lasting twelve years.

In late January Len was joined by me and our



Lynn and Ned Stiles in Chisholm, 1960.

brand-new baby daughter, Lynn, in what had to be the coldest house in town. Nobody had freezers at that time but our lower cupboard served the purpose beautifully all winter. Chisholm consisted of four distinct sections — Moccasin Flats down near the river, Tin Can Alley at the north end, Garlic City east of the railway tracks, and Silk Stocking Avenue where the company houses were, up on the ridge. Since we lived just south of the school, Len added another name to the list by christening our area College Heights.

Up until this time electricity in Chisholm was generated by a small DC plant providing the company-owned houses with lights comparable to candles. They decided that over the fall and winter of 1951-52 Len should build a new power line, and a big AC steam generator would be installed, to provide suffi-



Joanne and Laurel Stiles by garage, 1967.

cient power for the whole town. Fall was very short that year. The snow came the end of September and stayed, bringing the coldest and longest winter I can ever remember. Two young men just out from England were assigned the job of helpers on the power line construction. What an introduction to Canada that was for those poor boys!

Len still had the movie projector, and as soon as Chisholm had AC power, he began showing weekly movies, first in the school and later in the cookhouse. Chisholm was a unique place from a social viewpoint — everybody came to every event. Teas, showers, dances, school concerts, picnics and movies had almost 100% attendance.

In 1953 we moved into a company-owned house. I went back to teaching school and taught off and on for a total of four years. Ned was born in 1955 and Joanne in 1959. Chisholm was a great place for kids and dogs: both roamed freely with few restrictions on them.



Stiles Garage, 1970.

In 1954 Len began getting into jukeboxes, first at the Sportsman's Rest Cafe near Fawcett, then at Flatbush. A year or so later, the Vandervaat family opened a cafe in Chisholm and he put a jukebox in there. In 1961 we bought a garage and gas station just outside of Smith and left Chisholm, much to the regret of Lynn and Ned.

The garage had originally been built by Buddy Jordan just after the completion of Highway 44. The first building burned down and was promptly replaced. Buddy sold to Art Dixon who sold to us about a year later. On Leap Year day 1964 history repeated itself and the garage burned down again. This was just after the start of the big oil boom and things had been really busy. We stayed in business, working out of a building purchased from the Jehovah's Witness congregation until we could rebuild that summer.

The final addition to our family, Laurel, came along in 1963. My father, Albert Alberts, had joined us the year before, after my mother passed away. He lived there until shortly before we left when he moved to Pleasant Valley Lodge where he remained until his death in 1975. Grandpa loved living at the garage because he got to talk to so many people. In Smith, as in Chisholm, I taught school off and on during the twelve years we lived there. Len still had jukeboxes and over the years had added cigarette machines and pinball games. By the early 70's the new highway to Slave Lake was open and business at the garage was getting slower. The coin machine business required more time, so it made sense, to live closer, to the centre of the area where the machines were. In 1973 we sold the garage to Lloyd and Arlene LaFrance and moved to Athabasca. Laurel's heart must have stayed in Smith because from then until she was grown up she spent every weekend she could there.

Len is still busy with his coin machines. I ran a craft shop for the first five years we were in Athabasca and then sold it. Lynn and her husband, Ted Hellquist, live in Grande Prairie; Ned is in Westlock with his wife Judy and one year old son Lenny; Joanne attends the University of Alberta, in Edmonton; and last fall Laurel married a young man named Jerry Hunwick and now lives in Red Deer. Len still goes to Smith regularly to service machines and occasionally I go with him. It still feels a little like coming home.

The Smith Years of the Swabey Family

My wife Joan and I, and our young son, David, arrived in Smith in mid-August of 1965. My first memories of Smith are of being bounced around in the cab of an old 1947 International One Ton, laden with furniture and household items, as we beat a tortuous path through the sand hills between Hondo and Smith. Upon our arrival, we discovered that we didn't yet have a home; our new teacherage, one side of a duplex which was still under construction, was not ready for occupancy. For the first week or so we lived in the school, and eventually graduated to the "Castle", a local name for an old teacherage, which at one time I believe had been a former school. Some time during that first fall the duplex was completed and we moved into what was to be our home for the next four years.

That first fall in Smith it rained and rained, as it always seems to do whenever we move. However, the organizational tasks involved in taking over a new school, this was my first vice principalship and only my second year of teaching, and the job of setting up



Bob Swabey (vice-principal) and son, David. Right, Paul Ponich (principal), 1966.

house keeping occupied most of our time and the weather was soon forgotten. Before we knew it the new school year had gotten underway and we had become involved in the activities of the school and the community.

Perhaps because this was our first real home, but also because it is a unique place, Smith will always have a special place in our hearts. Never before or since have we lived in a place with such a tremendous sense of community. Everyone was always accepting of us and we were always made to feel welcome in anyone's home, regardless of the time of day or night. Social events such as the monthly Legion dances involved virtually the entire community, and as I recall it almost all of the teachers attended the dances without fail.

It was during my Smith years, that my deep and abiding love of the out-of-doors came into full bloom. I have many fond memories of the lazy hours spent fishing on Fawcett Lake, at the mouth of Otter Creek, at the confluence of the Lesser Slave and Athabasca rivers, and at countless other favorite fishing holes. I am sure that many onlookers questioned the sanity of the likes of Herb Walker and myself, as we waded around in local sloughs and potholes hunting frogs in the dark of night, with flashlights strapped to our heads. The frogs, of course, were next day's pickeral bait. I'm sure as well, that when many of my former students, and certainly former hunting partners such as Herb Walker, Joe Hugo and



Left, Bob Swabey and son David. Right: Sam Huxley and son Stephen, 1967.

Leonard LaFrance, conjure up a mental image of me, they picture someone dressed in a red hunting shirt and packing a rifle and a moose call. I would also like to reassure these people and anyone else who might be interested that I am still a hunting and fishing nut. After nearly twenty-two years of marriage my wife has given up all hope of getting any work out of me during the spring and fall of the year. Around home, I go like mad during the rest of the year, to condone for my sins during hunting and fishing season.

My years at the Smith School were a learning experience for me, and, I hope for my pupils. At Smith I got my first taste of school administration, I was vice principal for a year and principal for the next three years, and it must have been a good training ground because I have been a school principal ever since. I can remember that in those days of high teacher turnover, and an apparent teacher shortage, each year our teaching staff was like a small United Nations. One year I recall having teachers from the United States, the Philippines, Jamaica, British Honduras, Great Britain, and, yes, even Alberta. Needless to say, much time was spent at the beginning of each year orienting teachers to the Alberta education system and to a rural school. And, yes, there were emergencies — like the time I had a teacher who indicated a reluctance to return to school because as he reported to me, one of the bigger boys had told him upon leaving school in the afternoon, "You bastard, if you come back to school tomorrow I'll throw you out the window!" But all things considered, the teachers were tolerant and the youngsters



David, Lisa, D'Arcy Swabey.

were good. If all of the youngsters didn't excel academically, they certainly excelled athletically. Never have I seen junior high school basketball players like those we had in Smith.

Finally, I would like to conclude by bringing the reader up to the present. After leaving Smith, the Swabey family spent five years in the Peace River country, and for the past ten years we have made our home in Sylvan Lake, a resort town just fifteen miles west of Red Deer in Central Alberta. The family of three that arrived in Smith in August, 1965 has now grown to six. We have two sons and two daughters, all of whom are still at home. My two girls are still in school, and one son is in university and one son has graduated from high school and is working. I am the principal of the H. J. Cody School in Sylvan Lake, and my wife, Joan, works as a teacher's aide with a visually impaired child.

Clarence Swan as told to Oliver Olson

I was born in 1919 to a very young girl, only 14. I believe she became pregnant again before I was one year old. She felt she couldn't cope with two babies, so she gave me to Jerome Nadeau, who was staying with his sister, Clementine, and Sam Swan, at Fort Chipewyan. I lived all my life with the Sam Swan family. I was told by Sam, when I was old enough to understand, that my mother was born in Sweden and that my father was Polish, last name of Warren. He also told me that I had one brother and one sister. I saw my brother only once. He sent me a wedding picture of himself and wife, while he was in uniform. He has since died. My sister is still living somewhere in the United States. I have never seen her.

When I was about 40 years old, I made a trip to Fort McMurray to try and trace my relatives. There I met Joe Shott, who introduced me to some of my half brothers and sisters. My mother had married again and was still living somewhere west of Edmonton.

In 1920 or 1921, the Swans moved to the Otter Creek district. They lived by a little lake east of the old Nadeau place. This land was later homesteaded by Dan McPherson.

In the early 30's we moved to Fawcett Lake for a few years, then to Faust, Alberta for awhile, then came back to Otter Creek and then to Smith.

Delphine Swan had married a fellow named Ralph Crevier who had built a house on the river bank just east of the ferry landing on the north side of the river.

I was then big enough to work and I got a job at the sawmill on Fawcett Lake. It was run by Mr. Beard and McMillan. They later sold to Swanson Lumber Company. I was still working there when I joined the army in 1943. After the war, I came back to the same place. I met and married Mary Ann Savard in 1946. Sam Swan had died in 1945, and we lived with my mother for a year or so. My mother and Delphine moved away. My wife and I moved to a cabin owned by the sawmill at Fawcett Lake.

We lived at different places in the Smith area and I worked in the logging camps in the winter. We lost all our belongings twice by house fires during this time.

I was working in Edmonton, building the C.N. Tower one summer, when one of my boys drowned in the little lake by Ole Anderson's.

I worked for Andy Ellefson for about three years both at Otter Creek mill and Calling Lake. We lived at Smith until we moved to Athabasca about 1966 or 1967 and I worked at different jobs here. I worked for highways some during the summer, and bush camps in the winter. I suffered a heart attack in 1975 and haven't worked since.

I am trying to get my pension now. As I have no birth certificate and cannot read or write myself, it is not so easy to establish my age.

We had a family of 13 children, of which 12 are still living. We have 15 grandchildren as of this February 1984.

Sam Swan as told to Oliver Olson by Clarence Swan

Sam Swan came from Butte, Montana. I believe he came to Athabasca first, met Clementine Nadeau and right after the war, they, along with Jerome Nadeau, went to Fort Chipewyan. There they trapped

for a living. This is where they adopted me in 1919 (Clarence).

Sam and family came to the Smith area from Fort Chipewyan in 1920 and lived in what is now the Otter Creek district.

Dan McPherson homesteaded the land that Sam was living on, so they moved to Fawcett Lake in the early 30's. They moved from there to Faust, Alberta for a few years, then back to the Smith area.

Their oldest daughter, Delphine, married Ralph Crevier and lived on the north bank of the Athabasca River, just east of the ferry landing. Sam and family lived there also until he died in 1945. His wife and family moved to Edmonton.

They had seven children, including Clarence and Eva, who married Johnny Young when she was 15 years old.

The Alex Terriff Story

by Alma (Terriff) Ross

Alex Terriff and Sarah Anne Kugan were married August 26, 1903 in Grafton, North Dakota. They were blessed with seven children, four boys and three girls.

They moved to Smith from Vauxhall about the year 1930 and took up homesteading. Sara Anne Terriff wasn't in too good health when they moved to Smith and she passed away June 24, 1935 at the University Hospital in Edmonton. (Alex Terriff followed July 23, 1952 in Lethbridge where he lived with his daughter, Alma, and family.)

Bill, the oldest son, and his wife, Lela, moved up shortly after this, also to homestead. This family of Terriffs lived in Smith the longest of any and became more acquainted with the early settlers. They had a family of two boys and three girls. Bill passed away July 22, 1952 and Lela followed November 26, 1966.

Harold, Bill's oldest son, is married to Vi and they live in Grimshaw, Alberta. He owns and operates a dragline business. They have three boys.

Ethel, the oldest girl, is married to Bill Roach. They have two adopted sons and live in Naniamo, B.C.

Elmer, the second son, was born at Smith. He was killed in a highway accident near Midnapore, October 12, 1966.

Audrey was born in Smith and is married to Les Gathercole. They have four children, three girls and one boy. He owns and operates a bulk milk hauling business.

Margaret was born in Smith and is the youngest girl. She is married to Bill Penman. They have no children and live in Calgary.

Joe, Johnny and Andy Terriff didn't spend too much time in Smith. Andy passed away January 5,

1936. Johnny passed away July 5, 1968. Joe is retired, a widower, and is not in too good health. He lives in Lethbridge.

After June, 1935, Alma no longer lived in Smith. She married Clair Ross of Mirror, Alberta, who passed away February 16, 1951. They had four children, one girl and three boys.

Anne, the eldest, an R.N., married Bill Fairless, December 31, 1960. They have two sons and live in Whitecourt.

Jim, the eldest son, a trucker who hauls furniture Canada-wide, lives in Calgary.

Ken, a contractor and estimator, married Jan. (CNA). They have two children, a girl, Sarah, and a boy, David, who live in Calgary.

Don, the youngest, married Mary. Don is a Principal at Westbrook and Mary is also a teacher. They have two children, a girl, Jackie, and a boy, Danny, and are living in Calgary.

Alma is retired from Grace Hospital in Calgary as of October, 1979 and lives in Calgary.

Charles and Rose Twin

by Rose

The Twins have lived in Smith for a number of years.

Charles was born in Slave Lake, Alberta in 1931. He obtained his education by staying in the Grouard Mission, where he went to school.

After leaving school he eventually went to work at Spurfield, Alberta, in the lumber mill at first, and later as a section hand with the N.A.R.

Rose Loyie was born in Slave Lake in 1938. Her father moved his family to Spurfield when Rose was four or five years old. This was where Rose went to school. She remembers having Mrs. Trollop, Peter Rosychuk and Dorothy Summers as teachers. Their first school was very small, but it was replaced by a larger one.

Rose met Charlie, and they were married in Spurfield.

Their children, Mary Ann, Charles, Tom, Edward, Yvonne, and twins Donald and Donna were born in the Athabasca Hospital, during the years they spent in Spurfield. Their youngest son, David, (Dick) was born after they moved to Smith.

About 1969 Spurfield mill shut down, and Charlie and Rose moved with their family to Smith. Charlie went to work for Federated Co-op, in the planer mill for the first year, and later at the sawmill. He continued to work for Zeidler Forest Products after they purchased the business. They lived in an Alberta Housing unit for the first few years. Now they are living in a larger house, obtained through Alberta Housing.

Charlie has worked for the Department of Highways, and for Alberta Stake and Lath.

Mary Anne married Garry Willis; she has three children, they live in Slave Lake.

Charlie married Linda Auger, he works for Zeidler Forest Products. They live in Slave Lake with their five children.

Tom lives in Boyle, he married Myrna Foss, they have three children.

Edward lives in Slave Lake, he has two children.

Yvonne lives in Slave Lake.

Donna graduated from high school in Athabasca. She won the typing award for Grades XI and XII. She lives in Slave Lake.

Donald and his wife Connie reside in Kindersley, Saskatchewan. They have one child.

Dick is still at home, attending school in Smith.

Joseph Arthur Vallie

by Joan

Joe Vallie was the son of Arthur and Alice Vallie who arrived in Smith in 1925. They travelled from Edmonton to Westlock by automobile, and from there by freight train as there were no proper roads past Westlock. Arthur Vallie came to Smith to buy the hotel which provided the following services: a store, eight hotel rooms, the post office and a restaurant. Later a gas pump was added. He bought the hotel and parcel of land from Mr. Tom Williams. Mr. Williams would saw wood for the cookstove in the kitchen, while sitting in his rocking chair rocking back and forth with a buck saw in his hand.

Arthur gave a 99 year lease on a piece of his land on which the nurses' home was built. Irene Stewart was the first District Health Nurse in Smith.

Arthur was also active in school affairs and when the Vallies first moved to Smith he became one of the school trustees. At that time there were about seven to ten children attending school in a one room log building at the same place as the present school is now located. There was one teacher whose name was Mr. Hyde.

Joe Vallie owned a motorized scow that would travel 22 miles down the Athabasca River with Bert Small as steerage man. He hauled oil, machinery and supplies such as drill items, boilers, etc., to Tomato Creek for AthaDome and Crude Dome oil companies with head offices in Chatham, Ontario. Joe used to use the scow as a ferry across the Athabasca River in the fall when the ice was too heavy for the government ferry to run. This took place where the present traffic bridge is now located.

The first dance hall in Smith was owned by Joe's father. It was first a garage and then he put a new floor in it and turned it into a community hall. This build-



Joe Vallie and dogs. Hauling freight.

ing was 30 by 30 feet and was used for dances, box socials, meetings, etc. For more entertainment Joe and his friends would travel to Moose Portage by hay rack to attend dances in a school house.

During the hard thirties, the unemployed men would ride the freight trains to Smith and the Peace River country looking for work and food. Joe's father would give them jobs chopping wood and in return gave them food.

Arthur and Alice Vallie sold their business and land in 1936, to their daughter Jean and son-in-law, Willard McKenzie. Willard later converted the community hall into the General Store.

Joe moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, with his parents. He went to work for Safeway from 1937-39 until the war broke out. He then went to work in the shipyards supervising the "bolting up" of steel plates used on the 20,000 ton cargo, war vessels.

Joe married Miriam Hassell of North Vancouver in 1943 in Victoria, and came back to Smith on August 24, 1944. They bought the store and house from W. S. McKenzie. After seven years of operating the old store, he sold the buildings and property to Rod Rempel. He moved to his new location down by the old No. 2 highway across the street from the present hotel which was built in 1950. The store is still standing and being used as a private residence.

Joe and his family resided and worked in Smith until September 1958, when they sold the premises to Lawrence Villeneuve and moved to the outskirts of Edmonton where they bought the Esso Service Sta-

tion. In 1963 they sold the service station, and retired. They moved to St. Albert where they are now residing.

Joe and Miriam had a son, Brent, born July 30, 1947, and a daughter, Joan, born November 30, 1948.

Brent married Linda Tiechreb in June, 1972 and they are now residing in Sherwood Park, Alberta. They have two children, Darrel Brent and Terra Suzanne.

Joan married Joseph Paltzat in July, 1970 and they are residing in Edmonton. They have two children, Debbie Lynn and Christopher Scott.

Lawrence Villeneuve Story

by Alethea Villeneuve

Lawrence was born in Athabasca on November 15, 1912. He was five years old when his family moved to Wabasca. Then they moved to Mirror Landing when Lawrence was 12 years old.

I was raised on the prairies near a little town called Denzil, Saskatchewan. I moved with my family to Tomahawk, Alberta when I was 13 years old. My Dad, Tom Price, was the village blacksmith.

My Mother and I were on our way to Smith to visit John Hennighan when we stopped in Edmonton. Lawrence Villeneuve had driven into the city in his Model A to sell his fur. He happened to be in a cafe and saw Mother, who he had known before. He asked her where she was going and she told him to Smith. Since he was ready to go home, he invited us to ride with him, expecting a lady and a small daughter. Instead, to Lawrence's surprise, I was 16 years old! When he got home that night, he told his Mother that he had just met the girl he was going to marry.

Our wedding day was May 28, 1936. We were married in Smith, Alberta. We lived on Lawrence's homestead, at the point where the Portage road and Fawcett Lake road divided, on top of the river hill at Smith. Our first home was a two room log cabin, kept nice and cozy and warm with an old barrel heater. Lawrence made all of our furniture. The floors were plain wood since times were very hard then. I remember that our first cook stove was a little tin box about a foot wide and two feet long, with lard pail lids for covers. By fall, we were able to buy a proper cook stove for \$10.00, used, but in good condition. Things were not bad for us, since we grew a good garden, had a dozen hens and always managed to get wild game and fish.

In the fall, Lawrence would go out on his trapline with his friend, Bill Mullins, and be gone for a month at a time, letting the pelts freeze. When he came home, we would thaw and stretch them. I remember



Alethea and Lawrence Villeneuve, ?.

that he got two thousand squirrels that first winter which were worth .10¢ each. He also got foxes, coyotes, rats, wolves and lynx. This was my first experience with fur and I really learned in a hurry.

When spring came, we bought a cow for \$20.00, so were happy to have milk, cream and butter of our own. The chickens were laying, but the price of anything to sell was so low that it was not worth the bother of selling eggs. Lawrence would work at any job he could get — farm work, road work, ferry work, etc. — and we managed to get by. We also farmed the few acres cleared. Each year we cleared a little more land by hand; Lawrence chopped the trees down and I piled them into brush piles to be burnt later. We put the kids to play (and to sleep) by a brush pile while we worked. Eventually, we were able to hire a bull dozer to clear for us. Lawrence broke the land with horses. Everyone knows about the work of picking roots and rocks to get the land ready to seed.

Swanson Lumber Company opened a logging camp at the west end of Fawcett Lake. By this time, we had a lot more cows so were able to get the contract to supply the logging camp with milk, by the gallon. This really put us on our feet.

Lawrence had the first school van in the area. He eventually got into trucking and then into heavy equipment, doing land clearing and road work, etc.

We left the farm and moved into Smith, buying the house across from Hugo's garage. By this time, Lawrence was trucking steadily. I joined the Ladies Auxiliary to the Canadian Legion — a charter member. I was a member of the Smith Home and School Association as well as a member of the Alter Society

for the Catholic Church. I often wonder how many thousand doughnuts, cakes, etc. I baked to help raise money for these different organizations. I found these meetings to be a form of enjoyment and relaxation after a busy day with my family.

We moved into the old nurses home at the west end of town and lived there for a few years. Selling this house, we bought the old Joe Vallie place across from the hotel. We lived there until 1963 when we moved north to Fort Vermillion. Three years later we moved to Paddle Prairie to begin farming once more. We organized a family cooperative called Villeneuve Co-operative Enterprises Limited. We also purchased the government store. I operated a pool room and convenience store as well. Lawrence operated a grader for the Department of Highways in the Paddle Prairie, Carcajou areas. He had approximately 200 miles of road to care for.

After several years, we sold the store and moved to High Level, leaving the boys to take care of the farming. We managed the Golf and Country Club there for two seasons. Finally, we were compelled to move to Edmonton where Lawrence had a total laryngectomy. While in the city, we managed an apartment building.

We were anxious to get back to the country, once Lawrence's treatments finished two years later. We were fortunate to find and purchase an acreage at Smith. We are remodelling the house — our retirement home.

We are very proud of our large family. We had a three day family reunion in the summer of 1974 on the farm at Paddle Prairie.



Lawrence and Ned Villeneuve, Grant Knapp.

Delphine — attended Friedenstal Convent in Fairview for one year; took business education at McTavish in Edmonton. She married Orval Hayes; they have five children and five grandchildren. They live on a large farm at Smith.

Marlene — taught school for four years before she married Elmer Drader; they have four children. They live at Brooks, Alberta where Elmer owns and operates heavy road working equipment.

Lorraine — also attended Friedenstal Convent in Fairview for one year. She married Don Helmer; they have two girls and one grandson. They live at Taber, Alberta where Don works for Bow River Pipe Line. Lorraine is a loans officer in a bank.

Skipper — attended the convent at McLennan. He married Lorene Roe. They have four children and live on a farm at Paddle Prairie. Skipper has a thriving contracting business with oil companies.

Camille — married Vern MacRoberts and they have two children. They live in Peace River, Alberta where Camille is a supervisor for Mental Health, and Vern works for the Government.

Myra and Sandra (twins) — were born in High Prairie hospital. We were saddened to lose Sandra at the age of two days. Myra married Andre Roy (now divorced). She is living in Edmonton and works as a supervisor for Allstate Insurance Company.

Morgan — married Karen Krouse. They have two children and are now divorced. His second wife is Theresa Batog and they have one son. They live at Grande Cache where Morgan works for Alberta Power as a millwright.

Murray — was married to Bernice Dynes. He was a tinsmith by trade. He is now deceased.

Brenda — married Roger Lablond and they have two children. She is a hair stylist. Roger is in the Canadian Armed Forces at Petewawa, Ontario where he is a warrant officer, and a parachute instructor.

Bradley and Blair (twins) — operate a grain farm at Paddle Prairie. Bradley married Loretta Wiggins and they have one son. Brad and Blair work for local oil companies in the winter.

Richard — married Sandy Macateer and they have one son. They live at Fort Vermillion where he works for an oil company.

Kathy — married Bruce Clark and they have two children. They live at High Level, Alberta where Kathy is a hair dresser and Bruce is a crane operator for Canfor.

Paula — took an agricultural course at Fairview College. She married Kevin Glover and they have one son. Kevin, an R.C.M.P., is stationed at Coppermine, Northwest Territories.

Donna — took a mixology course in Edmonton. She married Garth Valin and they have one son. They

live at Grande Prairie where Garth is a millwright at Proctor and Gamble.

Marianne — is taking a nursing aide course in Edmonton.

Leanne — works as a cook's helper for an oil company in the High Level area. She has one daughter, Jody.

Lawrence's Mother passed away in the spring of 1941. His Dad passed away in 1970.

Alfred Vincent

by E. Landon

Alfred Vincent and his wife, Belle, lived in Smith. They lived near the railroad bunkhouse. Mrs. Vincent was Becky Passmore's sister.

About 1926, Mr. Vincent was very sick in the hospital in Edmonton, and Belle was with him. Her cousin Nellie was looking after two of the Vincent children. The stove exploded and the house burned and the two Vincent children and Nellie, lost their lives in the fire.

Mr. Vincent died shortly after. Belle, later married George LaBranche at Grosmont.

Irvin Peter Walterhouse

by Irvin Walterhouse

I was born in Vantage, Saskatchewan on September 4, 1921. I first came to Smith from Tulliby Lake, Alberta, in 1939/40 and worked at Mitsue for Chisholm Lumber Company. I returned to Tulliby Lake in the spring of 1940 and moved back to Smith by train to farm in 1944. That spring I put in the crop. My brother Vernon and his wife, Hazel, moved to Smith by train to help me farm. We farmed together. My brother Tom, my mother and father, Charlotte (Lottie) and Roy Walterhouse, joined us in July of 1944. They moved to Smith from Seebee, Alberta, where they were operating a logging camp.

Vern and I continued to farm together for several years. In April of 1949, I married Charlotte Verda Ramsay of Smith and we started raising a family. We had five children altogether. Ronny, Shirley Ann, Raymond Joseph, Bruce Irvin and Charles Dean.

Ronny died shortly after birth. He lived for twelve hours and is buried in the Smith Cemetery. Shirley is now living in Kamloops, married to Gary Potts of Creston, B.C. and they have two boys, Shane and Rodney. Raymond married Sheila Brind of Tulliby Lake. They live in Tulliby Lake and have two girls, Angie and Denise. Bruce married Cheryl Standon of Creston, B.C. They are now living in Kamloops, B.C. with their two boys, Clayton, and Byron. Charles is still single and lives in Slave Lake, Alberta driving truck.

I continued farming and working in bush camps

during the winter months until 1966. I then went to Terrace, B.C. and worked for awhile in the bush. My family stayed in Smith. I returned to Smith, sold the farm and moved my family to Creston, B.C. in 1966. I worked in Creston for four years as a farm labourer and in fruit sheds.

In 1969, my wife and I separated and I worked for awhile at Vermillion as a farm labourer. I moved back to Smith that fall and worked for Federated Co-op in Smith for eight years. After the Co-op closed down, I then worked for Orval Hayes of Smith for one and one half years as a farm labourer. In June of 1980, I started working at the Smith School as the custodian and to date (1983-1984) I'm still employed there.

Tom and Pearl Walterhouse

by Tom Walterhouse

Tom Walterhouse, born in 1927 at Onion Lake Saskatchewan, moved to Smith from Tulliby Lake, Alberta, with his family in 1944. He worked in bush camps for several years and helped his family farm. He returned to Tulliby Lake for harvest seasons. Then he bought a team of horses, built a closed in Cutter and drove back to Smith where he resided.

He met Pearl Tkach, (born in 1932), in 1950. She was living in Jarvie and working at the Smith Cafe for Mrs. Spencer at the time. They were married in 1951 and started raising a family. They had six children as follows: Margery Charlotte, Leon Thomas, Craig Martin, Rose Marie, Christine Ann and last but not least Denise Pearl.

Margery, is now married to Robert Crefar, who is an RCMP. They reside in Terrace B.C., with two children — Korey Lee, and Todd Christopher (both boys) Leon is now married to Penny Tsardoulies, and they reside in Armstrong, B.C. Craig passed away at four months after birth. He was buried in the Smith Cemetery. Rose is now married to Orval E. Hayes, residing in Smith, with one son — Orval Thomas IV. Christine is married to David Berndt, an RCMP residing in Stony Plain, Alberta. Denise is married to Tony Paul and they reside in Cherryville, B.C. with two children — Leisha Rose and Craig Joseph.

Tom worked for Dept. of Highways in 1954 on Construction and moved to Maintenance in Smith and area in 1955 (Dept of Highways) until 1965, when Tom and Pearl moved to Terrace B.C. In 1969, they moved to Vernon, B.C. where they still reside.

Tom is a self-employed carpenter, and Pearl is a clerk at the Vernon Fruit Union. (co-op store).

Ralph Edgar Whiteside

by Ralph Whiteside

I was born July 4, 1903, in a sod house, with a sod roof. This house was on the prairies of the North West

Territories, fifteen miles south of the now town of Stettler, Alberta.

There was only ranching in those early days. My dad had come from Ontario at the age of 15. He worked as a cow poke, for a rancher in the Medicine Hat area. He saved his money until he had enough to buy a few cows. He then moved to Penhold, where he homesteaded. As the people came west, Dad moved east 80 miles. Here he purchased the homestead where I was born.

The closest neighbor was ten miles away. The soil was good and gardening was a big asset to all the homesteaders. The first planting of grain in that area was in 1910.

My two brothers went to war in 1915, therefore I had to help Dad on the farm.

In 1927, I married Edith Born, a school teacher from Nanton, Alberta.

In farming, a person learns to take the good years with the bad. As I had stayed with Dad till I was twenty-four, Dad gave me a half section of land. I didn't have a house on my place, so we stayed with my bachelor brother, Arthur, until 1934. We had been dried out and hailed out. Having only \$50.00 and taking advantage of the Settlers Effects, the government moved my family of four children, my wife and myself, to a quarter of land on the Jimmy Murfitt farm. Jimmy had thirty-five quarters at that time. He said we could live there as long as he didn't sell the place.

Jobs were very scarce and my wife would barter at Jorgenson's store at Dapp. Eggs were five cents a dozen and butter was nine cents a pound. Many times we would take the eggs home and feed them to the children. I hauled firewood to Dapp for \$2.00 a cord, in pole length, once a week. With three boys, I did some fishing in Cross Lake.

In the spring of 1935, I went to the stockyards in Edmonton. Here I saw Lee Williams. He got in touch with the Prince of Wales Farm Manager, who promised to pay me \$50.00 per month plus my board for six months. I hitched and walked to Calgary, where he had arranged to pick me up at the Paliser Hotel. At the end of the month Mr. Carlyle was able to hire two young fellows for \$15.00 per month. I could not work at that low a wage.

I decided to catch a ride with Charlie Yule to Carstairs. My sister was principal of the Carstairs High school. Leaving early the next morning, I caught a ride to Edmonton. Here I went to the Government offices and was given a job as a Fire Ranger, north of the baseline from Kilsythe to Boyle. I had a team of horses, but the country was soaked with rain. The mosquitoes, deer flies, horse flies, gnats, bitems and no see-ums were so bad that my saddle horse

swelled up like a washtub under the belly. I left her at a farm in Chisholm. Her hoofs fell off and a new growth developed on both of her front feet.

The wild animals would lay along the railroad tracks and turn over every few minutes to kill the flies. The animals were very thin, had no hair on their heads and very little on their bodies. Only when the dew came could they feed until sunrise.

I walked up and down cutlines estimating the new growth of trees, and any timber that was left. Fires had cleaned out all the area from the baseline of Kilsythe to Boyle and north to the Athabasca River. I averaged 730 miles per month and met some of the finest people on earth.

One night near Hondo a storm was coming up. Having to carry or wear what clothes I had, I put two logs together, and decided to bear the storm out, when I heard some children laughing a good half mile away. So running in that direction, I got to the home of Myrtle and Denzil Conrad. Upon introducing ourselves, I had the surprise of my life. As it turned out, Mrs. Conrad was a sister to Cecil Bradshaw. Cecil had worked and lived with me on the farm at Stettler, in the hungry 30's.

At Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Rochon and family worked at the Chisholm Lumber Company. They were of French descent and had opened their home to me. I always carried fish hooks with me and got several fish for our supper.

At Baptiste Lake, I remember helping a farmer thresh one evening. They wanted to finish the field, so we carried on late into the evening.

At Smith I had a small building, seven feet tall and four by five feet. In it there was a pick, shovel and an axe.

In June of 1968, I took my grandson to Fawcett Lake. We went through Athabasca and Smith. I would have liked to have stopped at Chisholm, but the side roads were so muddy. Since then, until June of 1983, I would not have believed the growth of trees and the beautiful farms along the highway. The deer were as plentiful as ever, but I did not see any moose or elk, this trip. We had a nice time at Fawcett Lake. It was a pleasure talking with the people at Smith and Fawcett Lake.

T. Williams

by Eloise Landon and Ruby McKinnon

Tom Williams had the Smith Hotel when we moved there in 1921. They had several children. They were not there too many years after that.

Mr. Vallie and his son Joe bought the hotel and they added a store and bar to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams moved to Pibroch.

Davy Wilkinson

Davy and his wife Edith, who was Edna Parson's sister, lived in Smith in the early 1920's.

Davy worked on the Railroad, and Edith cooked for railroad crews.

Oscar DeWitt and his wife Ida, another sister of Edna Parsons, also lived in Smith.



Davie and Edith Wilkinson, Irvin, Thelma and Allen, 1920's.

Sylvester "Sonny" and Doris Willis as told by Doris

Sonny was born at Tofield, Alberta, to Henry and Agnes Willis in December 1916. He moved with his family to Hondo in 1921.

Doris Sands was born in Edburg, Alberta, in 1921. She moved with her parents Willis and Hilda Sands to Hondo, when she was eleven years old.

Doris remembers when the three youngest Sands children started school in Hondo, Mrs. Cole, the teacher, didn't have enough desks for them. Two of the older boys quickly offered to quit school and give up their desks for the new arrivals. They were Sonny Willis and Kenneth Worthing.

Sonny worked at Chisholm quite a lot, part of the time in their logging camp up river. He also washed gold, for a summer or two, with Emery Sands.

In April, 1940, Sylvester and Doris were married. Doris recalls how they had Bill and Verna Willis drive them to Athabasca to be married. Bill had an old Chevrolet truck, so the newly-weds to be, had to ride in the open truck box, bundled up in quilts. All went well till they reached the top of Long Lake hill and the motor quit. The two men had to find what was wrong, so the groom had to get his hands greasy too. They found a broken timing gear. Well, maybe they would be lucky enough to find one in Athabasca. They drained the water out of the radiator, it was



Back: Gary, Joyce, Melvin, Clifford, Shirley, Bruce, Lawrence. Front: Lorraine, Doris, Sonny (Sylvester) and Bob Willis.

below freezing, piled the quilts into the cab out of the snow, and started walking, Doris and Verna in high heels. They walked to Morts' store where they thought there might be a phone, but found they had to walk another three miles to Curtis's store at Island Lake. Bill found out that the town cop, as he was called, had an old Chevrolet of the same model as his. Mr. Curtis graciously offered to drive them all to Athabasca. The "cop" was located, the motor dismantled enough to get the needed gear. The wedding took place about nine o'clock that evening in the United Church manse, and Mr. Curtis waited for all of this to take place, and drove them back to his place. A five gallon cream can of hot water was wrapped in blankets and taken back to the truck. The repair was made by flashlight, the motor was timed, the hot water filled the radiator, and the old truck was ready to go. Doris doesn't remember what Mr. Curtis charged for all this, but his services were surely appreciated. The wedding party arrived back home about seven o'clock the next morning. It had taken almost 24 hours to make the trip to Athabasca and back.

Sonny built a log house, near his mother's, on the river flats near Hondo. He worked at various jobs, for the next few years and trapped during the winter seasons. He worked in road construction when Highway 44 was built. He sawed for his brother Bill and Camille Rochon at Slave Lake. Doris cooked for part of the crew in their home a few miles east of Slave Lake. In later years he went falling for Swanson Lumber Co. at Camp 7 and still later for Rod Rempel.

One year, while Sonny was away working Doris had the misfortune of losing their house and most of their belongings, by fire. At that time they were

living on a quarter they had bought from Bill Pizzey, north of Hondo.

They moved into a small house in Cecil Willis's yard until they made arrangements to move into Jim Brazeau's house on his farm across the river from Smith. They eventually bought the farm.

One year, while they lived there, they fixed up a Demolition Derby track. There were a number of derby participants at that time, and the track was well used for a few years. Eventually the novelty wore off and the track was not used any more.

Sonny underwent a back operation in 1969 and found it difficult to operate cats after that.

They sold the part of their land lying north of the old Number 2 highway to Tom Denman. Sonny built a new home on the south side of the road where they still live.

Sylvester went to work for Federated Co-op as bush foreman. It was during this time that he became ill and underwent another major operation. Since then he has worked a bit for his son Clifford in Slave Lake, and has done some trapping. He is now retired, and they live by themselves, after raising a large family.

Lawrence married Laura Savard, and has two boys, Calvin and Darrel. They live in Slave Lake.

Shirley is married to Eric Strandberg, and lives on the farm south east of Smith.

Clifford married Judy Roseneau. They live in Slave Lake, and have two children Zane and Fay.

Joyce married Syd West, they have four children; Tony, Timmy, Troy and Tammy. They live in Fort St. John, B.C.

Garry married Mary Anne Twin, they also live in Slave Lake with three children, Linda, Garry and Shelley.

Lorraine married Gordon Carlin, they make their home in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Lorraine has a stepson Keith and their daughter Cathy.

Bobby married Betty Skagen, they live in Young, Saskatchewan, with three children; Janice, Beverly and Richard.

Melvin married Donna Theru, they have one son Justin, and they reside in Slave Lake.

Bruce married Jaqueline Donofrio, they have a daughter Candace.

Glen died in infancy, and is buried in the Hondo Community Cemetery.

Bill and Verna Willis

by Verna

The prairies was my home during my childhood, for I was born in Drumheller in 1919 and moved with my parents, Guy and Hazel McCumsey, to a farm west of Sunnynook, Alberta in the early 20's. I at-

tended Corinth School until the summer of 1931, when I was promoted to Grade eight. We left the dried out prairies at that time and moved to Smith. Our education was put aside for the time being while we were getting settled into a house on the home-stand. Once winter had set in, however, Mom applied for Correspondence courses for us. My sister, Jean, and I were in Grade VIII, my brothers, Tom and Donald, were in Grades V and II. Jean and I completed our Grade VIII and wrote our Departmental Exams. We passed and received our Grade VIII Diplomas. In order to take Grade IX which was the first year of High School, it would have cost Mom and Dad five dollars per subject for each of us. We couldn't afford that, so our education ended there. The boys continued on with Correspondence lessons, until Tom got most of his Grade VIII, and Donald eventually got into Smoky Creek school.

Jean and I, being the oldest in the family, worked with Dad. We handled one end of the cross-cut saw felling trees for building logs and for firewood. We cleared land, picked roots and stooked grain. We hauled bundles and forked them up to Dad on the stack. We would go with him to the Hay Camp at Rat Lake south of Holdens, where we pitched our tent and camped until haying was finished or until it rained — whichever came first. Dad would cut the main part of the meadow with the mower, but we would cut all of the little necks with a scythe. When the hay was dried and raked, we helped pile it into



Verna and Bill Willis, Arlene, Evelyn, Hazel, Vernon, and Gordon Willis.

coils or hay cocks. Cooking over an open fire was great fun, we thought.

We also had our own trap-line, and one sunny spring day, we found a live skunk caught in a trap. We shot it with the .22 and took it home, hung on the end of a long pole. We eventually got up enough nerve to start skinning it. We were not exactly sure just where the scent glands were located, so we left a good portion of hide in that area, and breathed a sigh of relief when we were sure we were safely away from it. Another time, Jean found a live red fox in a trap and shot it for Dad to skin. We walked with snow shoes in the winter.

Through all of this we also worked with Mom, who taught us how to bake, darn socks, sew, knit and embroider. We took our turns on the wash board on wash day.

When I was fifteen, I worked for Mrs. MacKenzie in the hotel for two weeks, while she entertained a guest. Alma Terrieff worked there permanently, and I helped her. They were long days for me, because I had to wear shoes instead of moccasins. I thought I would never walk again, my feet were so sore. We had to empty the chamber from each room into a chemical toilet, then carry it down the outside stairs to be emptied into the toilet in the back yard. I had visions of falling down those stairs with the pail, every morning. There was a fair sized dining room, which was open at meal times only. The passenger train came in at 10:20 P.M. on Monday and Wednesday from the south and 2:20 P.M. Tuesday and Thursday from the north. It stopped for 20 minutes, and passengers would walk up to the hotel and have sandwiches, pie and coffee. We had the sandwiches made ready. It would be eleven o'clock before we got to bed on passenger night.

My sister went back to the prairie that fall to work for our Aunt, and I really missed her.

I worked for Becky Passmore, now and then, whenever she needed help. Other than this, my teenage years were spent at home.

In 1938 I married Bill Willis. Bill was born in Nebraska, in 1912, and came to Canada in 1913, with his parents Henry and Agnes. After several moves, they landed in Hondo, when Bill was a young boy. He was school age by then, but there was no school. His mother taught him arithmetic, and how to read and write, without the benefit of correspondence courses. He has always missed not having gone to school, but he has managed quite well.

When Bill was about fourteen he got a job working with a crew doing repair work on the old highway between Smith and Slave Lake. He had the job of holding and dumping the slips, which was hard work for a boy of that age.

He remembers swamping at a logging camp owned by Harry Kemp. The camp was four or five miles downriver, from Smith.

One fall, he got a job on a threshing crew, in an area northwest of Pickardville. Two brothers by the name of LeRoux owned the outfit. Bill drove one of their teams — hauling bundles, and then it was his job to pull the bunkhouse when they moved.

From then on he mined gold during the summer months, and trapped in the winter. He played the violin for dances all around the area with his brother Cecil, who played the guitar. In the earlier years his mother accompanied him with the Hawaiian guitar. Later, Clarence Berg played with him and still later, his sister, Fay. He was pitcher on the Hondo baseball team for many years.

After Bill and I were married, we lived in a little shack close to Bill's folks. We bought our cook stove from Gilhorns for \$25.00.

We were saddened by the sudden death of Bill's father in May, 1939. He and Bob, who was about eleven, had rowed across the river after supper one evening to do some fishing. He died very suddenly from a heart attack, while sitting on a rock. Bob rowed the boat back across the river, to tell the family. Then Bill and Syd Owens went and brought his body home.

Our daughter Evelyn was born in that little shack in 1939. Miss Maynes was the nurse at the time. The first time Bill's Mom said I could bathe Evelyn, I was scared to death. I had never handled a tiny baby, but with her guidance, I managed.

In March, 1941, Arlene was born. By this time we had built a larger, log house.

We had happy times there on the river flats. Sonny and Doris also had their house there, and one summer Cecil and Laura lived there, all under the watchful eye of Bill's Mom. Having been raised in Nebraska, she was always fearful of thunder storms.



Ev, Arlene, Gordie, Hazel, Vern, Verna and Bill Willis.

Bill vividly remembers being woke up many times, to be ushered out to the cave, in the middle of the night. The cave was a root cellar dug into the riverbank. Even when Fay and Bob (the two youngest) were in their teens, I remember Ma and Fay arriving at our door, flashlight in hand, calling for us to get up and get down to Ma's, because a storm was coming. We didn't have to get into the cave, but she wanted us under a stronger roof.

In 1942 we moved to Chisholm Mills, where Bill got a job on the green chain, for 45 cents an hour, ten hour days, six days a week. We moved into a house of Mrs. Severied's, situated on the river flats. Before winter set in, we moved into a house vacated by the Armitage family. On April 15, 1943 Gordon was born. I was attended by Mrs. Evans, the resident nurse, employed by the company. The river ice had moved out on the 14th, but by evening of the 15th, the river started rising. The ice had jammed downstream somewhere. We were in danger of being cut off should the water get high enough to back up into the Spillway, which led from the log pond into the river. Bill and Ernie Severied kept watch until morning, when the ice jam apparently worked free and the water subsided.

In 1944 we bought a house for \$300.00 from Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen, on top of the hill, on Tin Can Alley.

Bill had been promoted from the green chain, to driving tractor hauling lumber to the dry kiln and the planer. From that job he went driving cat, hauling the green lumber, from the green chain, to the yard, where it was piled. Then he went to the shop where he worked as a mechanic. Hazel was born December 12, 1944.

Evelyn started school there in 1945, and the children attended Sunday School conducted by two ladies of the Church of the Nazarene.

During the winter of 1945-46, Bill and a friend, Camille Rochon bought a sawmill and a patch of timber, in Slave Lake and decided to go into business together. I was very unhappy about having to move, and give up my comfortable home. Our fifth child was due in April and the men would have liked to be moving by then. Planning was taken out of our hands, however, on March 24, 1946. Bill was accidentally shot in the abdomen while he and a friend were out squirrel hunting. After the initial shock, he gathered himself up and decided he had to get going. They were about three miles east of Chisholm, and they were travelling on snowshoes. Bill headed for Chisholm. His friend George could barely keep up to him. He made himself walk until he reached the railroad track, but he could go no further. George went on in and got a handcar to go pick him up. Dick

MacNaughton was agent at the station. He wired for permission, to load Bill and I, into the caboose, of a stock train coming through. George went with us, and also Joe Kilarsky, who was going back after being home on leave. I hurriedly left the children with George's wife, Mary, and we were away to Westlock. Dr. Woodman met us at the depot with an ambulance. At the hospital they tried to X-ray, but their X-ray machine wasn't working well enough, to find where the bullet was lodged. Dr. Woodman made arrangements, for a Dr. Anderson to attend Bill in Edmonton. They gave Bill a blood transfusion and we were sent to Edmonton by ambulance. We reached the Royal Alexander Hospital about seven P.M. and they hustled Bill into X-ray. I have never felt so alone, as I did then. I had left our children without any warning. I was sitting in a hospital, in the city, and they wouldn't let me stay with Bill. About 9:30 P.M., they told me they would be operating as soon as they could, I saw Bill for just a minute and then I called a cab and went to his sister Mary's place. I never prayed so deeply as I did that night. When I phoned the Doctor the next morning, he told me they had done all they could, that he was now in another's hands. Some people could live without an organ that was damaged and some couldn't. We soon found that Bill could, thank God. The bullet had lodged against the spine, they didn't dare try to remove it. Next I had to find blood donors to replace the blood bank, I was at a loss again. However, I was informed that friends and relatives were coming in from Chisholm. Donations had been made on Bill's behalf — there was enough money to pay for return fares for fourteen people. They even had money left over that they gave to me. Bill's mom was looking after our children, and she sent word in for me to stay until the baby was born. Bill was out of the hospital in ten days. Still I waited. He made two trips to his Doctor for check-ups. We still waited. His doctor told him he could go home. He was so anxious to see the children, but he didn't want to go until our baby was born. Finally, on April 22, Vernon was born in the Royal Alex Hospital. Bill went home the next day, and I followed as soon as I could. We had so much to be grateful for, and so many people to thank. We had stayed with Bill's sister, Mary, and her family for that whole month, something we really appreciated.

We moved to Slave Lake in May of 1946, back to a shack, that we had to build onto, before winter. Bill and Camille did pretty well in the sawmill business. We spent almost four years of hard work there. Then Camille wanted to move to B.C., so they dissolved their partnership. Camille took the power unit and Bill kept the sawmill. He still has it in partnership with his brothers, Bob and Cecil. Arlene and Gordie

started school in Slave Lake. We enjoyed living so near a lake with a nice beach. We went to shows in the old Legion Hall, run by Len Stiles.

We moved back to Hondo in September, 1949, and moved into the Ralph Worthing house, owned by Olaf Finstead. Bill ran the mill in summer and did some squirreling, and trapping in the winter. Vern started school in Hondo.

In the fall of 1951 or 52, (while the kids and I stayed at Hondo) Bill and my brother Tom, went falling for Swanson. Lumber Company, at Camp 8, near Flat Top Mountain. This was their first experience with power saws. There were about ten gangs (two to the gang) falling that winter. Most of them were still using crosscut saws. In the spring, Bill had a chance to continue working for Swanson at Fawcett Lake, so as soon as the kids got out of school, we moved out there. From then on we moved to Camp in the fall, and back to Fawcett Lake in the spring.

The kids took Correspondence lessons during the winter. I said earlier that my education was finished. That isn't quite true, as I probably learned more from their lessons, than they did. I also helped Ida Guetinger, Jimmy Small, Ernie and Larry Beauchamp, and Albert and Jimmy Willis occasionally. As the children got ready for Grade IX we found places for them to board in Smith. It was not an ideal arrangement by any means, but we were doing the best we could. Our last winter there was 1960-61. The last several years in Camp, Bill and Cecil were the only fallers.

About 1957 we bought a house in Smith from Bert and Julia Jahnert.

In 1958 Arlene married Lloyd LaFrance. That summer Bill worked with his brother-in-law, Harvey Dixon, doing carpenter work in Edmonton.

In 1959 Evelyn and Lawrence Guenette were married. We were living in Smith during the summer months by then.

During the winter of 1961-62, both Bill and I worked for Bill Rempel. Bill felled timber, and I flunkied for my sister-in-law, Lois McCumsey. The next winter we worked for Rod Rempel. Rena Rempel and I worked together in the kitchen. Gordie had married Karen McConaghy that fall, and they also worked there. Bill had the falling contract and was bush foreman.

In 1961, the railroad decided they didn't want to lease the land our house was on any longer. So we had to find another location. There were enough of us looking for lots, so we persuaded Tom Walterhouse, to sub-divide a portion of his acreage. We had our house moved onto our new lot, and in 1963, we started building a new one. Bill bucked logs for Bill Rempel that winter, but he didn't do any more fall-

ing. He had got into carpenter work by then. Hazel was married to Doug Lennie in the spring of 1963. Our youngest, Vern, was away working, and Bill and I found ourselves alone. We really missed having the family around us. They were all musical, so we were used to them singing, playing guitars, and having their friends in after school. Vern came home to be married to Loretta Landon in 1966.

I went to work in the store for Mr. LaFrance, and worked there for about seven years.

When I think back, we have had a busy life. I belonged to the Home and School Association, the Municipal Nursing Service Society, and the Ladies Auxiliary #248. I cut hair and gave home perms, and did income tax forms for others. Now, we have slowed down, we belong to the Smith Half Century Plus, and we leave the rest to the younger generation. Bill still traps with his brother, Cecil, during the winter, for something to do, and he does most of the gardening and yard work.

We have had many anxious times, but many more happy times. We feel we have a lot to be thankful for.

Ev and Lawrence live in Morinville, Alberta.

Arlene and Lloyd are in Westlock, Alberta.

Gordon and Karen are in Smith, as are Hazel and Doug.

Vern and Loretta live in Cranbrook, B.C.

We have sixteen grandchildren and we love them all, and have enjoyed them very much.



Jean Adams, Hazel McCumsey, and Verna Willis.

Gordon and Karen Willis by Gordon

I was born in Chisholm, Alberta April 15, 1943.

Ev and Arlene (my older sisters) were still pretty small and causing Mom a lot of work. So I guess I came along at the right time. I saved Mom a lot of time, because where she used to have to get after two girls for getting into mischief, now she only had me. If there was anything a kid shouldn't be doing, I would be doing it first. It was usually just little things, like taking the butcher knife and hacking big notches out of the head-board of Mom and Dad's new

bed. Or swimming in mud puddles with my clothes on, and innocent little things like that.

Dad has some fond memories of his little son also, like the time I was playing in his Model T Ford. I found I could make it move by stepping on the starter. I got it most of the way across the yard before the battery went stone dead. At least I got it where he probably wanted it parked anyway.

I'll never forget the time Dad took me with him and Cameron Alexander, to bring in a moose they had shot. I'll bet Dad won't forget either. They used a cat to pull it into Camp. He gave me the rifles to pack. I got tired of packing them, and decided to use them like crutches. By the time Dad realized what I was doing I had clay packed up into the barrels right up to the firing chambers. Dad must have been quite pleased with what I had learned on that trip, because he said I didn't have to go on the next one.



Dawn, Karen, Gordon and Shane Willis.

The camp I am talking about was Camp #8, that belonged to Swanson Lumber Co. Dad felled timber there for several winters. We kids took Correspondence Lessons at home, as there was no school there. You can imagine five kids sitting around the kitchen table, trying to do school work. At the same time trying to persuade Mom that we should be outside chasing squirrels, or riding around on the yard cat with Sam. Till this day I don't know how Mom stood it.

We were never short of anything to do. We would hide behind the fuel tank after dark, and wait for a lumber truck to leave for Chisholm. When it would pass the tank, we would run out and grab onto a piece of lumber sticking out behind and slide along behind until he got going too fast, then we would let go.

There was also the sawdust conveyor at the mill. (This was also a sport only practiced at night for some reason.) It carried the sawdust about 100 feet on a chain with steel cross bars on it. We would climb on to the chain and ride to the top and fall into the sawdust pile below. I hate to imagine what would have happened had our feet got caught in the sprocket. The foreman caught us and chased us out of there. We never played there any more. I don't know if it was the tone of his voice or the four foot strip of belting he was carrying. I got to know him better in later years and he always brought that up. His name was Les Davidson.

When spring came, we would move back to Fawcett Lake, where Dad continued to fall timber for Swanson Lumber Co. for the summer.

It was a little different at the lake because we had a school. A supervisor was sent out each summer to teach us (or try to teach us.) I don't think we ever had the same one twice. We were going to school when other kids in town were on summer holidays. At one time there were about 20 kids in school, but one year there were only a few. That was the year I got top marks in my class and best attendance; I was the only one in Grade VI. The teacher I remember best, was Jean Young, she was a great person and teacher. How she managed to remain sane I'll never know. It was like being dropped off in the middle of a jungle and trying to teach a tribe of aborigines how to read and write.

We had it pretty rough too, we had to spend all summer swimming, fishing, and boating.

We moved to Smith about 1957 where I started regular school again. The principal, at her wit's end called me a perfect idiot, she wasn't too far wrong.

That was where I met Karen. I think I fell in love with her the first time I saw her. I became good friends with her brother Freddie, just so I could get close to her. But every time I got close she would throw rocks at me. By the winter of 1960 I had her convinced that I liked being hit by rocks so she finally quit. Then I wanted to visit her at home nearly every night, but I was right back where I started from — her mom and dad started throwing rocks at me.

I don't know how Vera and Doug McConaghy ever put up with us. They had ten kids and I think each one had ten friends, who were usually always there at the same time.

Karen worked in the Athabasca Hospital for a while. For two summer she worked at a motel in Lake Louise.

On October 13, 1962, Karen and I were married. I was working for Emil Stelter at the time, driving cat. He sold the cat that winter and I went to work for Rod Rempel, at his sawmill. I canted logs for Archie

Brown who was sawyer. Archie and I worked well together and put out a lot of lumber. Dad was working in the bush, and Mom was cooking. Karen worked with Mom and Rena in the kitchen; we had a good winter.

I went to work for Stelter Lumber in the spring and worked on and off for him over the next few years.

I hauled lumber into Smith for two winters. The first winter I drove for Dave Mackie. That was my first experience with trucks. I couldn't see why you had to double clutch, when there was only one clutch, or what you needed air-brakes for when you were always on the ground. It had two gear shifts in it; I thought one was just a spare. One day I couldn't get it to move, Dave told me the trailer brakes were dynamited, I said "Now who the h--- do you suppose did that?"

Butch Graling and I became good friends, and worked well together on a lot of different jobs. We would work all day in the mill and for two hours every night, piling strips and cleaning the planer. We always had the urge to go back to the bush in the winter, so we did. He was bucking on the landing at Camp #4 and I was hauling lumber.

One spring we decided we would try and make a few extra bucks by cutting tamarack fence posts. We hired Bernie and Stan O'Neil's cat, to push a road into a patch of timber, west of Joe Hugo's old place at Moose Portage. We decided to do the skidding and hauling with horses. Now that was something I'll never forget as long as I live, and I'll bet Butch won't either. We got everything felled and skidded without too much trouble, but the fun began when we started hauling.

We had borrowed a team from Olaf Nestor. There was one good horse and one not so good. He was probably a good horse, but the poor old beggar had a cold or something. He probably shouldn't have been out there. The road was rough across a muskeg and when one wheel would fall in a hole old half-horse would fall back and refuse to pull. Then he would take a lunge and the other one would fall back. They would see-saw back and forth until finally they would fall out of rhythm and both would hit it at the same time and away we would go. One day the same thing happened, but this time we stayed there. Butch suggested we unload part of the load. We did this but still nothing happened, so we unloaded some more. We kept this up until we had only enough left on the bunks for the driver to stand on. I'm sure we could have probably pushed it out ourselves. Anyway, I was on the wagon, driving, and yelling at the horses in a language I'm sure they could understand. Butch had hold of both bridles, pulling and yelling too. I

could see Butch turning redder and redder until finally he blew his cool. He hauled off and hit ol' half-horse right in the nose with his fist. I just about fell off the wagon laughing, there was Butch still red in the face, and covered in green from head to foot. He calmed down then and started laughing too.

That same fall, we decided to cut firewood for sale around Smith. Butch had a 1947 Ford one ton, and later on I bought an old 1946 KB2 from Oliver Olson. We hauled two cords on Butch's truck and one cord on mine. We would spend most of the day cutting and loading, because most of it had to be packed out of the bush on our backs. We wanted to speed things up, so we decided to try our luck at skidding with a horse again. We borrowed a horse from Bill Graham, that had been used fairly regularly around the farm. He was a big gray and could really pull. He found out that if the log jammed against a stump, all he had to do was back up a bit and lunge ahead. The single tree would break, thus he got the rest of the day off, while we ran around from farm to farm looking for another one. This went on until we had broken practically every single tree in the country. We knew we had to come up with something different, so we built one out of a piece of two inch pipe. That horse almost crawled right out of the harness trying to break it. He did manage to put a pretty good bend in it. Shortly after this, Bill needed his gray on the farm, so he gave us a mare that wasn't doing anything. She was a quiet horse and seemed eager enough to work. We didn't realize, until we hooked her up, just how eager she really was. When she heard a bush crack she was gone full tilt through the bush. She didn't stop till she hit the landing. We tried leading her, but ended up being dragged along between her front legs. We finally gave up and one of us would stay on the landing and take a grab for her as she came through. One day I missed her when she hit the landing and she went crashing right through. Butch said "I'll go get the old ----." He was gone for about half an hour, and pretty soon back he came, packing the harness and madder than a hornet. That was the end of our skidding for a while. I'll tell you we really moved the wood for a while and nearly laughed our heads off in the process. We went back to packing it out again. Karen and Noni used to go out and help us once in a while. We never could talk them into running the power saws. Our daughter, Dawn, was about two at the time and Butch and Noni's daughter, Wanda, was three. Karen and Noni had to keep a close watch over them because if they weren't eating moose or rabbit "berries" they were wandering off into the bush. Karen would pitch blocks for us. Noni (about eight months pregnant with Bev.) worked real good at holding the logs down while we

sawed them up. We did make a few extra bucks at it and enjoyed every bit of it. We charged \$10.00 a cord delivered, if they could pay for it right away, and \$8.00 if they couldn't. I asked Butch one day why we did it this way. He said "If they don't pay us we won't be out so much."

Dawn was born in the Athabasca Hospital, April 3, 1964. Our son, Shane, was born February 19, 1969, in the University Hospital in Edmonton.

In 1972 Butch and I started Graling and Willis Trucking. We had to borrow the money for a down payment on a new G.M.C. gravel truck. All I had to start off with was a pair of pliers and about six feet of hay-wire. We hauled gravel all over the province that year. I spent so many hours in that truck that I could almost drive it with my eyes closed and sometimes I did. It would scare h--- out of me.

We ended up with more trucks later on, only bigger and heavier. We hauled logs in the winter and

gravel in the summer. In winter we worked two weeks straight, 24 hours a day. We had two drivers on each truck. I sold my share of the Company to Butch in 1978.

Karen and I started Moose River Contracting in 1979. (Back to the bush again.) Seismic line clean-up is our main work now and I hope it will be for some time to come. By the way I have two pair of pliers now and about twenty feet of hay-wire.

We bought the Jim Murland place a few years ago. We have room to keep a couple of saddle horses, and we are enjoying it.

Dawn and Shane went to school in Smith. Dawn took her high school in Athabasca, graduating from grade XII. She has taken one year at Grant MacEwan College in Edmonton, and she has applied for a Radio Television Arts program at N.A.I.T. Shane is still in school.

Smokey Creek

Barnett Family

Edward Barnett was born March 18, 1925 and raised on a farm near Wainwright, Alberta. In 1949 he left the farm and moved to Edmonton where he began driving a tow truck during the winter months and operated cats, building highways during the summer.

In October 1959 he met Ellen Reay. Ellen was born September 25, 1939 and was raised on a farm in the Smoky Creek district, where she attended a one room elementary school, (now the Mennonite Church building). For her junior and senior high school years she attended the Smith School.

After completing high school in 1958, Ellen left Smith and moved to Edmonton where she worked as a housekeeper. The following year, two weeks after starting her waitressing job she met Ted.

Their courtship was short. They were engaged on December 25 and married January 30, 1960. Ted and Ellen remained in Edmonton.

Robert Edward, Ted's son from a previous marriage, was born September 21, 1954. Bob married Lou Ziefle of Athabasca on December 11, 1976. They made their home in Slave Lake where Bob drives truck for Laker of Slave Lake. Their baby Pamela Ann was born on March 29, 1980.

Ted and Ellen's first daughter, Mary Ellen, was born August 7, 1960 in the Royal Alex Hospital in Edmonton. Mary married Ronald Lawrence Byer of Westlock, March 7, 1981. They make their home in Meadowview with their four children, Shane Allen born July 21, 1970, Jason Charles born August 1,



Ellen and Ted Barnett, wedding, 1960.

1973, Jascenda Rene born July 18, 1981, and Shantel Denise born August 8, 1983. Ron works on the oil rigs, as well as farms.

Clifford Brant was born November 24, 1961, Ted and Ellen's first son. Clifford makes his home in Grand Prairie where he drives a pumper truck for B. J. Oil.

Patricia Lynn was born November 4, 1962. Pat pursued a career as an assistant accountant for the Treasury Branch. She is presently living in Edmonton and working in Sherwood Park.

Cynthia Rose was born November 8, 1963. At the



Back: Mary, Clifford, Patty, Cynthia. Middle: Ted and Ellen Barnett. Front: Sharon and Edwina. 1978.

age of six months she moved with her family from Edmonton to Smith where they lived on Grandpa and Grandma Reay's farm. In July 1965 they moved into Smith and lived in the old Vallie residence. Ted worked as a mechanic at Len Stiles gas station.

Cynthia, after completing High School in Athabasca, has been attending Full Gospel Bible Institute in Eston, Saskatchewan.

Sharon Elizabeth was born in Athabasca Hospital on March 10, 1965. She is attending High School in Athabasca and will be graduating in June 1984.

In November 1965, Edward Barnett had a terrible car accident which laid him up until June 1968 when he then began to work for Federated Co-op as a forklift operator.

On February 12, 1969, Edwina Carol was born, and is attending high school in Athabasca.

In the fall of 1970 Ted started building their home out in the Smoky Creek district. In June of 1971 they moved to their present residence.

Edward worked at the co-op mill for ten years, working his way up from forklift operator to millwright. May 31, 1978, was Ted's last day of work at the mill when he had a tragic accident resulting in the loss of his left eye. Ted is still an active man who even though semi-retired, putters around in his garage doing mechanic work.

Ted and Ellen enjoy living on their little acreage and plan on remaining there and being a part of the community and Smith Evangelical Community Church.

Jay and Margaret Chapman as told to Gene M. Earl

Although the Chapman's didn't know it they started their trek to Smith when they left Iowa in 1909.

Margaret A. Simington was married to Orville W. Chapman. They lived on a farm near Dickens, Iowa. To them were born Cyrus, who died at two years in 1884, Aaron, Asher and Alice. In 1889 Orville died. Later Margaret married Jay Cook Chapman. Jay and Margaret had four daughters, Mary, Ethel, Martha and Carrie.

On March 15, 1909, Margaret and Jay Chapman sold their farm. In April they left Iowa and the United States for the attractive prospects of homesteads in Alberta, Canada.

Alice married Jim McKay in Iowa and did not leave the States. Asher married Dee Davey in Iowa but came to Canada to live for awhile.



Asher, Aaron, Alice, Carrie, Ethel, Martha, Mary. Front: Margaret and Jay Chapman.

The Chapman's came to a farm south-east of Taber to live for awhile. They lived in a big tent until the houses were built. Then they moved to the town of Taber, where the father, Jay and sons, Aaron and Asher hauled timber for the irrigation ditches for a year. Jay and Aaron helped to build streets in Lethbridge the first year they lived at Taber. In 1913 Aaron and Asher freighted timbers at Duchess, Alberta. In the same year, Aaron, Asher and Jay filed on homesteads across the Red Deer River 50 miles north of Bassano.

When they lived at Taber, they built a large barn in panels, so they could take it down and move it. They built a small house on one wagon, where they could put the stove, table and two beds, where the women slept and cooked. The men slept under the wagon. They drove two-four horse teams and one six-horse team across country from Taber, to north of the Red

Deer River. There were six or eight cattle and two colts. Margaret Chapman saw that these kept up with the wagons. Three cats slept in the furniture wagon. When the family stopped for the night, the cats would come out to hunt. When they saw the horses being hitched to the wagons in the morning, they would dash for the wagon. All three made the journey safely.

After seven or eight days journey the family reached Bassano late at night. They could not get water for their stock. They were told there was a half-way house between Bassano and the river and that there was a spring there. They drove until four in the morning. When they got there the cattle and colts were missing. Margaret Chapman had left her son-in-law to keep them coming, only he had climbed onto one of the wagons and gone to sleep. There were some moments of worry. Then just as they were unhitching the horses, one of the colts came bringing in the cattle. She had kept going back and forth behind them to see that they all kept up.

The Chapman's crossed the river at Hutton and were at the homestead the next day. They set up eight of the barn panels and put the roof on. It had a dirt floor but this was home. Asher and Dee lived in the small house that was on the wagon. Later they built a piece on to it. They had four children. Later they moved to Portland, Oregon.



Chapman farm with large garden.

In 1915 the Chapman's got a good crop. They broke more land but the crops were failures, year after year.

Martha and her husband George Smallwood and three children moved to Washington State in 1925 and remained there.

Ethel married Fred Coburn in 1915.

Mary married her second husband Frank Hankel in 1916. Both are buried at Haney, B.C.

Alice and Jim McKay lived in Washington.

Jay and Margaret and daughter, Carrie, moved to Didsbury in 1918. They lived on three different places over the seven years they were there. Then,



Log piles — taken from farm of Aaron Chapman.

they moved back to the homestead, where the post office, by then, was called Galarneauville.

Carrie married Clarence Earl and lived on at Didsbury.

In 1931 the Chapman's moved from north of Bassano to the Smoky Creek area, east of Smith. Aaron and Fred Coburn drove the horses across country. Ethel Coburn and children, and Jay and Margaret Chapman came by train.

The families lived in Smith for a couple of months after they arrived. The women made use of the time to pick the berries that were plentiful in the area. They canned berries without sugar as they had no money to buy sugar.

The next winter the Chapman's and Coburn's lived in some buildings in an old abandoned tie camp in the north-eastern part of the Smoky Creek district. In the spring the Tom Wall's came to live there as well.

The men worked hauling feed for the stock, that first winter, and also getting out logs to build their cabins with. They hauled straw from Stafford's place near Athabasca, with a four horse team and a large rack. The little hay that they got when they first came here was not enough to feed the stock through the winter. They also left some of the horses at Athabasca to winter in George Spence's field, at some straw stacks. Then they moved them to Smith. Many of the horses died that were brought in from the south. There was such a difference in the nutrients of the prairie grass and the grass found in the northern area.

It took three days to get a load of feed from Stafford's. They also got grain from them as well as from other farmers.

The following summer three log cabins were built for the Coburn's, Chapman's and Wall's on their respective homesteads.

Jay and Aaron cleared a lot of land by hand, in the first two or three years that they were at Smoky Creek. Four-horse teams on a walking plough were used to break the land. The Hart Parr tractor they had, was used only at threshing time, as they had no money for gas. Later they had a Lawson tractor and then a John Deere.

Later most of the ploughing was done with the tractor and seeding and harrowing with the horses.

Henry Reason rigged up a Model T engine which was used for sawing wood in the district.

Carrie Earl relates that times were hard for everyone. One family of seven or nine were living on one dollar a month for each person. It was hard to keep clothes on them, but the men had to have their tobacco out of that nine dollars a month.

Besides the food from the large gardens they kept, there were deer and moose that they could get once in awhile.

The snow was deep and it drifted in winter. The roads were not ploughed as they are now. The roads were really trails through the bush. Everyone burned wood in heaters made from barrels. The floors were rough but at least they had a home, after lots of hard work to get it together.

Jay Chapman died on May 1, 1938. He was the first one buried in the Smoky Creek Cemetery.

Along the river breaks on the Chapman place there was a significant stand of spruce timber. In 1940, Aaron Chapman with help from Eric Elgert, Jack Coburn, and Henry Reason, cut the logs and skidded them from the bush into decks.

In 1941, Rempel's mill was hired to saw the logs. The mill was powered with a steam engine. Trucks came in from all over to haul the lumber to the buyers. Some were from as far away as Edson and Entwistle.

The cook house in which Mae Elgert cooked for the men, later became Aaron's machine shop and is still standing on the place now owned by Wes Earl.

Margaret Chapman was always a busy woman, cooking, baking, churning, tending garden, picking berries and making quilts. Carrie Earl tells that her mother, at 72 years, thought nothing of walking to the tie camp, picking a pail of berries and walking home again. Even as she was losing her sight from cataracts, she still kept on doing her housework. The day before she passed away on November 18, 1945 she was busy churning butter.

Aaron Chapman farmed for only a short time after his mother passed away. Then he retired. He lived on and off with his various sisters and other relatives — always helping with some farm work or building. He became quite good at carpenter work and liked making things for people. He never missed going to church if he could help it — no matter where he lived.

Aaron spent the last few years of his life at Haney, B.C. He died in a Vancouver hospital on November 10, 1971 and is buried in Haney.

Earl Coburn Story

I came from Sioux City, Iowa, where my trade was poultry husbandry.

I put in a few crops forty miles south of Hanna. I came back to see how my crops were coming along. When I arrived, my brother Fred was packed up ready to leave for Smith, along with his father-in-law, Jay Chapman and Jay's son Aaron Chapman. So, I climbed into the box car with them and came on to Smith. I really liked what I saw, so I stayed until Uncle Sam said he needed me, then I went back to the U.S.A.

My Homestead was fourteen miles east and north

of Smith on a hay flat on the Otter Creek. The hungry thirties were something one will never forget, but we were all a big happy family around Smith, Moose Portage and Ranch. We would walk or catch a ride with someone going to a dance, at any one of these places. We would ride to the dance, dance all night and walk or ride home next morning. We would travel the same way to a dance or ball game at Hondo.

In winter we would put a lot of hay in a sleigh and with hot rocks and warm robes, the ladies would ride and the men would walk or run behind. We would dance all night and when it began to get day light we would start for home.

When we went to a dance at Hondo we would stay at Ole Finstead's, the Postmaster there; we knew Ole and his brother from the States.

No one had any money, but we all had a good time.

It was not all play, it was damn tough in those times.

Our medical service was a district nurse at Smith or a doctor, fifty-five miles away at Athabasca.

Our first nurse was moved to Hondo. We sure missed her, she was real nice to everyone. She was replaced by Miss M. Maynes. Miss Maynes was tops. She would do anything in her power to see that her patient got the best of everything.

There was a Catholic Church in Smith when I first moved there. Another church was built (Anglican). The minister who came for it did not care what church you belonged to. He was there to help you no matter what. That was around 1938-39.

Jack Holden and I had many hair-raising experiences too long to write here.

Here is a short story about Harvey Dupont and myself.

I was trapping on Pyle Lake, north of Otter Lake, one spring. I was getting short of grub, so I packed up and started for Smith to get more. I stopped off at my brother Fred's place and he said he was going to town in the morning and to stay and go in with him. He was driving a team in. So I said, "O.K." Anyway he said no one was trapping the lake behind Smokey Creek School. So I thought I would take a look at it the next morning on my way to town. We were going to meet at the highway, so I didn't pack my big rifle along. We usually packed a rifle wherever we went.

I had my lead dog along. He did the hunting for me most of the time; he let me know if game was around. The snow was pretty well gone on the south slopes. I noticed where a moose had gone down the trail ahead of me. He was really travelling, slipping and sliding. When I got down to the lake shore he had jumped out on the ice and slid quite a ways. He had been scared by wolves.

Anyway there were rat houses all over so I packed up to go back to my brother's place. It was too late to meet him and go to town. I started up the hill on the trail and who should be laying down on the trail but Mr. Moose. I got up as close as I could and he got up and went farther up the trail and lay down.

I just had my hand axe and traps but anyway I thought, "I will get as close as I can and maybe knock him in the head and then cut his throat."

Well, I got up real close and took aim with my axe and let go. It turned so the handle hit him across the eyes; up he came at me. I dodged and called my dog, but no dog. Around a poplar the moose came and back. He took a couple of steps, passed me, turned and came back down the hill. Ring around the rosie I went again. He turned and came back up the hill and kept on going.

I leaned against the poplar and over it went; I would have been left out in the open if he had wanted to keep on playing.

The moose went into a wedge of green poplar and never came out. So I went over to see Harvey Dupont, who lived just across from the school, and told him about the moose. He had a little 25-20 rifle and only three shells. I told him, "H---, one is enough", so away we went.

We went into the poplars and in about the middle was Mr. Moose.

"There you are Harvey, meat on the table."

The moose was laying down watching the way we came in.

Harvey said, "I can break his neck from here."

I said, "Get him behind the ear."

So Harvey pulls up and shot the moose. The moose shook his head and I asked, "Where did you aim?"

Harvey said, "For his neck bone."

He pulled up and shot again. The moose did the same thing again. By this time I was getting a tree trimmed so I could climb it and Harvey said, "By dad. Trim one for me."

I said, "There's one shot left and if you don't get him you trim your own tree!"

He pulled up and shot again. The moose shook his head and then lay down on the snow. I ran up and cut it's throat. We skinned it out. One shot was above the bone, one was below the bone and the other one finished him off by going through the jugular vein. You could not put a match stick on his front legs and chest without hitting a wood tick.

Dad's Smoky Creek Homestead by Margaret Roy

The time was late summer, the year was 1931, when my Dad, (Fred Coburn) along with his wife,



Fred and Earl Coburn.

Ethel and family of five kids, moved away from the dried-out dustbowl of southern Alberta. My Dad had tried to farm the open prairie land, only to see all his efforts fail. For many years, there had been very little rain, and the winds blew the topsoil into drifts along the fencelines.

So when the government offered “free freight” to farmers who lived in that dried out area, my Dad was among the first ones who decided to move out. Making the decision may have been easy, but it was quite a different matter when it came to getting everything packed and crated for the long trip north.

The last thing my mother did before leaving, was to sweep out our old farmhouse and place the broom behind the door. This may have been a childhood superstition, that it was bad luck to move a broom. I never really knew for sure just why she left the broom behind.

Finally the last day arrived. What a mad rush that was, getting everything loaded on the freight cars. This included cattle, horses, dogs and cats, just too many things to mention them all. But at last we were ready to leave.

It was a tiring and slow trip north. We rode in a passenger car that was hooked on ahead of the freight cars. The first few hours on the train was spent travelling in a grey blanket of rain. And I can still hear my Mom’s words that day when she said, “Wouldn’t you know! the rains have started, now that we are leaving.”

We had a one night stop-over at Edmonton, Alberta. Here we shared a large building, with other neighbors, moving from the same dried out area as we did. In the building there was a place to cook supper, but there were no beds to sleep on, so we put our blankets on the floor that night.

We left the following day for the last leg of our journey. As we travelled further north, we came to boggy looking places with scrubby trees; the conduc-

tor said that these were muskegs. As we passed over these places, the railroad car swayed back and forth making some of us feel rather woozy, and I think maybe we all were glad to arrive in Smith later that evening.

Down along the tracks, I saw a group of people. It was folks from the town of Smith who had shown their kindness by coming out to welcome us, even though we were strangers they had never seen before.

The first night we spent in Smith, we stayed in an abandoned house, sleeping again on the floors. When we awoke the next morning, everything looked rather dismal, and we sure were hungry. One French lady in the group kept saying, “O, lots to eat in Smith Place, lots to eat in Smith Place.” No doubt, someone had told her she would have lots to eat if she moved to Smith. So it sounded really funny. We hadn’t any supper the night before, and didn’t know when we’d be getting any breakfast that morning.

Dad purchased a couple of 8’ by 10’ shacks later that day, and our family lived in these until that fall. In late September, we moved from Smith out to the country. We went by team and wagon, following the highway for a few miles, then leaving it to go on a wagon trail for several more. These last miles were rough and narrow, and full of potholes. In the evening we came to an old tie-camp. Here we would spend the winter.

It was a winter of bad times, as well as many pleasant ones. What happy times we had sleigh riding, and skiing on the hillside near the cookshack. Trouble came when my brother took sick, his feet and legs swelled up to a huge size, and someone had to carry him around, because he couldn’t walk. Mom looked after him there at camp. The nearest Doctor was sixty some miles away at Athabasca, and the only way Dad had to take my brother to the Doctor would have been by team and sleigh.



Frank and Alma (nee Coburn), Bentler.

In the spring of 1932, we moved to the Smoky Creek district where Dad's homestead was located. During the winter months, the men had put up a log house at the homestead, but it wasn't finished when we moved out there that spring. This meant we'd have to be crowded into a small bunkhouse until the log house was made more liveable.

That first year, I'm sure, will be remembered by all of us, for when the rains came we almost drowned out. Dad had put a pole and sod roof on the house earlier in the spring. I suppose you can guess what happened. The rains came right through as if there wasn't any roof there at all. Even long after the rains had stopped, the old sod roof kept dripping water, and by night time we were searching for a dry place to sleep.

Besides the drenching we would get when it rained, there were simply billions of mosquitoes that summer, and without screens for the windows, they came inside. In the evenings Mom would make a smudge-pot, and chase them out of the house. Then we'd all rush in and go to bed, hoping to get some sleep before those black hordes of mosquitoes came back again at daybreak.

In those carefree days of the early thirties, we lived mostly off the land, with good gradens and lots of wild berries. The raspberries grew in the riverbreaks, about a mile from our place, but the neighbors would come for miles to pick them. When everyone gathered there, it seemed like a picnic, as all would bring a lunch. My Uncle made a big pail of coffee at noon, then he'd call everyone to come for lunch. The raspberries were carried out by large water buckets, full to the very brim.

About August the blueberries would be ripe. They grew on the flats a few miles up-river from home. The river-flat was about a mile long, and usually covered with blueberries. All the neighbors would meet here to pick them, taking big pails and tubs to put them in. After picking a couple of pails full, we'd all meet by an old tree snag to have our dinner together. It was a pleasant time, when we could visit with our neighbors.

The neighbors helped each other a lot when we settled at Smoky Creek. At haying time, they worked together hurrying to get the hay put up before the fall rains came. Also in the fall, they'd meet together to saw wood. They used a buzz saw, run by an engine, for this job. In no time at all, it seemed, there'd be a nice big wood pile, ready for winter.

Many times we kids, (seven of us by this time) would make a game of the work, racing to see which one could get ahead of the others. We'd do this when picking berries, by trying to fill a pail full of them first, or if shelling peas, it was done the same way.



Tom McCumsey and Len Rempel camp, 1952.

Even digging potatoes, it was a wild rush to see which gang could dig and pick up a row of them the quickest. But, Dad clamped down on us for doing this. I think the reason was that too many spuds ended up with fork holes through them.

It wasn't long after we settled on the homestead, that a hunter stopped by and began talking with Dad. Before long he became a friend to us all. He showed the men how to hunt deer and moose, and how to tan the hides into leather, even the way to cut and sew the moccasins. Besides, he showed them how to get the sinew from the moose, to use for thread to stitch moccasins together. For people from the prairie country, this was something entirely new to them, so the hunter's help was appreciated by folks in those early days at Smoky Creek.

Disaster almost wiped out Dad's homestead in the mid thirties when a fire started west of home. On that never to be forgotten day, a strong west wind was blowing, and the smell of smoke was heavy in the air. About noon, my brother came running into the house, shouting "The fire is coming over the old burn!" (the old burn was a strip of land burned over before that summer). It was just a short distance from our home. Someone rushed outside to have a look and hollered back, "The pig corral is on fire." The fire, by this time, was already a hundred yards from the house. You couldn't imagine the panic we all went into with total confusion trying to put the dinner away, (dinner was on the table at the time), and to pack out everything in the house to a safe place. We felt sure the house would burn down.

Mom told us later, that when she was helping to carry things out, she stopped to think what she was doing; she said "All I had in my hand was a spool of thread and a few needles." Afterwards, she laughed about how foolish it was to go rushing out carrying only that much.

Word was quickly spread to the neighbors, and

many men came to help put out the fire. The surprising thing was the fire never did burn anything but that pig corral fence, which let the pigs run free. Of course, pigs being pigs, they stomped on the windows, that had been taken earlier from the house and laid on the field to save them from the fire. We were back in the house again before winter, but there had to be new glass put into the window frames. Otherwise, very little harm was done by the fire.

Dad and Mom sold the homestead in the year of 1961 and moved west to Terrace, B.C.. I know they both missed their old home at Smoky Creek after leaving it, and that it always held a special place in their thoughts.

Mom died in the year of 1966 and Dad passed away in the fall of 1979.

As I reflect back on those bygone days, I realize that some of the happiest years of my life was spent on Dad's Smoky Creek homestead.

Clarence and Carrie Earl

by Wes Earl

Alonza E. (Lew) Earl, born February 14, 1859, in Hamilton, Ontario, was one of the pioneers who arrived in Calgary when it was a city of tents, in the spring of 1883. He came west by railway through the United States, continuing north to Winnipeg in 1881. After working in Winnipeg and vicinity, he continued west to the end of steel on the Canadian Pacific railway, near the present town of Gleichen, and walked the final sixty miles into Calgary. Lew worked on the railway bridge over the Elbow River, and on the railway into British Columbia for the C.P.R. He settled in Calgary and became employed at his trade of tinsmithing.

From 1889 to 1894, Lew was Captain of the chemical section of the Calgary fire brigade and in 1897 was elected captain of the hook and ladder section.

On April 7th, 1893, Lew was married to Adella Gilmore. Their first son, Clarence, was born July 16th, 1895. They later had three more sons. In December 1897 the family moved to Edmonton, where Lew became a partner in the hardware business. Much of the business was supplying mining tools to prospectors who were going overland to the Klondike gold rush. Early in 1900 the family moved to Olds, Alberta, where Lew went into partnership with Mr. A. H. Wolfe in the hardware business. For a time the family lived happily there, but in the fall of 1903, Adella passed away. Lew later remarried and had three more sons, for a total of seven boys. He passed away in 1946 at age 87 years.

Clarence Earl left home quite young. I am not sure what he did until he joined the army in 1914. He



Carrie and Clarence Earl.

was overseas until 1918. He met Carrie Chapman in Didsbury, Alberta and they were married in 1920. They had seven children, Gene, Wes, Wilbert, Glen, Norma, Jim and Margaret. Four of us were born at Didsbury, the rest were born at Nordegg, where we moved in 1926. Norma passed away at Nordegg, at age 3 years, Wilbert died after we came to Smith. Clarence farmed while at Didsbury, but got a job with the federal government, as a Forest Ranger in 1926 at Nordegg, Alberta. The rangers had to have one saddle horse and two pack horses of their own; the government supplied any additional horses needed. They would be out in the mountains for three or four weeks at a time, keeping the pack trails in good condition in case of a fire.

In the summer of 1931, Mom's folks, the Chapmans, moved to Smith from the prairie, and settled on land at Smoky Creek, east of Smith.

In 1933 the folks decided to leave Nordegg, so on August 3rd Mom (Carrie) and we kids arrived in Smith at 10 P.M. When we got off the train it was pouring rain. Grandpa Chapman met us with a team and wagon with a double wagon box and a tarp tied over it. We drove eight miles to the farm without being able to see where we were going. Clarence kept on working as Forest Ranger every summer until



Forest Ranger Clarence Earl with Silver, Nig and Gypsy, 1940.

1943, so he only came home in the winter. We lived with Mom's folks on the farm for a few weeks. As there was no school at Smoky Creek, we moved into a little log cabin in Smith, near where I live at the present time.

While going to school my brother Gene and I used to walk to Grandpa's nearly every week end; in the winter we used a dog team. Dad came home every winter to get out fire wood and to get out logs, to put up buildings on our quarter section at Smoky Creek.

Mom planted a garden at Grandma's, and it seemed to us kids that we picked berries and shelled peas all of our summer holidays. Grandma didn't go for any fooling around but one day she had to go somewhere and left Aunt Mary, Gene and I to pick and shell peas. We got them all picked and decided to speed up the shelling by using the clothes wringer. We had peas flying all over the porch, until we put up a baffle to stop them. We had a lot of fun and even got all the stray peas picked up before Grandma came home.

Joe and Jack Hugo put up the building for the school in Smoky Creek. When the Smoky Creek school started in 1938 we moved out to the farm. Glen, Jim and Margie attended, but for Gene and I, our school days were over.

We had a boat on the Athabasca River, which we always left in the water all summer. One day Gene and Jack Coburn went to use it but the water level had dropped and the boat had dried out so that it leaked. So they pushed it out into the water to soak the cracks closed again. That same day there was a political meeting at Moose Portage that some of the Smoky Creek people wanted to go to, so Bill Coburn and I agreed to take them across the river. Not knowing the boat had dried out we emptied out the water, everyone got in and we started across. We noticed the boat was leaking but thought we would make it across okay, which we did, but we had to wade the last 30



Gene, Wilbur, Wes, Glen. Front: Margie and Jim Earl, 1935.

feet as the boat sank in about two feet of water. There was a dance that night and by morning the boat was soaked up so it no longer leaked.

When Dad brought his pack horses home from the south in the fall of 1942 we started riding them. One young mare he called Blue, had only been packed a short time, but she was quiet and didn't mind being ridden. One day Mom wanted me to take a five pound lard pail full of eggs over to Grandma's so I got on Blue bare back and Mom handed the eggs to me. Away we went, only we were going up and down instead of forward. If I held the pail in front of me she would slow down but the eggs would fly out of the pail; if I held it out to the side, the eggs stayed in the pail but Blue would buck harder, so I had to jump off. I only lost about half a dozen eggs.

In 1940 Bruce Wall and I went trapping south west of Chisholm near the junction of the Saulteau



Back: Wes and Gene Earl. Middle: Clarence, Carrie and Jim Earl. Front: Glen, Margaret and Joyce Earl, 1947.

and Coutts rivers, we picked a poor winter as animals were scarce and it was real cold.

In 1941 Aaron Chapman hired Rempel's mill to saw logs he had taken out. I worked for Aaron skinning logs to the mill.

The winter 1942 Bill Coburn and I stayed in the cabin at the meadows and trapped. We had a chinook in February and the skunks came out of their dens, so we were busy skinning skunks for a couple of weeks, I have not seen so many skunks since.

1943 was the last year Dad worked for the Forestry, he stayed home and farmed until he died in December of 1952.

In 1944 a new teacher came to Smoky Creek, we became acquainted and after I came home from a couple of years in the army, we got to know each other better. On June 28, 1947 Miss Gene Silver became Mrs. Wes Earl.

Before I went into the army I got an agricultural lease, out of the meadows. Right after we got married we acquired a half-section of land from Aaron Chapman where we lived until we quit farming. Around 1953 my wife, Gene, took out an agricultural lease on the quarter south of my lease. Over the years, we cleared and broke over 100 acres on the leases.

James Earl Family

I was born to Clarence and Carrie Earl, July 30, 1930, while they were living at Nordegg, Alberta. Dad was working with the Forestry at the time. When I was three years old, we moved to Smith and lived in town for a few years. Later, Mom homesteaded the farm where she and Glen are still living.



Jim, Karen, Evelyn. Front: Lyndon, Bessie and Lonnie Earl.

I attended the Smoky Creek School, the building which is now the Mennonite Church. In the summer time the days used to get pretty long. We would do the chores and then walk to school, and after walking home from school we would walk more miles looking for the cows before we could start the chores. When there was time, we cleared land. We used to pick lots of raspberries and blueberries.

In 1949-50 I went to work in a lumber camp at Spurfield for Lawrence Ellefson. For a couple of months in the spring Mom and I cooked for the crew. We had to get up about 4:30 A.M. and start the light plant and then get the breakfast ready. One time we thought we had slept in till five minutes to five. We felt so tired and wondered how we would make it through the day. When I got to the kitchen the night cook was still busy, and I discovered it was only 25 minutes after 11 P.M. instead of 5 A.M. in the morning.

Pioneering of course had it's hazards. One time when I was peeling logs and cutting off knots with an axe, the axe glanced off the knot and cut a gash over my knee-cap. Wes took me to the nurse, and she tried to put some stitches in it, while Wes held a flashlight so she could see. She had trouble getting the needle through the skin, and Wes asked if it bothered her. (Next — the flashlight dropped, and Wes slumped in the corner.)

Another time while I was cooking for a survey party, I cut my ankle and I put three stitches in it myself with a needle threaded with cat-gut, from the first-aid kit.

For a number of years I worked for a topographical survey company in the summer, and in logging camps in the winter.

On April 20, 1956 Bessie Reist and I were married in a little country church near Harmattan, Alberta. Our first home was a little two room house I bought and moved into Mom's yard. Later that year we dug a basement east of Mom's garden, and moved our house over there. We didn't have a well, so we had to haul our drinking water, and we caught rain water to use for washing.

We have four children; Evelyn born April 25, 1958; Karen, July 23, 1960; Lonnie, March 29, 1963; and Lyndon, October 2, 1964.

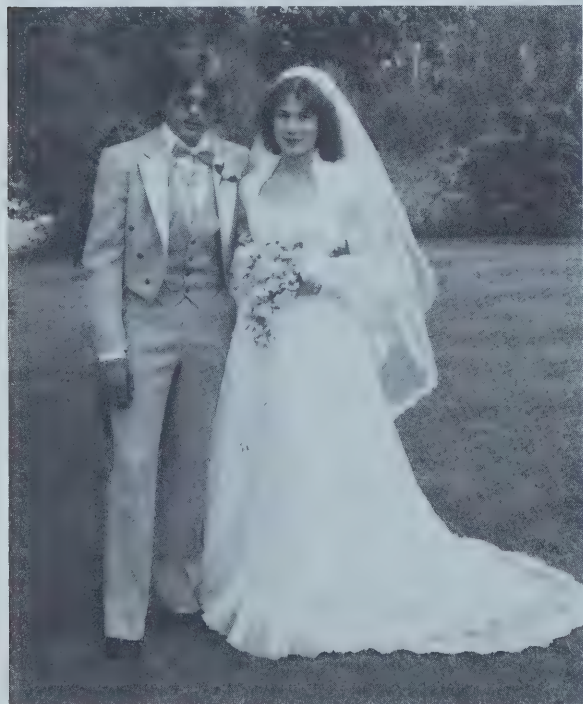
In 1965 we bought Aaron Showalters farm by Dutch Auction, and moved there, and farmed it until 1972. We milked cows and raised pigs, but then, because we didn't get crops, I started working at the Federated Co-op in Smith.

In the spring of 1972, we sold the farm and moved to Salmon Arm, British Columbia, where I worked again for Federated Co-op. We worked with a lot of cedar logs. Eventually I found I was allergic to cedar



Phil, Evelyn (Earl) with Dale and Kevin Erickson, 1983.

dust, so in 1976 we moved to Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, where I worked for Revelstoke Mills. In the spring of 1980, they closed the mill for a couple of months because there wasn't much demand for lumber. I got a job then with S & T Drilling whose office is in Nisku. I was doing repair and maintenance at their camps, which involved a lot of traveling. They had rigs in Saskatchewan, Northern British Columbia, and in North West Territories, besides the ones in Alberta. The company wanted me to move closer to the city, so in the spring of 1981 we moved to Wetaskiwin. With the slump in the oil business in 1982 I was laid off along with a lot of others.



Karen (Earl) and Ron Finkbiener.

In August of 1982 I got a job with Alberta Hospital, so we moved to Ponoka. Bessie is also employed, working part time at Northcott Nursing Home.

Our children are all away from home now; Evelyn is married and lives at Pouce Coupe, B.C. She and Phill have two little boys. Karen is married, and she and Ron live at Leslieville, Alberta. Lonnie is in carpentering and lives at Rocky Mountain House. Lyndon lives at Ponoka. He says he likes farm life.



Adena (Funk) and Lonnie Earl, 1983.

Gene and Joy Earl by Joy

Gene (Clarence Eugene) was born at Fallen Timber Creek, Elkton, west of Didsbury, Alberta. His folks moved to Nordegg in 1927 and then to Smith in 1933.

I, Joyce (Fleming), was born in Pimlico, London, England. My family moved to Aldershot, Hampshire when I was thirteen. It is a military town, and it was there that Gene and I met during the war. I was home on leave from the W.R.N.S. and he had just returned from Italy, after recuperating from shrapnel wounds to the leg. The year was 1945 and his stint in the Canadian Army was drawing to a close. He was waiting to be sent back home to Canada.

Gene had joined the army in Calgary in 1941. He took basic training in Chatham, Ontario, then went back to Calgary for advanced training. Then he spent a month at Suffield in an experimental station, where the army was testing for poisonous gas protection. He went back to Calgary, and from there went to Halifax, enroute for overseas, as part of a reinforcement to the Calgary Highlanders, 2nd Division. Before the invasion of Sicily, he was transferred, along



Gene and Joy Earl, Aldershot, England, 1945.

with other soldiers, to a Vancouver regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, 1st Division. This was to bring the regiment up to full strength. They were in the front lines by then, and Gene went all through Sicily and half way up Italy. He was wounded just before entering Ortona. He spent eight months in a North African hospital, eight months in Abelino, near Naples, and then was sent back to England.

Gene and I were married November 17, 1945 after a whirlwind courtship of eight months. He returned to Canada in February of 1946, and I had to wait another six months to take the biggest step of my life, leaving my family and my country, to travel to a new land and start a new life with a new husband.

I came over on the famous ocean liner, the "Queen Mary" in August 1946. There were a thousand war-brides and a thousand kids on that ship, plus Canadian Soldiers returning home. We were completely segregated, and were not allowed to leave our decks. The sea voyage took four days, I was seasick the whole time, and couldn't eat any of the marvellous food that was served on board. It looked so good after going through years of austere food rations back home, I couldn't face anything but the white

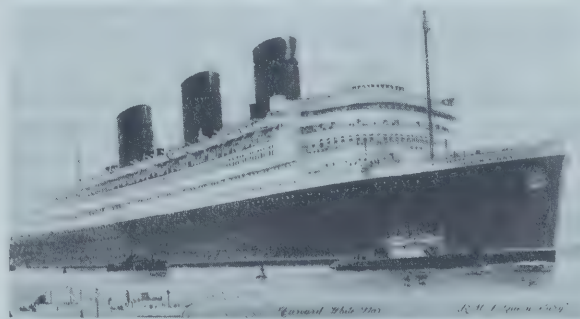
fluffy buns. Even they seemed strange after the "dark" white bread I had become accustomed to. I was so glad to get off the boat and start the four day trip from Halifax to Edmonton; I thoroughly enjoyed this part of the journey, after getting my feet planted on firm ground, albeit a rocking train.

I was awed by the miles and miles of open, seemingly endless country side, with little wooden buildings dotted here and there; I was surprised to learn later that these were houses. I was used to brick or stucco houses and it was hard to recognize these as homes. I was getting more nervous all the time, in our progress across Canada, as one by one the women, some with children, were dropped off at various towns enroute, sometimes by day, sometimes in the dark of night. We all wondered as we went along, how each one would fare upon reaching their destination.

I could hardly contain my excitement and relief, when we finally arrived in Edmonton, the last stop on the journey. There was Gene waiting for me and my new life was about to begin! We spent an exciting couple of days in Edmonton, and shopped for clothes for me — without ration coupons! The weather was gloriously hot, and I remember thinking I had never seen such a blue sky.

We boarded a bus for Smith, or Mirror Landing as it was called then and reaching our destination, the bus stopped (it seemed to me), in the middle of nowhere. But there was my future family waiting to take us the last few miles of a long, long journey.

We stayed with the folks in their log house on the farm for the remainder of the summer. Here, I learned how to churn butter, draw water from a well instead of a tap, and to light a kerosene lamp at dusk instead of flipping a light switch. I would try to get more light by turning the flame up higher, but of course only managed to blacken the glass chimney, and draw some dark looks from the family. Quickly, I learned to be content with the amount of light it gave off. A favorite pastime of the family, after all the chores were done, was to sit at the round table, with



"Queen Mary".

the lamp in the centre, thumbing through Eaton's Catalogue, (The wish book).

I learned also, that to go picking berries, didn't just mean going for a walk along the hedge rows for an hour or so, picking a hat full of blackberries as I had done in England. I discovered that it meant the whole family starting out as early as possible after breakfast when the chores were finished. We packed a lunch and numerous pails and went on a long trek by foot to the berry patch of raspberries or strawberries or blueberries; staying there all day, filling all the pails, stopping only long enough to eat lunch, and then doing the long trek home again. At supper time we were tired out, but happy to have so many berries,



Terry Earl, 1957.

to be canned for the winter. That wasn't the end of the job either, I discovered, for after supper the berries had to be sorted and cleaned of leaves and worms, ready to be canned the next day. They were cooked on a hot wood cook-stove in the middle of summer! I remember thinking I had never experienced such heat in a house before!

I had so many new experiences that first year in Canada; I was young, life was so exciting, and there were so many new things to see and learn. I now understood what the Canadian soldiers meant when they used to rave about living in God's country; it truly was. Even though I was terribly homesick, I loved this new land and still do. In November of that year, Gene got a job as checker at Swanson's Camp No. 1 at Howard Lake, so we moved to camp life for the winter. I also got work as a flunkie in the kitchen. The two Reason girls, Shirley and LaVerne were the cooks, and another girl was there as a flunky too, but I can't recall her name. She was a French girl. We worked hard, but had fun during our time off in the afternoon. She would play the guitar and sing, and to this day when ever I hear the song "Detour, there's a muddy road ahead," I can see her singing, and we

tramping around those muddy logging roads in the spring, in our gum boots.

When spring came, some of Gene's friends, Bud Fisher, Doug and Bill Holt, decided to drive to Calgary looking for work, and Gene wanted to go too. So we left for Calgary. We stayed there a year and our son Terry was born there in July 1947. Jobs were scarce. There were so many men home from the war and there were not enough jobs to go around. Gene worked on a cement mixer for awhile and as a milkman. Then he heard that there was a great opportunity to make a living in Yellowknife in the North West Territories. So we decided to give it a try up there. He left in May and Terry and I came back to the farm for a couple of months till Gene got settled in Yellowknife. Then we joined him in July of 1948. We only intended to stay there for a couple of years, but ended up staying in the north for almost 30 years, nine of them in Yellowknife, six years in Fort Rae, eleven years in Fort Smith, and three years in Fort Liard. We have some fond memories of the north.

When Gene retired from the Forestry Department in 1977, we returned to Smith to settle. Gene has built a house here, and now indulges in his hobbies of leatherwork and woodworking. He is presently building a canoe.

Terry and his family live in Lethbridge. Rose and he have two girls, Crystal six years and Deirdre four years.

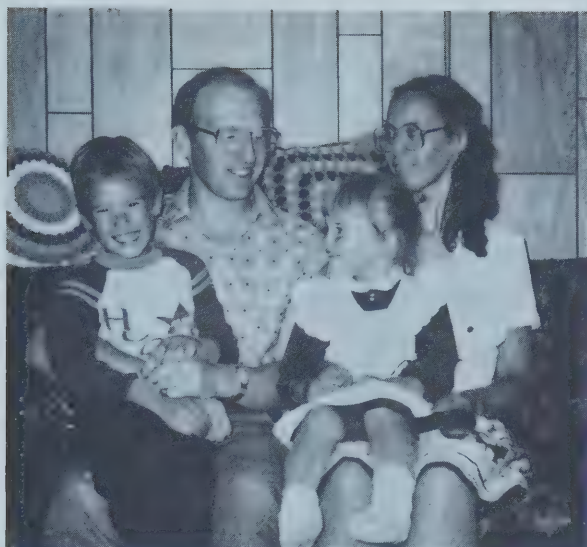
Lorne and Helle Earl

Lorne Earl took his schooling in Smith (1-10) and Athabasca (11,12) and also a year at the University of Alberta and two years at Lethbridge Community College where he majored in Recreation.

While in Smith, Lorne joined the Junior Forest Wardens. In 1966, he was chosen as one of two Alberta boys to attend a Junior Forest Warden camp at Evans Lake, B.C., north of Vancouver. This was part of a federal Centennial project. He also became a Junior Forest Warden Leader while at school in Lethbridge.

Lorne worked at different jobs over the years, at Federated Co-op lumber mills (summer 1968, spring 1969, 1970 to spring 1971, 1973 to 1977 when the mill was sold to Zeidler Forest Industries, Ltd. of Edmonton), at County of Parkland portable swimming pool at Entwhistle, (summer of 1969), at Cochrane swimming pool as Pool Supervisor (summer of 1971, 1972) at Slave Lake as Assistant to the Recreation Director (summer 1973).

On July 27, 1974 Lorne married Helle Reili who had been teaching in Smith the previous term. Helle taught another full term and then half time the next year. They lived in a mobile home in Smith until



Lorne and Helle Earl with Pat and Debbie, 1983.

1978. On February 13, 1978 their son Patrick Walter was born. From 1975 to 1977 Lorne was President of the Smith Independent Home and School Association, two relatively inactive years of the association.

In 1978 Zeidler Forest Industries Ltd. closed the mill in Smith and the employees were offered work at their Mitsue plant. McBride, B.C. and Edmonton were also possibilities. Since Helle's father had become ill, Lorne and Helle decided to go to Edmonton to be near her parents, and Lorne went to work at Zeidler's plywood plant in the city. Helle's father passed away in January of 1979. On September 23, 1980 Lorne and Helle were blessed with a daughter, Debra Jean.

After three years at the plywood plant, Lorne decided to change from shift work and went to work for Martin Farm Equipment assembling John Deere machinery. With the recession this job ended in October 1982. Lorne worked a couple of months with Otis Elevator in construction and did odd jobs, mostly yard work, following that. In August 1983 he got a job with Woodward's Carpet Cleaners.

Lorne and Helle take part in church related activities with the Holyrood Mennonite Church. Lorne is treasurer and bookkeeper for the Edmonton Mennonite Society for the Assistance of Newcomers, a project of the six Edmonton Mennonite Churches.

Patrick is in Kindergarten (1984) and is taking his third year of Suzuki method piano lessons.

Neil Earl Story

Neil Earl took his schooling in Smith and Athabasca. During his childhood he acquired a leg handicap which the doctors finally determined must

have been a mild case of polio. His left side was left smaller and his leg can become painful under certain circumstances. This limited some sports activities but he found he could ride a bicycle and curl which he became fond of.

He started working on machines when he was quite young and progressed from a washing machine to motorcycle, to cars and trucks. However, his work came to be driving trucks. After a brief stint working for Federated Co-op, at Smith and Braidnor's at Slave Lake, he got a job with Bill Wilson, driving truck on road construction at various places. Then he drove log trucks for others.



Cheryl and Neil Earl with Kelton, Jory, and Treston.

About 1975 he worked for Ed Mooney in Edmonton hauling cement, then that winter, hauling logs into Mitsue. In the spring of 1976 Mooney moved his operation to Chetwynd, B.C. so Neil moved there and hauled cement from Chetwynd to the new dam being built on the Peace River at Hudson Hope.

On November 20, 1976, Neil married Cheryl Wengel at Stewart Valley, Saskatchewan. They lived in Chetwynd, where Neil worked.

On December 4, 1977, a son Kelton Richard was born. On July 19, 1979 another son Treston Jay was born.

Neil bought one of Mooney's trucks and under Trimac continued hauling cement. Since his work was now coming out of Fort St. John, they moved up there in the fall of 1979.

Neil continued hauling cement and sometimes gas. He also had charge of Canada Cement opera-

tions at Fort St. John for awhile and Cheryl took her wee boys to work with her and learned to unload railway cement cars into the cement silos, as well as to load trucks.

When Neil decided being a truck owner was not profitable, he got a job with Canadian Freightways which he still has. He works regular hours in town which pleases his family, as he is home more.

Neil belongs to a Model Airplane Flying Club and enjoys building model planes. He has built several for other people. Sometimes he attends rallies at other places like Vernon, B.C. and Bawlf, Alberta.

Neil, Cheryl, Jory, Kelton and Treston continue to live at Fort Saint John. Jory is in Grade four (1984) and Kelton is in Grade one at school.

Ronald Earl

Ronald Earl took most of his schooling in Smith, then a year at Athabasca. In later years he spent a session at NAIT and also a couple of years at Olds College.

Over the years he has worked with a Provincial Government survey crew during the summer months and about three years with the Edmonton City Parks Department. During the winter months he got any jobs he could.

Ron loves outdoor sports and skis and swims when he can. One summer he took a course in back-packing (near Nordegg) and white water canoeing on the North Saskatchewan River — a very rigorous outing.

Ron has vacationed in Northwestern U.S.A. and across Canada going as far as Cape Spear, Newfoundland, claimed to be the farthest east part of North America.

Ron is not married. He now has a trailer home in Clyde where he lives.

Gene (Silver) Earl

by Gene Earl

I, Gene (Silver) Earl, was born in Camrose, Alberta, on October 13, 1924, to Ernst Ludwig Silver and Hilda Elizabeth Silver. I have an older and a younger sister. In 1926 my family moved to a home-stead in the South Perryvale School District. Here, we spent the hard years of the depression.

In the winter of 1940-41, Dad managed to get a job with the Provincial Government as Fisheries Officer at Calling Lake. Since the job was going to be permanent, we as a family moved to Calling Lake.

I had been taking some of my High School by correspondence and I finished my Grade eleven that year. In the fall of 1941, I went to Athabasca to take my grade twelve. Since I had been taking correspondence, I was not allowed to take more than so many



Wes and Gene Earl, 1947.

subjects a year. This necessitated my taking two years of Grade twelve to get my 100 credits. I finished Grade twelve in 1943.

In August of 1943 I went to Edmonton to work for relatives, Viola and Brownie McKinnon who operated the Queen's Cafe then. I did housework for them. Then they decided to buy the hotel at Smith, so I, with Jean Crawford, Annis Rae and my sister Irene rented a tiny basement suite and stayed together. I worked as kitchen helper for a couple of weeks in a cafe. Then the McKinnon's wrote and asked me to come to Smith, to help in the hotel until I had to start Normal School.

I came to Smith by train, so it was dark when I got there. I was astonished, the next morning, to find the sun coming up in the west. I never could get my directions straight in that area of town, for years after. I worked in the hotel for a couple of weeks, then I had to return to the city.

I attended Normal School from October to April of 1943-44. I did my practice teaching under Dorothy (Spence) Stolen at the Lewiston School in Perryvale.

In May of 1944, I was ready to start teaching. When I got back to Athabasca where my family had moved from Calling Lake and which was Dad's new headquarters, I found that Mr. Hodgson had a job for me, teaching at the Smoky Creek School about six miles from Smith. (See section on schools) I taught at this school for three years.

Then Wes Earl and I decided to get married and we tied the knot in Edmonton on June 28, 1947. Neither of us were rolling in dough so there was no big wedding. I used some of my teachers wages to put a down payment on a much needed gas washing machine, before we left the city. I had intended to go to University to upgrade my certificate but going home seemed like a better idea and my new husband agreed. So it was, that we took the bus from Edmonton to Athabasca where we stopped over to visit my folks, then took the bus again next day, as far as the Otter Creek turnoff. Since no one knew when we were coming, we had to walk. So with suitcases in hand we trudged up the road. Apparently we weren't doing too badly for speed as we were gaining on a team and wagon ahead of us. It turned out to be Wes' brother, Jim. We hailed him and for the rest of the way home, perched on a load of slabs.

Our first home was the old log house, that the Chapman's had built. Although it had seen its best years — the sod roof leaked when it rained — it did serve us for a year. Then we fixed up a shack that was in the yard. We divided it into two smaller rooms.

During the winter of 1947-48, I spent some time alone while Wes went to work in a camp. In March I went to stay with my folks in Athabasca. On March 21, 1948 our first son Ronald Weston was born.

Our second son, Lorne Patrick was born January 12, 1950 and our third son Neil Richard on May 9, 1952.

Summer months of those first years were spent farming. Winters meant that Wes would be away from home, working in various camps.



Gene and Wes Earl with Ronald, Neil and Lorne.

I was not new to living on a farm but there were things for me to learn — like milking cows, for instance. When I was a young girl growing up, Mother always did the milking. When she thought we girls were old enough, she decided we should learn the art as well. Irene, my older sister, had small hands like my mother. She was quite successful at milking. When it came to my turn, that was another story. My long fingers refused to co-operate, hard as I tried. Mother and Irene accused me of trying to push the milk back up through the cow. Poor cow! It so happened that after I was married, Wes had to stay out at the hay meadow during haying time. Jim was going to milk the cow. One morning it was getting late and he hadn't arrived yet. It turned out that he forgot. I wasn't waiting any longer, so I took the milk pail and went to the barn. I don't know how long it took me, but I squeezed the milk out of that cow. Just as I finished, Jim arrived. After that I did my best to do the milking when Wes was away, but I never became an accomplished milker. Wes could milk two cows to my one.

Going out to do the chores in winter was not a happy one for me but I did it even with a baby at home. One evening I returned from the barn to hear Baby crying and came in to find he had squeezed feet-first, part way through the bars of his crib, a few scary moments for Mother.

Another windy evening, I was preparing to go out to do chores when the creosote in the chimney started to burn with a roar. There was nothing I could do but let it burn, so I waited until it died down before I went out.

Another scary time Wes was home. We were just about to go to bed when I happened to notice a flickering light, up in the attic above the heater. I looked up and saw that the roof boards had started burning. Quickly, Wes went up into the attic with a pail of water and using the dipper, kept throwing water at it until it was out. Then he went out to the barn, to get the ladder, climbed onto the roof of the house and threw snow onto the place where it had burned. Apparently the creosote, in the chimney, had run over the top of the stove pipe, down the outside and when it burned caught fire to the tar paper between the layers of boards on the roof. After that Wes contrived an outer shell to put around the stove pipes to help prevent creosote build-up and it worked very well. Had I been alone at the time, I might have had a different story to tell.

The bears were known to go back and forth up and down the creek ravine, that was below the house yard, and to the river. The first summer Ron was a baby, I was hanging out some clothes in front of the old log house. I heard something walking on the

planks that went down to the well. I thought, "How odd," as the men were out at the hay meadow and this was a slow 'Plunk, Plunk'. Suddenly, in the gateway stood a big black bear! Chills went up and down my spine and all I could think of was to call Flash, the dog. Flash took one look and tore after the bear which needed no coaxing to go back the way he came — end of that bear visit.

The following summer, I was alone again. One year old Ronnie was playing just outside the door. I noticed he was crying, but didn't seem to be in great distress, so I went to look out the kitchen window, to see what might be wrong. There just under the window, was a young bear, probably a yearling. He was paying no attention to Ronnie — I yelled, "Oh a bear!" and ran out, grabbed Ronnie and took him inside. I went into the bedroom to look out the back window. The bear was there but then Flash saw him and he was gone. Ronnie's remark was — "Puppy, puppy." — a mighty "big" puppy to his little mind.

Some days later Ron and I were having an afternoon nap. I woke up and sensed it was rather quiet. Then I realized I wasn't hearing the chickens.

"Hm," I thought. "Maybe that bear is around."

Sure enough, when I looked out the north window, there was the bear walking back and forth along the fence of the chicken run. The chickens had retreated to their house.

"Well I'm going to get a picture of you this time," I said to myself as I quickly prepared the camera.

I went out and walked towards the chicken pen and shop — no sign of the bear. Flash, our dog was beside me. I turned back. I climbed up on a wagon for a better look. I glanced towards the house. There was the bear — standing with front feet just inside the porch door. While I was walking around by the chicken coop, he had gone on around the buildings and woodpile, where I couldn't see him. Quickly I



Neil, Gene, Wes, Lorne and Ronnie Earl.

snapped a picture of him, though it was too far away and only a black blob shows in the picture. I got down from the wagon. I wanted a closer shot. But then Flash saw him and the bear was chased down into the ravine behind the house.

When Dad first taught my sister and I how to shoot with a twenty-two, I could shoot a target very well. So what happens. Helen went out and brought home a couple of wild chickens. I went out and shot several shots at a chicken sitting on a pine limb. He was laughing as he flew away. When Wes and I were on the farm, hawks became too plentiful and were getting some of my chickens. I didn't hesitate to get out the gun and I actually shot three of the pesky critters. I also managed to shoot a couple of weasels — one in the chicken bin and another in our porch. I never did manage to get a partridge. Wes could hit them in the head every time.

Field work was not one of my accomplishments, really, but one fall I did test myself. Wes was out at Otter Creek with the threshing rig. As part of the co-operative harvesting operations, Jack Coburn came to our place with the binder and cut the grain in a small field in front of our barn. After he was gone I found I was going to have lots of spare time before Wes came home. So I decided to surprise him. I took the boys with me out to the field and started stooking. I managed to do the whole field. When Wes came home he wanted to know who stooked the field and was quite surprised when I told him I had. Only a couple of stooks fell over one windy day, so he had to concede that it wasn't too bad a job.

In 1955 I went back teaching and in 1959 we moved to Smith (see school's section).

Wes worked for Hayes Transport until 1964. Then he went to work for Alberta Transportation and has been there ever since.

In 1962 we built a house and moved in that fall. Since then we have added on to it and put more insulation and new siding on. A small basement was put under the new part. We had no basement before because of a high water level.

Over the years I have done some writing and I attended some painting classes which I enjoyed. I also do crocheting and occasionally play and sing for relaxation. Visiting with friends at the Drop-in Centre is something I look forward to.

For several years Wes and the boys were involved in Curling and they all brought home trophies.

Wes still enjoys the big outdoors going hunting. Now he goes out with Ski-doo or Argo. He is able to reach places he couldn't in early years.

He also enjoys welding and making things from iron — such as his wood splitter and a moveable metal stand for his saw.

In 1978 I had the opportunity to visit Sweden with father and sisters. We saw the places where our parents lived and met our uncle, an aunt and some cousins that we'd never seen before.

In 1983 Wes and I made a trip east to Ontario where my father had lived and then down to Iowa to where Wes' grandparents, the Chapman's came from and where his mother was born. You could say we were looking for our roots.

Jack Holden

by Geneva Koenig (Holden)

Dad came to Canada from England with his parents in 1904. They settled on a homestead 50 miles north of Edmonton.

When he was older, he sought work in the logging camps in the Slave Lake and Smith area. During his employment, Dad became a fire foreman and in this role, caught the eye of a forest superintendent. In 1941, he signed on as a forest officer. He spent two and a half years at Slave Lake after which he was posted to Wabasca. This district was 800 square miles of wilderness in those days. He retired in 1964, but remained in Wabasca to enjoy fishing and trapping until 1975. Due to ill health, he was forced to leave Wabasca and move to Jarvie. Here, he had his own little home beside ours. He was blessed with three grandsons and four granddaughters. He told them many stories of his travels.

In January, 1983, he passed away at the age of 83 years.



John Holden at Wabasca.



Rico (son-in-law) and Colleen, Charlotte (daughter-in-law) and Lawrence, Raymond, Leonard, Shirley, Patricia and Loretta, Pius and Geneva Koenig holding grandchildren Mellisa and Ryan.

David and Annie Donaldson History

David and Annie Donaldson and son, Hilding, formerly of Eaglesham, Alberta. The Donaldson's now reside in Bonanza, Alberta. Before coming to Smith we spent two years in Detroit, Michigan for Mennonite Board of Missions. For almost a year we managed a camp at White Pigeon, Michigan. For a year we were also house parents for Mennonite University students in Edmonton. We arrived in Smith in June 1974, the day of the school walk-a-thon. The first few weeks we lived in what had been C. B. Olson's house at Otter Creek. This house was without doors or windows and infested with porcupines, squirrels, mice and mosquitoes.



David and Annie Donaldson and son Hilding.

In July we moved into what had been Buster Overacker's house where we lived for one and one-half years, renting it from Danny Reay.

In 1975 we bought 80 acres in Smokey Creek from Harvey Dupont and built a cabin there of stone and squared timbers. We lived there until 1978 when we sold it to Clarence Prins. At that time we bought 100 acres on the 5th meridian just north of Steve Paches, where we lived in a trailer for three months until moving back to the Peace River Country.

During our four years and four months at Smith we were members at Bethany Mennonite Church. We made our living by doing odd carpenter jobs and working part time for Braidnor Construction in Slave Lake, as a carpenter.

Jessie (Dupont) Streit

by Jessie Streit

I, Jessie Menuis, was born May 1915, in Melfort, Iowa where we lived until my father passed away during the flu epidemic in 1918. Mom and I moved to Missouri where I stayed with my grandparents. When I was five years old, Mom and I came to Dundarn, Saskatchewan, with her new husband, George Treverton. After a few years, they moved to Delia, Alberta. I stayed at Canwood with Mrs. Elizabeth Warren and went to school. When I was 13 years old, I also went to school at Blair and Farrel Lake where I stayed with the school teacher, Alice Bell.

By that time, Mom and George were on the move again, so when I was 15 years old, I went to Fort St. John with friends; Mildred, Karl and Bruce King. On the way back, I stayed at Mirror Landing with Mom. I met Herve Dupont, whose family had just taken homesteads in that area. On October 2, 1931, we were married in Athabasca. The ceremony was supposed to be at 10:00 A.M. but the priest was out in the country so we waited until 6:00 P.M. to be married. Yvonne Dupont and Dick Holden stood up for us. When we arrived home at Smoky Creek, my Mother and Father-in-law, with the help of Mrs. McCumsey, had a lovely supper ready for us. My in-laws welcomed me with open arms. No one could have had better in-laws that I throughout their remaining years.

On July 31, 1932, our lovely daughter, Simonne was born. I had a hard time getting to the Athabasca Hospital. Tanner Noble had an old Ford and we plowed through muddy clay all the way. I was young and knew nothing about looking after a baby but Mere Dupont was there teaching and showing me how.

One day late in October, Herve, the baby and I



Herve and Jessie Dupont with Simonne, Victor and Alfred, 1937-38.

went with team and wagon to visit Mom in Moose Portage. On our way home a couple of days later, the ferry on the Athabasca River got stuck in the floating ice. Two other wagons were on the ferry with us. We had a very long wait while two row boats attached tow ropes to us and a team of horses pulled us to shore.

On September 27, 1934, our son Victor arrived while at Mere and Pere Duponts. Again, Hazel McCumsey was there to help. Nurse Drummond-Hay and Herve were late in arriving. Victor was a husky nine pound baby.



Victor, Jessie, Louisa Dupont, Victor, Alfred and Simonne, 1942.

Then on October 10, 1937, a small baby boy, Alfred was born. He was in a hurry and couldn't wait for Hazel and Miss Maines, the district nurse to get there, but Ethel Coburn was there to help so we were both well looked after.

One year later, we lost a son but my life was saved, thanks to our six year old daughter, Simonne, who trudged through the snow on an early February morning to Mere and Peres to get help for me.

We moved away in the early 1940's and a fourth child, Beverly Ann was born at Hanna, Alberta, on October 24, 1944.

We had lots of hardships and heartaches on the homestead but good times too; going with the team and sleigh to box socials and to visit friends.

My husband, Albert (Dick) Streit and I are retired and are enjoying our home in Okotoks, Alberta.

Simonne and John live in Hanna and they have three girls, one set of twin boys and one son deceased.

Victor and Mary Ann live in Vawn, Saskatchewan, and have one girl.

Alfred and Sheila live in Calgary and they have a boy and a girl.

Beverly Ann and Jim live in Edmonton and have a boy and a girl. This gives us ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Annie and Paul Dupont

by Lenore Dupont

In April 1946 we, Dad (Paul), Mom (Annie), Don and I moved from Sunnynook, Alberta to farm about seven miles east of Smith along with Pépère and Memère Dupont (grandparents).

Both Don and I started school at Smoky Creek and before my first year was finished we were bussed to Smith, where we both attended school until we finished grade eleven and we both finished grade twelve in Athabasca. Don graduated in 1957 and I graduated in 1960.



Paul, Annie, Don Dupont, Peggy Bolduc holding Merl Dupont, and Lenora Dupont.

To our surprise and joy my youngest brother, Meryle arrived in 1959, after many years without a little one in our house.

On Thanksgiving day October, 1961, my father passed away very suddenly.

After my father passed on, Don, my oldest brother continued farming until his death in June, 1971.

In 1969 my mother remarried and lived in Sunnynook, Alberta until her death in May of 1980.

I worked in Athabasca for two years after graduation where I met and married Dan Galloway in 1962. We have one son Dean and one daughter Kelly and are all living, at the moment, in Edmonton.

My brother Meryle is married and lives in Sunnynook, Alberta along with his wife Susan, daughter Cindy, and son Owen.



Merl and Lenora Dupont. Bill and Annie Heck (Dupont).



Lenora, Dan, Dean, and Kelly Galloway, 1980.

The Victor Duponts by Rosa Dupont Price

My father was Victor Dupont, born December 4, 1879, at Point du Lac, Three Rivers, Quebec. My mother was Marie Louisa Julin, born August 12, 1883, at St. Etienne des Gres, Three Rivers, Quebec. They were married August 4, 1902, at Three Rivers. They had 10 children.



Victor and Louisa Dupont, 1940's.

Joseph Alfred Herve, born July 14, 1903, at St. Etienne des Gres, deceased at Smith.

Joseph Fernando, born February 13, 1905, at Three Rivers, deceased February 17, 1905.

Marie Ora, born January 28, 1908 at Three Rivers. Died July 17, 1908.

Marie Helena, born February 10, 1909 at Three Rivers, died March 11, 1911.

Marie Lorretta Anita, born February 1, 1911, at Three Rivers; is now Mrs. Hector King-Hunter, Hanna, Alberta.

Joseph Henry Paul, born September 19, 1913, at Three Rivers, died October 9, 1961.

Marie Grace Yvonne, born November 8, 1915, at Three Rivers; is now Mrs. Louis Smith of Prince Rupert, B.C.

Marie Simonne Ida, born December 8, 1917, at Hanna Alberta, died December 28, 1928.

Marie Rosa, born January 5, 1925, at Burfield, Alberta; now Mrs. Ralph Price, Vancouver, B.C.

My father first owned a creamery for several years at Three Rivers, then disposing of the creamery, he operated a grocery store. When he gave up the grocery store, he was a night watchman in the Wabasso cotton factory for a few years. In the spring of 1917, he sold their home and moved from Three



Victor and Louisa Dupont — their 50th Anniversary.

Rivers to Alberta. In the fall of that same year my mother and family joined him.

Dad farmed a place of Gerard's at Burfield, Alberta, for some time and for two years worked in the coal mines at Drumheller, Alberta, in the winter time. In 1931, with several other families, Dad moved to Smith, Alberta; where he homesteaded until 1946 when he retired and his son Paul took over the farm.

Mother passed away Christmas day in 1960 in the Athabasca Hospital. Dad passed away October 25, 1963, also in the Athabasca Hospital.

I was six years old when we moved to Smith. I can remember playing with Verna Coburn in Edmonton, and I can remember getting off the train in Smith. I was very tired and sleepy and we slept in a small shack. I don't know where.

I like to remember the good times at Smith, the kind people and neighbors, where people helped each other. The McCumseys were so good to me and my parents; they always gave me reading material. The McDowells, Coburns, and Earls were also close. We had a lot of fun. I started going to dances when I was about eleven. We had box socials. Ethel Coburn always helped the girls make fancy boxes. We had picnics and ball games. Percy McDowell was always good at helping with this as were many more. I remember the Sundays we all gathered at the river. The men would fish, the women would bring a picnic lunch, we kids would play ball (maybe it was catch) and other games. Then we would have a fish fry and picnic lunch. We had Christmas concerts in different homes (this was before we had a school). We had card parties, (I still like cards) my parents were avid crib players. I can still remember my dad skunking my



Louisa Dupont, Chap and Yvonne (nee Dupont) Smith, Vic Dupont, Voni and Leonard Smith.

mother more than once. She got so angry, she got up and blew the lamp out and went to bed for an hour leaving us in utter darkness. Then she would come out again to resume playing crib.

It's these good times one will never see again. I wish I could live them all over.

I left Smith in April of 1941 and moved to Sunnynook. I was married August 23, 1941. We lived in Calgary for four years and the rest of the time ranched at Finnegan. My husband was in the army for almost four years, so I did go home for some time during the war years. We had one daughter Linda Rose, born August 5, 1954. We retired in 1978 and moved to Hanna, Alberta. In the spring of 1979, my husband passed away. I remained in Hanna until November of 1980 and then moved to Vancouver. Today I live three blocks from my daughter, and look after my two year old granddaughter Lisa Marie while my daughter works. I am lucky, I still have something to live for, a lovely daughter and granddaughter.

In closing I would like to mention the Passmores, who have always been so good to me. I stayed with them in Smith when I went to school.

Joseph and Emily Holden by Dick Holden

My parents, Joseph and Emily Holden arrived in

Canada from England in March 1904. They had three children John, William and Ethel.

Dad was a wheelwright by trade and also a very good carpenter. Soon after their arrival in Alberta, Dad took a homestead at Sion, Alberta. He acquired a small flock of sheep, some cattle and a team of oxen. He worked as a carpenter whenever and where he could, mostly in Edmonton, sometimes having to walk there and home again. Two more sons were born, Joe in 1906 and myself in 1908.

About 1914-15 Dad and John came to Mirror Landing, Alberta. They built a cabin on land near Bisson's Flats. George Bisson who was a locomotive foreman for the N.A.R. owned the flats and also had a herd of cattle in partnership with a man called Charlie Vincent. The location was about four miles east of Mirror Landing.

Dad and John trapped there that winter. Dad returned to Sion in the spring but John stayed with Vincent and helped care for the cattle. A little later Vincent passed away and was buried near by. John continued to stay on and about 1919 or 1920 took a homestead north of the flats. Together with Dad and William, or Bill as we called him, a house was built and in July 1920, the family moved in.



Back row: Bill, Ethel and Joseph (Sr.). Front row: Dick, Joe and Emily Holden.

In the winter of 1920-21, Dad, and a man called Orval Hayes, trapped together. In the summer of 1921, Dad with John and Bill helping, built the Catholic Church in Mirror Landing. It was constructed of logs and was in use for many years. After a new church was built, the old one was used as a clubhouse. It is still standing today.

Music was one of the main interests of our family. Dad and I played the violin, I also played the accordion, Ethel took lessons for piano, while John liked the mandolin or banjo. We passed many pleasant evenings this way.

The winter of 1921-22 saw Dad with Orval and



Dick Holden.

Bill trapping at Fort Smith, N.W.T. also the Fort Chipewyan area. They travelled by scow and boat, also with dog teams. Marten, red and cross fox were quite plentiful.

Bill obtained land adjoining Dad's. He married and had two boys Edwin and Gilbert. He farmed, custom threshed and was a very good blacksmith.

Dad, mother and I remained on the home place. John's daughter, Geneva, came to live with us in the early thirties.

Dad was fond of gardening, and usually had good luck growing things, especially celery and cucumbers. He also sent for and planted apple trees. I continued to farm and trap in winter. I also raised quite a few horses. I obtained a percheron stallion that I called Colonel. Some horses I broke as work horses; others I sold or traded. There were always saddle horses, one in particular a small mare called "Tootsie". She was very fast but also of a highstrung nature. She later became Geneva's favorite.

At one time, in the late thirties, I opened a small store in my brother Bill's yard. I kept a few groceries which I sold or traded for furs. In 1941 Mother passed away and soon after that I gave up the store. Geneva eventually married and moved to Saskatchewan.

I continued to do some farming and had a herd of cattle. Dad passed away in 1961 at the age of 98 years. With his passing, I carried on for a few more years, finally selling the land to my nephew Orval Hayes.

I bought a house in Smith and moved in, the fall of 1980. I have a skidoo and trap some, every winter. I attend the local gymkanas in the summer and also enjoy the Senior Citizen's drop in center to visit or play cribbage.



Gilbert, Edwin (Curly), Bill and Alice Holden.

John and Amelia King by Annie Fraser



Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, Ranch Alberta.

To the best of my knowledge the “Kings” came to Canada from Wisconsin. They were in Bassano for some time where John, (Chick) was employed to walk the gas lines. Later they moved to our area. I believe the move came when the highway (#2) was being built and he worked on the road crew.

The Kings had no family as I recall and although she did tend to be a bit erratic at times, they were very good neighbors to us. We had many good evenings playing cards etc. with them.

Annette Letourneau

When Annette was in the forces she was the first stationed in St. Jean, Quebec, from April to August in 1961. Then she was moved to Beavertown, Nova Scotia until 1964. From there she went to Cold Lake until October, 1965. She was married on August 7, 1965 to Ray Rogers, they went to Germany from 1965 to 1968. She was back in Edmonton from 1968 to 1974, then to Moose Jaw from 1974 to 1977. She then left the forces and lived in Calgary from 1977 to 1981. They retired to Mackenzie, B.C. They have two children, Ray-Anne and Shawn.



Maurice, Bobby, Cora, Leo, Charmaine, Cheryle, Ricky, Lyle and Yvonne Letourneau.

Cecilia Letourneau

by Cecilia

I was Cecilia Paquette at the time I moved to Smith. I worked for Stelters, cooking in the cookhouse on night shift. In 1952, I worked for Eva Chambers for over three years. Then I went back to cooking at the cookhouse on night shift. In 1959, Stelter's planer was slowing down, so I took care of Victor and Louisa Dupont or as everyone called them, Mere and Pere Dupont. I took care of them



Louise and Elizabeth Paquette — 1958.

until they both passed away. The our house burned down in January 1961. I bought the farm from Syd Reay and I am still living on it. I married Hervé Dupont in 1965. He passed away on September 13, 1977.

I had two daughters of my own; Louise, Mrs. Edward Dunkin, had six children and Elizabeth, Mrs. Walter Kruzman, has three children. I also raised three boys: Roy Robert (Bobby) who is in San Diego, California, Brian Paquette who lives in Slave Lake and Randall (Randy) who also lives in Slave Lake.

I married Leo Letourneau on June 7, 1980 and we still live in the country a few miles from Smith.



Brian Paquette — October 1969, Air Cadet.



Randy Paquette — 1966.



Bobby Paquette — 1959.

George Merritt

by Hazel McCumsey

He came from England in the late '20's and lived, I think, on the George Weiner place in the "Bull-pound" area of southern Alberta. In '31 when we were moving to Smith, he moved too, allowing us to use part of his freight cars as he only had one team of horses, little or no machinery, and a few household goods. He homesteaded the quarter section east of Victor Dupont, but did no work on it except to build a small log cabin. He worked at odd jobs and lived as much with us as at his home — probably to get his meals. He left after a couple of years, saying he was going to Quebec or the Maritimes where he wanted to catch a cattle boat to work his passage back to England.

Frank McConnell and Grace Coburn Merrick

My name is Grace McConnell Coburn Merrick. As a girl of fourteen I moved to Smith, Alberta. The post office was called Mirror Landing at that time. I moved there with my father Frank McConnell and brother Lloyd.

We had lived in Lethbridge, Alberta. We were on relief. The year was 1933 and it was just after the depression. My father qualified with three other families for a government grant of \$400.00. This took us north to the Smith area where my father homesteaded. The other three families were the Bill Frasers, the Percy McDowells and Mr. Scratch.

The \$400.00 was to buy the bare necessities like a team of horses, a cow, wagon, cook stove, etc. We also received \$10.00 per month for groceries. My father was a trapper and a hunter, so we did alright.

The families left Lethbridge in trucks in August of 1933. I stayed in Lethbridge with friends to go to



Grace, Frank and Lloyd McConnell, 1934.

school. I went north in December of 1933. When I got on the bus that Sunday morning there were two men and the bus driver. The weather was terrible and a blizzard was in the forecast. We got just outside of McLeod, Alberta and were stranded by the blizzard. The bus driver and one of the men took turns carrying and helping me to a farm house.

We lived in a granary during the winter of 1933 and 1934 on the Bill and Lila McDonald place. Dad had cleared his homestead and had started the log house, which he finished in the spring of 1934.

I married Earl Coburn in August of 1935. Barbara, my daughter, was born in April, 1938.

I lived with my father and during the winter of 1938, it was time for Barbara to have her shots. My father and I took her to Smith. We didn't know that it was fifty degrees below that morning until we got to town. We knew that it was very cold. We went by team and sleigh and since it was so cold, we walked the horses both ways. We lived nine miles from Smith.

When Barbara was about two and one half years old she had to have her tonsils out. The traveling clinic came through and set up their hospital in the school house in Smith. We once again went to town by team and wagon. The school house was divided by sheets on a wire. The sheets were not long enough to come to the floor. You could see the feet and lower legs of the nurses and doctor. They took Barbara and removed her tonsils. I was sitting just on the other side of the curtain. I could hear gurgling and pretty

soon they brought her out and handed her to me. I sat and held her for a few hours and then we took her home by team and wagon.

Barbara is married and has two children and lives in Overland Park, Kansas. She is a registered nurse and works at St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri.

I filed on a homestead in the Smoky Creek District on July 20th, 1936. My son, Ray, was born on this homestead on October 18, 1939. He was delivered by Marjorie Maynes, a government nurse. The fee to deliver a baby was \$10.00 and I did not have the money.



Grace (McConnell) Coburn and Evelyn (Chandler) Lauder, early 1930's.

I moved to the United States in 1941 and settled in Sioux City, Iowa. Several years later I returned to Smith to visit my father and friends. I stopped in to see Miss Maynes and to pay her the \$10.00. In her gruff way she said to me, "I don't even know you, so how could you owe me \$10.00".

Ray lives in Overland Park, Kansas with his wife Phyllis and two sons. He is the vice-president of a vending company.

I have many fond memories of my days from 1933 to 1947. I considered people who had a radio rich, and it was nice to be invited to their house to listen to it.

A dance was a big event for everyone. The notice would be posted in the post office for all to see when they came to town to pick up their mail. We would go to Smoky Creek, Ranch, Hondo, Smith or Moose Portage. I would mark the date of the dance on the calender and then cross off each day as the date came closer. It didn't matter that some of the dances were as far away as 12-16 miles. We would go by team and sleigh in the winter and by team and wagon in the



Ray Coburn, Jean Zamiski, Barbara Coburn, Joyce and Frances Zamiski, summer of 1944.

summer. In the winter we would heat rocks in the oven to use in the sleigh to keep warm. We never got back home until the wee hours of the morning. So it would be time to do the chores before we could go to bed.

There were no baby sitters in those days. We took the children with us. When they got tired we would put them on a table in the corner.

We always took sandwiches and cakes to the dances and at midnight we would all have lunch and anyone who had any talent would sing, step dance or play a musical instrument. We would also have box socials when there was money to be raised for a worthy cause. These were lots of fun. We would spend days decorating a box and fixing a good lunch to put in it. This would be auctioned off to the highest bidder and then you would eat with that person. Sometimes they brought a pretty good price. If you wanted to eat with a certain girl and you thought you knew which lunch she had fixed, then you bid on it.



Barbara Coburn, Patsy, Edith and Lloyd McConnell, Ray Coburn, Frank McConnel, 1949.

My girlhood friend was Evelyn Chandler Lauder. She lived at Turnback Lake. That was six miles from where we lived. She and I walked that distance back and forth many times. I always had a fear of seeing a timber wolf in the winter and a bear in the summer.

I worked for Mrs. Tate for a short time. She had the post office at Moose Portage. I also looked after Mr. and Mrs. Jack King's place, so that they could go to Wisconsin to see their folks.

I still own the homestead that my father filed on in 1933. My father, Frank McConnell passed away in May of 1968 and is buried in Overland Park, Kansas. My husband, Oliver Merrick, and I live in Overland Park, Kansas.

John and Jenny Reay

Jenny Wall was born May 14, 1919 at Coleman, Prince Edward Island. She came to Alberta when she was five years old.

John Reay was born March 8, 1911 at Rowan Gills, England. He worked in England as a coal miner. The Reay family came to Canada because of the coal miners strike in England. They came to the Millet-Wetaskiwin area in 1927 where John worked as a farmhand in 1938. His parents came to the Smoky Creek area to homestead around 1930-31.

In 1936 Jennie worked as housekeeper for the Phlughaupts of Moose Portage. In 1938 she went to New Norway, Alberta where she did housework on a farm.



John and Jennie Reay, 1938.

John and Jenny were married in Wetaskiwin, in November 1938. They came to the Smoky Creek area for the winter. John went back to Wetaskiwin in April of 1939, while Jenny stayed at her parents place. John came back in the fall after Ellen was born (September 25, 1939). John did chores for his parents that winter.

John went back to Wetaskiwin in April 1940 and Jenny went in May. They stayed in the extra house on a farm but paid no rent. From the \$25 to \$30 a month they earned, they bought food and clothing.



Jennie, Ellen, John and Danny Reay.



John Reay house.

After the war started they returned to Grandpa Reay's homestead in the spring of 1941. John helped put in the crop. Then the Senior Reay's moved to Ponoka. John and Jennie lived on the homestead and worked the farm.

After John's parents returned, John and Jenny lived on the Van Verdegem place in 1946. Then they moved onto their own place, into a one-roomed house they bought for \$100. Daniel was born May 20, 1945, making it a family of four. John added on to the house so they had more room.

John worked for Bill Holden sawing lumber around 1944-45. In 1947 he hauled logs for Swanson Lumber with a winch truck.

Faye was born March 9, 1955.

John worked at the Smith Hotel from 1951 to 1956. During one summer, 1956, he worked for a bridge crew down at Medicine Hat.

The twins, John and James were born January 18, 1957.

John went back to work at the hotel until summer of 1968. Then he had to quit for health reasons.

John passed away in November 1981. He is buried in the Smith Cemetery.

Jennie moved to Edson in April 1982. She lives in a Senior Citizens apartment where she enjoys her friends. She has had a trip back to Prince Edward Island.

During the early forties a bear was after John Reay's pigs. The dog kept the bear's attention while John shot at the bear with a .22 rifle. They found 17 shells under the hide. The .22 bullets apparently had no effect until he hit the bear in the eye or nose, but they finally killed him.

Daniel Reay

Danny grew up in Smith where he attended school from Grades one to nine. After he quit school he helped his dad on the farm and at the hotel. When he was 17 in 1962 he went to Terrace, B.C. until 1963 when he went to work for Alcan at Kitimat.

In June, 1966 Dan was badly hurt in an accident. He spent three months in the Vancouver General Hospital, then he was transferred to the University of Alberta Hospital in Edmonton. He then went home to Smith in December of 1966, where he stayed at his sister's, the Barnett's until August, 1967 when he went to live with his parents.



Danny and Joyce Reay, 1980.

In May 1977 he went to work for Bob's trucking until October 1978 as a bookkeeper.

While at home Danny became involved in ham radio and was soon talking to people all over the world. He started talking to Joyce in Kansas in February, 1979. A year later they arranged to meet in California. From there they went to Kansas. Joyce and her three girls; Angela, Deana and Melisa returned to Alberta with Danny.

Danny and Joyce were married in Slave Lake, June 3, 1980. They moved to Barrhead in July of that year. In August of 1981 they moved to Niton Junction where they bought a piece of land with a house on it.

They came back to Smith in July 1982 and reside out at the farm at Smoky Creek.

The Roy Family

by Margie Roy (nee Coburn)

In the late 1930's, a young Frenchman from Northern Ontario came to Smith; his name was Joe Roy. I met him one night at a dance and pie-social in the Smoky Creek school house. That evening at lunchtime he bought my pie (which he claimed was lemon) but it was really a cream pie.

Later on after we were married, he'd always joke about it, and say, "I bought a lemon pie and got a lemon for a wife".

We went back east for a while where Joe got a job in the gold mines at Timmins. It was here that our first son was born, (June 27, 1942) and we named



Joe Roy, 1947.



Ken, Pat and Bob Roy, 1948.



Bill Roy 1957.

him Ken. Ken was almost a year old when we moved back to Alberta in the spring of 1943. We then bought a small farm at Smoky Creek. On this land there was a little log cabin and an old log barn. We fixed up the cabin and it was our home for seven happy years.

During those years we became Mom and Dad to three more boys. They were: Bob, born in August of 1944, Pat, in February of 1946 and Bill in September of 1947.

Joe went west that fall of 1947 looking for work, and he got a job logging at Perow, B.C. The boys and I moved to Perow that winter to be with him. We stayed in the Perow logging camps for two years



Sam and Barbara Roy, 1960.

before returning to our home in Alberta. We never moved back into our little log cabin, as Joe had bought a frame house and moved it onto the farm, we later used the log cabin for a barn.

As the boys grew older they attended school in Smith (because the small country school at Smoky Creek had closed down about 1950.) It's most likely they'll never forget that long bus ride to and from school each day. In wintertime it was getting dark before they arrived back home.

We had two more children after going back to the farm. Sam was born in January of 1953, and Barbara in 1959. Then in 1965 we returned again to B.C. This time to the logging town of Terrace.

Our six children have since grown up and have homes of their own. They are all living in or near Terrace. Joe passed away in February of 1983. I still live by Copper Mountain in Terrace, B.C. (the windiest spot on earth).

The C. J. Siemens Family by Lois Siemens

We could not be considered pioneers to the Smith area, when we, with our two youngest daughters, came to Smith in May of 1965.

We had met and were married at Duchess, May 22, 1932, and lived there for several years. That is where two of our sons and two of our daughters were born. In 1940 we moved to a place 20 miles east of Olds, Alberta, called Westward Ho, where we really



Lois and Corny Siemens with Glenda and Cheryle.

pioneered; struggling to carve a home out of the bush. My husband worked at nearby farms and sawmills to supplement our income.

Even here it was not all struggle and hard times, for we had the joy of welcoming another son and two daughters by birth, and ended up adopting our youngest daughter, bringing our family to eight. We also had the privilege of working in a small church, teaching Summer Bible School, and making many friends.

So when we decided to move to Smith in 1965, it wasn't to a new experience, just a continuation of an old one. Our first visitors were Lyle and Joyce Roth, carrying a pan of delicious cinnamon rolls. Here, once again, we were involved in a small church; here, also we made precious friends; here our daughters enjoyed school, and discovered that there were 22 turns in the road from our place to Howard King's at Hondo. In 1968 all of us but Cheryle suffered a bout of hepatitis, and my husband's health gave way. So a year later we decided to move to Fairview to be near our son, who had a small store. As Corny got better he was able to work in the store.

One funny thing that I remember so well, happened at Smith, and we still laugh about it. The people of the church gave us a "welcome" party. It so happened that we had been putting a big window in the house that day. Since the house was insulated with sawdust there were heaps of the stuff laying there yet, so some of the men took tubs and shovels and literally shovelled it out.

From Fairview we moved to Hinton. Corny had pretty well recovered, he took a job managing a 57-suite apartment complex. He also started working as

maintenance man at the hospital for two half days a week. After he quit at the apartments he worked in the hospital for three full years. That was the job he liked the best of all. He was now in good health, so decided it was time to retire, which he did in April of 1977, at the age of 67.

Later we lived at Sedgewick a while, where we made many more friends, then moved back to Duchess, where we had started 39 years before. We were able to rent a small house on a farm where we lived for two years, until our new home in the Pioneer Villa in Brooks was ready. Two years ago on September 12, we moved into our brand new suite in Pioneer Villa. What a treat!

Last year along with the most of our family and a host of friends we celebrated our Golden Wedding, here in Brooks.

It seems wherever we went we made many friends; they are scattered all over Canada and some in the United States. I still send out about 150 letters at Christmas time, which my daughter-in-law puts through the Gestetener. I used to write them by hand, but can't any more.

My husband does odd jobs for the children, five of whom live nearby, and also hooks rugs. He is on his fortieth piece now. We travel some in summer.

In winter I crochet, embroider and do other crafts. Just now I am in the process of darning up a bag of socks for my daughters. I have always enjoyed darning. It can be quite an art. I also go to Bible Coffees (small groups who meet for Bible study and coffee), and there is always lots to do around the villas. There are three villas now with a fourth being contemplated. In one there is a big lounge with lots of games, and we each have a smaller lounge and coffee area.

Fred and Chris Strach by Chris

Fred was born October 22, 1937 at Flatbush. He went to school at Flatbush and Hondo. Some of the teachers in Hondo were Miss Long, Ted Giles (married to Betty Young), and May Gladue. After his schooling in Hondo he worked at Chisholm, Edmonton, Lodgepole and Smith.

I (Chris Litwin) was born January 18, 1942 at Colinton. I spent my first 18 years on the farm 15 miles south west of Colinton. I took grades 1 to 9 in Colinton, grade 10 in Perryvale and grade 11 and 12 at E.P.C. in Athabasca. During grade 11 and 12 I boarded at the girls' hostel in Athabasca run by the Anglican Society. After grade 11 I went for 1 year of university in Edmonton and took Education. My first job that May and June was as a substitute for grade 3 in Grassland. Then in September 1962 I obtained a



Chris, Fred and Edward Strach.

grade 3 teaching position in Smith and taught grade 3 for 8 years.

In 1964 I married Fred Strach from Smith. We bought Mert Simpson's house in Smith and lived there for 10 years. During our stay in Smith, Fred worked at Smith Hotel as a bartender, and at Federated Co-op as a shipper. We also operated a gravel and logging truck business. I resigned from teaching in June 1970 and Holly was born December 8, 1971. From June 1970 to June 1971 I drove a car school bus, picking up High school students and meeting the big bus at Smith which took the students to Slave Lake. The students were Jim McConnell, Faye Reay, Brian Pacquette and Larry Kylo. At noon I would pick up Patty Dawn Graham and bring her in for Kindergarten.

In the year 1974 we bought Friesen's farm, from Gary Wolestenholme and moved out there in July 1974. That September we sold our house in Smith to Mr. and Mrs. Bud Ottosen. Fred terminated his job at Federated in 1975 and began farming full time. In 1979-1982 I taught Kindergarten. Then Kindergarten and grade one were combined in 1982 under the County of Athabasca. I am now teaching Kindergarten and grade one combined.

As of January 1984 we are still on the farm, 6 miles east of Smith.

John and Mathilde Van Verdegem by Mary (Van Verdegem) Williams

My parents moved from Gem, Alberta, by train, to a homestead eight miles northeast of Smith (then Mirror Landing) in 1931.

While Dad built a log home we lived in a granary



Mr. Saunders, John and Mathilde VanVerdegem.



Mary Williams (nee VanVerdegem).

for about a year. Then about 1940 he built another home of better structure. Dad and Mother cleared land with an axe, using horses to pull out roots. Shortly after moving, the horses they had brought with them, became infested with worms and died. This was a great blow to Dad, as he dearly loved his horses.

I recall being baby-sat by our neighbour, Joe Nadon "Pepe Joe," on a couple of occasions, when I was three or four. He chewed tobacco and spit in the

cracks of his lye-scrubbed slab floor, never missing the cracks. I didn't care too much for this, but he compensated by making hot cakes for me each time he baby sat.

In 1946 we moved to Strathmore, Alberta, and then to Gleichen, Alberta.

Mother passed away in 1968 and Dad, in 1974.

I attended Smoky Creek school; our first teacher was Miss Adams, who boarded with us.

The Wall Family Story

by Bruce, Mae and Margaret

Dad and Mom were both born and raised in Prince Edward Island. Dad was born March 26, 1895 and Mom on October 13, 1896. They were married in 1918 and farmed near Hunter River. Jennie was born May 14, 1919, and Bruce on December 25, 1920.

In 1925, Dad answered the call of the West and travelled to Saskatchewan on what was called "The Harvest Excursion." Men were needed to help harvest the bountiful crops of the prairies. He moved on and worked throughout the winter at various places in Alberta. Mom and children travelled west by train in August, 1926 to join him, accompanied by her brother, Claude MacDougall.



Tom and Ruth Wall.

In the years from 1926-1931, they lived and farmed in the Hanna area of Southern Alberta. Their daughter, Mae, was born September 9, 1930.

Because of the drought, Dad and some of the neighbors decided to move North, and settled in the Athabasca area in the early fall of 1931. Here, Margaret was born October 4. The family moved to a house three miles west of town for the winter. Jennie

and Bruce attended school at West Athabasca. During that winter Dad filed on a homestead near Smith (SW25-R71-W4). There he began work on a small log house. In early April we moved by horse and sleigh to the homestead where we spent the next fifteen years. The nearest neighbors were the Chapmans and Coburns. A few years later the Earl family became our closest neighbors.

The roads were just trails, that followed the high ridges from farm to farm. The men built corduroy across the muskeg so wagons and animals wouldn't get bogged down.

Land was cleared by hand and plowed with horses. A big garden had to be canned and stored away with a variety of wild berries to provide winter fare. Deer and moose were plentiful and the men hunted for our meat supply.

Mr. Aaron Chapman had a threshing machine and went from farm to farm threshing the year's crop. It was a busy and joyous time. The men would get together and help one another. The women were kept busy making meals and lunches for up to ten men. Mom says she often spent her birthday in the kitchen turning out blueberry and pumpkin pies. This was an exciting time for us, as children, with all the activity and goodies. If it happened to rain, everything had to be done all over again as there were no freezers available to keep things from spoiling.

Sometimes there was frost every month of the year. Many a night gardens were covered, and fires were built to help keep the frost away.

Mom remembers a worrisome episode in 1933. When Margaret was less than two years old. She was missing! and thinking that she may have wandered away the family spent an uneasy time looking in the slough, the well and the bush etc. There was a tent set up in the yard and Mom happened to look inside — and there she was — sound asleep!

Another time the chicken coop burned. Mae and Margaret each had a pet bantam which would sit on their shoulders. Naturally we girls were upset to lose our pets, not realizing at the time what the loss meant to Mom and Dad.

We built a larger home in 1936. The social functions of the community centered here for a time until the school was built in 1937. Our first teacher was Miss Adam. School was held in the summer months for the first few years.

Christmas concerts were very important and Mom and Mrs. Coburn could always be depended upon to do a skit. A summer picnic was always held with leg races, ballgames and mountains of food.

The women of the district formed a Country Women's Club. The members were Annie Frazer, Ruth Wall, Ethel Coburn, Clara McDowell, Mrs. A.

King, Ethel Reason, Nettie Zamisky, Hazel McCumsey, Carrie Earl, Louisa Dupont and Mrs. Van Verdegum. The ladies met at different homes each month. Everyone would bring something for lunch. A topic would be picked and the members would learn all they could about it for the next meeting, when it would be presented to the group. The ladies either walked or travelled by horse and wagon.

One time when the ladies were making their monthly sojourn they came to a large fallen tree across the road. Not being able to move the tree, they jumped out of the democrat, unhooked the horse, lifted the democrat over the tree, rehooked the horse and continued on their way, dirty and unkempt. They ended up doing a pantomime of the whole affair and a good laugh was had by all.

The store and post office (Mirror Landing) were located at Smith but most shopping was done by mail order.



Mae, Ethel, Bruce, Margaret, Jennie, and Mrs. Wall.

There was no church in the area but the settlers weren't without some spiritual direction. An Anglican minister, travelling by horse and democrat serviced five districts and held services about once a month in the school.

A district nurse was stationed at Smith and the nearest doctor and hospital were in Athabasca.

Ethel was born April 21, 1939 at our house on the farm. In the fall of 1947 Mom and Dad sold the farm to Glen Earl and moved to Athabasca. Our dad died July 27, 1972 after a lengthy illness and is buried at Cash Creek Cemetery near Ellscoot. Mom presently lives at 2115 Millbourne Road West, Edmonton, and enjoys good health. She has a family of five children, twenty-two grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

In reminiscing, Mom remembers the good times outweighed the sad, and many a laugh was shared when neighbors got together.

History of Ed and Marion Yoder Ed Yoder

I arrived in Smith at the age of six with my parents, Willis (minister and farmer) and Florence Yoder, one brother Valerian and one sister Joyce (Roth) in December 1946 to a log home on N.W. 9-71-26-4.

I attended school at Smoky Creek for five years before the local schools centralized in Smith. During the days of Smoky Creek we kids rode horses to school. When we didn't ride we walked the two and a half miles. Some fond memories bring back the times we boys; Keith McCumsey, Don Dupont, Gilbert and Curly Holden, Valerian and myself had horse races from school to Smoky Creek. We'd saddle the girls horses for them and send them on ahead so that they'd be out of the way of our big race.

During the last six months at Smoky Creek School we had a supervisor who wasn't much older than some of the students. Her duty, besides supervising, was janitorial work, including starting the fire on those cold winter mornings, but often she would sleep in. The students would come and start the fire, and after waking her up, play tag to keep warm until the building warmed up. There was a nail at the back of the school up high on the wall and we boys used to throw our caps up until they were all on the nail. The supervisor got disgusted with us, took an axe, and pounded in that nail. The school is now known as Bethany Mennonite Church and stands in the same location as it did 37 years ago when we first came to this area.



Brenda, Betty Ann, Ray, Ed and Marion Yoder.

During this time we built a new house, in which, I can recall, we had 22 people on occasion, spend the night. These times were exciting for us as young people. Dad purchased a snow plane to get out to Otter Creek for church services because the snow was too deep for any other transportation. (A snow plane was modernized to the ski-doo).

My schooling up to and including Grade 11 was completed in Smith. When I was in seventh grade my brother Valerian passed away of acute polio. He became ill and three days later was gone. This was a traumatic time for us, as friends and relatives were not allowed to visit because of a quarantine placed on us by the doctor. However, we had an ever present help in time of trouble in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Life goes on and I started to pick up where my brother had helped in the farming. Dad was often gone due to church work, Mom did the managing in Dad's absence and Joyce and I helped with the workload. At this time we operated a 500 laying hen operation and all the eggs were washed, candled and graded by hand. (To this day I'm no lover of chickens, only when it comes to eating them). We also had 30 cows and some pigs as part of the farm operation.

After completing Grade 11, I stayed home for one year and worked. Upon turning 18, I drove the school bus in the Hondo area for Wes Earl. I attended Western Mennonite School in Salem, Oregon for my grade 12, then returned home for one year and drove bus and farmed. Then I attended Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia, with my cousin Merle Hartzler from Carstairs, Alberta. After that I came home and worked at Stelter Lumber and Alberta Transportation for two years. I purchased a half section of land from Tom and Lois McCumsey. At this time I went into a farming partnership with Dad. In 1971 I attended Rosedale Bible School in Rosedale, Ohio for six weeks.

One recollection of a fun time was once when Mom and Dad were gone, Joyce and I were tussling around. I gave Joyce a push and she went through the wall in the dining room. It was a constant reminder of our goofing around until it was repaired.

I continued to farm with Dad until his retirement in 1975, at which time I purchased Dad's share of the farm.

Previous to this time I realized Mom and Dad were getting older and I didn't enjoy cooking so thought it might be a good idea to look for a wife, but hadn't expected to find such a bargain at Triple J Auction Mart in Westlock.

Marion (Neuman, Allen) Yoder

I was born in Bloomsbury, Alberta to Emil and Florence Neuman. At the age of 14 years my parents

moved to Medicine Hat where Dad worked as a heavy duty mechanic. I took my schooling Grade one to six at Camp Creek, Alberta. Grade seven and eight in Barrhead and Grade nine in Medicine Hat. I then went to work at a steam laundry in Medicine Hat and attended night school at the same time. After I completed night school I went to work at Eaton's in Medicine Hat in the office. It was during this time I met Garry Allen of Medicine Hat and in the fall of 1960 we were married, two daughters were born to us, Brenda Lee in 1963 and Betty Lynn in 1966.

Garry and I arrived in Hondo area to homestead three quarters of land. Home quarter being NE 2-69-1-5. We came from Medicine Hat and city living. Garry came ahead of me, I arrived after the birth of our second daughter Betty, in July 1966. We had purchased a house in Chisholm to be moved onto our land but it hadn't been moved yet. We stored our furniture etc. in an old shed at Dad's (Emil Neuman) and moved in with my folks in their three room shack. This shack they had set up temporarily where Mom and Dad (Emil and Florence Neuman) and two sons, Ron and Stan, lived; now there were eight of us. The shack was small but dry.

Dad had found a fawn before we arrived and it was used to being bottle fed. Every morning at 6 A.M. you could hear click, click, click, in the porch and the fawn stood bleating at the door for it's breakfast. Brenda, our three and a half year old, just loved to feed him. She had to hang on real tight or the fawn would knock the bottle out of her hand. The fawn became a real nuisance, especially when we wanted to sleep. Dad had notified Bud Sloan of the forestry about the fawn. He came and picked it up and it was taken to the Calgary Zoo.

We lived with Mom and Dad for about two months. Garry was working on the new bridge across the Athabasca river. Dad moved our house. It had three rooms with an addition which gave us another three rooms. We had no phone, electricity or running water. Quite different from the convenience of the city.

Mom helped me paper, paint and put new linoleum on the floors to make it more comfortable. We put in a chemical toilet; and a bathtub in which we could pull the plug and let the water run out. Conveniences at last "ah".

We had cleared just enough bush to put the house in; wildlife had been used to roaming there. Mom and I looked out the window one day and saw two bears crossing the driveway. The dogs treed the bears and Mom went home for a gun. She came back with a 303 rifle and shells for a 22 rifle. Fortunately the bears left. Needless to say we had quite a few laughs.

We heated the house with an oil heater and I'll

never forget my first experience with it. It was cool outside so I decided to warm up the house. I turned the fuel on, lit the stove and it started to jump. Betty was about three months old. Mom was there. She grabbed the baby, bassinet and all, and took off; I took Brenda and we ran outside waiting for the house to blow up but it didn't. All was well.

How exciting to see the first land cleared and all the little root piles (that we had picked,) in the field, (also the first grain crops). Needless to say my enthusiasm for picking roots has left. It was work but very rewarding.

We purchased our first livestock (pigs) from Frank Strach of Hondo. After doing a little fencing, we built a barn for sows. I kept chickens for Mom and Dad, one winter while they worked in Chisholm. Gary had been overhauling a tractor. He had drained the antifreeze and set it in the barn in five gallon pails. He also kept water in the barn, so I could feed and water the pigs in the mornings as he was working at Federated Co-op in Smith. I grabbed the water this particular morning, or so I thought, and watered the chickens and pigs. The pigs refused to drink it, but the chickens loved it. By the time I had realized what I had done, it was too late. For the next two or three days we found dead chickens. Antifreeze didn't agree with them.

In August 1970, Gary was killed in a mill accident at Federated Co-op and in September the girls and I moved to Ponoka, Alberta to live with a girl friend, Winny Rath, who worked at O'K Economy Store.

In April 1971, Winny and I moved to Westlock so that I could be nearer my folks. The girls missed their grandparents a lot.

Winny was employed at the auxiliary Hospital where she still works.

During this time I babysat for the Gary Jarvis's who ran the Triple J Auction Mart. I took Gary's children over to see their parents and whom did I run into but Ed Yoder from Smith. I invited him over for coffee. He said he would check it out with Joyce, as she was along. She consented and they came. Joyce had been a caring person to me when and during the time I was a widow.

The next thing Ed's dad (Willis Yoder) knew, Ed was now taking the pigs to the Mart and trying out my cooking. Needless to say he approved and we were married in January 1973. So Brenda at ten years old, Betty at six years old and myself were added to the Yoder family and our life together began.

The Ed Yoders

Grandpa and Grandma Yoder found themselves looking for a new home as Ed and I took over the home place. Willis and Florence purchased a mobile

home and moved it across the road from the home place. We began renovating the house. Grandma was in her glory and Grandpa wasn't saying much.

The girls enjoyed the farm, especially the animals, as they grew older. Raking hay became a time to enjoy, but cleaning the barn was a headache. I spent quite a bit of time on the tractor and thoroughly enjoyed it.

In October of 1978 the Lord blessed us with a baby boy, Ray Edward Yoder, and once again we entered a different era of our life. In August, 1979, we took Brenda to Western Mennonite High School in Salem, Oregon for her Grade 12. Following that she worked one year in Westlock, then took two years of Bible school at International Bible College in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. At this time she is working in Edmonton.

In August 1983 we took Betty to Western Mennonite School in Salem, Oregon for her Grade 12 where she is at present.

We have been involved with church work in our community through Bethany Mennonite Church. For the past eight years, we have been involved with a youth group open to the community young people. A time of fun, food and Bible study. At this time Larry and Joan Schoenknecht from Hondo work with us.

Since 1971, Ed has been an I.D. 17 Advisory Council member (Improvement District 17 East South — representative for the Smith area). To this date he is still on this council (October '83). He is also on the Smith Recreation Board and Smith Development Association (for the improvement of Smith and area), also the F.C.S.S. Board (Family Community and Support Services) which operates out of Slave Lake.

Ray starts kindergarten this fall with many new experiences ahead.

Our farming operation still includes cattle and hogs and the many things that go along with it.

We enjoy the life we have in our community and the many friends and neighbours that make it a good place to live.

Willis and Florence Yoder — History by Joyce Roth

On July 15, 1946 Willis and Florence Yoder made a trip to northern Alberta to look for a location to begin church work. For some time they had sensed a call from God to serve in some kind of mission endeavor. That call was confirmed when the Northwest Conference of the Mennonite Church asked them to go to northern Alberta to investigate possible openings for such work. Their first stop was at Smith where they found sufficient interest to indicate that

this should be the place to begin. They never continued that trip farther north.

Previously, Willis had been considering going to Yellowknife to start mission work. He had even started taking flying lessons and was just ready for his first solo flight when he discontinued flying. What would have been a decided asset at Yellowknife was not going to be needed at Smith. The closest he came to piloting a plane was when he bought a snowplane in his early years at Smith — a machine with a propeller and skis to go over the snow — which proved to be unsatisfactory.

That summer of 1946 Willis and Florence made the trip from Carstairs to Smith and back again every weekend for five months in their Model A Ford. Their weekend home was one of Harold Duncan's cabins in Smith. In November of that year, Willis was ordained to the ministry by his district conference. On December 15, Willis and Florence moved to Smith with their three children, Valarian age 13, Joyce age nine, and Edward age six. They bought a quarter section of land, N.W. 9-71-26-W4, from Stanley Clark. It is located about 5 miles southeast of Smith on old highway No. 2, what was then the only road to the north. Here they continued their ministry begun that summer. Their financial support came from the farm along with some assistance from their district conference in the earlier years — beginning at \$25.00 a month and gradually being increased to \$100.00 a month — until they decided they could manage without it and requested that it be discontinued.



W. Yoder farmstead in Smith, 1947.

Willis grew up in Kansas, the son of a farmer-preacher, the fifth in a family of ten children. He was only 14 years old when his father died. His oldest brother was married and no longer at home and another older brother was beginning a long recovery from a serious injury received when a horse kicked him on the side of the head. This left Willis, at that early age, to shoulder the major responsibility of

carrying on the farm work. Sometime before the age of ten, Willis had a conviction that he would someday be a preacher. His idea then was that when he grew up he would buy a section of land, have a dairy herd which would provide enough money to support a family and hire a man to run the farm. He would be free to preach the gospel and be away when necessary in the work of the church. That land of his dreams was to be rich and level, far different from the rocky hill he now owned. As a boy, he would take nails and binder twine and build his corrals and fields, always having in mind the purpose for having this farm.

Florence was born and grew up on a farm near Carstairs, Alberta, in a family of two children, having one younger sister. She received her high school education at a church school in Hesston, Kansas. While there, she met Willis who was attending the same school completing grade 10, his last year of formal education. His schooling had been interrupted at the time of his father's death. Later they were married at Carstairs, along with his cousin Willard Hartzler and Florence's sister Stella, in a double wedding ceremony.

That wedding came very near to being postponed. The grooms had left their Kansas homes in a 2-door Model A Ford filled with shower and wedding gifts and of course, personal luggage. They also had in hand immigration papers which stated that they were going to farm in partnership with the girls' father. Thus, well prepared, they reached the border where they found out that a full wallet counted for more than a full car. Because of their meager finances, the border officials ordered them deported. That meant they could not apply to come to Canada for another year. This, after all, was during the depression years and border officials didn't want to feed two more young men on welfare. The girls' father, with the help of a notary public, successfully appealed the deportation order. However, the 12 day delay slowly but surely saw the dwindling of what money the boys did have in exchange for food and bed. Willis ended up having enough to buy the marriage license with \$6.00 to spare. They were married, as planned, May 12, 1932. Also as planned, both couples farmed in partnership with the girls' parents, all living together in the home of the parents. A year later in 1933, Willis and Florence moved to their own home close by.

During those years at Carstairs, their three children were born. They went through a very critical time in 1940 when Florence suffered a cerebral hemorrhage which nearly took her life. Though she was graciously spared, her general health was weakened from that time on. During her three weeks in the University Hospital, Willis stayed in Edmonton to be



Ed, Joyce and Valarian Yoder going to Smokey Creek School.



Willis Yoder on tractor with cardboard helmet.

with her. He walked the streets in search of any job to earn a bit of money while he was there, finally being hired to help on a carpenter job for which he received 40¢ an hour. At the time of their move to Smith, they were farming a half section and raising livestock at Carstairs. The fulfillment of Willis' boyhood dream began as they left Carstairs, headed north.

The quarter section which became their home had 35 acres broken and was hilly and notably rocky. There they began farming with a team of horses, two saddle horses, one cow, an 8N Ford tractor, a 7 ft. cultivator, a 7 ft. tandem disc, a two-bottom plow, a set of harrows, a rubber-tired wagon, a hydraulic wood saw, a 32 volt light plant, and before long, an 18 run press drill. In 1954 and 1958 they sold their two quarter sections at Carstairs and so were able to finance the purchase of two quarters a mile away; N.E. 3-71-26-W4 known as the King quarter and S.E. 10-71-26-W4 known as the Dixon quarter. They also leased half the section known as the meadows; N.E. 5 and N.W. 4-71-26-W4. This was made possible through the kindness of the Holdens, who deciding they no longer required these quarters, offered to release their lease on them if Willis wanted to take it up. A third quarter, S.W. 9-71-26-W4, though not highly valuable as pastureland, was leased in order to have the right to fence it and thus keep off a wandering herd of horses including a stallion which was a threat to the safety of his children when they rode horseback. Later, when son Ed started farming in partnership with his father, Ed bought a half-section from Tom McCumsey; E½ 17-71-26-W4.

Over the years they improved and expanded their acreage by clearing a total of 170 acres. They gradually increased their cattle and included other livestock operations. At one time, they managed a poultry flock of 500 laying hens, also selling young

capons for meat, both live and dressed. Willis usually gave a hand at butchering time especially with the killing and plucking but Florence was also handy with the axe. Sometimes when she delivered live chickens for sale, she would be asked to chop off their heads. The eggs from the laying flock were candled and graded before selling locally — many to local grocery stores and to lumber camps. The top of each egg bore the stamp, "Yoders Quality Eggs." A two-story, hip-roof barn was constructed to house the hens and was built mainly of lumber salvaged from Chisholm sawmill, the nails also being pulled, straightened, and re-used. A neighbor, Aaron Chapman, helped straighten nails.

Hogs provided part of the family income but was not a major part of the operation until 1969 when an 80-sow capacity hog barn was built. In 1961, son Edward had joined his father in the farming business, though it was a couple more years before Ed was working full time on the farm.

For many years, before they had enough hay land at home to pasture the cattle and produce winter feed, Willis put up hay at various places in the surrounding communities. Before they owned a baler, that meant forking the hay several times, stacking it again at home, and finally feeding it. He hauled hay from as far away as Hondo, Moose Portage and Spurfield areas and seven miles beyond the Otter Creek area on the Lee Richter place. Sometimes it didn't all get hauled before cold weather. Willis managed to dress warmly enough to survive those frigid miles on the tractor without too much difficulty except for his face. And he finally devised a way to do that, too. Taking a cardboard box about a foot square he put it over his head, having a peep hole cut out of the front which he covered with glass to see through. He had Florence attach a strip of cloth around the bottom with a draw-string to tie around his neck. And to

solve the problem of the glass fogging up he inserted a miniature tin “chimney” in one corner of the top.

During those first years the Yoder home was identified by a sign reading, “Welcome — W. R. Yoder.” Many people enjoyed the welcome that sign announced and their home took on the atmosphere of a continuous open-house with the comings and goings of many people: brief visits or more prolonged stays; community people or those stopping for a nights lodging as they travelled by; social calls, business calls, spiritual and church related calls; people coming to give help and others needing help in a wide variety of ways. Many nights there were more people than beds, so cots would be set up, three would sleep in a bed, the children would sleep at the foot of the bed or on a bed made by pushing together two easy chairs, and in the summer tents would go up outside. As many as 15 to 20 people were accommodated in a night.

All this was too much for Willis and Florence to handle on their own and so a succession of hired help came, both for the farm and for the house. Many times they couldn’t afford to pay those helpers what they could have earned elsewhere and in that way, as well as others, these men and women contributed to the work of the church.

The many visitors were also too much for the house to accommodate so a larger one was built. The first building to go up, though, had been a garage in the late fall of 1946 before Yoders actually moved. Carpenter and neighbor, Bill Frazer, was hired to build it with other local help. It was built, in large part, of lumber Willis salvaged from a building on his farm at Carstairs. It was so cold when they were putting on the shingles that they warmed the shingle nails on the stove before attempting to use them.

It was the summer of 1948 when two men arrived from Carstairs to help draw up plans for the house because in four days, they announced, people were coming to start building. The house was built mostly by volunteer labor with work crews coming from other churches in their district conference as well as local help. Henry Harder, a carpenter and the Yoders’ pastor at Carstairs, came to build the cupboards and to do the inside finishing. The best of the shiplap was used for door casings and wherever possible on the cupboards.

Over the years, much time and effort were given to the task of maintaining a livelihood for the family. Willis counted it a privilege to care for his family as well as a God-given responsibility but he did not consider the business of farming to be his top priority. Farming was a means to an end and not an end in itself. The work of the church and the needs of others came first. Willis and Florence chose as their



Back row: Dwight, Lyle, Martin and Virgil Roth. Middle: Marion, Betty, Joyce (Yoder) Roth, Brenda and Ed. Front: Florence, Ray and Willis Yoder.

motto the scripture verse found in Matthew 6:33 which reads, “But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.” We, as children, can verify that our parents did indeed live by that motto. We also know that, accordingly, they made many sacrifices. Sometimes those sacrifices also affected us as part of the family. And, yes, as children it was at times hard to accept. However, we can now treasure the heritage — a strength of character and commitment of faith — that these experiences have given us to build upon.

The history of a pastor and the history of the church he pastored for its first 30 years are very difficult to separate. The establishing and pastoring of the Bethany Mennonite Church has, for these years, been a central focus of Willis and Florence’s lives. They also held services, in numerous surrounding districts, especially in the earlier years when a trip to town or a neighboring district was more difficult. At one time or another, they went to Otter Creek, Smoky Creek, Forestview, Hondo, Moose Portage, Chisholm, Grosmont, as well as to various lumber camps, sometimes holding three services on a Sunday and several evening meetings during the week. They were very thankful to have a car making it possible to serve these places. Their car, being one of the few in the community, also served many neighbors at their time of need. It transported people to church and children to their annual summer Bible School. (See the history of the Bethany Mennonite Church elsewhere in this book for more on the Yoders’ involvement in it.)

In addition to local church responsibilities, Willis was active in the work of the Mennonite Church in other areas. Florence and he rarely missed attending their district conference’s two annual sessions. Many winters they attended its six-week adult winter Bible School. It was in the 21 years at these Bible Schools

that Willis received much of his Bible teaching, never having attended seminary. He has held evangelistic meetings in such places as Ontario, Oregon, and Ohio.

In 1953 when polio epidemics were taking their toll all over the country, it also reached into the Smith community. That fall, Willis and Florence's eldest son, Valarian, became ill and in three days, on September 6, he passed away — the victim of polio. This was a severe shock to the family. Because of the nature of Valarian's illness, the family was quarantined, for three weeks. A graveside funeral was conducted at the Smoky Creek Community Cemetery following which the family quietly left in their car — no greetings or handshakes. However, the large crowd, by their attendance, offered strength in this time of loss.

Over the years, Willis has served the community in various ways. He was actively involved in the Home and School Association and also in the district Nursing Association — especially at the time when the new nurse's residence was built. In 1958 he rallied the interest and assistance of his neighbors and together they built their own local telephone line. In 1959, he was one of the first four farmers in the area to be hooked up to electricity with Canadian Utilities Power Co. (now Alberta Power). He helped organize the local R.E.A.L. (Rural Electrification Association Limited) and has served as its secretary-treasurer since the beginning. (A fuller account of the beginning of the telephone and power in the community is told separately.)

In 1958 Willis and Florence's daughter, Joyce, married Lyle Roth and settled in the Otter Creek district. In 1973 their son, Ed, married Marion Allen, the widowed daughter of Emil and Florence Neuman, who with her two daughters, joined him on the home place. At that time, Willis and Florence bought a mobile home and moved it on to their land across the road from the existing farmstead. At the time Willis retired from farming, he and his son, Ed, had a herd of about 140 cows and a 100-sow hog operation.

On December 31, 1975, at the age of 66, Willis officially retired or in his words "pulled the king-pin." In 1977, he also retired from the position of pastor of the Bethany Mennonite Church, continuing to serve as assistant pastor.

For Willis, retirement years have been full and active with more time and finances being available to pursue the interests dearest to his heart: church work, visiting, freedom to come and go — often in the interests of the church and other people, reading, and studying. He has also become involved in prison ministry. For Florence, these years meant leaving the busy hub of the farm activities and a house, now larger than her energies, in the care of a capable daughter-in-law. She was glad to relax in her new home with its next-to-new appliances and furnishings and delighted in the improvements and renovations happening back in the big house — something that couldn't quite be said of Willis, who found watching the "hub" from a distance a more difficult adjustment.

In 1979, Willis had cataracts removed from both eyes. Florence helped him through those months being an able aid to his limited vision. She did much of the driving then and has always, before that time and since, shared the tiring miles behind the steering wheel. During her last years, Florence increasingly struggled with failing health and a weak heart. On September 22, 1983 she passed away in the hospital at Didsbury, Alberta, after a very brief illness which developed into pneumonia and resulted in heart failure. Willis and she were, at that time, visiting Florence's sister and husband near Carstairs. Funeral services were held in the Smith School and she was buried in the Smoky Creek Community Cemetery. Willis and Florence had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary a year earlier. At the time of this writing, in October 1983, Willis is going through the difficult adjustment to this loss in the strength of a faith that has sustained him all through the years, being confident that in that faith, there is victory.

Anniversaries



May and Sid Reay, 25th anniversary.



Leo and Cora Letourneau (30th Anniversary — 1970).



Mildred and Syd Owens 45th Wedding Anniversary. (1982).



Ernie, Erika (25th Wedding Anniversary, November 27, 1977).
Back row: Russell, Bernice (Bob's wife) and Bob Heinz.



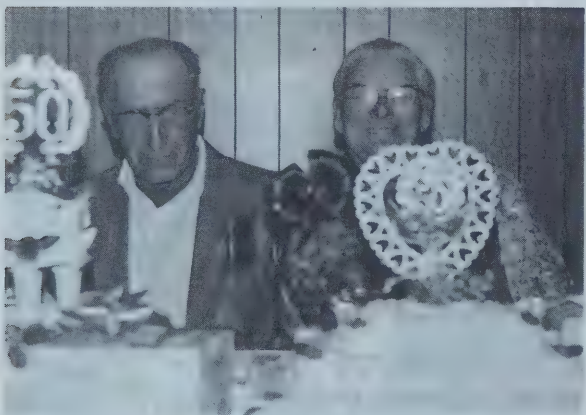
Bill and Verna Willis' 40th Anniversary, 1978.



Reinhart and Hilda Stelter. (46th Anniversary).



Claude and Vivian Martin, 50th Anniversary.



Mary and Guy Raessler, 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1981.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hayes on their 52nd Anniversary.

Bert and Mary Olson celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary last Sunday at the Canora Hall with the help of 166 friends and relatives, including 66 visitors from the U.S. The Olsons, both in their 90s, were married in Minneapolis, Minn., in 1913 and farmed near Smith, near Slave Lake, from 1930 to 1955.



Bert and Mary Olson
... 70 years of marriage

Document.

Neighbors From All Over



Back: LaVern Reason, Ellen Passmore, Shirley Reason, Winnie Nikipilo, June Fox and Nettie Andruk. Front: Bill Brown and Louis Newell. 1937-38.



Hondo-first election.



Jack Hayes and Mr. Arthur Rochon.



First car to come to Moose Portage around 1924.



McCumsey's old homestead — 1934.



Alex King — Moose River.



Guy McCumsey with first dog team, 1932.



The Chapman's and Coburn's, on the Chapman farm 1940-41.



Back: Joe Swanson, Carl and Mary Hall, Blanche and Steve Chandler, Evelyn Chandler and ?. Kneeling: Earl Chandler, Lloyd McConnell, Millie Chandler, and Lloyd Chandler. In front: Leonard Chandler and Ken Hall.



The Chapman's Family, 1935.



Alex Sinclair at Spurfield, 1955.



Moose Portage, getting ready to move, 1935.



Marlo Sand and Hartvig Sleuter.



Mrs. Harry Smith.



Jack Haggerud and the Adams children.



A Birthday Party at Smoky Creek.



Friends.



Mike and Annie Nikipilo's wedding.



A wedding in front of old Smith Hotel.



Smith kids, 1946.



Mr. and Mrs. John Clark (1953).



Gus and Audrey Reimer.



Neighbourhood 'kids'.



Building Nurse's Home in Smith.



Carrie Earl's 80th birthday.



Orval Hayes and Walter O'Neil, 1965.



Ewald, Audrey, Irene, Brian, Gloria, Larry, June and Laura Schoenknecht, 1982.



Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Ross, and Ruth Helmer (Drinkwater), Fawcett Lake, 1942.



Jim McConnell and Ethel Allard.



Orval Hayes at Ranch, Alberta, Early 1940's.



Mary (Coburn) and Les Taron and children, 1960.



Dick and Bill Holden, Moose River Valley.



Threshing crew, Left to Right: Bill Holden, Jack Hayes, Grant Knapp, Harris, Bill Petrovich, Maurice Quebec, Sandy Petrovich, Uno Strandberg, Ned Villeneuve, Louis Richards.



A. Lundquist, Joanne Strandberg, 1936.



Logging.

Old Buildings



Joe and Emily Holden's house at Smith.



Old Moose Portage Church.



Zamiski's house.



Joe Hugo's Garage (former Dixon brothers).



Holden barn and sheep shed, Smith.



Orval Hayes' house and Ranch Post Office.



Log house of Micheal Zadworny in Chisholm.



Robert Lauder Store, 1941.



Nikipilo's Store (Red and White).



McCumsey's Meat Market, 1950.



Old Smith Hotel burning.



Carrie and Clarence Earl's house.



Carrie and Clarence Earl's homestead house.



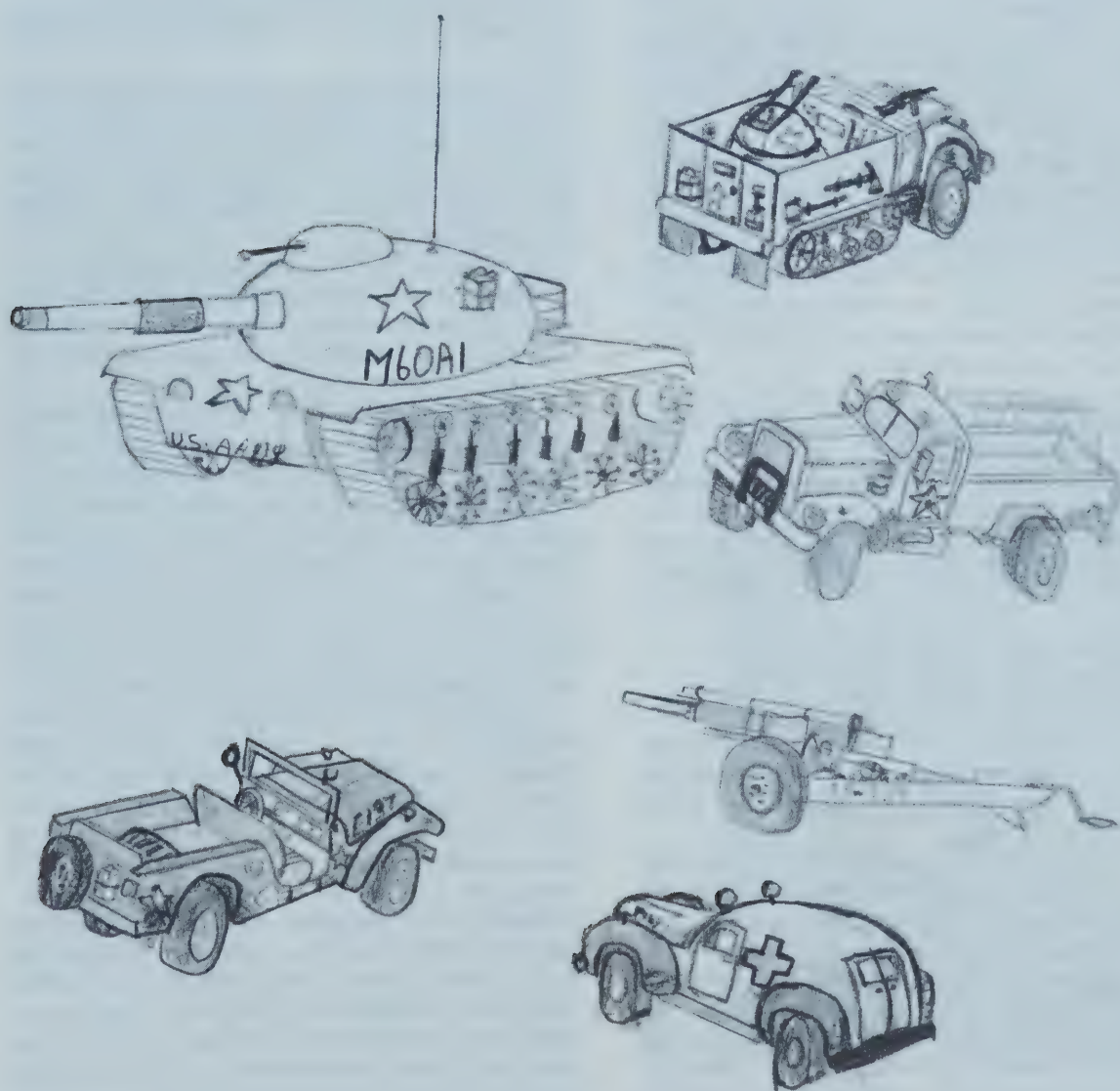
Joe Vallie and his General Store, 1944.



Joe Vallie's Store and residence, 1951.



Military and War Time Stories



by Eddy PIZLEY

Wartime

by Irene (Olson) O'Neil

When the war came along, it changed our lives in lots of ways. There was a shortage of some goods so we learned what rationing was. Many troops passed through Smith from the States, heading to Alaska and the Territories in the north. Northern Alberta Railway converted a couple of boxcars into a diner or "beanery" as it was called which served meals to the extra train crews at any or all hours. I cooked there for a couple of years and made what I thought were fabulous wages.

During the War

by Inga McPherson

One late summer afternoon during the second world war, two Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers came to the Nock homestead in the Forest View district and asked directions to the Sleuter homestead. As the road was impassable for cars, Oscar Nock told them that it was a bit late to go that day, but if they were willing, he would take them there the next day by team. They agreed.

It turned out that they had come to take Sleuter to a Concentration Camp near Winnipeg for enemy aliens. He had been making some anti-patriotic statements which some people had found offensive.

When Oscar got talking to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police he told them that the man was really quite harmless and hurt no one.

His keen German patriotism was quite understandable as he had been a German Army Officer in the first world war. His interest was nothing more than that. The Mounties thought things over and left, satisfied.

World War II

by Fred Hajek

Giving the devil his due, it was a Madman in Europe that solved the unemployment problem. By his antics, he persuaded the Governments of the day to provide the necessary funds to finance it all. World War II started, 1939.

After Pearl Harbour, 1941, it was no time at all until the railroad was overwhelmed, handling the transport of men, heavy equipment for construction, military equipment and supplies destined for Dawson Creek, for construction of the Alcan highway to Alaska. Construction of a telephone line from Edmonton to Alaska was in progress. In less than a year both projects were completed. We were linked by telephone to Edmonton, the Peace country and of course, most of the world.

Young Georgie Bisson was the district's first World War II casualty shortly after hostilities began.

He was stoker on HMS Fraser when it was rammed and sunk by a larger warship during evacuation operations on a French port.

War Incidents

by Fred Burfield

After the war had been in progress for awhile, I saw five men walking up the highway towards my place. Three of them were prisoners of war. The other two I recognized as saw mill operators at a log sawmill on the eastern end of Fawcett Lake.

"Our truck has broken through the ice," said the leader. "Could you come down with your tractor?"

"All right, if you think it can do the job."

"Just the rear wheel went through, right near the bank."

It was a mild day, so I got the tractor running and the five men walked back down ahead of me. By this time, my sight was bothering me quite a bit and when I got down to the ferry landing, I couldn't see where to go to hitch to the truck, so I asked if any of the men could take over.

"I can drive it," the leader said eagerly.

He could too, much better than I could. The truck was down in a very awkward place. The tractor had to practically lift it bodily up backwards out of the ice and onto the hard, frozen ground.

I left the tractor running and rode in with them to get my mail. They all went into the beer parlor after taking one of the prisoners out to the district nurse's office. The other two marched up and down trying to keep warm. They suddenly got into the truck to keep warm. I saw a little teenage boy open the window and lean inside; I suppose to keep them from starting the engine. I noticed another lad standing by a car in front of the post office, keeping a sharp watch. I wasn't going to do any guarding, so I walked home.

Another incident I remember was when I went hunting for my horses. I was walking home along Moose Portage trail with my halters and a pail of oats when a big car came alongside and stopped. A young lady got out and said, "Hello, how are you?" Then she came striding up to where I stood in the ditch as though she was going to walk right into my arms. Naturally, I wouldn't have minded if she had but when she found that I was not going to budge, she took fright and backed away in a hurry. I learned that this quick forward movement was to make the victim back away and that was supposed to weaken his resistance. Then she went on with a long and loud harangue about giving to the war effort.

"I'll take that ten dollar bill you have in your pocket," she said finally. I started pulling things out of my pocket as though I thought there must be a ten

cleaned up most of what was left, I suppose about 30 pounds of it and gave Dad and me the rest. This was a wedge of about six pounds. I suppose it had been getting riper with time. Anyway, Dad and I could only manage about half of that and couldn't stand the smell of the stuff any longer, so we passed the remainder on to Dave Taylor — maybe he finished it. Maybe not. I don't know.

Two backwoods characters went into town one winter's night when the yards there were filled with waiting box cars loaded with goods for the Alaska highway crews. They broke into a box of groceries and found a whole round of cheese in its wooden casing. They snatched that along with other goodies and lugged them across the ice to their waiting dog teams.

Duncan's Auto Camp
& General Store

SMITH, Alberta

July 8, 1912.

RE: J. J. AMERSON,
 Defendant; OFFENSE,
 The Veterans' Volunteer Program,
 1964-1965.
 JAMES J. AMERSON

21.5 11.5 11.5 11.5 11.5

1. *Introduction* (10 min)

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. David Berg | 11. M. G. Brown |
| 2. J. J. Brown | 12. J. J. Brown |
| 3. William Brown | 13. J. J. Brown |
| 4. Andrew Carr | 14. J. J. Brown |
| 5. J. J. Brown | 15. J. J. Brown |
| 6. J. J. Brown | 16. J. J. Brown |
| 7. J. J. Brown | 17. J. J. Brown |
| 8. J. J. Brown | 18. J. J. Brown |
| 9. J. J. Brown | 19. J. J. Brown |
| 10. J. J. Brown | 20. J. J. Brown |

[illegible]

Kindly let me have your instructions as to what can be done about this.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. Dunbar

(E. S. Duncan #732473)

Document.

That round of cheese turned out to be limburger cheese — that very strong, white, smelly stuff. By spring, they were thoroughly sick of the cheese and gave what was left to Lawrence Villeneuve. Villeneuve had become married and now lived on Grellet's place and had a number of young children. They

LETTERS	NUMBERS	
E 1 [] 0 5 4 6 9		
LETTRES	NUMÉROS	

Name *William* *James*
 Nom Last Name - Nom de famille First Name - Prénom
 Street Address or R.R. No. *1000*
 No et rue ou R.R. No.
 City or Town *Montreal*
 Ville ou Village
 Province *Quebec* Telephone Number { Numéro de Téléphone
 Province


RATION BOOK 6
CARNET DE RATIONNEMENT 6

CANADA

RB-375

Document.

96	97	98	99	100
M	M	M	M	M
PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DETACHER LES COUPONS				
95	94	93	92	91
M	M	M	M	M
FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS				
86	87	88	89	90
M	M	M	M	M
PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DETACHER LES COUPONS				
85	84	83	82	81
M	M	M	M	M
FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS				
76	77	78	79	80
M	M	M	M	M

World War I Veterans



Charlie Crick (First World War, 1917-18 Siberia).



Clarence Earl Sr.

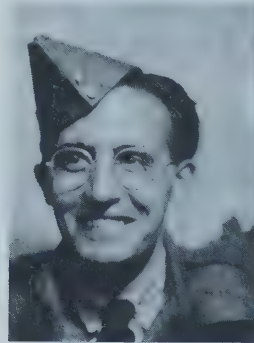


Orval Hayes Sr. (In France during World War I).



William J. O'Neil Sr. (World War I).

World War II Veterans



Armand Beauchamp.



Archie Brown.



Floyd Brown.



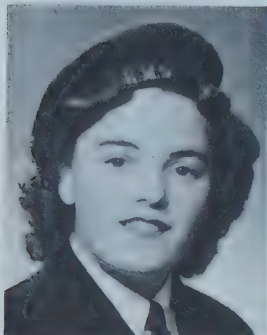
Jack Coburn.



Hawley Croswell.



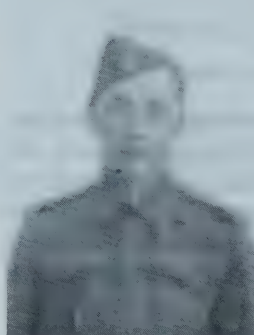
C. E. (Gene) Earl (Seaforth Highlanders, 1st Division, 1945 in England).



Joy Earl (nee Fleming).



Wes Earl (June 23, 1945).



Sidney Eggleston.



John Gladue.



Claude Graling (1944).
Infantry Division of Cal-
gary Highlanders.



Oscar Guenette.



Laurier (John)
Guenette.



Ed Harris.



Bill Harrison.



Jack Hugo.



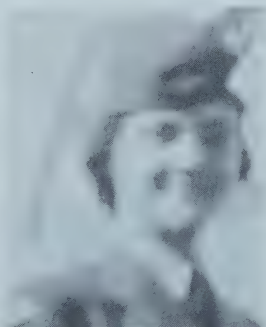
Mary Hugo, Navy



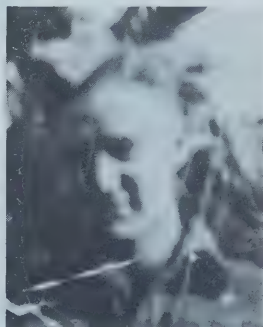
M. James.



John Lee.



Annette Letourneau
(Septeber 15, 1961, Bat-
tle of Britain Day).



Leo Letourneau (taken
in Holland 1944).



Colleen McClanaghan.
(July 1982).



George McClanaghan.



Kathleen McClanaghan.
(Nee Hugo).



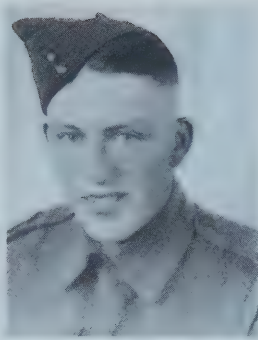
Lloyd McConnell.



Tom McCumsey.



Henry McDonald.



Pte. Wilfred McLaughlin
(Calgary Highlanders).



John Jamieson Munro.
(49th Edmonton Regiment later The Loyal Edmonton Regiment).



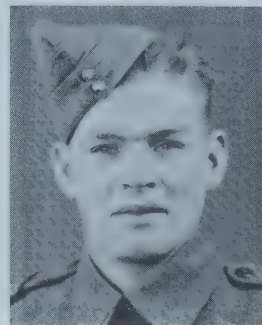
Andy Newell



Louis Newell.



Floyd Olson.



Merle Olson.



Bill O'Neil.



Hector O'Neil.



Stan O'Neil.



Bill Owens.



Edna Parsons.



Ross Parsons.



George Price.



Syd Reay.



Marlo Sands.



Bryan Tate.



John Tate.

Anecdotes



Memory Lane

by K. Hugo

When I close my eyes
My thoughts go back.
Down dear old memory lane.
To the country kid
I used to be
And I seem to see again.
Those childhood friends
So dear to me
When we met in the country school.
Playing ball
Through the summer days
Or fished in a shaded pool.
In faded jeans
Our feet were bare
But our hearts were young and gay
And I'd give a lot
If I were back
In those happy yesterdays.

William Burns

Bill Burns was an ex-pugilist, pioneer and wood-cutter. Around 1911 he took up a homestead at Soto Landing and became one of the exceptional characters around Soto Landing and Mirror Landing.

At this time there were restrictions on the importation of liquor to the area and Bill liked his liquor. He was in a constant battle of wits with a certain constable at Mirror Landing, who wanted to restrict his liquor to that shown on his permit.

One day Bill and his friends set a trap for the constable. The bottom was knocked out of a barrel and the barrel set up in the bush beside a stump. Traps were set and wired to the roots of the stump, then the barrel was carefully placed over them and nailed to the stump. The traps were covered with straw and two empty gin bottles placed beside the barrel. Bill and his companions made sure there was a well-defined path down to the river from the barrel.

In the meantime an anonymous letter had been sent to the constable telling him about a still that Bill Burns had.

Bill and his friends were quietly fishing about three hundred yards from the 'still', when the Mountie came along, discovered the path and followed it into the bush. Before long, the fishermen heard a loud yell, as the trap snapped over the Mountie's fingers, plus curses and cries for help, when he found he could not get loose.

Bill and his pals had a lot of trouble getting through the thick bush, the few hundred yards, to where the Mountie was trapped. They were quite mystified as to how he got himself into this predicament.

Their questioning merely brought on more curses and demands for release. The three rascals found that they had done their job better than intended, but finally the Mountie's release was effected hastily if not gently. Bill had won this round but other incidents were more than likely to end in favour of the police.

Bill was a trapper, but he found that the Indians had cleaned out most of the furs in his territory. He sought to discourage this, by telling them there was a spirit, in the river, that could lift the water seven to eight feet in the air.

To prove his point, Bill set sticks of dynamite in the water. The visiting Indians were sharing his tobacco and conversation when Bill lit the fuse. Suddenly the dynamite exploded and the water rose about six feet, spraying them. Two of their canoes upset and sank. The third drifted downstream. The Indians disappeared and never bothered Bill's rats again.

'Doc' Wilson

The difficulty that boats had in ascending the lower reaches of the Lesser Slave River, meant that most of the time travellers had to portage by wagon from Mirror Landing to Soto Landing. 'Doc' Wilson was one democrat owner who charged unsuspecting travellers a dollar and a half to take them over the 16 miles of bumpy road. After the first quarter mile 'Doc' asked his passengers if they would walk up the steep hill to spare his poor horses. However, when he got to the top of the hill, 'Doc' Wilson did not stop to wait and he disappeared over the next hill and the next one. The weary travellers had to walk the whole 16 miles. When they reached Soto Landing, 'Doc's team was in the barn and 'Doc' no where to be seen.

Transportation Story as told by Lawrence Adams

Before the advent of the powered boats on the Athabasca River, freight was floated down the Athabasca river on large scows, as far as the rapids, a few miles this side of Fort McMurray. There it was portaged around the rapids and loaded on scows again.

These scows were pulled back up to Athabasca by crews of men, walking on shore with long ropes attached to the scow.

The scow was loaded again when there was enough freight and the operation repeated.

Lawrence's father, Harry Adams, was one of these men, some of the others were Joe Brazeau, Jim Auger, Pat Nipshank, Alex White, and Batiste Villeneuve. There were others, as they worked the crews in shifts.

From The Athabasca Echo

Athabasca — 11 Sept. 31 — A deplorable case of misery was revealed when a man, his wife and five children, with a married daughter and her husband arrived in town Friday night. The party had taken five days of travel from Smith with an apology for a wagon and a bag of bones of a horse. They said they were on their way to Montreal. They were absolutely destitute and but for the charity of Father Demarais probably would have perished on the road.

2 Oct. 31 — Mr. Guy McCumsey, of Mirror Landing is a patient in Athabasca hospital.

Born — to Mrs. F. Coburn of Mirror Landing, a daughter. Smith — 16 Dec. 32 — Thomas P. R. Somme, 81 years of age, was found frozen to death in his cabin some three miles north of Smith. No foul play is suspected. It is assumed he died of natural causes.

Athabasca — 5 May 33 — Mrs. Wreggett, of Moose Portage, after travelling 30 miles by wagon and another 30 miles by car, got to the hospital just as twins (boy and girl) were born.

Smith — 24 Sept. 37 — Jeff Cocke is a mighty busy man these days. With his new truck it is believed he will be able to take care of all his calls on time. Thursday he took 170 bushels to the elevator in Athabasca in two hours and fifteen minutes. Bert Small made a business trip to Athabasca, Thursday, cashing in on the first real returns from five years of homesteading. Orval Hayes is farming the George Mills ranch and got a real good crop this year after having been hailed out completely last year. Orval recently bought a brand new $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck from Slim Nelson of Athabasca.

Smith — 22 Nov. 37 — A new loading platform is being completed at the N.A.R. siding which will be a great help to the public. The ferry is tied up on the bank but crossing is still possible by the motor driven scow operated by Duncan and Mullins.

There are now 100 permanent farmers in the Smith district with some 3500 acres of land under cultivation. Most of these have settled within the last five years. No doubt there will be a grain elevator built here before next fall.

Smith — 23 July 37 — Mr. Joe Vallie and family are holidaying at their summer cabin at Moose Lake.

The Bates' family have returned to the city after a pleasant visit at the Passmore farm.

Nearly a hundred cars a day pass over the Smith ferry. The best day this year was 170. Maybe one of the reasons the government refuses to gravel the highway is that the traffic would increase so much they would have to build a bridge.

We are glad to know that Miss Laura Scott will be

returning for the fall term at our school. Her good work is greatly appreciated by parents and students.

Mr. McKenzie's two sisters are visiting with him at the hotel. The three days of rain was a most welcome relief to our forest rangers who have had an anxious time in our wooded territory.

Smith — 6 Aug. 37 — Crops are filling out fast since the last rain.

There will be a lot of grain in the Moose Portage-Smith area this year. We have no grain buyer here and the grain will have to be trucked to Athabasca.

A real enjoyable time was had by a big crowd at Bobby Lauder's dance in his new store. Bob is a welcome addition to the growing business section of Smith.

A dance will be held in Ranch school this Friday, August 6th, to raise funds for the District Nurse's home. A good cause, just a few miles out of Smith. We would like to see some of our friends from Athabasca

Smith — 13 Dec. 37 — A bingo party was held at Bert Small's last week. At any rate the party had lots of "bing" and plenty of "go" to it. On account of so many dry wells, the boys laid off the water.

Andy Newell, while taking George Donaldson to the doctor, turned his car over at Bear Lake doing considerable damage. Mr. Donaldson was sent to Edmonton on the train.

The people of the district went to a lot of trouble to build a house and furnish it for the District Nurse. But often the nurse is away to some other point for a week or a month leaving us without the service we so badly need.

Smith — 3 June 38 — New grain bins are under construction for the Midland — Pacific Grain Company. When finished, the contractors will move on to Kinuso to build for the same company.

A bush fire recently destroyed Mr. Crevier's barn.

A new garage is being erected by the Dixon Brothers.

Moose River school recently raised \$35.00 by a basket social to buy playground equipment.

A boy's ball club and a tennis club have been organized and equipment ordered.

The locomotive shop handled 170 engines for repairs during the month of May.

Smith — 9 Sept. 38 — George Bison Jr. has returned from a business trip to the city.

Miss Laura Scott will teach here again this term. This is her fourth year at Smith.

Rusty's truck is quite busy hauling fish from Moose Lake.

Our grain buyer is patiently waiting at his new bins for grain to come in.

Smith — 30 Sept. 38 — The first carload of wheat has been shipped out of Smith from the Midland — Pacific's new elevator.

Grading of the streets and the installation of culverts has greatly improved the appearance of the town.

Fred Kosak and family have returned from their vacation and Fred is back on the job again.

Mr. Harchuck has moved his family to the city for the winter.

The R.C.M.P. have picked up a man wanted for some time at Smith. Dan McPherson was a great help to the police.

Smith — 11 Nov. 38 — Mr. Burfield had the misfortune to break two ribs when his team bolted and threw him from a load of hay.

Earl and Jack Coburn have returned from the south.

A. J. Vallie, of Vancouver, is visiting in Smith.

Mrs. H. Duncan is visiting in Edmonton.

Skating parties and wiener roasts are being held almost nightly at the river.

A large crowd turned out at the Ranch school at the wedding dance of Miss Eleanor McLaughlin and Mr. Wesi.

Smith — 10 Dec. 38 — Fred Tredre has sold his farm to James Hutchinson and left for Vancouver.

Mr. Lauder has traded cars again. Fast work, Bobby.

Johnnie Terriff is home from Vauxhall visiting with his father.

The pool hall and barber shop are going strong and we wish Lucien plenty of luck.

Jeff Cocke has been busy hauling 1100 bushels of wheat from Slave Lake to the elevator in Smith.

We wish to congratulate Verna McCumsey and Billie Willis, two of our popular young people who were married a few days ago.

Smith — 27 Jan. 39 — The road between Smith and Slave Lake is blocked by snow drifts. It is expected it will be re-opened again today or tomorrow.

Mrs. Jean McKenzie is away on a well earned holiday.

The annual meeting of the Smith school district was held on January 14th. Mrs. C. A. Passmore was voted in as trustee to join Messrs. Small and Andruk. Mrs. Lea Terriff was hired as secretary. The financial statement shows a balance of \$800.00 in the treasury.

Smith — 10 Feb. 39 — Miss Maynes, district nurse is on a two day trip to Moose Lake. It seems scarlet fever was suspected.

17 Mar. 39 — We are very sorry to hear that Mrs. Treverton is sick and expects to have an operation.

Stuart Small has returned from the hospital in Edmonton.

The district nurse was called to attend Mrs. Trotter who is very sick with heart trouble.

Mr. L. Major is doing well with his pool hall in Smith.

27 Oct. 39 — Nikipilo's new store is open for business. It is a big improvement to the town.

Lucien Major has rented Lauder's store and will move his pool tables there on the first of the next month.

The ferry stopped operating on October 25th.

8 Dec. 39 — Miss Fox, teacher at Smith, put on a bingo and dance in aid of the childrens Christmas tree fund. They raised \$50.00.

The Boys of Smith

There's a little log cabin

By the side of the way

That's quite noisy by night

But quiet by day,

Where the boys like to gather

And have a good time

And their songs and their laughter

Give thought to this rhyme.

There's big Johnnie Terriff

Who's as strong as a horse,

And tells lots of stories

That are spicy, of course.

And there's old Orval Hayes

With his little red truck

Who's a mighty fine fellow

If he don't run amuck.

Then there's Andy, the Scot

As pleased as can be

Who does the dispensing

As usual, you see.

Then there's little Jim Colwell

"I'm sober", he declares

But he sits on the floor

Cause he falls off the chairs.

Then there's also Hank Reason

Who's as sane as can be

But he left a warm bed

To go out on a spree

Now the last but not least

Who owns this wee nook

It's Small, the homesteader

Who is also the cook.

From the Athabasca Echo, February 10th, 1939.

The Hard Way To Get Gas

by Richard Holden

My brother Joe and I were threshing at Charlie Millen's place at Moose Portage, Alberta in the late 1920's. The machine belonged to my brother Bill.

Since he was working for the N.A.R. at the time, we were running the outfit for him.

On this day, we were becoming low on gas, so in the afternoon, I took a team and wagon to Smith to get some.

When I arrived at the Athabasca River I found that the ferry had been pulled from the river and wouldn't be in use again until spring. I then had to go to where the Slave river entered into the Athabasca, at the site of Mirror Landing. I left my team there and crossed the Slave in a rowboat, which Johnnie Graling and another man, whose name I don't recall now, operated. I walked across the Railroad bridge and into the town of Smith. Bill had a Model T Ford made into a truck. We loaded a barrel of gas onto the truck and drove back across the railroad bridge. We unloaded the gas from the truck and into the boat.

We managed to cross the river safely but while trying to unload the barrel, it slipped and fell into the river. I then had to get my team and drag it out and up the bank. We loaded it onto the wagon, finally, and I started back to Moose Portage.

I arrived at Charlie's place about midnight. Mrs. Millens prepared supper for me, which was more than welcome. I hadn't eaten anything since leaving there at noon.

Places they threshed at were Ed Malone, Dick Riggins, Johnnie Graling, Ed Guenette Sr., John Goodwin, Hageruds, Arthur Marchand.

Smith Community

by Fred Hajek

When I arrived in Smith the town consisted of the Railway depot, roundhouse, water tank, repair shop and coal dock. Other buildings in town were the hotel and general store owned and operated by A.J. Vallie, his wife and son Joe and sometime in the 1940's taken over by his son-in-law and daughter the McKenzies. The post office mistress was Mrs. Dave Lee and her husband Dave ran a small restaurant in the same building. Another restaurant was run by Fred Worthing and his wife, until Fred, a railway sectionman, was transferred to Judah, Alberta. If I remember correctly, Fred's parents and other family members lived in the Hondo district. George Bisson, the locomotive foreman, and his family resided next to and north of the railway tracks from the railway station. They had three children: Rose, Vi, and George. Later the family moved to Edmonton. Other buildings were a Roman Catholic Church, a one roomed schoolhouse and a teacherage, railroad engineer's bunkhouse, also various bunkhouses for the section foreman, roadmaster and several other houses of local residents. Several families lived just past the

outskirts of Smith hamlet, on acreages or as squatters. There were the John Andruks, Newells, Hills and others. In the mid 30's John Nikipilo, the section foreman, built what was the Red and White store, just behind the railway depot, also an adjacent garage.

The first few years of my sojourn at Smith were quite hectic to say the least. There was little or no time for recreational activities which amounted mostly to hikes in the woods and dips in the river or lake, and of course fishing. Berries, both blueberries and cranberries, were plentiful so most everyone stashed a goodly amount of preserves. For years there was not even a poolroom or barber in Smith.

Flood

by Fred Hajek

SLAVE LAKE SUB. 1935



SLAVE LAKE SUB. 1971



Sometimes you wonder how much progress is made.

Slave Lake sub, 1935. Slave Lake sub. 1971.

During the dry years of the early 1930's much of the forested and bush land was fire swept on several occasions between Smith and Athabasca destroying many good stands of timber. For weeks at a time smoke was so intense that visibility was limited to a few score yards. There was a complete change in the weather the following years, with heavy winter snows and wet summers causing rivers and lakes to rise and overflow their banks. I believe it was during the summer of 1935 it rained heavily for weeks. Lesser Slave Lake rose till it flooded over the highway like a virtual lake half way to Smith. Many sections of the railroad were also under several feet of water with numerous washouts. Train service was suspended on many occasions and all traffic tied up for days and even weeks. The regular passenger train on several occasions had to be stopped at Smith, and turned back to Edmonton. Westbound passengers along with their baggage, plus mail and express were unloaded at Smith, and transported via track motors and push cars to the flood area, where boats and scows were used to moved the traffic past the flooded section. On occasions, mail and needed necessities like bread and perishables, were unloaded at Smith, housed in the depot freight shed, and flown by pontoon fitted planes which landed and took off on the Athabasca river for furtherance west. Most rivers were overflowing their banks, sweeping away highway bridges, buildings and what not.

Even the Athabasca with its high banks rose dangerously high and at Chisholm, it broke the Chisholm Sawmill's pond log boom, which held acres of sawlogs, and swept the works downstream, until it encountered the railway bridge at Smith where the boom chains entangled and hooked onto the bridge peers. The resultant pile-up of logs and debris, endangered the steel structure atop the concrete piers. A trainload of railway steel rails plus cars of gravel was parked on the bridge, to prevent it being swept away, while blasting and clearing of the log jam operations was initiated. It was another hectic period of stress until it all subsided and things got back to normal. I imagine a goodly number of the saw logs ended up in the McKenzie river system.

Flood of Mid-1930

by Bessie Crick

One event that stands out so clearly in my mind happened in the spring of 1934. We were living beside the river and as usual, the water level was already rising. At midnight, my husband went out and checked it and found all looked all right. However, about 3 A.M. I awoke to the sound of water running and I looked out my window to discover it flowing across the doorstep.



Crick's house flooded at Chisholm.

Immediately, Charlie and I started carrying our children out because of the downward slope in the path-way where the water was quite deep already. We put the children on a huge haystack along with blankets to wrap up in as the weather was very cold then. There was still ice on the water that my husband had to wade through to bring what we could salvage out of the house.

Before long, the water was soon three to four feet high inside the house so we didn't get everything out. Charlie rescued our little dog and also brought it to us in the haystack. He then went to blow the whistle in the mill, as a warning and a summons to help the other families that lived along the creek. To name a few, the Drakes, the Gagnons, and Charlie's parents.

In addition to losing some of our furniture, the butter churn, dishes and kettles went out the door with the flood water. The cellar had filled up with water, ruining the vegetables we had stored away, and most of the chickens had drowned. The house and contents were a total mess with mud and water throughout.

As a result, we were forced to flee with what little we had. We moved up to Wiley Wards place for two



Flood 1947 — Chisholm.

or three weeks until such time as we could clean the mess from the house and salvage what we could. This one particular flood, I will never forget.

Transportation During the Flood

by Oliver Olson

In June and July of 1935 rains came daily, and sometimes lasted three days. One area that was flooded as a result of this was Highway #2 along the Slave River, beginning about one mile west of where Tollenars live and up to Slave Lake, old town.

I believe it was a fellow named Lew Morrison that put in a powered scow, and began hauling cars up to Slave Lake, the cars were unloaded on the bridge across the Slave River.

A camp was established about a mile west of the Tollenar ranch, and men and teams were hired to repair this flood damage. I was one of the men that worked there with a team and wagon belonging to Abe O'Neil. There were four or five wagons hauling dirt; I had one. The wagons were loaded by a crew of four or five men with spades.

Another three or four wagons were hauling poles for what was called corduroying; we came along and dumped our dirt on these poles.

We worked two weeks, traffic was just going through, and on Saturday night it started to rain and rained all night, all day and night Sunday, and on Monday morning there wasn't any sign of our two weeks of work. We were all sent home.

This was when the town of Slave Lake moved from the river to the railroad, where it is today. You needed hip boots to go into the Hotel, and you could have a beer and fish right out of the window.

Harold Duncan also put a scow on to haul the traffic through. One of the men who operated his scow was Billy Mullins.

They were making a huge profit at \$15.00 a car, until enough protest was made. Then the Government paid the scow owners for operating and it cost the travellers nothing.

The following year, work was started on a new bridge on the Slave River by Tollenars, and a road to Mitsue, where it is now. However, by dredging the river, better ditching, and raising the highway, the old road is still used today.

Some of the men from the Smith area that worked there, that I remember and have since died are: John Blum, Vern Anderson, C. B. Olson, Pete Penner, Cecil Larson. Bill Owens was cook.

Driftwood River

by K. Hugo

Little brown river still rushing along.

Tugging at pebbles and singing your song.

Bubbling and noisy, full of good cheer.

You've been going forever and yet you're still here.

The sleek minnows flash, in the rippling foam.

Near the bright shady shelf where they're making a home.

While the myriad hues of the big dragon fly, Flicker and dart where the lily pads lie.

You shared my troubles and most of my dreams.

When I sat on your banks with my feet in the stream.

I've fished in your shallows and swam in your bays

You've been part of my life for most of my days.

So little brown river go on as you will.

Curl past the meadow and circle the hill.

My childhoods still with me while I'm at your side,

To watch your dark waters as onward you glide.

Points of Interest

by Wilson Wolstenholme

Turnback Lake (S.E. 18-69-25-W4) got its name from some settlers getting so far to the east they had to turn back because they couldn't get around the lake as the muskeg was too wet. Eventually, the old highway was built around the east and south side of the lake about 1922.

Deadman's Knob (S.E. 33-70-26-W4)

Probably in the early 1800's (date is not known), a trapper wounded a cow moose with a muzzle loading rifle. She bellered and bawled, attracting two bull moose and in the melee that followed, the trapper was killed before he could reload. He was buried on the spot, hence the name.

Deadman's Lake (S.W. 29-69-25-W4)

Around 1912, two men were travelling by sleigh from the south and crossed Spotted Horse Lake, Sandy Bottom Lake and while crossing another small lake, the team broke through the ice. While helping to get them out, one of the men was struck on the head by the neck yoke and drowned. The saying goes that his body was never recovered and after that the lake was known as Deadman's Lake.

Memories

by Marie Ward

When I was nine years old, I sold Christmas cards, Easter cards, and Gold Medal Seeds door to door in the Chisholm community. This is how I became acquainted with so many of the townspeople.

I helped Mrs. Mitchell of Hondo sell flower pots that she made in her home. They were made of tobacco tins with paper mache and painted in gold and silver and decorated with real knots out of lum-

ber. She also made plant stands out of red willows. She painted them gold and silver where the willow was cut, then varnished the finished product. Mrs. Mitchell came to Chisholm on the train with her goods. I walked around the town with her and carried her pots, which she sold for .25¢-.50¢ each.

I remember my Father telling me how Lafay Finstad, George Bains, Bill Willis and himself built the road from Chisholm to Hondo. This was about 1929-30.

I also remember the Hindu people that came to pile lumber for the company. They stayed in their own bunk house and did their own cooking. During the winter, they worked with burlap sacks wrapped around their feet for shoes. For the summer, they made sandals out of lumber with a strap over the toe, made out of old conveyor belt. They made their own clothes, turbans and baggie pants. In the summer, they never wore shirts.

Reminiscences

by Velma Rochon

One Christmas Eve, we had hitched up two horses to a sleigh and went to deliver presents to the children in the Chisholm community. It was around 40° below Fahrenheit. I was Santa Claus, Susie Piper was my helper and Arnold Gilles drove the team. It sure was worth it to see the childrens' faces when they received their presents.

It was around 1935 when some of us went to a dance in Flatbush by train. There was Len Severied and his girl friend, Carl Anderson and Blanche Walker, Camille and I. After the dance, the boys walked home in all the mosquitoes and us girls stayed at the Richardsons' until the next day. Then we went back to Chisholm by train.

We did a lot of walking in the early days; four miles between two points was next to nothing. One day, we walked 15 miles to visit Ken and Ann Worthing and the next day, we walked back.

The mosquitoes were so bad, we had to carry a smudge pail with us, or we just carried a switch to keep them away.

The Ferry Tale

by Roland A. Ellefson

In the summer of 1954 Ellefson Lumber was successful on a bid for two discarded ferries on a Pembina River site near Flatbush. One was burned to help clear the site and the other caulked with hot tar to seal up the cracks it had developed. Then after jacking it up onto skids and rollers and a great deal of pushing and pulling, with whatever equipment was available, the ferry swooped down the approach and splashed into the Pembina.

From here it was intended to navigate the ferry down the Pembina, out into the Athabasca River and on down to the crossing area near the Otter Creek sawmill site. So after mooring the ferry, the crew returned to camp with the launching objective satisfactorily accomplished.

Charles Parker, a merchant in the town of Athabasca, had offered to assist with the project, if it was done on the town's Thursday holiday, and would bring along his small boat and outboard motor. So the next Thursday, loaded with gear and a small wooden boat and outboard, a crew from the sawmill arrived early to begin operation two.

The ferry was loaded with food, fuel, ropes, saws and other supplies expected to be needed on the trip. The bow of the wooden boat was fitted into a notch built on an end ramp of the ferry (now making this the back end of the "ship") and its alignment with the ferry secured by ropes from the back of the boat to the two back corners of the ferry. It was hoped to be a means of propelling and steering the ferry but although this system proved quite successful on the Athabasca River it was actually a handicap on the Pembina and was soon abandoned. With his boat, Charlie scouted ahead and tried to map out the best channel to use in the rockier sections of the river.

It was a beautiful, sunny morning when the ferry embarked, and the crew was in the best of moods. The most adventurous of the boys dived off the ferry ramps and frolicked in the warm water. Victor Jan- ezski, a young teenager, and the most diminutive member of the crew got his first dip in the water when he fell (or was pushed) off one of the ramps. Floundering frantically, he pleaded for someone to come and help him because "he couldn't swim". A seemingly callous and indifferent observer on the ferry advised him to "try standing up". In a last desperate maneuver Victor tried this and found that he was "fully submerged" to his waist. After this rough initiation, he really took to the water and when he was not working cavorted about in it to such an extent, that several times he had to be hoisted on board, when he was too tired to scale the ramps of "Good Ship Ferry."

The jovial starting mood was soon dampened when the course ahead proved to be indeed a rocky one. In rockier sections of the river only one or two channels could be used. Steering, perhaps better referred to as guiding, was done by pushing on crude pike poles. Obvious rocks could usually be avoided but the ferry encountered numerous submerged ones. When only one rock was involved and the channel was wide enough, the ferry swung around it but many times conditions were such that the ferry became hung up and it was necessary to pry it off of

the rocks with heavy poles. When the ferry became grounded near the side of the river, a long rope was attached, from the ferry to a tree on the bank, and extra tension provided by pulling sideways on the centre of the rope.

On one such occasion, for which they had been planning, some of the crew secured the hundred or so feet of rope tightly to a springy young tree on the bank. Then, getting Victor to help them, and organizing it so that he was near the centre of their line, they pulled the rope some distance to one side. This time they were delighted that the ferry hadn't budged. At an agreed signal, they all let go of the rope and unaware of what was about to happen, Victor, the human arrow, soared out over the water and splashed down like a spent satellite. The whole crew had burst out into laughter, when a sputtering Victor staggered to his feet and began wiping the water out of his hair and eyes. But with a good sense of humour, a game Victor began to laugh also and was soon back into the action. No more tricks were played on him that day, and it was evident the fellows had opened up a bit to make way for Victor, the man.

It started raining in the afternoon, and when it began to get dark, and there was still a long way to go, the ferry was secured at one bank and the crew took to the boats. A ways further down, the river widened to such an extent that the water was too shallow even for the loaded boats. The crew got out of the boats and were sliding them along, when they came on to a rocky island covered with a pile of tangled driftwood. Not wishing to be on the Athabasca at night, it was decided to camp there for the night.

Although they had some difficulty getting it started, it wasn't long before a roaring fire was going and the diversion set up the crews appetite for a lunch, long overdue. Charles, a veteran cadet trainer, steeped in the arts of survival, had organized some of the crew and turned the boats upside down, with one side propped up about two feet, for entry. This was to be the shelter for the night and as soon as the crew satisfied their hunger with hot coffee and heated cans of food, they bunked in for the night.

Because of their numbers the adventurers had to sleep crosswise to the boat, with their backs up against one side and their feet protruding out from under the other. They learned during the night what survival meant. For the taller men it meant that even though they raised their legs rain soaked them from the knees down and water running off the boat splattered down on their knees and trickled down into their boots.

This state of affairs was not all negative. Aided by exhaustion, most of the crew was soon sound asleep.

But after varying periods of rest the realities of cramped backs, cold bodies and soggy legs returned. When they were wide awake and no longer able to stand it, individuals crawled out from under the boats to stretch and warm themselves. With nothing better to do, they pulled driftwood out of the tangled pile and fed the fire. A good fire burned all night.

In the morning, by the time all of the men were out and the last of the food cleaned up, it had stopped raining and the crew set out with the boats. The sky was overcast, the weather cool and the mood gloomy. It was not long till one of the boats ran out of gas and had to be towed by the other one, finally reaching Chisholm. From here, they motored off to camp or homes to recuperate.

During the next week, heavy rains raised the level of the Pembina and the next Thursday when the crew arrived, the ferry was floating high along the bank where they had left it. That day, it sailed, trouble free, out of the Pembina, into the Athabasca, and down to Chisholm, and the following day completed the trip to the Otter Creek location. Its use here was to carry a "cat" across river to make roads to the new timber berth.

The Ferry

by Fred Burfield

Our first job in the spring was chopping away the masses of ice that had blocked off the ferry landing and helping to jack the ferry down into the water. Then we all got at clearing the hill slope to the highway and breaking it up with the horses. While burning the log piles, Dave Taylor came and told us if we didn't have a burning permit, we'd better get one right away. So Peter ran down to MacLean's who lived on the old Mirror Landing site at the junction of the Slave and the Athabasca Rivers, and got a permit. On the prairies, no one ever bothered about permits and no officials ever came into that arid country. Now, especially because we were on the highway, the officials were falling over each other. Peter had scarcely returned when a car stopped and a man demanded to see our burning permit. By that time, all the heaps were burning and even spreading from one pile to another. "You had no business having a permit!" the official growled. He was a young fellow and only too happy to show us greenhorns who was boss. We made sure the fires didn't get out of hand. We had enough to do without officials peering over our shoulders.

Villeneuve gave up the ferry job after that first year and Jim Brazeau took over for a few years (He had a homestead up the highway about four miles. He had a large family of boys and a lovely little wife,



Ferry at Smith.

who died before I left.) After a number of years running the ferry, Jim gave it up and Alec MacDonald took over. A Mr. Fraser was Jim's helper and MacPherson was Alec's helper. Running the ferry was not an easy task. There were always accidents — people coming down the hill with no brakes and going into the water or landing up against the banks. Or else they just didn't have the power to drive off it. One time, the ice of the spring breakup must have rolled a huge boulder in front of the landing. When the water became low in the fall, the ferry would bump against it and still be two or three yards from the shore. He got a number of us farmers to come down in a hurry with wagons and team, to move sand from a cut up the road a piece and dump it as near as we could on the landing. More and more people came in their cars and trucks wanting to cross. I was down there with my load of dirt waiting for my turn to dump while the others finished shovelling the last load. A bulldozer type of man came stalking down growling, "Let's get a move on here! This is no good!" He turned to me and ordered authoritatively,



Ferry and bridge construction over Athabasca River.

"Here you, what are you doing sitting there. Get that load down and emptied!" I gave him a glance and then ignored him. So did everyone else, so he shut up.

There was no effort to keep the highway open during the winter, until the war came. But one day, in mid winter, a cat pulling an ordinary grader came along. The driver said the Minister of Highways had given orders for the road to be cleared so he could drive to Edmonton in his car. The grader had been skidding all over the icy surface and didn't do much of a job.

A number of trucks went through the ice while I lived there. All of them did so, while driving off to one side of the usual route across. Apparently the ice was weaker there. Perhaps they didn't want to leave a hole in the roadway. In each case, the vehicle would be down out of sight. A man known as Rusty had a large truck. He used to do trucking often from the Smith area. He crossed the river once with a load of oats from Jack Hayes and ran out along the route of the cable. The ice was only eight inches thick. The rear wheels broke through. They unloaded the oats onto the ice in a hurry, then placed planks under the truck and tried to jack it up. However, the ice will hold a heavy load only for so long. One day, as I walked across, all I saw was a square hole in the ice. No sign of the high truck box. It was in deep water there. Eventually, they got a cable with a hook attached, fastened to a rear bumper or something and cut the ice away clear to the north shore and hauled it out, probably by using the ferry capstan. They spent another two days or more thawing out the ice from the truck and draining the water.

Ferry Story

Walter and Irene O'Neil

by **Lois (O'Neil) Shannon**

There was one trip to town that I am sure Art especially will never forget. Art was about 16 years old at the time and had gone to town with a team and wagon. He was just coming down the river hill to get on the ferry and cross over to go home. The neck-yoke on the wagon broke and could not hold the wagon back. Art had a neighbor lady and a small child with him. He told her to jump out with the child, which she did. Art stayed with the wagon until it reached the water's edge; there was nothing he could do but save himself so he jumped too. The horses plunged into the river and were both drowned.

Ferry

by **Esther Dixon**

Before the present bridge was built over the

Athabasca, we had the ferry. Of course the bridge is much superior but we used to have friendly chats with the ferry men. One incident comes to mind of a family wanting to cross when the new ice was doubtful in early December. The husband decided to try anyway, his wife and baby walked across. The car didn't get far when it broke through and sank out of sight. The driver managed to jump out. Arthur undertook to raise the car from its watery grave with a tripod and a team of horses and succeeded — what a task they had drying that car out to run again. The mother borrowed diapers from me for her baby (our first boy Donald was tiny then). Later a package came in the mail, the borrowed diapers.

This Week's Poem

by Wiley Ward, Chisholm

Here's to the nurses and their aids God Bless them,
May the zephyrs of nature caress them,
For they have chosen a profession that's second to
none
And like our own mothers, their work's never
done.

As their operations extend from sea to sea
In endless efforts for humanity
They firmly believe that a deed well done
Is beneficial to every one.
So by work, words or a pleasant smile
They help us all, when it's most worth while.
This world would be a sad place indeed
Were it not for their care, in time of need
And regardless the task or how tired they be
They always do it willingly.

So here's hoping, that when they reach the gate
St. Peter won't make them wait
But will waft them up right near the sun,
With a rest thou in peace, thy work is done.
Composed during a lengthy siege in the Westlock
hospital.

Friends and Neighbours

by Fred Burfield

The Hill family, whom we had got to know in Drumheller, had returned and asked me to help them build a house, at .50¢ per day. Cash was cash then, no matter how little, so I jumped at the chance. A young Swede and his fiancée had arrived with them and they were going to help. Mr. Hill was not in very good condition, having been in the first war, and had some disabilities, apparently from gas. He was a little Englishman, big eyes being his outstanding feature. Not a bad sort at all. His wife, also English, was

usually seen with a long cigarette holder in hand, eyes squinting in the smoke. She was also a nice person. They had one girl, Peggy, who was sent to the local school across the river. They had a homestead cornering ours to the south-east, with all of it on the lower slopes of the valley and out into the water. He made a wagon trail through the big trees, near the bottom, from the ferry to more open ground beyond where he intended to build. I took a wagon load of their stuff out there, after exhortations from Mrs. Hill to be careful not to break her teapot. They had a little canvas shanty setup, along with a tent to sleep in. We got busy clearing a way up to some good building trees on the slope above, and for the next month did little else, till we had the house roofed and floored and chinked and they could move in. Hill came over late in the autumn with a barrel of asphalt to heat and brush onto the roof.

Next to the Hill's, to the west, were the Newell's and their three children; Andy, Lewy, and Hazel. They also had land on the south side of the river and sometimes lived there. Mr. Newell was quite hard of hearing but loved to talk. His wife, also English, was a good sort.

Beyond them at the mouth of the Lesser Slave River were the MacLean family. Mr. MacLean had to move his telegraph out to the highway from old Mirror Landing site. He bought a two acre triangle from me and set it up there for a few years. The family consisted of three boys and two girls, I believe. During the war, however, he was moved out to Green Lake in Saskatchewan.

Lawrence Villeneuve took over Grellet's place and developed it. He married Alethea Price and they had a large family. Up in that area were other Brazeau's: Tough and Joe. Further on were Palmer and Joe Stole, with the house of sixteen corners. Paul Stark lived down by the Slave River. Then at the Moose River were Mr. Jack Hayes and family and across the highway, the bachelor Scots but I do not recall their names.

There were settlers all the way up to Lesser Slave Lake but I did not get to know them very well. There was Mrs. Hudson and a Mr. Bloom who lived together and used to bring grain to our place to be ground.

The Hill's left Smith after five years or so and went to live in Drumheller and a Mr. and Mrs. Crevier, who had a homestead just across the river, moved into the place. About five years later, he died and Dad and I made a coffin for him. Dad read a burial service and along with Dave Taylor and Terrif's, we buried him; he was the first one in the new cemetery. This must have been well into the 1940's.

The Birth of a Canyon

by Bill Willis

In 1935, when flood conditions were prevalent, part of the old and only road between Hondo and Smith was cut off when Soda Flat filled with water. This meant an extra mile or so was added to the distance because of the detour around to the east.

Cecil and Bill Willis, Gordon and Syd Owens, Mike Baron and, it is thought, one of the Gladue boys, decided they would scout around and possibly find a shorter route around the west side. They found another water-filled area between the Flats and the river bank, covering an area of two or three acres. If this could be drained, they were sure they could have a shorter route. They estimated the depth at probably three or four feet of water.



Hondo Canyon, 1945.

They promptly set to work digging a ditch out to the river bank, a distance of 30 to 40 feet. The digging was easy as the soil was sandy. They dug the ditch about four feet deep, and eventually a trickle of water started running; one more shovel full should do it. Another shovel full wasn't necessary, however, as the pressure from the lake quickly turned the trickle into a forceful stream. Within ten minutes the water had cut a ditch 12 feet deep and at least ten feet wide. It was a raging torrent, as it wore its way out into the centre of the lake, where a wall of water dropped into a huge crater. The roar was deafening, as huge chunks of earth weighing several tons would crack off and disappear. The water cut a swath 100 feet wide down the slope to the river about 500 feet below, taking large poplar and spruce trees and willow clumps along with it. The trees became uprooted, toppled into the chasm and were gone. They couldn't see the river for mist rising from it. They stood in awe, unable to believe what was taking place. A large crack appeared in the earth behind Gordon Owens; Cecil grabbed him and pulled him to safety as the ground he was standing on crashed into the gorge. In

about an hour and a half, it was all over. Their ditch had turned into a canyon; their hopes of a new road had washed away. The ferry operators pulled the ferry out of the river at Smith, unsure as to why there were so many trees coming downstream.

School children and teenagers have used this canyon as a site for weiner roasts since then, probably unaware as to its origin.



Hondo Canyon, 1984.

Oldtime Dance

Out in Alberta, there's an oldtime dance,
Where everybody's shinin' shoes, and pressin' up
the pants.

Guy McCumsey, is the fiddler, and he's rosin-up
the bow,

Fred Coburn, is the floor-manager, and he yells
out, 'Let her go!

Now the fiddles hummin' a tune so soft and low,
And everyone is waltzin' round, swayin' to and
fro.

Earl Coburn, shows up early, all dressed up so
neat,

Black shoes shinin' upon his feet.

Then Guy's fiddles moanin' old "Turkey In the
Straw"

With everybody dancin' round, even paw and ma.

Midnight comes a rollin' round, it's time to sell the
pies

And all the men are stompin' round, waitin' for the
buys.

Percy McDowell is the auctioneer, and he begins to
holler,

Fifty-cents, fifty-cents, who'll make it a dollar.

Joe Roy said, He got a lemon, but it was only just
a dream,

Because I know for sure, it was a plain-old-cream.

After lunch we're sittin' round, and time it seems
so long,

Then some one's askin' how about a song?
 Everything is quiet, Hazel McCumsey's going to
 sing,
 And we are all a wonderin' which song she'll sing.
 First she clears her throat, and her vocal cords
 reflexes,
 Then she's a singin' out, "Deep In The Heart of
 Texas."
 Ethel Coburn next recites, "Saint Peter At the
 Gate,"
 She forgets a couple verses, and we all sit round
 and wait.
 Erie Scratch comes in later, though he couldn't
 walk a line,
 Cause he'd stayed too long, with the old
 Moonshine.
 Jack King and Joe Roy jump up, their toes are just-
 a-tappin'
 Then everybodies yellin' and a shoutin' and a
 clappin'
 Next Fred shouts, get your partners for a square,
 And we all are a jumpin' and a rushin' here and
 there.
 Fred is singin' out, first couple to the right and
 form a star,
 But everyone is so confused, they don't get far.
 At last we go dancin' round, doing the doe-see-
 doe,
 But still someones wantin' the good old heel-and-
 toe.
 Now this is the oldtime dancin' back in thirty nine,
 With Guy's fiddle wailin' and the guitar keepin'
 time.

Tragedy of 1936

by Doris Willis (nee Sands)

In November 1936, at the age of 15, I was hired to go to Tieland to look after the section foreman and his wife's little boy while she went into the hospital to have her second child. When I arrived at Tieland by train, there was only one man there, a section foreman that had been laid off, and he was toting a gun. He told me that the Nelson's (whom I was to work for) had gone to Flatbush for groceries, and would be back that evening. I spent the night in a little shack where he told me to stay. I felt there was something wrong when the Nelson's never returned and I could hear that man walking around and around that little shack I was staying in. Anytime there was any noise outside during the night, he would start shooting. He had all his guns and ammunition in a tie pile. The railway ties were piled all around in a square like a box.

The next morning, Mrs. Nelson's sister, Erna, her boyfriend Joe Garry and Mr. Towns walked into Tieland. Erna was to spend time with me while her sister was in the hospital. They were greeted with a shower of bullets. One of the men took a quick look around and realized what had happened, so hurried us out of there. We ran to the tracks, got the pump car off the side track and proceeded to get away as fast as we could. The gunman started shooting at us as we moved on down the track. Right at that time, there was a dense fog that settled down between us and the gunman, and probably the only thing that saved us.

When we got to Chisholm, Joe Garry phoned the police and they went out to Tieland to investigate. They found that this mentally unbalanced individual had murdered Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, their little boy, George Rule, and John Martiniuk. They also found that the gunman had committed suicide in the meantime.

That evening at about 9:00 P.M. the police arrived back in Chisholm I had to go with them on a speeder to Flatbush to attend several court hearings as a witness. The following day, after these hearings were over, I returned home to Hondo by train.

This traumatic experience caused me to have terrible nightmares for years.

A Tragedy in Hondo

by Sid Owens

In January, 1942 John Skoro came down to my place on foot (about three miles) to get me to take his sister, Eva (age 16 years) to Smith as there had been an accident. Mike Skoro, another brother, had been cleaning a .22 when it accidentally discharged, hitting Eva in the lower back. It was 40 degrees below that day and not owning a car, I had to go by horse and sleigh. When I got to Skoro's, we bundled Eva in blankets and put her in the sleigh. John came along with me and had to run behind part of the way to keep his feet from freezing as he was only wearing rubber boots. When we arrived in Smith at approximately 5:00 P.M. I took her straight to Nurse Maynes. We then got Art Dixon, who owned one of the few cars in Smith, to take her on to the Athabasca hospital. Art got her to Athabasca, however, three days later she passed away.

Missing our home in Alberta

by Margaret Roy

Missing our home in Alberta,
 Missing the days on the farm.
 Missing the hills and the meadows,
 And the cud-chewing cows by the barn.

Missing the warm days of springtime,
Missing the ducks in the slough.
Missing our home in the evenings,
And longing to be there with you.

Missing a sense of freedom,
That nowhere else can bring.
Missing our home in Alberta,
Especially in the spring.

Fire Fighting

by Fred Burfield

Early in May one year, I was greasing up the old seed drill. I noticed a car which had driven past on the highway, had come to a stop. A man got out and, crossing the road, entered the long grass and tangle of windfalls and squatted down. I thought he must be relieving himself. But presently he got up, leaving a column of smoke behind him. There was a regular gale blowing at the time, although just there, it was sheltered. I thought he might have lit a cigarette and did not put the match out. I'd better run down with a sack and try to put it out. I dashed into the garage and found none, but by the time I got going down the hill, flames were rising six feet high. The wind whirling around sent the flames roaring up towards my barn. I was standing on the upper edge of the cut-bank watching it when a voice at my elbow said, "You have quite a fire there, haven't you!" It was the forest ranger. I told him about the man setting fire to it. "Is there anyone living below there?" he asked. "Yes, Creviers. They are right in the path of it." "Then we'd better go on down at once," he said, "you are pretty safe here now." We hurried down the highway and from the ferry, half ran along under the heavy mass of smoke that was shooting over our heads. Some hot embers were beginning to drop around us. We found Mr. Crevier up on the roof of the house (the one I helped build for the Hill's) and Taylor was carrying pails of water up to him. "Come on down," the ranger ordered, "You cannot do anything up there. We must get everything out and pile them in the middle of your garden. The four of us had scarcely got started when three young lads came running up. We all pitched in and had the house completely empty in about ten minutes, including the range. "Shall I take these out?" one man asked, holding a flat of cabbage plants. "No! Just let them stay!" Taylor had been battling to save the barn but he had to let it go. The flames were now running along below us, threatening to cut us off. The ranger ordered everyone to leave, taking what they could. One man led the cow. I went behind her to poke her along. Another had the calf. The chickens had to be left. We dodged around the advancing flames, now moving

slower in the shelter of the hills. We got down to the river's edge, and so, along under the pall of smoke, to the ferry. The house and chicken house escaped the flames and Crevier said it took him and his son half a day to put the stuff back in it. That fire jumped the river and swept up the far side, which was mostly grass. I hope the firebug was satisfied!

Another time I had a chance to go fire fighting up at Fawcett Lake. I wanted to see what it was like so was glad to go. Mostly, our work was digging out the smouldering leaf mold, following around all the bends and twists of the burnt area. Once in awhile, a fire would spring up somewhere and if not too fierce, the ones who carried the water bags and pumps, would try to put it out. I noticed how the Indians or Metis were quite at home there. This was their environment, their home land and fighting fire was second nature to them. I learned to have a lot of respect for them.

I had a graphic demonstration of what a fire can do to a spruce. As we were walking back towards our camp for lunch, we spied a small fire building up under a lone spruce in a clearing. All of a sudden, as we hurried forward to put the little fire out, there was a loud "Whoosh" and the whole tree went up in flames like it was soaked in gasoline. Red-hot embers started sailing through the air and we were busy stamping them out or squirting water over them so that the fire didn't spread.

After two weeks of fighting fire, we walked home.

Anecdotes

by Fred Hajek

The trip in my brother Emil's model T with ruxtal axle, in company with Joe Vallie, Emil and Jerome for a fishing and duck shooting expedition, is really one for the books. We had previously been invited to come to Fawcett Lake by Bill Freeman who operated a trading post and store there. On the last few days of my annual vacation in the fall of 1932 we decided to take advantage of his offer. To get there we had, beyond Moose Portage, to dig, hack, push and chop our way through mud holes, windfalls and literally hoist and carry the model T over the barriers. We finally made it and were splendidly hosted by the Freemans. On the return trip, after reinforcing the wheels of the jalopy with logging chains, hay wire and what not, it finally gave up the ghost between Moose Portage and Smith. As I was due to check back to work, I resorted to Shank's mare, to make it to Smith, and send back reinforcements to the stranded.

Another expedition of merit was to Deep Creek in

the early 30's on a fishing venture. Ernie Trump, my night operator, myself and Joe Vallie in his boat equipped with a dodge motor, took off on a bright cloudless morning in May. Ernie and I brought along a slicker but Joe had only a sweater. By the time we got to Deep Creek the skies opened up with drizzly rain and we headed for shelter under the trees. Before doing so, I threw my line in and immediately hooked a big one so we forgot about the shelter and in no time had hooked over a hundred pickeral and jacks. We then headed for home. Joe, the pilot, got us stuck on a sandbar and there we sat. I believe it was Cecil Willis of Hondo who happened by, noticed our plight, waded out with a pole and assisted our release. However, we had consumed a great deal of fuel. Shortly the boat was out of fuel so we had to drift with the current till we wharfed under the railroad bridge. This was after midnight and we were all soaking wet. Loaded down with all the fish we could carry we roused Mrs. Fred Worthing out of bed for a hot meal, in exchange for our fish offering to which she responded agreeably.

Problems of a Poet

by K. Hugo

Its hard to write a poem
To find the words that rhyme
But still I keep on writing
Trying all the time
I know the metre's faulty
My grammar's sort of rough
The punctuations scanty
I never put enough
It never could be published
Lacks merit as a verse
But it really gives me pleasure
So I guess it could be worse.

Memories

by Jean Kushneryk

What I remember most as a young girl in Chisholm is going to school and my first teacher, Mrs. Majors. Others I had were Miss Margaret McKim, Mr. Boswell (an English teacher), and Mrs. Keir, the last teacher I had, as they only taught to grade eight. The only way you could get further education was by going out to other schools if your parents could afford it or by taking correspondence. We walked to and from school across the tracks daily and sometimes would be late because the train, stopping at the water tower, would then block the road. Living beside the railway tracks was fairly noisy as there were about four or five trains every day, including the passenger train. As we got older, one of our favorite past times was meeting this 9:30 P.M. train.

I remember when, in the last two years of school, we'd often meet the German prisoners going to and from work, marching in rows. I can still see their uniforms, a bright red circle on the back and one red stripe on each side. We weren't allowed to make friends with them but alot of people did anyway, as they were there for some time.

At the end of the school year, we held picnics at the school with ball games, different races, etc. and topped it off with a picnic lunch and ice cream for everyone. Sometimes the teacher would take us hiking into the woods; we packed a lunch or had a wiener roast. We always looked forward to the end of our school-year day.

I've often thought about the Christmas concerts that we had. We certainly put alot of effort into it, of course with the teacher's guidance. The concerts were well talked about in those days and something to look forward to every year especially for the small children. The parents of each child would put in a donation for a small gift and a candy bag. All in all, that night the school would be packed with adults, children and even tiny babies. The bitter cold weather didn't stop anyone from attending as it was an enjoyable evening for all.

We attended Sunday School and church faithfully when Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy were there. They left and the Eggleston family took over and also Mr. and Mrs. Piper were there for some time. I remember Miss Myrtle Hadley, who played the organ very well and Miss Ruth Lawrence who took over the pastor duties. There were many ministers and their families coming into Chisholm every weekend or two to give services.

I remember Nurse Evans well, a very fine person. She looked after our needs, whatever they were, and certainly did alot for the town of Chisholm.

A Christmas Trip in 1943

by Marie Ward

My husband Frank and I started out in the morning of December 20, 1943, to spend Christmas at Mom and Dad Cricks', who were then living 17 miles west of Chisholm, across the Athabasca River. There, they raised cattle and trapped in the winter and were quite alone. We had hooked up the horses to a sleigh that had a box on it filled with hay and blankets to keep us warm. We packed our Christmas gifts in it and other goodies for Christmas dinner, along with Mom and Dad's mail which they hadn't picked up for two or three weeks.

It was 40° below Fahrenheit, with a storm coming in. As we crossed the big muskeg, it was getting dark and snowing and blowing. We found it hard to find

the trail through the snow drifts so we finally gave the horses their head, hoping for the best.

The timber wolves started howling around us as we kept on going with the horses plunging through the deep snow and rough muskeg. The wolves were getting closer for their attack on the horses; they were soon behind the sleigh and beside us. I was afraid, holding our first born son in my arms and pregnant with my second child. We had the coal oil lantern amongst the things we had packed; I told my husband to get it and light it as wolves were afraid of fire. He had shot at the wolves with the rifle but that didn't scare them in the dark. The horses kept on going, fidgety with the wolves there, and finally, Frank got the lantern lit. It was like putting a snare around the wolves necks as it choked their howl and growl right then and there. We kept on going and I saw my mother's aladdin lamp shining in the window. What a wonderful sight to see way out in the bush with the storm and wolves around us.

We had a beautiful Christmas.

Old Pine

by Gene M. Earl

Tall pine

Old pine

By the house across the way

Spreading wide

Sturdy limbs

Where the boys can play

Suirrels chatter

Birds sing

In the tree across the way

Cats climb

Balloons are hung

In the limbs out of the way.

Winds blow

Branches sway

But that tree across the way

Stands strong

Stands firm

To greet the dawn of future days.

Even though

It is not mine

With fondness I regard

The pine that grows

Across the fence

In my good neighbours yard.

Transportation



Cecil Miller with pack horse.



Shirley Reason with Buck and Prince.



Wagon train going to Peace River country.



Jolliffe's moving out to camp at House Mountain, 1949.



Mr. and Mrs. MacLean and Family in cutter, 1923.



Edward and Roy Litke on homemade raft.



Herman Strand and Dick Pizzey, Moose River Valley.



Knapp's dog team, 1920.



George Bisson's Ford car — 1928.



Bill Rempel's Touring Star.



Archie Craddock with team and wagon on the ferry, 1930.



New bridge over Moose River, 1928.



First Moose River bridge, built 1908.



Donald Pearson and Jane Bater, stopping for gas, 1952.



Wes Earl's remodelled '27 Chev.

End of an Era



End of an Era

Most of us (middle aged and over) will remember the little log cabins and shacks which were very well air conditioned (cracks in the walls). We always huddled around our wood stoves or pot belly heaters for warmth, and usually about four of us children would jump into one bed to keep warm. For large families, sharing a room and bed was common practice. We had to make sure our kerosene lamps or candles were out before turning in for the night.

In the early years, in this area, most people had large families. We all had designated chores to do around the house and yard. A cow, a pig and maybe a few chickens were kept for personal use, and large gardens were grown. Berry picking was essential for most of us, and was made into a family affair.

As homesteaders and laborers moved in, the school population increased, and new little schools popped up throughout the districts. Most children had to walk several miles to school or if they were lucky, they had a horse, or dog for pulling a sled or cart. The schools were one room buildings with all the grades together; hooks on the wall for coats and one pot bellied heater. I would say most of us had very nice overworked teachers, but there was one or two who walked the aisle with their yardsticks.

In the years gone by, the children met in large groups to play games such as Green-Red Light, Mother-May-I, Hide and Seek, baseball, Aunty-I-Over, etc. In winter months, we did a lot of sledding using anything we had, including cardboard (which worked very good) to come down the hill. The farm children didn't always have the opportunity to meet with others, but they managed to amuse themselves. One fun pastime was taking little calves for a run, or should we say, the calves took the children for a run? Horseback riding and fishing were great ways to pass a day. Our parents went to house parties and local dances, with music supplied by local musicians. There were many box socials and just plain get-togethers.

Travelling was very limited in the early years. Very few people had a vehicle and the roads back then weren't really made for them anyway. The train was the basic means of transportation and used only for an emergency or an extravagant adventure. Most homesteaders had horses and buggies which were used to get around to the neighbours, dances and to town for shopping. An operating lumber business hired many men and women to work in their different divisions in the early 1920's-30's. As tie camps expanded into sawmills and planer mills, so did the population grow to fulfill jobs. The homesteaders usually got jobs in lumber operations to carry them over and to help them get their farms established.

Our life style has changed drastically over the last 50 years. A dream come true for Chisholm residents was when we had electric power installed in our homes in 1948. This power was supplied by the planer mill's steam powered unit. The housewives were delighted, of course, to be able to use new electrical appliances. Electric radios, phonographs, and televisions were a luxury item and were only to be used after the mill shut down for the day, as too many appliances in use would decrease the power to the mills. In 1964, Calgary Power (now TransAlta Utilities) lines were run into Chisholm.

In early 1962, the Smith-Hondo district had Alberta Power installed into homes and businesses. This was a real improvement over gas and coal-oil lamps. The messy wood stoves were chucked out in exchange for electric or propane ones which made cooking much easier and faster.

With the lumber business booming and farms producing more, money became more plentiful and people were able to build new dimension homes or renovate the old ones. Central heating was installed in new and older homes; quite a luxury! Natural gas, propane and diesel furnaces were used, and in most cases, it was delivered to your home. This meant another bill to pay along with the power; but with the new insulation materials available, the cost was cut down. A necessity years ago, the fireplace or Franklin heater, is now a popular and luxurious item in the home today. Some are installed as an energy saving device in addition to giving the home a cozy atmosphere.

Eventually, mobile homes became very popular; they were usually fully furnished and didn't require the time involved in setting up a conventional home. Also the mobile home could be moved easily when required. Today, the 24 foot wide mobile homes are set up to look like a house. Rugs and furniture are made with easy-to-care for synthetic materials and fill the larger spacious homes being built. As a general rule, families are smaller and therefore each child has his or her own bedroom.

Years ago, our only form of communication was a letter by mail, which could take days or even months to reach its destination. Then came the telegraph, a fast means of transporting important messages. Most small communities had one telephone placed in a public service building in the early 1940's. In 1966, Alberta Government Telephones installed telephones in our homes and business places. This was a great asset to the businesses for sales and fast service. The phone brought the families and friends closer to each other. A thousand miles doesn't seem too far away if you can talk to a loved one on the spur of the moment.

In the 1940's, we have the beginning of better

roads and more reliable vehicles. Over the years, our major highways have been paved and the secondary roads have been improved immensely. The vehicles today are built compact and more economical, thus more travelling is done for pleasure rather than necessity. People think nothing of driving 100 miles to the cities and towns for shopping or recreation or even 50 miles to work.

The new and old generation take advantage of travelling abroad in the bigger and better aircraft. Due to the competitive commercial airlines, it has become more economical to fly. It isn't uncommon for some people to purchase their own small airplanes for pleasure trips and business. The time factor involved encourages many to take flight, and it makes the world a much smaller place.

Centralization is one of the biggest changes in our school system. The drop in student population and the high cost of running small country schools prompted the change. The children today are bussed anywhere from two to 65 miles one way to centralized schools, which make a long day for some. The school has classrooms for each grade and have fully equipped gymnasiums, laboratories, kitchens, shops, etc. The high school students in our area are transported to larger centres to complete their education. These modern institutes offer a wide range of courses which is a great advantage to the student who is planning his future career.

The school system in the last few years have introduced a resource room into the curriculum to help children with learning disabilities. After categorizing the problem, they work with each student to cope and even overcome their handicap. This is very beneficial to the student, the parents and the teachers.

The board of education provide the services of teachers who have specialized in their choice of courses and the variety is endless. The school staff donate their time for extra-curricular activities — after school hours. The students participate in many competitive sports events and educational programs by the teachers. They enjoy these outings which enable them to meet their counter parts in different districts.

The industry in our areas, consists mainly of lumbering, farming (beef and grain) and trucking.

The lumber business has declined a considerable amount today from the way we knew it. The modern equipment, introduced gradually, made a drastic change in labor force. Today we have sophisticated machines to do the job and increase production. Fewer men are needed to run these machines, as a result many people have moved away from our communities in search of employment. With the bigger sawmills and planer mills operating, the smaller logging camps were phased out. Due to the lack of demand and the poor economy, the lumber businesses have dropped their production or ceased to exist entirely.

The modern farm is now a big business. With the new equipment on the market today, farmers can work a vast amount of land in a shorter period of time. With the help of modern technology and good weather, the grain farmer can show a great increase in production. The new generation farmer tends to specialize in one field, either grain, beef or dairy cattle, or raising poultry, or hogs. Even so some farmers like to have an additional outside job, either out of necessity or preference.

The trucking business has picked up over the years, with owner-operators hauling trees, gravel and sand all year round. This business tends to fluctuate with the economy, such as it is.

Recreation has changed dramatically over the years. People have more leisure time and money to indulge in their pleasures. These range anywhere from holidaying in far away places, going camping in a luxurious camper or sitting at home watching satellite programming on the color television set. The video games and computers of today are most children's playthings. To the new generation, the computer is their way of life.

Recreation vehicles, like the snowmobile, tri-bikes, odyssey, argo and boats are a common sight in most backyards. Children of all ages enjoy this past time. All these luxurious toys have changed the lifestyle of people in general. We don't congregate and get together with our families and neighbours as we used to. Now when you talk to people who have lived in this area years past, they recall the "good old days". This is the sad part of an era coming to an end; it is gone; but we still have our memories.

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